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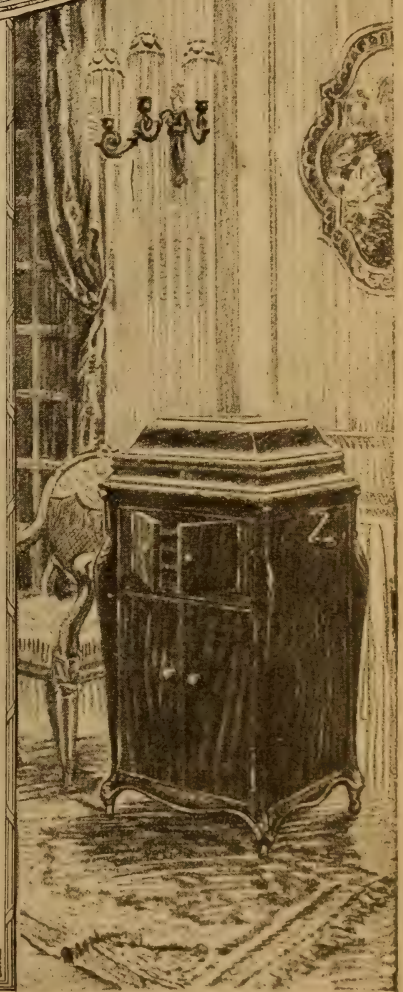
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Why Some Foods Explode in the Stomach

By WILLIAM ELDRIDGE

"THE combinations of food that most people eat three times a day inflict nothing less than a crime against their health and are the direct cause of 90% of all sickness."

This is the rather startling statement of Eugene Christian, the famous New York Food Scientist whose wonderful system of corrective eating is receiving so much eager attention throughout the Nation at the present time.

According to Eugene Christian we eat without any thought of the relation which one food has to another when eaten at the same time. The result is that often we combine two foods each of great value in itself but which when combined in the stomach literally explode, liberating toxics which are absorbed by the blood and form the root of nearly all sickness, the first indications of which are acidity, fermentation, gas, constipation, and many other sympathetic ills leading to most serious consequences.

According to Christian, all of this can be avoided if we would only pay a little attention to the selection of our daily menus instead of eating without any regard for the consequences.

This does not mean that it is necessary to eat foods we don't like; instead Christian prescribes meals which are twice as delicious as those to which we are accustomed. Neither does he suggest proprietary or patented foods—he simply tells us which foods when eaten together produce health and energy by removing the cause of sickness.

Not long ago I was fortunate enough to be present when Eugene Christian was relating some of his experiences with corrective eating to a group of men interested in dietetics, and I was literally amazed at what he accomplished with food alone and without drugs or medicines of any kind.

One case which sticks in my mind was that of a mother and daughter who went to him for treatment. The mother was forty pounds overweight and her physician diagnosed her case as Bright's Disease. She had a sluggish liver, low blood pressure and lacked vitality. The daughter had an extreme case of stomach acidity and intestinal fermentation, was extremely nervous, had chronic constipation, and was 30 pounds underweight.

Christian prescribed the proper food combinations for each. Within a few weeks all symptoms had disappeared, and within three months the mother had lost 33 pounds and the daughter had gained 26 pounds, and both were in perfect health—normal in every particular.

Another case which interested me greatly was that of a young man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds underweight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it he was not 50% efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in a few days, by following Dr. Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation had completely gone, although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased 6 pounds. In addition to this he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

But perhaps the most interesting case that

Christian told me of was that of a multi-millionaire—a man 70 years old who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was superaciduous secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished in about thirty days. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. After six months' treatment this man was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, every one of which was fully as interesting and they applied to as many different ailments. Surely this man Christian is doing a great work.

I know of several instances where rich men and women have been so pleased with what he has done for them that they have sent him checks for $500 to $1,000 in addition to the amount of the bill when paying him.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency. This course is published by The Corrective Eating Society of New York.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates and seasons.

Reasons are given for every recommendation based upon actual results secured in the author's many years of practice, although technical terms have been avoided. Every point is explained so clearly that there can be no possible misunderstanding.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist because every possible point is so thoroughly covered that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons and you will find that you secure results with the first meal.

If you would like to examine these 24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Dept. 282, 460 Fourth Ave., New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or remit $3.00, the small fee asked.

The reason that the Society is willing to send the lessons on free examination without money in advance is because they want to remove every obstacle to putting this knowledge in the hands of the many interested people as soon as possible, knowing full well that a test of some of the menus in the lessons themselves are more convincing than anything that can possibly be said about them.

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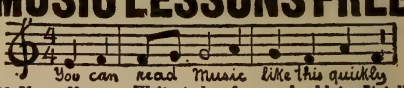
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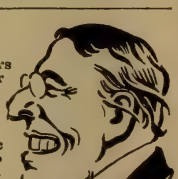


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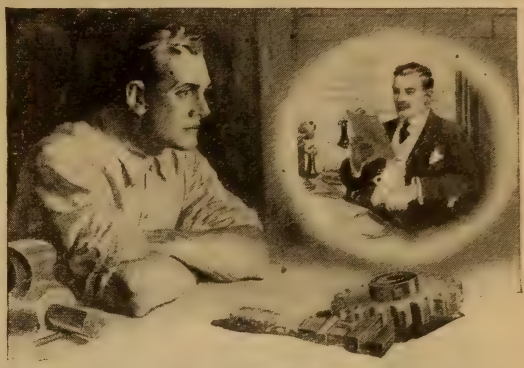
"Sister of Six" (Griffith-Triangle).—Bessie Love and the six "Fine-Arts Kiddies," all gathered under one roof—a bullet-ridden one at times—emphasize "little-mother" love by multiplying it by six. In the midst of attack and slaughter, hate and gun-play, the way winsome Bessie frisks around and protects her brood of little brothers and sisters wins the hardest spinster-heart. The script, a tale or California in the 'sixties, is carelessly put together—inconsistency follows incongruity, and anachronisms of weaponry (breech-loading rifles) are rife. But we forgive these things, even if they do jolt the discriminating. The story is picturesque, quaint, red-blooded—and then there is the "Sister of Six," such a worrisome, winsome, wise "little mother." E. M. L.

"Jim Grimsby's Boy" (Ince-Triangle).—A two-gun, cantankerous miner whose dying wife bequeaths him a baby girl, and who will have nothing but a "he-un," is the key-note of this clever drama. So the girl is made to wear pants and to believe herself a boy. But her awakening comes—and with it "big business." Frank Keenan, as Jim Grimsby; Enid Markey, as "Bill," and Waldo Whittier, as the tenderfoot sheriff, interpret their rôles so well that a slender, whimsical plot holds our interest firmly thru its course—it is its homey and homely touches that count. E. M. L.

"The Scarlet Runner" (Vitagraph).—Any play that brings Earle Williams before us each week is welcomed with open arms. Aside from that, the episodes, each being complete, are in themselves interesting, and the environment well carried out. The only trouble is that we know, the moment the plot difficulty is revealed, that Mr. Williams, in his rôle of supervisor of troubles, will make everything end happily. H. S. N.

"An Enemy to the King" (Vitagraph).—The second of the series of photoplays featuring E. H. Sothern and a great improvement over the first. There is little fault to find with Mr. Sothern's second attempt and he is supported by a cast that has seldom been equaled by any company, including Edith Storey, Mildred Manning, Brinsley Shaw, Rowland Buckston and several who are not so well known to the screen, but whose work compares favorably with the best. The play is full of interest from start to finish, and, even without the name and prestige of one of the foremost actors of our time, it would probably take rank among the best of the year on account of its splendid acting, picturesqueness and general appeal. J.

"The Rose of the South" (Vitagraph).—A story within a story, yet a very convincing one. Antonio Moreno, as a dashing Confederate officer, adds considerably to his laurels and does one of the finest pieces of work in his career. Gordon Gray, as the rival officer, also does nicely, and so does Arthur Cozine in a congenial part. Peggy



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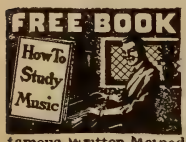
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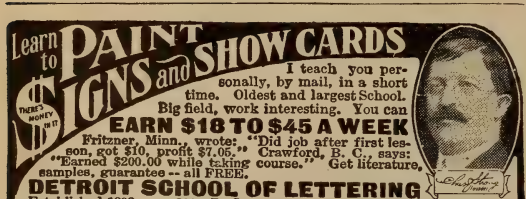
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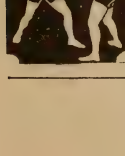
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Hyland is the star and is at times quite winsome and charming, and Rose Tapley as her mother, and all the others in the fine cast do well, not forgetting Charles Kent who tells the story. All in all, this play is well above the average feature photoplay. It should prove a winner. J.

"The Devil's Double" (Ince-Triangle).—William S. Hart has given us another study of a man's inner passions. The gambler and town bad-man who tries to remake himself under a woman's influence (very detached, as she is another man's wife and insists on staying so) gives Hart a big chance to wrestle mightily with both his good angel and his personal devil. This baring of his confessional to his audience is superbly done. The plot treads the danger-line of "boiler-plate" in many places, such as the bandits' drawing of cards for possession of the woman (Enid Markey) and the convenient knocking in and out of her memory. E. M. L.

"The Matrimaniac" (Ince-Triangle).—If there ever was a mad lover, Douglas Fairbanks is the prince of "looney" spooners in his latest farce-comedy. The plot, a frenzied and frustrated elopement, speeds like the express-train it is played upon. Fairbanks' stunts are real thrillers. E. M. L.

"Less Than the Dust" (Artcraft).—Mary Pickford's own release. In this picture "Little Mary" neither progresses nor retrogresses. Assuming the character of a young East Indian girl who, upon discovering she is of English parentage, transplants herself to England, Mary Pickford has plenty of opportunities for comedy work mingled with pathetic touches that her admirers always enjoy. The settings are good, and David Powell was excellent. H. S. N.

"Miss George Washington" (Famous Players).—A delightful comedy replete with amusing situations. Marguerite Clark is irresistible as a boarding-school girl who fibs herself into and out of all kinds of difficulties. She is ably assisted by Niles Welch. The direction could not be excelled, and the whole production is most pleasing. H. S. N.

"The Chaperon" (Essanay).—A screenic version from the play by Clyde Fitch. Not quite so strong a play as Edna Mayo can do so well, but perhaps all the more entertaining for its very frothiness. It will interest you to see Miss Mayo swim from a sinking canoe in her Lucille frock, and thereafter forget to be "pretty" and to play her part most naturally—wind-blown hair, disheveled gown, chattering teeth, and temper—while Eugene O'Brien, manlike, laughs at her predicament. H. S. N.

"The Shielding Shadow" (Pathé).—A melodramatically exciting serial, each of whose chapters leaves one with a burning curiosity to see the next instalment. Grace Darmond is the scintillating star, and she is mighty good to look upon. H. S. N.

"The Bright Lights" (Keystone).—A Keystone above par. A country cabaret is the

setting for the clever foolery of Roscoe Arbuckle, Mabel Normand and Al. St. John.
H. S. N.

"The Honorable Algy" (Ince-Triangle).—A neat picture, clever story, finely produced. The spontaneity and habitual charm of Charles Ray lift it into the worth-while class. But the feminine portions of the production, in spite of their beautiful clothes, wont stir a single one of your slumbering red corpuscles. H. S. N.

"The Heart of a Hero" (World).—A dramatic picturization of the history of Nathan Hale. Throbbing with tense situations, well carried out atmosphere and costuming, with Robert Warwick and beauteous Gail Kane in the leading rôles, it is a deservedly popular success. H. S. N.

"Somewhere in France" (Ince-Triangle).—Here is a Paris you would stake your oath was Paris and not a studio. The direction and photography are unusually good. The plot, taken from the story by Richard Harding Davis, is most interesting. Louise Glaum and Howard Hickman are indeed capable in the leading rôles. H. S. N.

"The Knight of the Bath-tub" (Universal).—A comedy featuring Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran; as comical as the funny picture page in a Sunday newspaper. H. S. N.

"Jumps and Jealousy" (Greater Vitagraph).—Patsy De Forest and Hughey Mack in a hazardous Keystone imitation.
H. S. N.

"The Call of the Unborn" (Universal).—A two-reeler with the old triangle plot. Remarkable for one reason—the feminine lead is taken by Edith Roberts, a passionately beautiful girl with a great deal of personality. H. S. N.

"Love Never Dies" (Bluebird).—A love story of two genii which gives Ruth Stonehouse an opportunity to exhibit her very charming dancing. H. S. N.

"Atta Boy's Last Race" (Griffith-Triangle).—The horse was good and played his part naturally; that was about all. Old plot, with old situations. Dorothy Gish has very little opportunity. L. C.

"Bought and Paid For" (World).—Features Alice Brady and is an exceptionally good medium for her. The photoplay was powerful, clear, and surpasses the stage production in many ways. The light touches of comedy thruout the play enhance Miss Brady's ability to always charm her audience. L. C.

"Eyes of Love" (Universal).—Leah Baird and Jack Mulhall in a worked-to-death plot. It's the old story of the lover who goes blind and the sweetheart who decides to shake him. To save his happiness, and also delude him into marrying the wrong girl, his sweetheart's sister steps up to the altar.
L. C.

"The Wager" (Metro).—Features Emily Stevens. A detective-mystery drama replete with powerful, dramatic situations. Emily Stevens, as "Diamond Daisy," carries the story thru to a whipping finish. L. C.

Dont Miss the MARCH Number!

So many good things have been scheduled for the March issue of the Motion Picture Magazine that it should easily be, as usual, "the best yet." Here are just a few:

"Our Valentine,"
By Jack Gallagher.
This is a very funny drawing of Charlie Chaplin, the famous comedian, and it will be printed in colors. Since this magazine comes out on Feb. 1st, it will be in time for St. Valentine's Day. You will surely want to cut this picture out and mail it as a valentine. This picture will take the place of the painting that usually appears on the third inside cover, but the painting on the front cover by Sielke will appear as usual.

"What Their Handwriting Portrays,"
By Fritzi Remont.
We have given our readers a taste of palmistry and astrology, and now comes a little more insight into the characters of leading picture artists in the form of character readings by means of their handwriting. The first group of the series will include William Hart, Violet Mersereau Blanche Sweet, Henry B. Walthall, and William Garwood.

"The Lannigans and Brannigans,"
By James G. Gable.
The famous Irish characters created by Mr. Gable are back again and their discussions of current films are funnier than ever.

"On Location with Harold Lockwood and May Allison,"
By Bennie Zeidman.
An interesting article describing the doings of these well-known stars while taking pictures on the historic coast of California.

"With the Movie Folks at Home and Abroad,"
By Roberta Courtlandt.
Miss Courtlandt has caught many leading players in characteristic poses in this article and she throws some interesting side-lights on their work and play.

"The Photodrama,"
By Henry Albert Phillips.
This is the third article of the series on the art of photoplay writing, and contains many helpful suggestions from one who can well speak with authority.

"How Helen Holmes Became Mrs. Mack and a Picture Star,"
By Pearl Gaddis
A clever and romantic article on the marital adventures of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. MacGowan.

"A Child of Fortune,"
By Johnson Briscoe.
A chat with Mae Murray by the able author of "Screen Stars and Their Stars," the next series of which will contain the horoscopes of Marguerite Snow and Charles Chaplin.

"Billie Burke at Home,"
By Roberta Courtlandt.
An intimate talk with the great star and a personally conducted tour of her beautiful home.

"Falling—On and Off the Screen,"
By Robert Francis Moore.
Which tells all about how the players manage to do so much tumbling and falling from high places without getting hurt.

"Breaking Into the Movies in California,"
By Suzette Booth.
A continuation of the graphic and truthful diary, part of which is published in this issue.

Besides all this there are many other articles and features, not counting the regular departments, all of which make us quite confident that we can still make you exclaim, when you see the beautiful March number: "Well, I didn't think they could do it, but they have, for this is indeed the best yet!" Place your order now with your newsdealer, and dont forget that you should have it on Thursday, Feb. 1. And just two weeks from that day (Feb. 15) you should see that you get the March Motion Picture Classic, which is by far the handsomest magazine on the stands, and it is only 15 cents a copy.

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"Advertising is the life of trade." If you have anything to sell, and would be up to date, announce it here!

"The Last Man" (Vitagraph).—Features William Duncan and Mary Anderson. One of the best battle-scenes ever photographed. The scenery was of rare beauty, and William Duncan, as usual, did some very telling work. L. C.

"Crosby's Rest-Cure" (Metro).—The Sidney Drews in another domestic jar with a kiss-and-make-up finish. Good comedy well rendered. L. C.

"The Powder Trail" (Universal).—Grace Cunard and Francis Ford at their worst. The battle-scenes were a joke. All that could be seen were about a dozen foreign soldiers fighting against two hundred Americans, and the American flag never ceased to wave in front of the camera. The average audience will take it as a comedy, or else be deeply disappointed. No plot worth mentioning. L. C.

"The Madness of Helen," with Ethel Clayton and Carlyle Blackwell. A story with an unexpected ending. At times it runs along with a "flat tire," but the end makes you sit up and take notice. Ethel Clayton plays a dual rôle, another undisclosed surprise until the last scene. L. C.

"Big Tremaine" (Metro).—Features Harold Lockwood and May Allison. Love, money and politics are the interwoven themes that make up this likable play. The Southern settings were beautiful and the acting of the leads most satisfactory. L. C.

STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

Playhouse.—"The Man Who Came Back." A strong, gripping drama that holds the interest from beginning to end; superbly acted by Henry Hull and Mary Nash.

Century.—"The Century Girl." The biggest musical show New York ever saw, and in its most beautiful theater. The talk of the town.

Longacre.—"Nothing But the Truth." A clever farce which William Collier makes uproariously funny from curtain to curtain.

Gaiety.—"Turn to the Right." One of the big hits of the season. Review later.

Belasco.—"Seven Chances." A bashful young man has seven chances to marry and inherit $12,000,000. His efforts to get a wife are excruciatingly funny. An excellent cast, with Carroll McComas, makes this a bright farce well worth while.

Hudson.—"Pollyanna." A glad play after the order of "Daddy Long-legs," "Peg o' My Heart" and "The Cinderella Man"; intensely interesting and beautifully done. A big hit.

Eltinge.—"Cheating Cheaters." A thrilling crook-play, full of suspense, surprises and a few good laughs. Marjorie Rambeau and entire company are fine.

Punch and Judy.—"Treasure Island." If you like fairy stories (with fierce pirates as fairies) and the sea, and picturesque settings

—including a real ship—and Stevenson's sea yarns, dont miss this elaborate production. It is exceedingly amusing. The young folks will be held spellbound, and the old folks will have a hearty laugh. It is handsomely and wonderfully done.

Booth.—"Getting Married." A Bernard Shaw play that sparkles with wit and Shaw philosophy, capably played by an unusually strong cast which includes William Faversham, Henrietta Crosman, Charles Cherry and Hilda Spong.

Cohan's.—"Come Out of the Kitchen." Ruth Chatterton is always charming, but her opportunities in this Southern play are not as winsome as those in "Daddy Longlegs," even with Bruce McRae to assist her.

Lyric.—"A Daughter of the Gods." Fox's "Picture Beautiful" with Annette Kellermann as the star submersible and dancing Venus. A very elaborate spectacle.

Liberty.—"Intolerance." David W. Griffith's gigantic film spectacle. Dazzling to the eye, but not as great as "The Birth of a Nation."

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Program changes every week.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

(For additional reviews, see the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, out Jan. 13.)

PATTER FROM THE PACIFIC

By MOSGROVE COLWELL

Harold Lockwood, May Allison, Fred Balshofer and the other members of the Yorke-Metro Company have done considerable traveling during the taking of "Pidgin Island." They were at Monterey for two weeks, and spent some time in San Francisco.

Frank Garbutt is a busy man these days. Aside from looking after his several businesses and his millions, he spends much time at both the Morosco and the Famous Players-Lasky studios, and all sorts of things are happening at both places. The Famous Players-Lasky studios now occupy two full blocks; the next block is taken up by Pathé Lehrman and the Christie Comedy Company. Opposite are the L-Ko studios, and the special stages which are put aside for Ford and Miss Cunard.

Jim Davis, who until recently directed the Kalem "Hazards of Helen" series, is now manager of the Vogue studios; and J. R. Crone, who was manager before him, has gone to the American, vice P. G. Lynch, whose future plans are not yet known.

Herbert Rawlinson is hard at work again at Universal City, after being confined in the hospital for some time with a torn and twisted knee. He has to wear it bandaged up even yet, but was too anxious to get back to his work to lay off any longer.

Another star has gone and formed a company all her own. Cleo Madison is the party that has just accomplished this feat.

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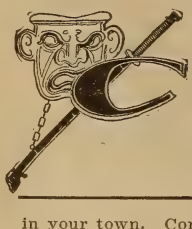
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Since the expiration of her contract with the Universal, Cleo has been acting regularly for the Cleo Madison Film Company, of which Izzy Bernstein and herself are the leading lights. Bernstein has a lot to say about the big things they are going to do, but cant tell 'em all.

Oscar Apfel, the veteran director, has joined the Yorke Film Corporation and will alternate with Jay Hunt in the directing of the Harold Lockwood and May Allison pictures. While Apfel is directing, Hunt is cutting his picture and preparing another, and vice versa. Great team-work this. Everybody's busy all the time. Harold and May dont even get Sundays to themselves any more.

Bill Stowell received a present the other day. Doesn't know whether a friend or an enemy sent it to him. The present was a Boston bull with a very vicious nature. "It doesn't cost much to feed him," says Bill; "he'll eat anything!" The dog shows a strong likeness for Bill and sticks awfully close to him. So far he has managed to escape with a small piece torn from his coat.

Charles Ray has received such wonderful notices and letters of congratulation from exhibitors and fans thruout the country for his work in "The Honorable Algy," in which he starred, that he feels very perky these days. When last seen he was talking in earnest terms with the sales-manager of the Stutz auto salesrooms and pointing to a blazing red five-passenger that was a beaut. Hope I get a ride.

Chester Conklin, of the Keystone, is a busy little man these days. He has been working so hard over at the Keystone plant that he has been neglecting his ranch shamefully. Ches is afraid that his animals wont recognize him when he gets back to the ranch again.

Another big surprise. Dustin Farnum has left the Pallas Company and joined the Fox ranks. He will be starred in a new series of pictures that are being especially written to suit him. William Desmond Taylor has also joined Fox and will direct Dustin. Looks like a great combination.

Lewis Jackson, a young auto-racer, was killed at Santa Monica, recently, in the Grand Prix race. He was formerly a chauffeur for Grace Cunard, and she has done much to assist his widow since the unfortunate accident. Jackson's car left the track and killed a woman and L. B. Jenkins—a Keystone camera-man—as well as himself.

Henry King is acting again these days. He is appearing in the Balboa pictures with little Mary Sunshine, as well as directing. Busy boy, King.

Hobart Henley is the busiest man on the Universal lot these days, with his directing, and acting as well. He has been hoarse for three weeks now and hasn't stopped work long enough to get over it. One of the benefits of the movies—your voice doesn't interfere with your work.

(*Continued on page* 160)

ADDITION PUZZLE

HERE'S a new puzzle for our readers to rack their brains over on a winter's evening. It was suggested by M. K. Collins, of 41 Richmond Ave., Pittsfield, Mass. Every sentence represents the surname of a photoplayer. It speaks for itself, but, just to show you how it works, we will tell you that the answer to the first is "Bushman." We will give $25 in prizes for the best answers, and if more than one contestant guesses the entire thirty-five correctly, the prizes will go to the persons sending in the neatest and most artistic answers. The first prize will be $10, second prize $5, third prize $3, fourth prize $2, and five prizes of $1 each. Name and address must be on every set of answers. The contest will close on March 1, 1917, at noon. Address Addition Puzzle, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

1. A shrub plus a human being.
2. A tool plus an "auto."
3. A nobleman plus a vowel.
4. A bolt plus a fuel.
5. Soft earth plus 2000 pounds.
6. A shop plus the letter y.
7. A planet plus the letter h.
8. The whole plus the letter i plus a male child.
9. A great conflict plus a consonant.
10. A tract of waste land plus the letter e.
11. A sound plus a preposition.
12. A month of the year plus a vowel.
13. Happiness plus ce.
14. Mineral matter plus a dwelling.
15. Place of justice plus ot.
16. A man's first name plus an indefinite article.
17. A common tree plus a human being.
18. To exist plus a prohibition.
19. A body of water plus ne.
20. A bird plus a male child.
21. A male ruler plus s plus 2000 pounds.
22. A path plus a suffix.
23. To talk rapidly plus 2000 pounds.
24. Not cloudy plus establishments to place money.
25. To chase game plus er.
26. To clean with water plus to injure with fire.
27. A head covering plus a grain of a hot climate.
28. An evergreen oak plus es.
29. A fragrant weed plus a suffix.
30. To be in debt plus the letter n.
31. An Irish dish plus a profession.
32. Additional plus a negative.
33. A dangerous place for seamen plus a vowel.
34. The first name of a great poet and a passage.
35. A result of cold winds, plus the letter l plus a preposition.

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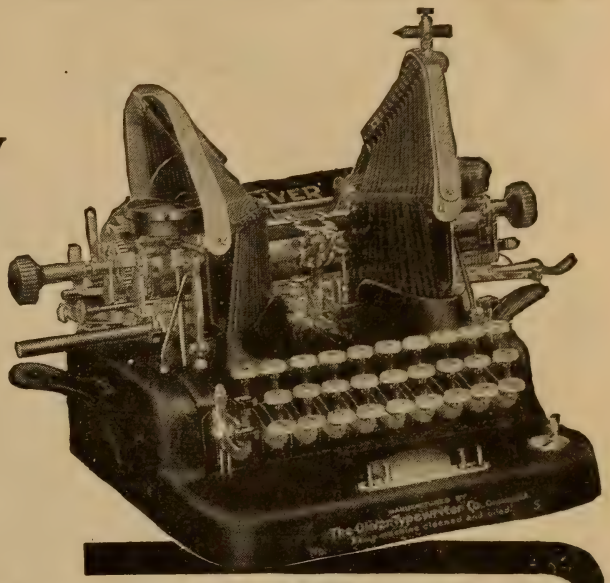
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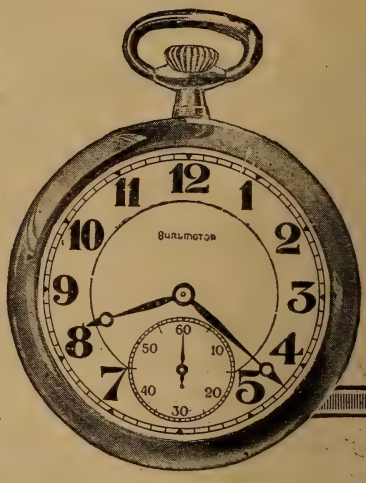
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(Famous Players)



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EARLE WILLIAMS (Vitagraph)



Photo by Sarony

ENID BENNETT (Triangle)



BESSIE BARRISCALE (Triangle)



Photo by Carpenter

COLIN CHASE
(Morosco)



Photo by Witzel

JACKIE SAUNDERS
(Balboa)



Photo by Mishkin

HARRY S. HILLIARD
(Fox)



Photo by White

CARLYLE BLACKWELL
(World)

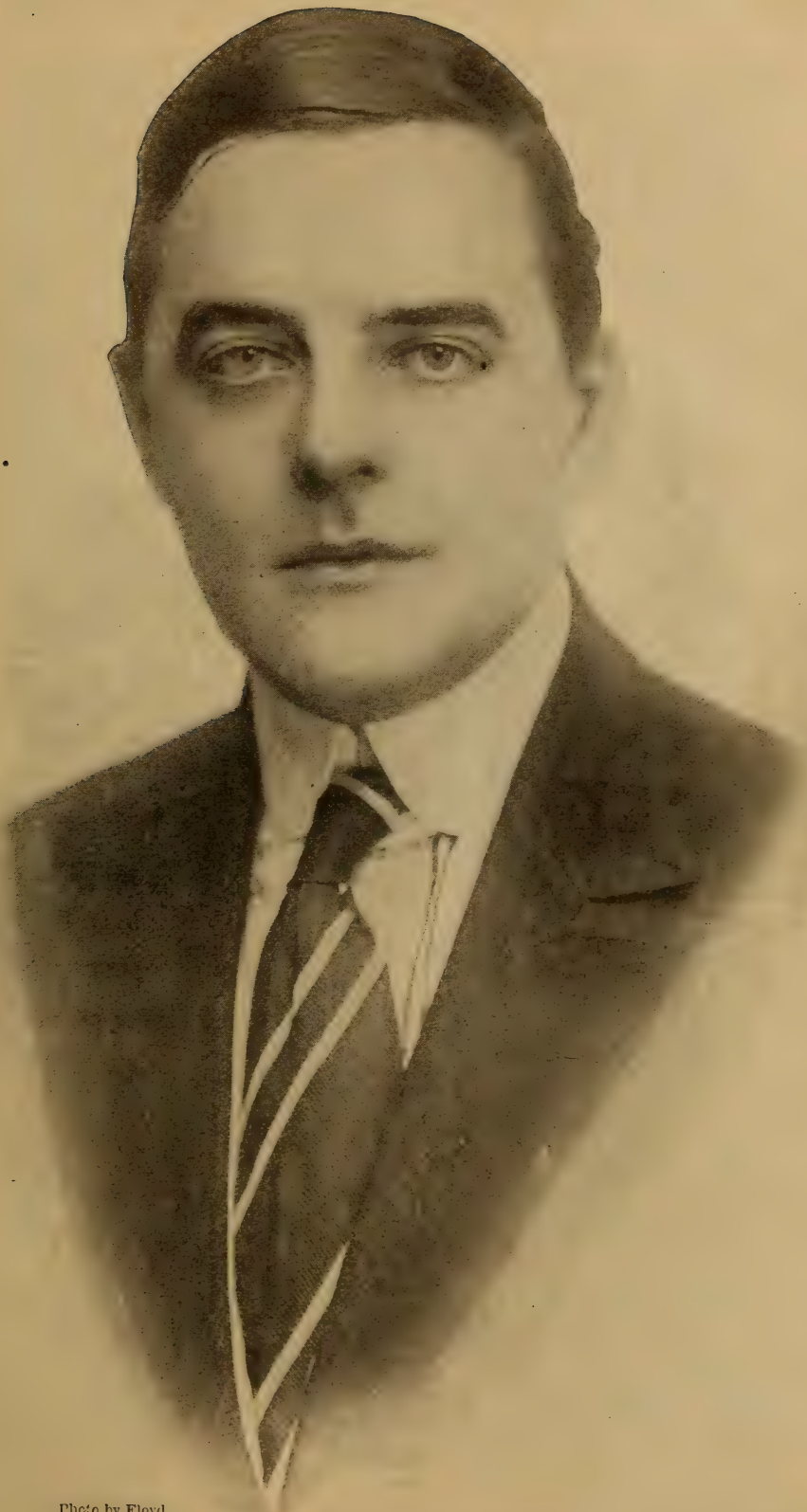


Photo by Floyd

HARRY MYERS (Vim)



Photo by Martel-Carruthers

OLLIE KIRKBY
(Kalem)



Photo by Apeda

ARLINE PRETTY
(Vitagraph)



FRED MACE
(Keystone)



MAY ALLISON (Yorke)

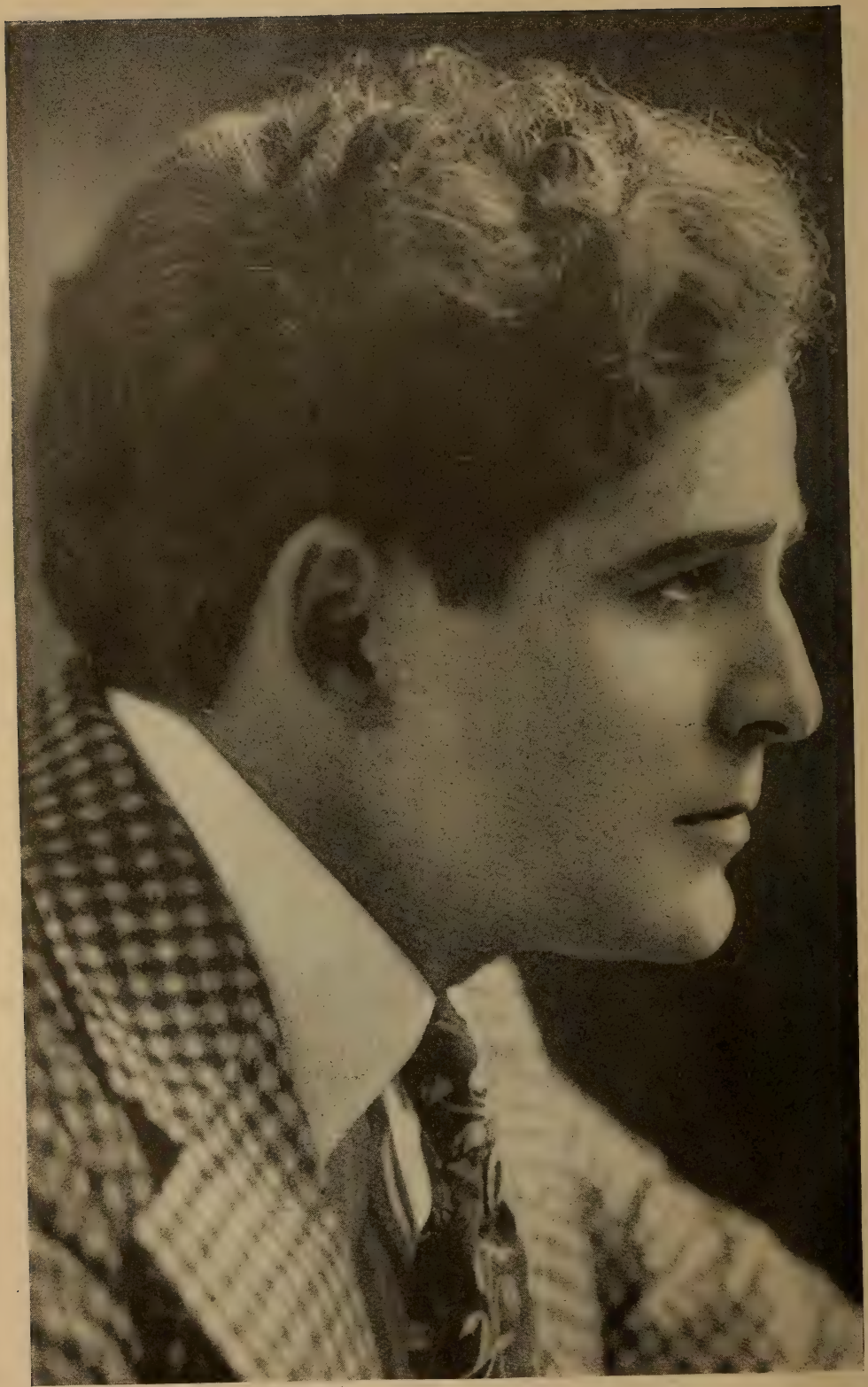


Photo by Witzel

CRANE WILBUR (Horsley)



FRANKIE MANN (Ivan)



Photo by Floyd

ETHEL CLAYTON (World)



Only a Face on the Screen

By FLORENCE GERTRUDE RUTHVEN

Only a face on the screen,
A woman's face I have seen;
  But it haunts me still,
  Against my will,
Stormy, and then serene.

Long do I gaze in her eyes,
Where Love's swift lightning lies—
  Do they change their hue,
  Now dusk, now blue,
Loveliest eyes I've seen?

Should we be fated to meet,
Some day, on the crowded street,
  Would they hold my gaze,
  Amid the maze,
Orbs of my photo-queen?

Lips that to me will not speak,
Oh, eyes that in vain I seek!
  It becomes a star,
  To shine afar—
Never to earthward lean.

Only a face on the screen,
A woman's face I have seen;
  But it haunts me still,
  Against my will,
Stormy, and then serene.

Their At Homes
by Pearl Gaddis

"THE rarest thing in the world," said a grouchy publicity man to me one day, "is to find movie stars at home long enough to get a picture of them there."

I didn't believe it, but my statements didn't convince him any more than his convinced me. So I determined to prove it. And I went sleuthing.

The first person I found at home was Naomi Childers, Vitagraph's





MARIE DORO

ELLIOTT DEXTER

synonym for "beautiful." "All dressed up" was Naomi, but that was as far as she resembled the song, for she most emphatically was going somewhere. In a frock of palest pink, over pale green, her hair banded with pearls, a stunning taffeta cloak on a chair beside her, she was curled up on a broad, inviting window-seat, looking anxiously down the street for some one. It would be rude and ill-bred to attempt to guess who that some one was; but Naomi has announced her engagement, so perhaps we might dare to venture a wee bit of a suggestion! Anyway, she was at home when I got there, and the picture proves it.

Fannie Ward and her husband, Jack Dean, also spend quite a bit of time at home—home being a beautiful fifty-thousand-dollar house in Hollywood, with a beautiful lawn, a big garage, deep, broad, stone steps, and a big old-time fireplace in the living-room—these advantages being enumerated in the order given by Fannie. Fannie says that there was a time, when they first bought the place, when she thought that she and Jack might as well move into the garage and set up housekeeping, since the



WINNIFRED GREENWOOD AND



HELENE ROSSON

GEORGE FIELD

DOROTHY DAVENPORT

house decorators seemed to have dug themselves into the house for the summer. Perhaps house decorators are paid by the time they spend on a place, like plumbers, which would account for the delay in completing their job. Just to prove that she has a sense of humor, Fannie entertained the decorators at the close of their work, when they were reluctantly preparing to depart. She gave them a lovely dinner-party, and Jack, Fannie's husband, says that his heart failed him as he saw the looks of indecision cast about by the decorators after the dinner—he was so afraid they could find something to do that would keep them another month, so that they might have another dinner, with the fair Fannie as hostess.

Then, here's Dorothy Davenport, on the veranda of the beautiful Elevado Street home maintained by the handsome couple, Wallace Reid and Dorothy Davenport-Reid. The porch has been fitted up for an out-of-doors sitting-room, with plenty of comfortable chairs, wicker tables, flowers, and the like. And it is here that the team of Reid and Davenport spend their happiest hours. For whom do you suppose Dorothy is waiting? Well, it *might* be the postman, but it is late in the afternoon, and, from the smile in her eyes, I am inclined to believe that it is friend husband for whom she waits and smiles. (My belief in this theory is strengthened by the fact that Wally arrived just as the picture was snapped, and insisted on another being taken to prove that he really lived here!)

No wonder California people rave over their wonderful country, or that picture-folk, having worked in California, can hardly be persuaded to return to New York. (All picture people who have been in California less than a year are not included in this statement.) All this train of thought was woven from the picture of Helene Rosson, a bride of a month's standing and a star of several years, despite her tender years—oh!—who is shown "culling blossoms from the laden vines" for the breakfast table. These wonderful rose-bushes are on the lawn of Miss Rosson's home, and it is her delight to gather and tend them. It is practically impossible to find her anywhere but in the garden when she isn't working at the studio. (The other and lesser half of this domestic sketch is Ashton Dearholt, a leading man for American.)



JACK DEAN
FANNIE WARD

Once upon a time, just a few weeks

ago, Marie Doro had a birthday. There were numbers of pretty presents, but none more appreciated than the gift of Charlie Chaplin, who is an old friend of the Dexters, since Marie Doro is, in private life, Mrs. Elliott Dexter—this gift being a small but perfect Motion Picture camera. Numbers of scenarios, with priceless casts, have been caught by this same camera at parties given by the happy owner of it. The



ROSE TAPLEY

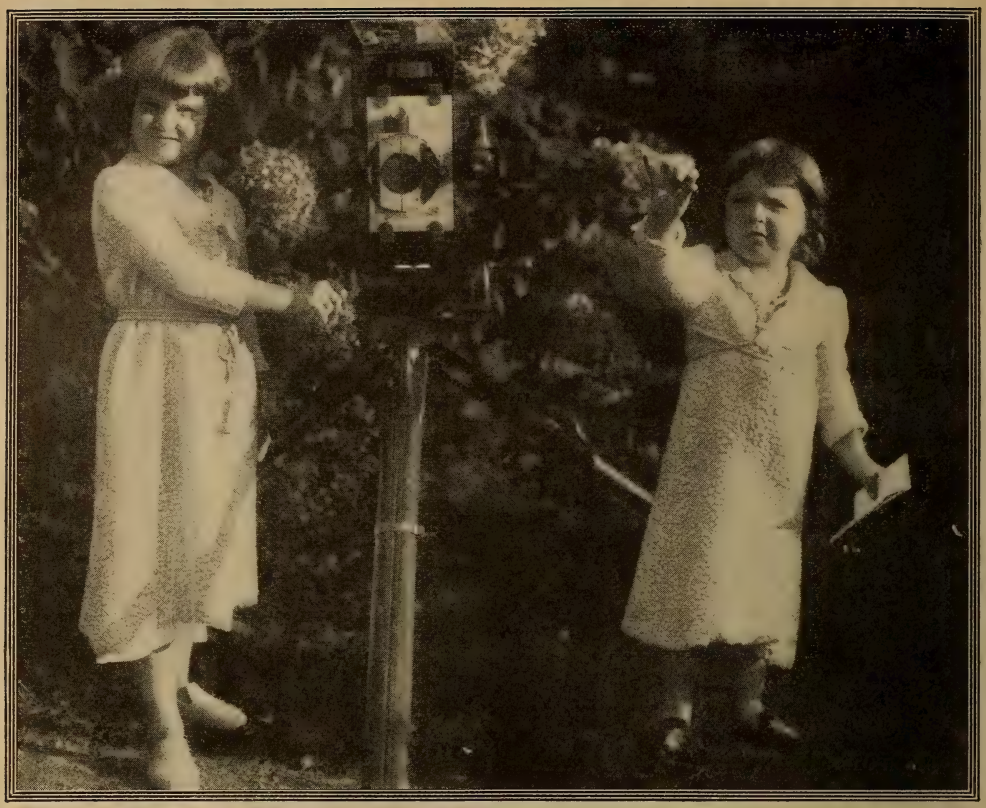
cast for the first production screened by the tiny camera included Blanche Sweet, Charlie Chaplin, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Dexter, Mary Pickford, Geraldine Farrar, and others who were guests at the birthday dinner-party given by the Dexters. Mr. Dexter is shown here photographing his wife in some close-ups on the veranda of their Hollywood home.

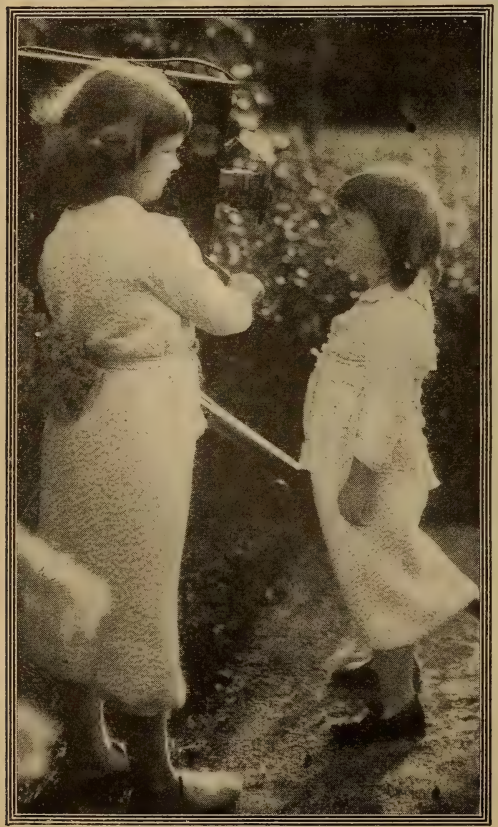
Winnifred Greenwood and her husband, George Field, spend their spare time beautifying the house and grounds of their home in Santa Barbara. While George works on the car, Winnifred tends her garden vigilantly. To see them thus engaged gives one a better idea of them than any number of words could do. They are very much in love with each other—a love which is built on the sound foundation of mutual tastes and interests.

Here's Rose Tapley, at home, in her music-room. Rose was on her way to the opera at the time, but kindly consented to sit still a moment and have a likeness taken, to show people that she does enjoy being at home. Here's hoping her friends will find the result of the moment of sitting still a pleasing one—I dont see how they could help it.

When I showed the grouchy publicity man the pictures I had gathered, he looked them over contemptuously. Then, with one comprehensive gesture, he swept them aside and snarled.

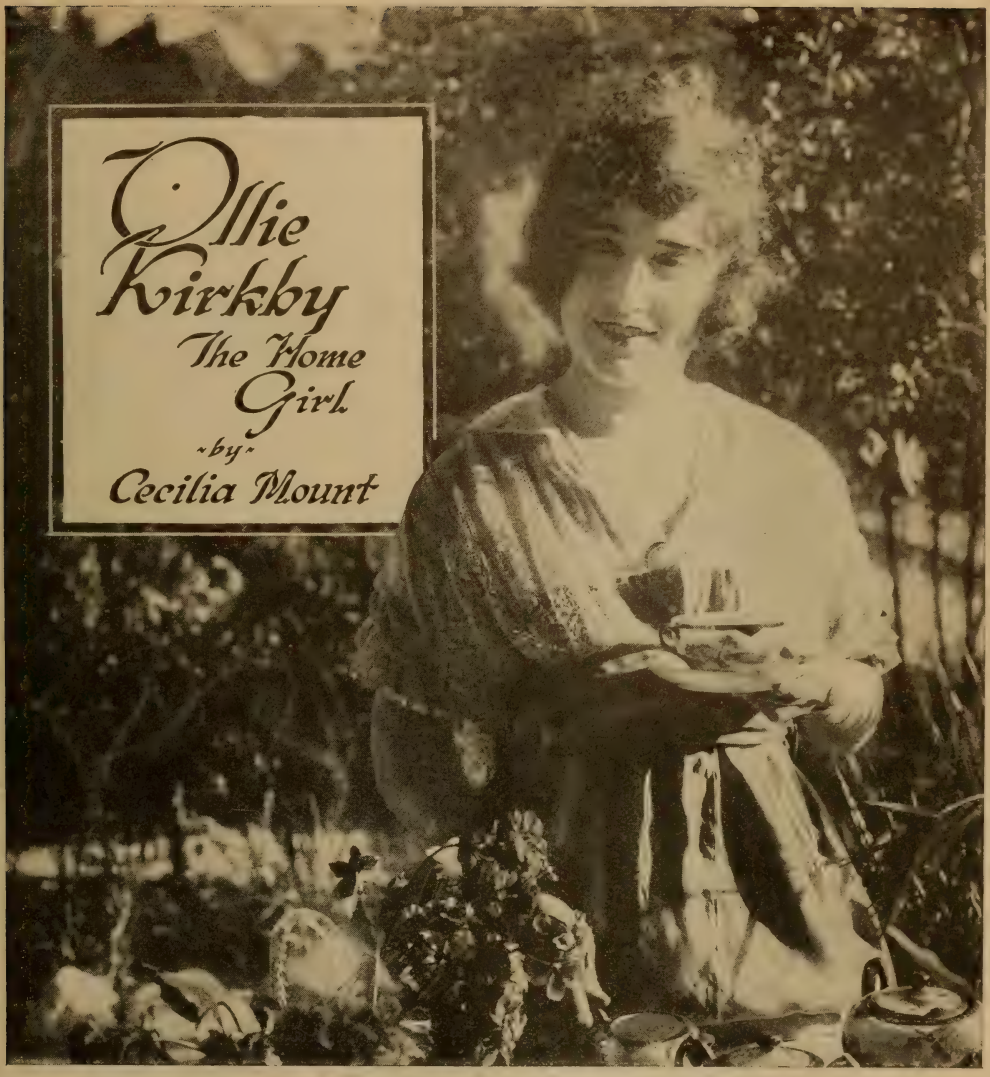
Now, *what* can you do with a man like that? But I ups and told him something right then and there. The day has come and gone when players want to be pictured only as "all dolled up," and the day has come to stay when their friends want to see them in intimate, cozy snapshots. The publicity man, with his big tripod camera, used to pose them for "publicity purposes only," that fixed and rigid look that we used to see when the photographer put the back of your head in an iron rest. But now—glory be!—the studio-folk have their own cameras, and they send us "themselves," to write a loving article around or to hang in our den. So, after "showing the light" to Mr. Publicity Man, I gathered up my pictures and left.





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I HADN'T pictured Ollie Kirkby in that way at all. Watching her on the screen in the "Grant, Police Reporter" series as a dashing adventuress or sophisticated Secret Service operative, I had come to think of her in a totally different manner. As I strolled along the shaded Jacksonville street, I pieced together the fragments of my mental picture.

"She will be found in a heavily curtained music-room," I told myself. "There will be the faint touch of a strange perfume on the air. The vivid yet subdued hues of her gown will merge silently with the shadows of the room. The——"

Oh, I went on and on in the language of a Laura Jean Libbey opening chapter. It was a romantic picture that I painted. I had my head above the clouds, as I turned the corner of the street on which Miss Kirkby's bungalow is located.

And—bang! thud! smash!—with what a crash my air-castles fell to the earth! For there, before my eyes, was the dashing adventuress on the lawn before her house, wielding nothing more dangerous than a garden hose. What is more, she was doing it in a thoroly feminine, "housekeeper-like" manner. I swallowed my chagrin, as I turned up the path and introduced myself. Two hands sprang forward to meet mine; the hose dropped to the lawn, to wabble about in a snake-like stream. There was some quick side-



MISS KIRKBY'S HOME AND GARDEN GET EVERY MINUTE OF HER SPARE TIME

stepping, and, when the flood finally had been stopped, we adjourned to the porch for our chat.

Perhaps my first question disclosed my surprise at finding the picturesque character of the screen engaged in the peaceful duties of the matron. At any rate, Miss Kirkby laughed.

"Why," she said, "I just love this little home. It gets every minute of the time that I can spare from my work at the studio and my sports. I just revel in the delights of making my home attractive

and then fretting and fussing about in the garden and the lawn here. In fact, I think it is more interesting than tennis or horseback riding, or any of my sports."

I knew that Miss Kirkby had been in Jacksonville only a short while, so I attempted to get an opinion on the comparative merits of Florida and California. But it was hopeless.

"I really cant say myself," she replied, a perplexed wrinkle stealing over her forehead. "When the Kalem Company asked me if I would be willing to be transferred from the Los Angeles studio to Jacksonville, I thought that it never would be possible to say good-by to the dear Pacific Coast. But I read some of the scenarios of the 'Grant' series and saw what fine pictures they would make and what a wonderful opportunity they would give me, so I decided to take the leap.

"And now that I have been here for a few months, I dont know what to say. Certainly Jacksonville could not be any nicer, and, of course, there's no place like California, so what is a poor 'native daughter' to do?

"One reason I have not minded the change is this little home. I hated to leave my Glendale bungalow, but I think, if it is possible, this is even more likable. Every once in a while the players gather here, and we have teas and wonderful times.

"Yes, you know the Kalem Company here in Jacksonville is just one big family. There's daring George Larkin, Robert Ellis, the director, and William McKey, Arthur Albertson, Miss Ross—we're all working together, heartily, for the success of 'Grant.' I think I enjoy my work in this series better than any picture I have ever played in. There is the zest of variety when you are playing in a new story with each one-reel episode, and you may be sure there is action aplenty, for I have had parts in many four- and five-reel productions which had less real story than we tell in one reel."

My recollection of some of the "Grant" episodes that I had seen prompted a question regarding the danger of the work.

"Oh, yes, there is some danger," admitted Miss Kirkby. "Each of the Robert Welles Ritchie stories contains a full share of perilous feats. I get all the excitement I crave, tho George Larkin is called on to do the most dangerous feats in his part as Tommy Grant, the reporter. Really, I think he possesses the most wonderful courage. There hasn't been a day in all the time that we have been at work on this series that he hasn't had bruises or other injuries, but he just keeps right on, cheerfully asking for more. Apparently there is no feat that he wont attempt. I dont feel that I am anywhere near being a coward, but when I hear the scenarios read, and learn the reckless exploit that George Larkin is expected to perform, I feel a cold shiver run down my spine.

"But I must tell you some more of my garden. I am going to have the——" and far, far away from photoplay subjects we went. From the garden we traveled — conversationally — into the house, back to the kitchen, and from there to clothes. And when two feminine hearts—or tongues—unite on that subject, all is off. On and on we chatted, until I suddenly remembered that there is such a thing as a time to depart.

"Now we'll get back to the hose," I said.

"Er—er—what do you mean?" said Miss Kirkby.

"The garden hose, I mean. Let me unlimber my camera and get a snap of you as I saw you when I turned the corner this afternoon."

And so it was done. How do you like it?

A Cruel Awakening

By MRS. D. M. McPHERSON

A man loved a stage-star quite madly;
He'd have given his life for her gladly.
But the movies she joined,
'Cause more money she coined,
And now that man wanders forth sadly.

For in movies, as you may not know, sir,
The powder and paint do not "go," sir.
When he saw on the screen
His idol, his queen,
He found she was sixty or mo', sir.

A "Hetsum-Sweatsum" Son of a Mustang

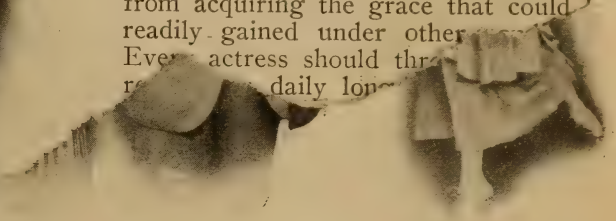


ART ACORD, who has come into prominence in the "Buck Parvin" series by the Mustang Company

THIS here Buck aint no pitchur cowhand. His work has been sweat into him, an' when he falls offen his cayuse he's been clean bucked off —no stage fall, son! He gets his grub and "hooch" workin' for th' movies, but he's sure glad when he kin pull up stakes an' take his chance with the boys ridin' in a rodeo. An' kin he rope en tie en shoot? Surest thing yuh know! He's a "hetsum-sweatsum" son of a mustang, is Artie Buck.



EDITH STOREY



ANTONIO MORENO

PAVLOWA

Physical Grace on the Screen

By L. E. EUBANKS

ANNETTE KELLERMANN

FOR the Motion Picture actor or actress physical grace is the foundation of success. Even facial beauty, admittedly a leading factor, cannot bring fame and fortune unless its possessor be at least fairly graceful in posture and movement. It needs but slight acquaintance with screen personalities to appreciate this; from the stately Pavlova to elfish Marguerite Clark, from robust Farnum to the wasp-waisted Antonio Moreno, grace is a most conspicuous quality.

Where do they get it? you ask. Some have it naturally; we know immediately that Theda Bara has not required much training in body carriage, and that Moreno must have been always active and accurate. Whether natural or acquired, grace cannot long endure unless backed up by good health. Any organic disturbance that lowers the nervous energy will detract from that muscular spontaneity essential to "poetry of motion." The nervous system must be keen, vibrant, alive—thoroly reliable as a messenger from brain to muscle. Nerve dope, gluttony, stimulants or overexertion are decidedly destructive of grace. Health that finds a joy in life, an

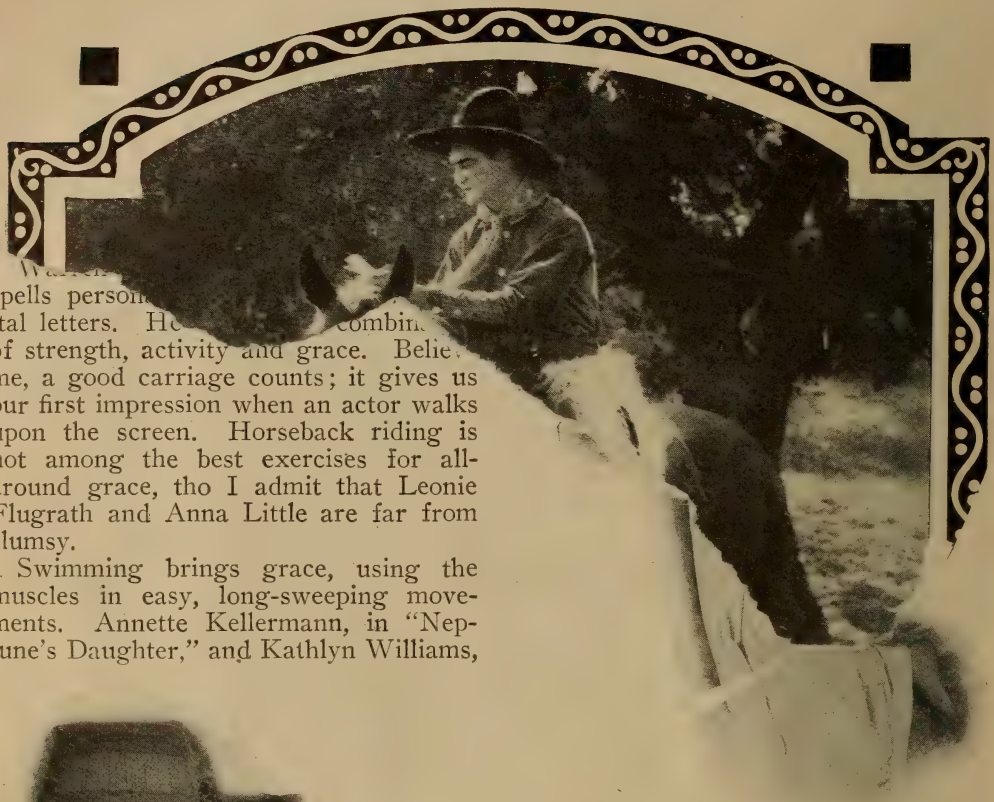


JACK WARREN KERRIGAN



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

dramatic talent. Studying the famous statues and paintings cannot but improve any one's conception of the possible beauty of posture. As a rule, actresses rely too much on exteriors. Beauty of costume cannot hide clumsiness, but its effect is much enhanced by a graceful bearing. Hampering skirts and freakish shoes naturally prevent most women from acquiring the grace that could readily gained under other [illegible] Every actress should thr[illegible] daily lon[illegible]



spells person
ital letters. He combin
of strength, activity and grace. Belie
me, a good carriage counts; it gives us our first impression when an actor walks upon the screen. Horseback riding is not among the best exercises for all-around grace, tho I admit that Leonie Flugrath and Anna Little are far from clumsy.

Swimming brings grace, using the muscles in easy, long-sweeping movements. Annette Kellermann, in "Neptune's Daughter," and Kathlyn Williams,

MARGUERITE CLARK



PAULINE FREDERICK

star in "Thou Shalt Not Covet," are only two of the host that owe a large portion of their grace to water gymnastics.

But dancing is probably the greatest of all grace-developers. Petite Ann Pennington learnt to handle her ninety-two pounds dancing with the "Ziegfeld Follies," and I think Mae Murray graduated from the same school. Miss Murray has made a special study of grace, and, judging by her art, a very successful one. She likes to go to the Bronx Zoo and study the consummate grace of the tigers. She is the proud owner of a fine collection of Angora cats, too, and studies these for useful hints. Edith Storey's dancing has been termed a revelation, and the grace developed by it is the very essence of her art and popularity. And how about Pavlowa? Isn't her every movement a song? In "The Dumb Girl of Portici" she does not need to dance to display the dancer's grace; it



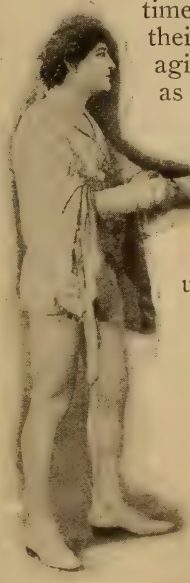
THEDA BARA

shows itself beautifully yet subtilely. As has been hinted, overfatigue detracts from grace by lessening nervous energy, and, if an actor is working strenuously in the production of a play, it is indiscreet to add much to the day's exertion. But when there is strength to spare, all time invested in dancing will pay handsome returns. The ingénue, Nona Thomas, stated the experience of scores of sister players when she told us that dancing gave her more grace than any other physical training she could find.

Every actor should have a system of bedroom exercises to fall back on when outdoor games are impracticable. Practice before a mirror—a full-length one, if such is accessible; there is nothing better to develop rhythmic co-ordination of movements. Unquestionably, Edith Storey owes much of her gliding smoothness to this mirror practice.

A study of posing is useful to a photoplayer. Perhaps Audrey Munson and Francis X. Bushman owe their success as much to being good models as to dramatic talent. Studying the famous statues and paintings cannot but improve any one's conception of the possible beauty of posture. As a rule, actresses rely too much on exteriors. Beauty of costume cannot hide clumsiness, but its effect is much enhanced by a graceful bearing. Hampering skirts and freakish shoes naturally prevent most women from acquiring the grace that could be readily gained under other conditions. Every actress should throw aside these restrictions daily long enough to cultivate freedom of movement. The proverbial inability of women to run may be ascribed almost solely to the effect of dress; where skirts have given place to some form of man's attire, or some athletic suit has been worn daily for a time, our sisters have "discovered" their legs and become strong and agile on their feet. Such players as Grace Cunard, who climbs a rope so well, and Helen Holmes, who "goes over" a box-car like an old brakeman, owe much of their popularity to their familiarity with unconventional dress. Pauline

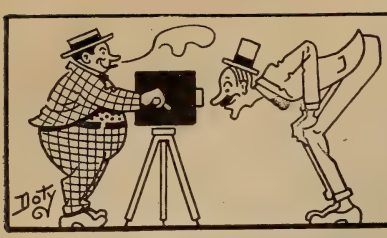
(*Continued on page* 162)



FRANCIS BUSHMAN



OLGA PETROVA



Split Interviews

By DICK WILLIS

ANNETTE KELLERMANN (FOX)

"How are you getting along?"
"Swimmingly."
"Your favorite dish?"
"Bread and dripping."
"Your strongest objection to a city?"
"Dives."
"How do you vote?"
"Wet."
"You are telling the truth?"
"The naked truth."

HENRY KING (BALBOA)

"What do you devote your time to after work?"
"Hennery."
"You like your calling?"
"I dont find any kinks in it."
"Your teeth are all your own, King?"
"Not all; I have a crown."
"Your favorite suit?"
"Knickerbocker."

BESSIE BARRISCALE (INCE-TRIANGLE)

"What part are you now taking?"
"I am a NYMP."
"Your favorite bird?"
"'The Bird of Paradise.'"
"In preparing for a part do you make believe?"
"I make up."
"What do you know of astronomy?"
"I am a star."

HOWARD HICKMAN (INCE-TRIANGLE)

"I hope you try hard."
"How 'ard?"
"You come from the country?"
"I'm no Hick, man."
"You lead in questions of strife?"
"No, in 'Civilization.'"
"A strenuous part; what did you take?"
"I took the count."

GRACE CUNARD (UNIVERSAL)

"When were you born?"
"In the year of Grace—no matter."
"You were born in Paris—how did you come over?"
"Cunard line."
"How are you feeling?"
"Like a square Peg in a round Ring."
"What form of photoplay do you prefer?"
"'To be continued in our next.'"

RUTH ROLAND (BALBOA-PATHÉ)

"Your favorite line in Shakespeare?"
"Here's Rue-eth for you."
"Your best line of parts?"
"Pathé-tic."
"Whom do you prefer to work for?"
"The man 'Who Pays.'"
"Your favorite diet?"
"Serials."

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN (METRO)

"Descended from?"
"The Bushmen."
"Favorite country?"
"France is."
"You use your second name?"
"As an Xtra."
"You have a good leading lady?"
"Excuse the Swedish—I Bane."
"You are popular?"
"My rise was Metro-otic."

CLAIRE MCDOWELL (UNIVERSAL)

"Declare your favorite dessert?"
"Eclaire."
"What letter did you swear by?"
"BI O."
"Whom do you prefer now?"
"'U.'"
"What did your parents do to make you an actress?"
"Smacdowell."

RHEA "GINGER" MITCHELL (AMERICAN)

"Where do you stand in your profession?"
"Not in the Rhea."
"You are enthusiastic?"
"Lots of Ginger."
"Fond of flying?"
"Flying, eh? Sure."
"You want to be leading woman to Richard Bennett?"
"I've Bennett."

MYRTLE STEDMAN (PALLAS)

"Where do you live, usually?"
"Pallas."
"What did you start operatic work for?"
"For a song."
"You chose pictures in place of opera?"
"Instead man."
"You believe in concert-ed charity?"
"That's my platform."

HARRY HAM (CHRISTIE COMEDIES)

"Well connected, Ham?"
"Quite well bread."
"You like drama as well as comedy?"
"Yes, sandwiched in between."
"Your favorite reading-matter?"
"I used to like Hamlet; but I'm cured now, so it's Bacon."

HELEN HOLMES (SIGNAL)

"What gave you your start, girl?"
"I got in the Game."
"A success?"
"A Signal success."
"Go out much?"
"No, we're stay-at-Holmes."
"Did you once star in the 'Hazards of Helen'?"
"We did Kalem that."
"Do you get a good salary?"
"If I didn't there'd be Helen all to pay."



The Island of Desire

Fox

By Norman Bruce

This story was written from the Photoplay and story of J. ALLEN DUNN

WHEN Bruce Chalmers turned up at the office of the *Argosy,* with his breathless tale of a South Sea island inhabited by cannibals, a golden-haired white maiden, and a fortune in priceless pearls, Maitland laughed loud and long. Pink enthusiasm deepened red wrath on Chalmers' smooth, boyish cheeks, but he waited, grimly silent, till the news editor's joy was somewhat abated.

"Gosh all fish-hooks!" wheezed Maitland, "that yarn'd make the sea-serpent pale with envy! You've missed your forte, old man; you ought t' be editing Grimm's fairy-tales, or Uncle Jack's 'Children's Corner.' Say! d'you dream these bits of news you bring in here, or what?"

"The man that told me about the island died half an hour ago," said Chalmers, briefly. "A Kanaka he was, brought in by a fishing-schooner after a week adrift on the South Seas. And he had one of the pearls with him to back up his story. There was another fellow

there when I was—Sayers, an adventurer, he said—and he thought the pearl looked like real stuff."

"Did he have the golden-haired lady along, too?" jeered Maitland. "Nay, nay, son. A musical comedy producer might buy your plot, but it dont come under the heading of 'News.'"

Bruce Chalmers laid down his fountain-pen with an air of finality. He placed his note-book beside it, adding a reporter's badge and policeman's whistle.

"You editors make me sick and tired!" he told his incredulous chief, hotly. "You want to squeeze and squeeze the world till every drop of good, red-blooded romance and adventure is out of it, and only the old, dry-bone facts and statistics are left. You've got red ink in your veins. You think there's nothing about the world you dont know. You reduce human joy, and sorrow, and love, and death to terms of type, and measure them out in columns!"

He thought of a great deal more to say, but took up his hat instead.

"W-where are y-you—going?" gasped Maitland, apprehension in his eye.

"To the South Sea Islands," replied Chalmers, calmly, "to find the pearls and the girl!"

And the door closed across his gentle smile of farewell. The editor stared down at the funeral pyre of reportorial tools on the desk, where Bruce had laid them, and sorrow gloomed in his eye.

"Pink girls—blonde pearls," he babbled. "He's a nut! He wouldn't be safe where there were squirrels! But say; if I wasn't an old stick-in-the-mud family man, I'd go with him, d—d if I wouldn't! Aw h—ll!"

Chalmers went rapidly down the street, turning into a saloon near the water-front. There he had left Henry Sayers half an hour ago, and there, instinct told him, he was likely to find him lingering yet. There was no great warmth of welcome in Sayer's bloodshot, gray eyes, as the young reporter approached, but Chalmers' spirit was too buoyant to be depressed by rebuffs. He flung his long limbs into a rickety chair across the sloppy table from the adventurer and leaned forward confidentially.

"What'd you do with that pearl?" he queried breezily. "Humph! I thought so," as the other's hand went involuntarily to his waistcoat pocket. "You needn't look green about the gills," he informed the glowering man. "Little Willie isn't any spoiled sport; besides, I'm out for bigger game, and I guess the poor devil that owned it wont need it where he's gone. Say; suppose we go after the rest of 'em—three hundred, he said, big as filberts. Why, man, our fortunes are made!"

Henry Sayers laughed gratingly. He lifted the glass of stale beer in one great, hairy hand, and drained it to the dregs before he answered, measuring his companion, meanwhile, under lowering lids.

"F'r instance," he said then, jeeringly, "I s'pose you've got ten thousand in your jeans to charter a ship?"

Chalmers' face fell. He ran his hand thru his thick, dark hair till it stood on end; then he brightened.

"What's the use of picking flaws? Money is a minor matter!" he dismissed it complacently. "Let's be sure the pearl is genuine first and we'll find the rest easy." He sprang to his feet, eyes ablaze with young excitement. "And I know the fellow who can tell us about our pearl and keep mum!"

The joint pronoun rankled in Sayers' soul, as he followed the tall, broad figure out into the sunshine and thru crooked windings of cobblestones to the Chinese quarter of the Australian town. But he was penniless, and the story of the pearls and adventure had gone to his head till he was drunk with desire. So he sullenly handed over his possession into the plump, yellow hand of the Chinaman, whom Chalmers greeted as Yuan Yuck.

Breathlessly the two watched the mask-like face of the expert widen into a silent grimace of amaze. Chalmers felt his blood tingling in his cheeks, and even the heavy-jowled face of the adventurer took on a sluggish crimson. Silently Yuan tested the pearl; silently he laid it down on the table before him.

"It is genuine," he said in his slow, lisping English; "a beautiful pearl, worth at least five thousand dollars."

"Five—thousand—dollars?" repeated Chalmers, in accents of awe. "Then the bag of 'em he told of would be worth—

a million and a half! God! And it's *ours!*" He reached for the pearl. Sayers' hairy paw shot out to forestall him, but both met a plump, yellow hand instead of the pearl.

"I furnish the money for your expedition!" said Yuan, suavely. "I go too!"



"IT IS GENUINE—WORTH AT LEAST FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS"

Across the opalescent sea the newly risen sun struck gleams of fire from the wet sand, printing a scarlet, slender line of footprints leading from the palm-grove down to the water's edge. In the waves a white shoulder glistened; a warm, naked arm shot high into the golden air, flinging rainbow-spray on high. And a peal of laughter, free, joyous as the cries of the gulls, rang across the water to the three in the tiny boat.

Bruce Chalmers started to his feet, peering, under a shielding hand, into the dazzling light.

"The girl—he said there was a girl——" he stammered, and suddenly blushed crimson from his forehead to his throat. For before his eyes the miracle occurred as of old in the fabled sea—Venus sprang from the waves.

Outlined against the pure light she stood, naked, strange flames streaming about her young limbs, as the sun caught the brine that drenched them. The gold of dawn was in the hair that lay along the small girl-breasts; the purity of dawn was in the unconscious beauty of her pose as, startled, she gazed at the intruders under one upflung arm.

"Dont look!" gasped the boy, and suddenly bent over the oars to hide his hot, quivering face. "We frightened her—shameful! Why didn't we stay aboard?"

Henry Sayers grunted contemptuously. "Didn't you ever go t' a burlesque show?" he sneered. "Well, you are a milk-faced baby-boy! Maybe you think we'd ought 'a' telephoned her we was coming?"

Yuan said nothing. He watched the slim, white figure run up the beach and into the banyan-trees, with impassive, almond eyes. He was a connoisseur of more things than pearls. And the keel of the boat grated on the white sand.



WHEN MONEY LUST YIELDS TO THE GREATER LOVE

The three men clambered out stiffly; they eyed each other askance. Something in the feel of the long-looked-for island under their feet worked in their blood the subtle alchemy of distrust. The sense of common purpose that had brought them on their wild quest slipped away, and the primal law of each-for-himself took its place. Red fires glowed in Sayers' small eyes; Yuan breathed heavily thru thick, parted lips, and Chalmers felt the hair stir along the muscles of his neck.

"Come on, if you're coming," growled Sayers, at last, unostentatiously sliding his rifle from the skiff. But Chalmers took it out of his hands. "No guns!" he said sarcastically. "I feel, somehow, as tho we would all be easier in our minds without them—just a bit more careful. And we'll wait a while longer, if you please, till the young lady has—time to dress."

It was half an hour later when they crashed thru a thicket of gaudily flowered underbrush into a clearing in which stood a hut of bamboo, woven with reeds and thatched with bundles of coarse, dry grass. In the door of the hut, watching them composedly, stood a girl dressed in

a blue serge skirt of not more than three seasons ago and a sailor blouse. It took Chalmers' surprised brain several moments to realize that the island was in the path of trading ships and that no doubt the girl had bartered for the clothes she wore with the captain of one of these.

He was oddly disconcerted at the reflection and at the English with which she greeted them. It would have been more romantic to have discovered an Eve-girl who had never seen a white man before.

"Goo' marneen," said the girl quaintly; "you did come f'om a bo-at?" she gestured toward the sea. Chalmers bowed, blushing boyishly. He was suddenly at a loss for words. What should one say to a golden-haired young lady living all alone on an island in the South Seas?

But Sayers had no social hesitations. He thrust his ill features between Chalmers and the girl and cleared his throat uncouthly.

"A Kanaka who drifted ashore last month had this on him," he said, opening his fist to show the pink luster of the pearl within. "He said there was others here—a whole bag of 'em. Is that so?"

She was gazing with widening eyes at the tiny, pink thing, and suddenly twin tears hung on the thick lashes. "Ees he—daid?" she wept. "Tha's Lio, my fren'. He save me, sooch a many three-six-ten year 'go, f'om water w'en sheep sank. He ver' goo' to me."

Chalmers' heart swelled with pity at the forlorn story behind her words. A shipwrecked white child brought up on this remote, wild coast with only an old Kanaka to care for her! He felt a sudden impulse to pick her up bodily and hurry her back to civilization, and regular pretty girl-clothes, and girl-good times. But Sayers was speaking impatiently.



CHALMERS' HEART SWELLED WITH PITY

"But these"—he brandished the pearl—"are there any more of these here on the island? Come on, now—quick!"

"You wanta see Lio's tears?" she

asked, puzzled. "Tha's w'at he call 'em —tears of fallen an-*gels*. Ver' pret-ty, thos' tears, mebbe you t'ink?"

She led the way into the interior of the hut, and, as simply as if she were displaying pebbles, opened a linen bag and disclosed to their incredulous eyes a rosy heap of pearls, ranging in tint from the palest, flushed ivory to great, throbbing globes in which a crimson tide beat and ebbed.

The three men gazed, dry of lip, with husky breath that rasped across the silent room. In the almond eyes was the jewel greed of the expert; in the small, gray eyes the lust of gain; in Chalmers' dark gaze was the light of adventure and fantasy. Then, as if at a signal, they raised their heads and gazed at the girl. And, with a woman's swift instinct, she read their looks aright. The Celestial stared at her with the unwinking appraisal of the panderer; the Australian with unabashed desire; but in Chalmers' humble gaze she divined only boyish worship, and suddenly, without realizing why, she moved to him and clung to his arm.

Crisis hovered over the little group. Sayers' lips drew back from his teeth in a snarl.

"Take the girl, if you want her; I'll take the pearls," he growled. Yuan's voice was like thick oil.

"And what of me?" he smiled. He put his plump hand, that was always a little cold, on the Australian's sleeve. "Let us not quarrel," he said smoothly. "We brought goods to exchange for the pearls. They are in the boat. Let us return for them, leaving Excellency to keep the lady company."

The pearls glowed softly on the table. The underbrush snapped, and the men's footsteps died away. Chalmers drew a dizzy breath, as he looked down at the bright head so near his shoulder. He had never noticed women much, but now he seemed to see all womankind at once—its softness, its sweetness, its purity and beauty. A pulse under her soft fingers on his arm beat like a heart. And suddenly he found himself stammering mad things.

"And I thought I was coming after pearls—*pearls!*" he was saying. "Are you sorry I came?"

The rich, strange island, with its heavy flower-scents and gaudy bird-wings flashing thru the palms, was surely not the same world he had been living in; this man, quivering thru every tiniest nerve, could not be the immature, commonplace self he had always known. And he could never have uttered the words he heard himself saying, unless this were indeed



THE DISCORD OF LUST AND GREED BREAKS

some exotic, dizzying dream of happiness, out of and beyond himself.

"You beautiful one—you wonderful one—did you know your hair was pure solid gold? Dont tremble, dearest; surely you know why I have come. In



OUT AMONG THE PEARL-HUNTERS

a little while I shall kiss you, and then you will know, if you dont now——"

A branch snapped somewhere in the forest outside, and a wild bird uttered a shrill, sharp cry. It startled him. He dropped her hand and turned a dazed face toward the door. Then he understood.

With a single stride he reached the door and slammed it in the face of Sayers leering above the rifle in his hands. There was a bolt on it—primitive but strong. He jammed it into place, drew a gasping breath, and flung the girl to the floor just as a shot crashed thru the window-square. Huddling against the sides of the hut, he crawled to the window, pulled the heavy wooden shutters across it, and turned to the white-faced girl.

"Have you a gun? Lio must have had one—— Good!" He clutched the antiquated thing she brought him, and the feel of it cleared his whirling brain. Good healthy anger surged thru him.

"The cowardly traitors!" he muttered. "It's us or them now, so here goes!"

An answering bullet sang thru the walls, and the besiegers ran precipitately for shelter. They had not calculated on there being a gun in the hut, and recognized at once that the advantage was all on Chalmers' side in a gun-duel.

"Mans wan' keel us?" asked the girl softly. In the half-light her face was like a flower of the dusk. She glided to him, and he felt her breath against his arm. "I no 'f'aid black mans on next *i'*-lan'," she whispered tremulously; "I no 'f'aid wil' beas'; I no 'f'aid *you;*" but I 'f'aid yellow man's eyes an' oder man's han's——"

"Dont you worry!" Chalmers said cheerfully, but his tone was no longer that of the lover. There was steel in it. The enchanted moment was gone. He sat down on a bench and lighted a cigar, crossing his long legs comfortably. "Now, suppose you tell me your name and all about yourself."

The short hours of tropical sun flew by with the sound of her soft, broken syllables. Her name was Lelia, but that was all she could remember, for she had been only six when the ship in which she and her father were sailing had gone down and tossed her upon this wild

island. Lio, a Kanaka exiled from his people for some crime, had rescued her and cared for her. She had never quite forgotten her native tongue in the twelve years on the island. "But I no spik mabbe ver' well?" she asked him wistfully. There had been no trading-ships come here, but Lio had gone, sometimes, to other islands in his canoe and brought her back her clothes. She had been alone three months now.

Unexpectedly, her story was interrupted. It had grown quite dark in the hut, but suddenly a strange glow lighted up the roof—an ugly, crimson glow that brought Chalmers to his feet in horror.

"They've fired the hut!" he groaned, "and they're waiting outside for us. This is a pretty kettle of fish!"

He picked up the linen bag of pearls and thrust it into his breast. Lelia ran to a box on the other side of the room and returned with her hands full of pathetic treasures, a looking-glass, a faded photograph——

"Hark!" she cried eagerly. "Lis-'en! it ees the Beeg Win'!"

Over the top of the forest ran a strong shudder, and the great heads of the palms bowed in pain. A rushing thru the wide spaces of the sky, and the tropical storm was upon them in a wild song of wind and rain. The fire-glow vanished. The frail hut shivered, and water poured thru the ruined roof, hot and smelling of dank, swampy places and decaying vegetation.

"Here's our chance and our only one!" Chalmers shouted close to the girl's ear. He unbolted the door and staggered, as the typhoon swept in upon them; then, carrying her in one arm and his gun in the other, he breasted the tide of wind.

"We cant—live—an hour in this!" he panted, after they had gone a few yards. "We might—as well—have been roasted as—drowned!"

"I know wher' is cave!" Lelia cried. "I take you ther'—see, like *this*——"

She took his hand and ran forward. A moment later and they stood in the shelter of trees. They struggled on more easily now, she guiding him by some sixth sense, while all about them great branches cracked and fell, and frightened birds swept their faces with frantic wings. And then, unexpectedly, they stood in a shelter of some kind, with a dry floor of earth underfoot and the baffled wind shrieking somewhere outside. Chilled to the bone, they crept together instinctively. Chalmers sat upon the floor of the cave; the girl rested her head on his knees, and they slept the sleep of utter exhaustion. Once, thru chaotic dreams, Chalmers thought he heard a dog whining near-by and wondered, dimly, whether the ship's mascot had swum ashore; again, he thought he heard a far-off groaning and rumbling, but sleep drowned conjecture.

It was full daylight before he opened heavy eyes, to find Lelia already awake and caressing the ship's dog.

"Does that mean those rascals have left the island, or that they're still here?" he reflected, looking out of the narrow cave-mouth into the quivering heat of midday. "Let them go! I can rig up some sort of raft to take us over to the next inhabited island. But no; they would never give up the pearls so easily——"

Lelia interrupted his musings with a cry. The square of daylight had disappeared! And, even as he stared, incredulously, he heard the groaning and rumbling that had disturbed his dreams.

"An earthquake!" he cried, with a shaken laugh. "It looks as if old Mother Nature, out of pure feminine jealousy, was on the side of our pearl-hunting friends!"

The mountain was in agony. It writhed in primal labor pain. With every convulsion Chalmers expected the roof of their shelter to crush them beneath tons of rock. Yet again they were spared.

Twenty-four hours later two earth-stained figures crept from the opening they had dug in the side of their living tomb. They were both faint with hunger and worn by the terrors of the ordeals they had endured.

"You must wait here," Chalmers told her. "I hate to leave you, but you cant walk a step without food. I'll find a cocoanut or two and some fruit and be back in a jiffy. Here; you take these."

He thrust the bag of pearls into her hands and hurried away as fast as his shaking limbs could take him. It was not until nearly an hour later when he

was returning, arms full of plunder, that he remembered his enemies. A sudden chill shot thru his heart. Suppose they had come on her, alone and unprotected? Suppose——

He broke into a wavering run. "Lelia!" he cried. "Lelia!"

There was no sign of life before their cave, but within he caught the sound of low moans. Nausea caught him by the throat.

"They've been here!" he muttered. At that moment he could have done murder with his bare hands. "They've hurt her——"

But the groans were not from Lelia's throat. She lay huddled in a swoon in a far corner of the cave. When Chalmers' eyes could focus in the dimness, he saw Sayers' dead body lying in a pool of blood by the door, the bag of pearls, for which he had bartered his life, clenched in one rigid hand. Near him lay the Chinaman, dying of a wound in the chest.

"He shoot me; I kill him!" Yuan said laconically. "The girl isn't hurt. Sayers would have attacked her, but he found that picture——"

Chalmers stared dazedly at the bit of cardboard at his feet. How had that saved Lelia from the brute yonder?

"It's a picture of himself—when he was younger," said the Chinaman, faintly. "He thought his family was drowned in the shipwreck. She must be—his daughter."

He raised himself on his elbow, pointing a plump, yellow finger.

"The—pearls——" he wheezed thru his pierced chest. "Give them to me——"

(*Continued on page* 163)



"IT'S A PICTURE OF HIMSELF—WHEN HE WAS YOUNGER"



HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

The Photodrama

A Department of Expert Advice, Criticism, Timely Hints, Plot Construction and Market Places

Conducted by HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Staff Contributor of the Edison Company, formerly with Pathé Frères; Lecturer and Instructor of Photoplay Writing in The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay" and many Current Plays on the Screen, etc.

Close Views and Inserts

Inadvertently, I asked the president of one of the well-known companies to give me some idea of the type of plays he would like to have written for him. He replied, without hesitation, that he wanted "trash"! He excused his statement by adding that the public wanted "trash" and nothing but "trash."

How about that, Mr. and Mrs. Public? Do you want trashy Moving Pictures? No, I dont and wont believe it. The fact that the public *accept* trash is not an indication that they *want* it. But if you dont want poor pictures, why dont you say so? How? Why, protest, politely, at the box-office of the theater of which you are a patron. Ask them first if they care for an expression of opinion. They will not dare to say no. Then tell them that you are of the opinion that the Thus-and-So picture, released under the name of the This-or-That Company, was not up to the standard of this theater—mentally, morally, or temperamentally, as the case may be.

The box-office is the golden pulse of the theater's business. Satisfied patrons mean continued patronage and success. Dissatisfied patrons spell failure. If only a few theatergoers would have the courage to express their views, they could do much for the betterment of the photodrama.

BUT, dont become a plain, brassy knocker. Say a correspondingly good word for the plays that have pleased you and your families.

I have very sound reasons for knowing that the foregoing suggestion would materially aid the photoplaywright. A spoken demand for good plays leads to a demand for good play-makers. And, as the deliberate maker of bad plays is an undesirable citizen of the craft, the system would have a far-reaching effect.

And now for just a word in conclusion and reply to the official of the company who insists upon producing "trash." The stock of the said company has gone down to less than a dollar a share, and even at that figure has no buyers. The men in Wall Street, who make a profession of rating commercial success, have branded this company. There is the handwriting on the wall! It is the answer to all who give the public "trash" in return for good money!

Plotting the Photoplay

It shall be the purpose of this sub-department to enable every student and reader to distinguish PLOT Material whenever and wherever found; to bring within reach inexhaustible Sources of New Material; to acquire a faculty for PLOT Analysis; to master readily the Construction of the Complete Work from the Plot Germ, and to learn how appropriately to clothe the Plot with a complete Dramatic Composition.

A careful analysis of the difficulties that stand between an ability to conceive a dramatic idea and the effective and complete expression of the same discloses that PLOT Distinction, Arrangement, Development and Completion are paramount.

A Plot is something more than a mere

plan or design, the beginning, end and scope of which we may behold at a glance.

A plan or design is, after all, but a set of instructions, cold and lifeless, composed by a genius, possibly, and carried out by one, too.

A PLOT, however, operates upon the matter it inhabits just as a soul does on a body. It first gives perfect form and then ignites with indestructible life.

A PLOT selects and assimilates organic particles of like material into a palpitating organism.

Screenings from Current Plays

The question is, Is it worth an *Overland* automobile to sit thru the whole series of such a chain of plays as "The Crimson Stain"? However true that may be, I feel sure that it is not worth gambling many hours of valuable time against that of several million others in the hope of winning one of the automobiles being offered to any patron who writes a scenario based on the characters, mysteries and situations to be seen in "The Crimson Stain." I repeat it is a stroke of genius—not squandered on the plays—that bribed the public with an automobile.

Not that I have any personal enmity against serials. On the contrary, I fairly eat them when they follow the directions to be found on the technical box. But half-cooked serials are unfit for public consumption.

"The Figure in Black" was the title of the only episode I have seen. Suspense, I should say, was the mainspring of these plays, but so much time was spent in insufficient explanations that suspense was lost. Probability was ignored.

But why slather the public with tawdry "blood and thunder" that it would not be guilty of reading about? Why cant we have serials with finer ideas and ideals —let us say with the motif like Vitagraph's "The Goddess"? Practically all of the continued plays that are now on arouse all of the baser emotions, such as horror, fear, prejudice and bigotry.

I had never seen Theda Bara. Therefore, when I found myself witnessing "Her Double Life," I fully expected to see a slimy vampire crawl sinuously upon the screen.

But the Theda Bara I saw was a finished actress with all the finer and tender attributes of a refined woman. Here is an actress who can tell all the emotions and passions in her soul thru the depth and wonder of her eyes!

The directing in "Her Double Life" is faithful to the point of conviction. The coster scenes *are* Whitechapel. The battle excerpts have been made with a fine discrimination of what was necessary to the story's dramatic essence. Here is a gratifying play!

QUALIFICATIONS OF THE PHOTOPLAYWRIGHT

Lessonettes

In the first place, the aspirant and student of the photodrama must remember—many other advisers to the contrary—that, altho he is writing the "silent drama," yet his product in scenario form must meet the literary requirements of all manuscript.

Too often editors seek reasons why they should *not* accept a manuscript, rather than those excellencies that should make it acceptable.

Misspelled words, ungrammatical sentences and gross errors in rhetoric prejudice their judgment against acceptance.

Many a manuscript that might have crept into acceptance because of its excellent idea has been rejected because of minor faults that brought it into disfavor.

Punctuation even is an effective means in the hands of the student who would make his meaning clear and piercing.

The foregoing paragraphs mean neither of two things. They do not mean that you have got to be a "highbrow" and sprinkle your scenario with classical allusions. As sure as you do, the manuscript will be promptly rejected. Nor does it mean that you can send in ideas written on butcher's paper and obscured by beef-stains and illiteracy.

Good, strong, straight-from-the-shoulder, grammar-school English will suffice, provided you have a dramatic idea and know how to express it.

That is what this department will endeavor to show you.



Photo by Walter

MILDRED MANNING, Vitagraph Leading Lady



"Putting It Over"

By PEARL WHITE

The third of a series of articles by leading players, showing how they register emotions and produce dramatic effects

WHILE, like every other actress, I have a secret fondness for emotional parts, my career seems to be definitely bound to the "thrillers." From a very early age I have taken delight in doing harebrained, reckless things, and the more danger there has been in them the more pleasure there has been for me. I can claim no credit for this daredevil spirit, since it seems to have been born in me.

It was this same reckless spirit that induced me, after some seasons of experience as a trapeze artist in a circus, to enter the Motion Pictures. The industry was starting to grow at that time, and I felt that here, better than anywhere else, I could find a field for my love of adventure.

The life of a "stunt" actress is no sinecure, but I have been in the pictures for over three years now, and am falling more in love with my work every day. However, it is no life for one without a love for the unnatural.

I remember one of my first experiences in making "The Perils of Pauline," some two years ago. The villain, in order to encompass my death, was supposed to have shut me in a cellar with the hero, and then turn in the water from a canal. It was really quite thrilling in the picture. As the cellar was supposedly full of rats, the rising water would naturally bring them out. Pictorially, the "stunt" was perfect. When the water rose to our necks, the director turned loose several dozens of rats, which had been caught for the occasion, and threw them in with us. As I swam around, there were rats everywhere, poetically speaking—to the right of me, to the left of me, and behind me. Some got in my hair, others clung to my clothes, and one more ambitious than the rest bit me on the ear. Now, it is peculiar, but I had no other feeling

than anger at the little beasts. I was not half so much frightened as the rest of the company looking on, and simply felt that it was all in the day's work. I guess it is just a question of getting used to it all, and of being ready to carry out, at a brief moment's notice, anything that the wisdom of the fertile-brained director may devise.

Sometimes the "stunts" required are unpleasant, like the above, and sometimes they afford us a new thrill which is just the reverse. Some time ago, a story called for me to get into a captive balloon, and, while I was in the basket alone, for the villain to come up and cut the rope. We hired a balloon and anchored it on the edge of the Palisades, over in New Jersey. I was instructed beforehand how to use the ripping-cord when I wished to descend, and everything was ready. It worked beautifully. The villain cut the rope. The balloon shot up into the air, drifted over the Hudson, sailed majestically over New York, crossed the East River, and then went out over Long Island. The view was wonderful. I forgot all about the ripping-cord, and gave myself up to enjoying this new sensation. Then, suddenly, I realized that I was over the ocean, and that if I didn't drop soon the day might end in a tragedy. I pulled the cord, and landed in a marsh only a few steps from the beach. Shortly afterward, my director, Mr. Gasnier, joined me, nearly crazy with worry because I hadn't come down sooner. And he couldn't seem to understand that I had really and truly had a good time.

We worked another "thriller" with that same balloon, which wasn't quite so entertaining for me. It was anchored on the edge of the Palisades again, and they wrote something into the script which made it necessary for me to go down the anchor-rope hand-over-hand. The basket was over a hundred feet in the air, and it was not a particularly nice "stunt" to do. I put on a pair of heavy gloves, and let myself down over the side of the car. The balloon swayed back and forth in the wind, so that one had the sensation of being in a giant swing. My circus experience on the trapeze stood me in good stead, and, keeping my eyes always on the car, I gradually let myself down. Once I nearly lost my "nerve." That was in an episode of "The Exploits of Elaine." I had a scene with the villain on the top of a church steeple. We had to struggle as he tried to throw me off. In the first place, the script called for me to climb up, and when I arrived at the top I was naturally somewhat tired. Then came the fight. I had on rubber-soled shoes, but they wouldn't seem to hold on the slippery roof, and time and again I had to grab at anything with my hands. Finally, in the course of the struggle, my feet went clear over the coping, and, by the merest luck, I caught the lightning-rod connection with one hand and held on long enough to be dragged back to safety. It was a pretty close call, and it may be readily understood that I was well content to take the rest of the day off.

If there is anything that I am really proud of in my picture career, it is the fact that never in all the time I have spent before the camera have I made use of a "double." "Doubling," as you probably know, is the putting in of some less high-priced player than the "star" to do a particularly hazardous bit of business, where the distance and conditions are such that the audience will not recognize the deception in the picture. This is a practice much in vogue by many directors, for there are many "stars" who, altho most talented actors and actresses, simply cannot force themselves to go thru the nerve-racking ordeals ordered in some scenarios. As I said before, I do not take any personal credit to myself for being able to go thru these "stunts." It is rather that I am made that way and should be unhappy without it.

Most people who do my sort of work are fatalists. When I do a "stunt," I know that it may be my last, but dismiss that side of the question from my mind. What is to be is to be. I believe that I am going to do it successfully and attack each as it comes in that spirit, because if I fail it will in all likelihood be the last one that I shall ever do. This feeling is essential, and only those "stunt" actresses who possess it can ever hope to "arrive."

A Tiny New Star

Veta Searl, Who Until Quite Recently Had Adorned Neither Stage Nor Screen, "Dissolves In" Upon the Magic Curtain of Shadowland



BURGLARS!

PLAYING HOOKEY

VETA SEARL found an opportunity and grasped it. But first, opportunity found her in the form of a producer-manager, who is by way of being a Columbus of the movies, when it comes to discovering embryo talent. He believes that the intangible something called personality, intelligence and an inherent sense of the fitness of things are the qualities that make for prompt and lasting screen success. These Miss Searl possesses in abundance, so she has been engaged to appear in "Charity," the first of the Frank Powell productions.

She is of the popular type—small, piquant and alert, and is shaping her charms to win friends and success in the magic picture world she has so recently entered.

VETA SEARL IN CHARACTER POSES—THE FISHER-BOY



TAKING MOVIES IN BEETLE-LAND



Wallace Reid At Home

By ELEANOR WARDALL

Photo Illustrations by Stagg

In the special post-office station at the studio of the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company at Hollywood, California, the box for incoming mail, which bears the initial "R," is bigger than any other. The one next to it which yawns under a fancy "S" is seldom empty, it being thru this channel that hundreds of letters reach Blanche Sweet. But "R" is the biggest, as in that box, in a jumbled, upside-down, careless sort of manner, the office-boy tosses the mail addressed to Ridgely, Cleo; Roberts, Theodore; Reid, Wallace.

Wallace Reid in a day receives more letters from admiring film fans than the Governor of California receives from office-seekers, and any one who knows anything about politics can readily appreciate the ratio in favor of Mr. Reid. Most of these letters are written in the familiar up-and-down-stub-pen-back-hand, bearing undeniably the stamp of feminine manumotion.

The best of it all is that Wally Reid (those who know him well call him "Wally," and those who know him very well call him "Wally," too) deserves all the nice things that are said about him in the letters which come from far and wide. Now, these letters play a very important part in the daily life of this Lasky star, who only recently completed a special engagement, as leading man in



WALLACE REID AND HIS WIFE BEING FOND OF ALL KINDS OF PETS,



SOMEBODY HAS TO TAKE CARE OF THEM, AND IT IS USUALLY WALLACE

support of Geraldine Farrar, in Cecil B. De Mille's gigantic production, "Joan of Arc."

Without mentioning any names, there are a lot of men film stars who read their letters in the seclusion of their dressing-rooms, and none thereafter ever see "the light that lies in woman's eyes." But with Wally it is different. The general manager and corresponding secretary of the institution known as Wallace Reid, film star, is none other than Dorothy Davenport, otherwise known on the books of Hollywood merchants as Mrs. Wallace Reid.

What stage or screen star is there who, for the purpose of public print—provided he or she is married—is not acclaimed the ideal wife or the model husband? The fact remains, however, that the domestic affairs of Wallace Reid and Dorothy Davenport, who met as Motion Picture players, wooed as gentle lovers and were married as film stars, come under such a classification without the possibility of contradiction.

For the second time, Wallace Reid will vote at the Presidential election this autumn. He is twenty-five years old, six feet one-half inch with his shoes off, smooth-complexioned, blue-eyed, and drives an automobile with both hands. He was born in St. Louis and is the son of Hal Reid, noted writer of melodramas and more recently scenario writer for the Universal Company. Wally was educated at the New Jersey Military Academy and thereafter worked on a ranch in the West, ran a hotel, worked on the government survey of the Shoshone dam and rounded out a preliminary training as a reporter on the New York *Evening Sun*. Then he appeared in vaudeville in "The Girl and the Rancher," a sketch by his father, and about three years ago faced the camera for the first time, for the Selig Company. Subsequently he played with the Eastern Vitagraph



WALLACE REID IS SOMETHING OF A MUSICIAN,



AND DOROTHY DAVENPORT IS HIS ABLE ASSISTANT

Company opposite Florence Turner, then with the Reliance Eastern Company, next with Universal, and just before joining the Lasky forces more than a year ago he appeared for D. W. Griffith.

Wally Reid has done everything in Motion Pictures that a scenario writer can think of, including cowboy stunts, falls, fights, dives and even feminine impersonations. It was while Mr. Reid was playing with the Universal that he first met Miss Davenport, who is a niece of the famous Fanny Davenport, of Broadway note.

Out at the Lasky studios they start work every morning at half-past eight o'clock. Down Selma Avenue, about 8.31, a low roadster speeds on its way in a race against time. About 8.32 a handsome youth walks thru the main entrance to the studio, and at 8.33 he is at his place, talking to the director with the air of one who has been ready for hours to start work. This is one of the characteristics of Wallace Reid—one of those characteristics which mark him eternally a boy, and one that has endeared him, not only to his associates, but to the thousands who have caught the vitality of his character in his screen performances.

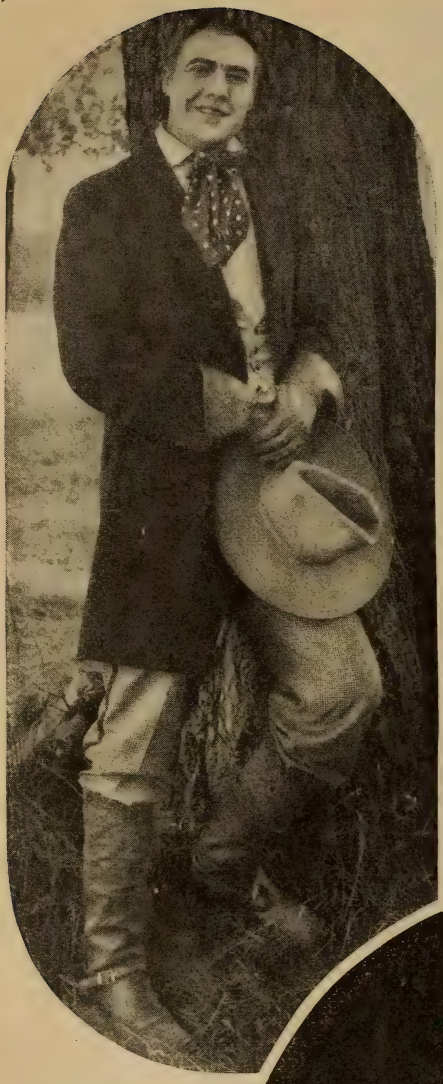
Turning back a page to the mail, it is usually delivered about 11 A. M. by Sam, the official Lasky boy-scout. As he passes Wallace Reid's dressing-room, his load is considerably lightened. By instruction and a personal contract, made binding by the passing of one dollar therewith received, Sam ties a little bundle securely, and when Wally starts for home it goes with him and is turned into the family desk as an item of household credit. Somehow or other, in the course of a busy day Miss Davenport finds time to answer the mail.

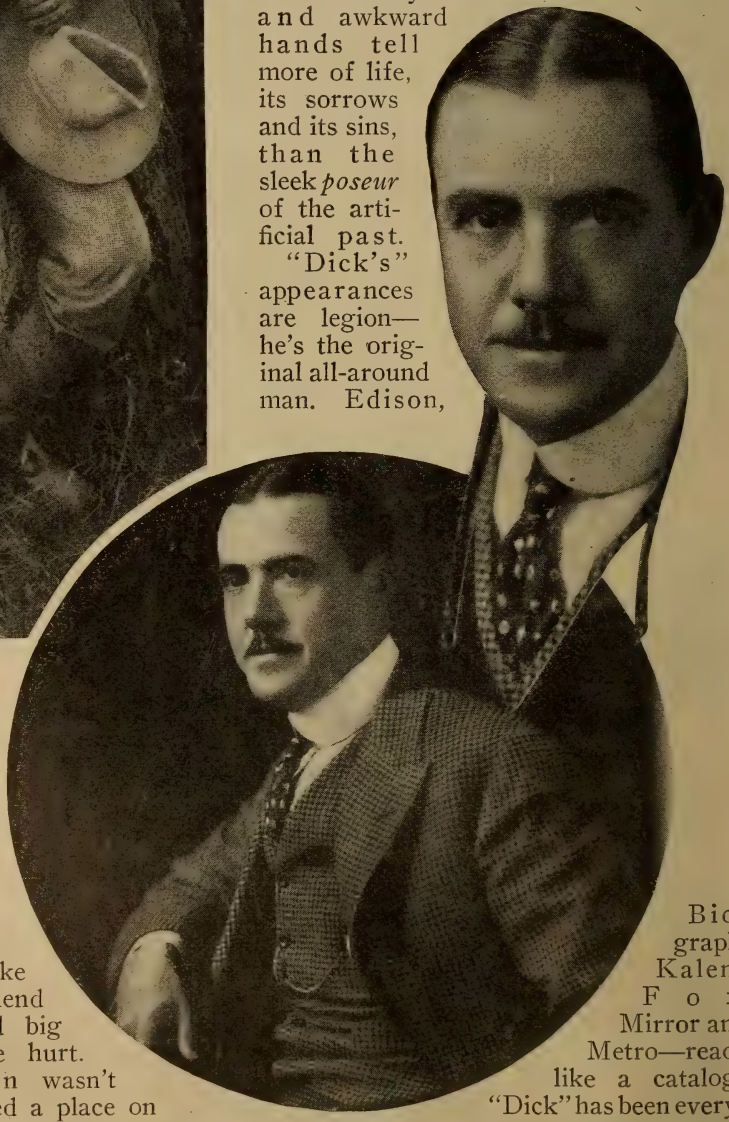
Wallace Reid, during his experience on the ranch, learnt the

(*Continued on page* 162)

The All-Around Man

By PETER WADE





"DICK" NEILL wasn't born to be an actor. He grew to be as big and shambling, as blunt-jawed and square-browed as "Abe" Lincoln. And he's downright homely in the bargain.

"You'll never make an actor," his best friend said confidently, and big Dick's feelings were hurt.

But his ambition wasn't dampened. He gained a place on the stage, then shouldered himself into a niche in the Edison Company, and in the bygone days of matinée idols—of prettily posing leading men—his niche grew dustier and narrower.

"Dick" plodded on in his number twelve boots. "Surely," he opined, "my day will come." It has. He is one of the busiest men in pictures. The day of the natural actor has dawned—the man whose homely face and awkward hands tell more of life, its sorrows and its sins, than the sleek *poseur* of the artificial past.

"Dick's" appearances are legion—he's the original all-around man. Edison, Biograph, Kalem, Fox, Mirror and Metro—reads like a catalog; "Dick" has been everything from juvenile to leading old man.

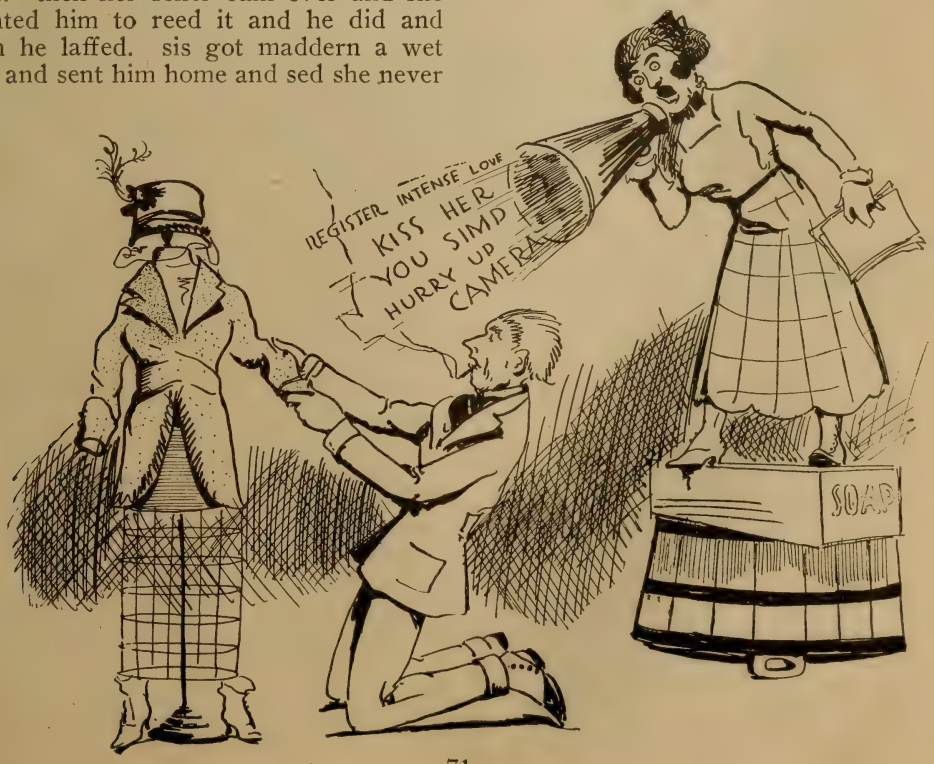
About Our Family

by Arthur L. Kaser

TAKE advise frum a feller wot knows. never get borned in to a famly of moven pikcher riters. our hole family was bugs about riten moven pikcher plays. a women accross the street frum us started the hole thing she rote a play and it was so good she solde it and got 8 dolars for it and perty soone every body on the street was trying to do the same thing.

sis was the ferst wun in our famly to try it and she rote about 50 pages of mushy stuff and wanted me to try and act it out so she cud see how it wud go but i got all bum fuzzled up and cudnt do it and she got mad and slapped my face. then her feller cum over and she wanted him to reed it and he did and then he laffed. sis got maddern a wet hen and sent him home and sed she never wanted to see him agen cuz he laffed wen he hadnt sposed to laff cuz it was dramatik stuff and you aint sposed to laff at dramatik stuff.

fred, thats my bruther he got it next and wun day he bought a tiperiter for 4 dolars and brunged it home. it was sum mashine bleeve me it was perty nere reddy to fall to peeces and the ribon was all dried up but sis put some shoo blacken on it and it worked perty good. fred was gona rite indiun plays and about cow boys and bandits and then after he



got it rote he played it in the bak yard but wen he started to holler like a indiun a pleeceman cum and made him shut up. fred had a looloo of a job at a autermobeel faktery but he tried to think up new idees for indiun plays durin workin hours and didnt do enuff work so the boss tide a can to him. then fred had to borro muney frum pa to buy stamps with so he cud send his indiun plays to the pikcher cumpanys.

always burnt. wun day she put sum putatoes on to cook and then started to rite and for got the putatoes and they started to burn. the smoke begun to go out the bak door so fast that sum body terned in a alarm for fire and the ingines cum and skwirted water in the kichen and all over ma and ma got mad and told the fire men wot she thought of them for gettin water all over her moven pikcher play she was riten.



"THE INGINES CUM AND SKWIRTED WATER ALL OVER MA"

ma sed if it was the stile for evry body to rite moven pikcher plays she was gona be in stile and she started in to. she cudnt use the tiperiter cuz she sed it was to much like playin the orgun and she never cud lern to play the orgun. she sed she was gona rite lift up plays or up lift plays i dont know whitch but she sed the public needed more plays with a morral. then i got mad. it wasnt so bad to act for sis and lissen to fred a yellin but after ma got the riten fever i didnt get ½ enuff to eet. wen she cooked beens she always for got them and they

pa was next. he sed if he cudnt rite a better play then they was riten he wud jump in the lake and he cant swim at that so he goes and buys a gallun of ink and a box of pens and hops to it. he sed he was gona rite a war play and try and teech the peeple that war wasnt a nice thing to hav around and that ther shud be less fiten and more peece in the wurld. he sed wen evry body wud giv evry body else a soft anser and never want to fite the wurld wud be like a pare of dice or sumthing like that. enyway he started to

(*Continued on page* 160)



KATHLYN WILLIAMS AND HER ARABIAN HORSE, "SULTAN"

Stories That Are True

An Unexpected "Adventure of Kathlyn"

By KATHLYN WILLIAMS

WHILE horseback riding, one day, I was overtaken by a heavy rainstorm, and sought shelter in a ramshackle farmhouse just off the main road. The farmer's folks made me welcome and put up my horse in the barn. All the afternoon and evening the storm grew worse, and I was obliged to give up all hope of leaving that night.

Bedtime came, and it became embarrassingly evident that there would be no place for me to retire with any degree of privacy. Adventurous by nature as well as by profession, I announced my intention of sleeping in the loft of the barn. The clean, sweet smell of the hay, covered by the farm-wife's home-made quilts, quite appealed to me, and I was soon peacefully sleeping to the soothing accompaniment of the rain on the roof.

Suddenly a tremendous kicking and stamping below awoke me, and I heard my horse scampering thru the barn door. A mad search for my boots (and no one knows what words of persuasion helped those damp riding-boots to go on) and in a jiffy I was down the loft-steps and in pursuit.

Across ploughed fields, thru bogs, over fences, into puddles, I pursued that horse. The near-captures and discouragements of that chase were exasperating, but the beast got away, and stayed away. Drenched to the skin, I aroused the farmer's wife, to ask for a change of dry clothing.

Accompanied by the farmer, who had been aroused by the commotion, I returned to the barn and announced my intention of seeing "how that horse came to get away, anyhow!"

The emotions aroused by the subsequent sight are not to be recorded. Before my unbelieving eyes, revealed by the lantern the sleepy farmer carried, peacefully munching his feed, stood my *own bay horse!*

"Waal," said the rube, turning to ex-

amine a broken halter in the next stall, "you've been out chasing my horse, an' I'm mighty sorry you're put out, but dont worry about *my* horse none—breaking out is a habit he's got, and he'll be back for his feed in the morning!"

A Modern Eve and How She Tamed the Serpent

By EDNA MAYO

I HAD always heard that "music hath power to soothe the savage breast," but, while playing in "The Return of Eve," I found it to be literally true.



In one scene it was necessary to use a snake. It simply would not stay where we put it, but kept wriggling about the floor after the manner of snakes. And when we wanted it to hang by its tail from a limb, it wrapped itself about it instead of hanging.

It showed a total disrespect for, and no regard whatever to, the wishes of the director and of his assistants, so, while they were trying to find a way to get the snake to do what they wanted it to do, I sat down and played a tune on my ukulele. I had not thought it would have any effect on the snake, but I had only played a few chords when the snake quieted down. I kept on playing for about fifteen minutes, and at the end of that time the snake was perfectly docile. It would lie quietly on the floor, hang from a limb, or stay in any position we put it. It was my first experience as a snake-charmer, and I dont understand it. But the snake was evidently frightened by the strange surroundings of the studio, and the music seemed to have a soothing effect. Anyhow, we had no more trouble with it.

A Real April-Fool Story

By RUTH ROLAND

I HAD it all framed up. When All Fools' Day came I was going to get good and even with Daniel Gilfeather, and would do something to Henry King. I was going to invite Lillian West to dinner and not be at home! I would fix Edward Brady so that he would never play any more jokes on *me*. I would make life a burden for Director Henry Harvey—and there were others! I had a good time thinking about it. Then came days and nights of hard

work at a big serial. I was busy as a tugboat and forgot all about it.

I went home March thirty-first, worn to a frazzle. While I was getting into a kimono, the phone rang, and Director Harvey said, "I'm sorry, Miss Roland, but we must take those scenes at Salt Lake depot tomorrow. Can you make up at home and be there at six-thirty?"

"Yes, indeed," I promised sweetly, and retired, forgetting that next day was the time planned to "get even."

Next morning the prettiest Salvation Army lassie you ever saw (it was the costume, of course, not the face), banjo in hand, alighted from a runabout at Salt Lake depot. The early birds took notice—a Salvation Army girl in a runabout, and such a pretty one, too!

HAROLD LOCKWOOD AND MARGUERITE CLARK



The policeman at the corner woke up and touched his helmet. The baggageman fell over a trunk and upset three cases of eggs, looking over his shoulder at the face framed in the poke bonnet. The telegraph operator nearly crabbed an important train order, and the switch crew narrowly escaped sending a big engine into a freight train from pure eye-dazzle. A sleepy drummer came to life, fanned his pockets for a two-bit piece, and started something.

"A slight contribution, miss," he said. The lassie, who had been looking about as tho in search of some one, blushed and smiled, and her confusion was increased by more men with more contributions. Her protests were unheeded, as the drummer seized her tambourine and passed it around among the admiring throng.

As the tambourine was handed back to her, with a liberal contribution of coin and bills, a boy alighted from a train just coming in. "A message for you, Miss Roland," he said.

I tore open the message and read:

Miss Ruth Roland,
Somewhere on Location.
April Fool!

The Bunch.

Ten minutes later the captain of the local Salvation Army was amazed at the entrance of a pretty girl in Salvation Army costume, who dumped a tambourine full of cash on his desk and fled without a word.

"They got me," I admitted sadly, "and they got me good!"



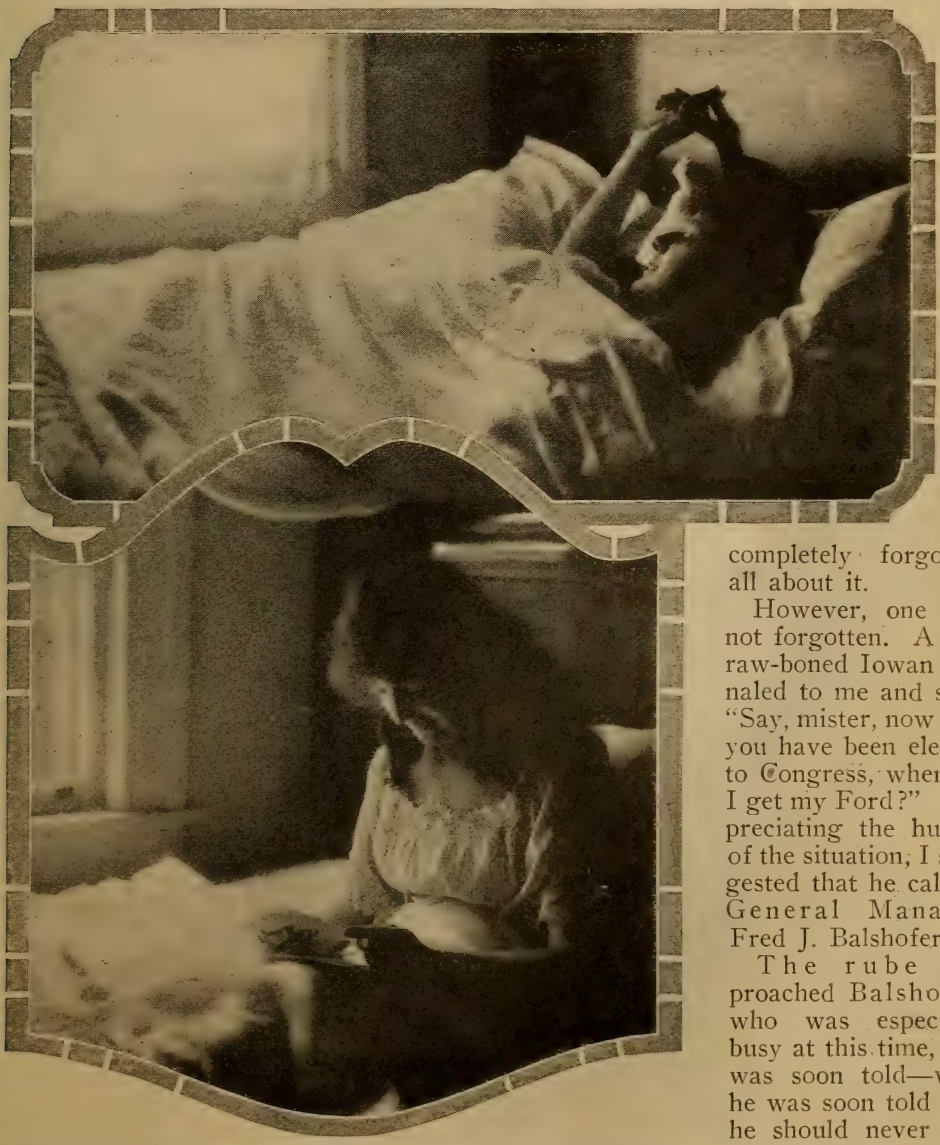
RUTH ROLAND ENJOYS ALL OUT-DOOR SPORTS, INCLUDING HUNTING, AND SHE IS A MIGHTY FINE SHOT

Like Other Politicians, He Fooled the People

By HAROLD LOCKWOOD

WHILE we were filming "Big Tremaine," an amusing incident presented itself, which goes to show that funny things do happen in our little world.

In one of the scenes I was making a political address, in accordance with the scenario, surrounded, of course, by the usual audience of rubes of all ages and conditions. My speech was entirely impromptu, and, among other rash statements, I said, "Elect me to Congress, and I will buy every one present a brand-new Ford!" This elicited great applause, but by the time the next scene was staged, and I had been elected to Congress, I had completely forgotten all about it.



MARGUERITE COURTOT RECEIVES AND READS THE LETTER FROM A SOLDIER-ADMIRER "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

However, one had not forgotten. A big, raw-boned Iowan signaled to me and said, "Say, mister, now that you have been elected to Congress, when do I get my Ford?" Appreciating the humor of the situation, I suggested that he call on General Manager Fred J. Balshofer.

The rube approached Balshofer, who was especially busy at this time, and was soon told—well, he was soon told that he should never pay any attention to Motion Picture folk.

A True Story of a Soldier Boy "Somewhere in France"

By MARGUERITE COURTOT

I RECEIVE a great many letters, but one day I received one from a soldier at the front, in France, asking for my photograph. Of course I was curious, so when I sent the photograph it was accompanied by a letter asking him where he had seen me in pictures.

He answered, saying that loneliness had prompted him to write, also that he was not really a stranger, as he had spent a year around the Kalem studios in Jacksonville, where he had often seen my mother, sister and self. He went on to say that he had made arrangements — in case he should be killed—that the letter I had written should be sent back to me. In that way I would know he was not living.

The letter being headed "Somewhere in France," I did not know where to write. I often thought of the poor boy far away in the trenches, and dreaded each day to look thru my mail, fearful of finding my returned letter.

Well, one day it came—also the photo. My sorrow was great, and I cried bitterly for this poor boy who had given his life for France. It kept on my mind, and one day I wrote to a member of "our old Kalem family," in Jacksonville, asking him to make inquiries about the boy. He answered that he had learnt that the young man came from a good family in London, was well educated, but had broken down from overstudy, left home, and came to America. At the outbreak of the war he had disappeared, and no one had heard



Photo by Campbell

ANITA STEWART

from him. Having an aunt who is a member of the Red Cross in Geneva, Switzerland, I wrote her about the boy, asking her to make inquiries about him, and, if possible, to find where he had been buried. The other day I received a letter from her enclosing the reply to this letter of inquiry:

DEAR MADEMOISELLE:
Your letter received. Private W—— (Wigham) is with us now and in the best of health. He has been informed of your communication, and has said that he will write to Miss Marguerite Courtot and explain.

Yours truly,
(Signed) —— —— (E. P. Snider),
For Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the Royal Canadian Regiment.

Of course I was very happy at receiving the good news, but I am still patiently awaiting the letter of explanation from the firing-line.

One Precious Experience

By ANITA STEWART

So you want to hear about an experience which I hold dear in my precious chamber of memories? Well—let me think——

Tucked away under a table in my dressing-room at the studio is a treasure-chest. Captain Kidd's kind of treasure-chest has gone out of style, but my kind has not.

In this great, wicker chest there is nothing but letters, with a few articles scattered in between. These letters are my greatest treasures, for every one tells of some experience which I hold dear. But I am going to tell you about one in particular—a gift and a letter from a dear soul, whose appreciation and gratitude have meant a great deal to me.

This woman's husband was a heavy drinker. Every night he would stop in the lighted café at the corner and lose his manhood in the depths of drink. Bit by bit he grew worse, until he was but a human wreck, with no desire for anything but the liquor, which would brace him up for a few hours and make him forget the troubles which it had caused. When he finally reached the little house she had tried to make a home, his earnings were gone, and he had nothing to offer her but abuse.

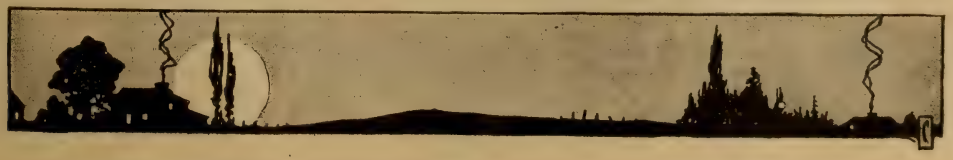
One night the faithful wife met him on his way from work and pleaded with him to go with her to the Moving Pictures, instead of meeting the men as he was in the habit of doing. The earnestness of her tone and the appeal in her eyes won him, and he shuffled up to the box-office and bought two tickets.

The little woman went on to write, in her tear-blotted letter, that she hadn't noticed the picture or the star advertised on the bill-boards outside. But when the lights went out the screen announcement read, "The Painted World," and soon she felt that something had prompted her to bring her husband that especial night.

I shall always feel that my work is worth while, even tho I never accomplish another thing, for the letter told me that my characterization in the picture awakened in the poor man a desire to win back his self-respect. The point had been brought home to him—he was following a dangerous course, and he must turn back before it was too late.

It was a hard fight for him—a desperate struggle—but gradually he became master of himself. Now the happy wife and he attend the Moving Pictures as often as their slim purse will allow, for they feel that they owe them a debt of gratitude.

The dear little woman wanted to thank me for what she thought I had done for them, so she sent me the letter that tells this story and an old, worn prayer-book. And so, dear friends, this is one of the experiences which my work on the screen has given me, which I hold, oh, so dear!



Interesting Items about Popular Players

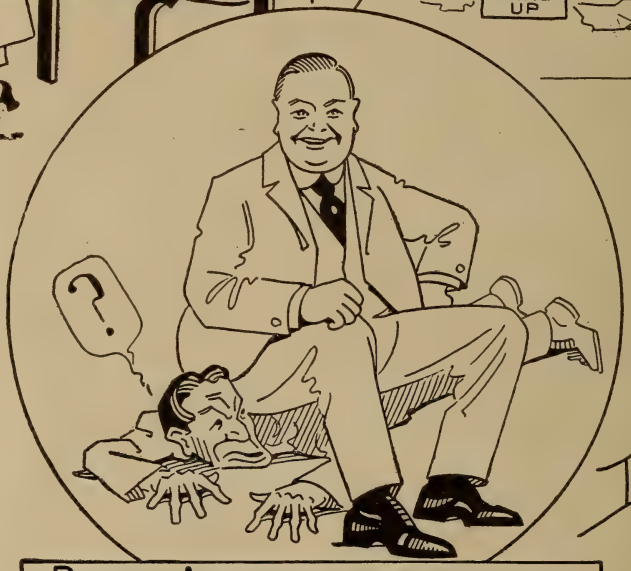


How Fay Tincher originated the striped skirt.

FRESH PAINT



Mary Pickford & Owen Moore "making up" after a quarrel.



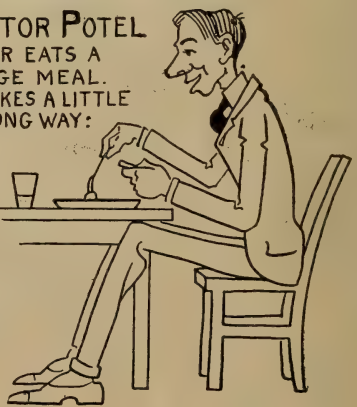
Doty

Roscoe Arbuckle has a powerful restraining influence over his director.

Charlie is interested in poetry



Victor Potel never eats a large meal. He makes a little go a long way.



ANTONIO MORENO PEGGY HYLAND BOBBY CONNELLY



Her Right to Live

By DOROTHY DONNELL

This story was written from the Photoplay of PAUL WEST

"I ALMOST caught a fis'!" Benny's line jerked ecstatically.

"I almost saw it!" beamed Polly, patting the small, chubby cheek nearest her, mother-wise.

"Pooh!"—Jimmy's tone was scornful—"I guess I c'n almost catch a bigger fish 'n you, Benny Biggs! I guess I c'd almost catch a—whale, if one 'd come a-swimmin' into this pond. Your fish wasn't nothin' but a *minnow!*"

"*Is* they whales in this pond, Polly?" wailed small Janet, with an awed glance at the peaceful lily-pads lying steeped in the sunshine. Janet's was a feminine soul, helpless to cope with the stern things of life—spiders and mice and whales. "I wouldn't come a step if I'd 'sposed they was."

"Of course there isn't any whales!" said Polly, with the superior wisdom of her sixteen years. She sat dabbling one shoeless, stockingless foot in the pleasant coolness of the water, with all the delight of a child, but the small, eager face in the frame of dusky curls was curiously older than its years. "Whales live in—in Africa with the monkeys an' the Eskimos an'—an' the banana-trees."

Reassured by this remarkable bit of information, Janet returned to her fishing, with a concentration of effort that necessitated the placing of her tongue in one cheek. Jimmy rubbed a reflective hand wistfully across his small stomach.

"Gee!" he sighed, "I wist we had a banana-tree in our back yard. Bananas is awful *fillin'*."

The face of the oldest child—for at sixteen one is still a child—grew strained and anxious. The willow-pole slid from her hands.

"Jimmy Biggs!" cried Polly, in tremulous wrath, "I wish you'd keep your mind out o' your stomach! You ought to be thankful for bread an' potatoes. I'd a heap rather them than—than *turkey*, if Uncle Daniel had to buy it. Mean, hateful, stingy old thing!"

The young man beyond the screen of willows looked up from his clandestine sketching of the pretty scene, curious at the sudden change in the girl's voice. "The kid sounds good and mad!" he murmured, amusedly. "Wonder who's been stealing her lollipop." His hand went involuntarily into his pocket. John Oxmore was the sort of young man whom lost and mangy curs invariably follow, whom old ladies adore and children trust. But his well-meant impulses received a severe blow on this occasion. Polly met his friendly smile with a sternness that speedily rendered it apologetic, even embarrassed.

"I didn't mean to bother," said the interloper, meekly. On second thought he replaced in his trousers pocket the quarter he had been on the point of proffering. "I'm John Oxmore, dubbing away at painting, and—I was sketching you kids——"

"Kids?" said Polly, haughtily, drawing herself up to her full four-foot-ten with quite a superb air, slightly marred by the one stockingless, white foot; "the others may be, but I'm a young lady, and the niece of Mayor Daniel Hoadley, even if I *do* hate him!"

Then, recalled to her shoeless state by bringing her foot energetically down on a sharp stone in a tempersome stamp, Polly lost her hauteur suddenly and collapsed in a little heap on the moss.

John's eyes twinkled, but his tone was grave enough and his bow respectful enough to appease any young lady.

"And I'm the son of the man who's going to beat your esteemed uncle this next election, even if I *dont* hate you!"

He allowed the suppressed chuckle to find its way out in a hearty laugh as he left the quaint little group at a safe distance.

"A darn plucky little kid, that girl!" he thought appreciatively. "How her eyes flashed! I bet she makes a good-looker when she grows up. Niece of Hoadley—they must be the kids of that sister of his who married against old Dan's wishes. Seems as tho I'd heard the father died a while back and they were poor as church-mice." His laughing look sobered. "The old skinflint and crook!" he muttered heartily; "all they'll ever get from him is advice, and that's poor eating. Bad brother, rotten politician, coward and cad, and yet a clean, fine man like my father is going to have a tough pull to beat him, I'm afraid."

"If he'd had on a plumy, red hat instead of that derby," Polly was reflecting at this moment, while she hastily pulled on her stocking and shoe, "and a gold-satin coat with lace ruffles, he'd have looked exactly like the Prince in the fairy-book. *Kids!*" She sprang to her feet with another stamp of her small foot. "Well, anyhow, I'll never see him again, so what do *I* care? Come on, children; let's go home."

She could not guess, poor, little, anxious mother-child, how soon she was to see him again, or under what changed circumstances. It is a part of God's great wisdom that, tho we may look behind at past events, we may not open the locked door of the Future ever so little. The earth would be depopulated if its peoples could see the moments to come and the rivers and oceans choked with the self-slain.

So Polly could not guess that the bright little home would so soon be broken up; that the anxious, grieving spirit of the widowed mother would slip away from her little brood, leaving her mantle of responsibility to lie heavily on Polly's straight, sixteen-year-old shoulders. But within two months this had come to pass, and the four children, with no baggage save two crayoned pictures of their father and mother, stood forlornly in the great, cheerless drawing-room of Daniel Hoadley's showy home.

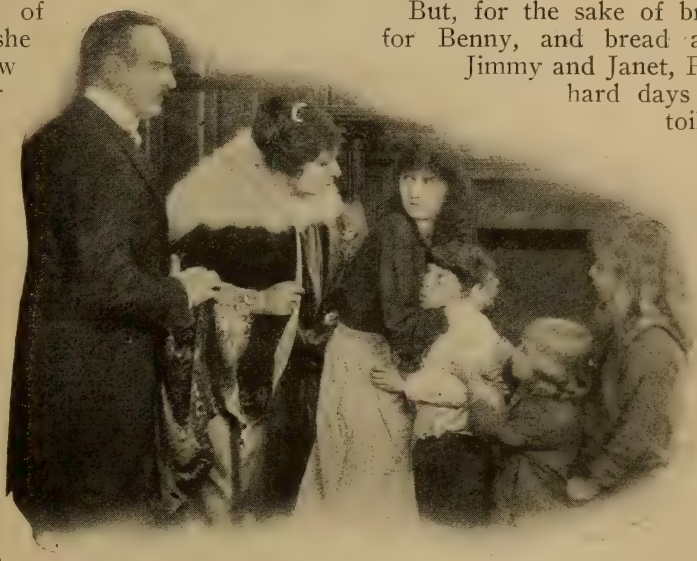
"Goodness gracious, Dan, this is really too much!" fretted Mrs. Hoadley, with cold vexation in her light-blue eyes, as she surveyed the unwelcome visitors. "What on earth you expect me to do with a parcel of brats under foot I cant imagine!"

"My dear, it is absolutely necessary, until after election, anyway," the Mayor

said grimly. His glance at his nephews and nieces was no warmer or kindlier than hers, but he brought his heavy jaws together grimly. "Put up with 'em till I'm re-elected, then we'll see. It would be bad policy to turn 'em away now. Some whining, puling sob-writer would be sure to get hold of it and make an issue out of it."

Political expediency was the clock which regulated the lives of the Hoadleys. Harriet Hoadley, hard of eye, thin-nostriled, but with the sensual lips of a pleasure-lover, always yielded to the argument of policy; but she did it now with poor grace.

"Well, since you're here, you can make yourself as useful as you can," she told Polly, angrily. "Cook needs help in the kitchen with the dish-washing, and so on. Heavens above! what is that miserable little wretch doing?"



"IF YOU'VE GOT TO HIT—HIT *ME!*"

Benny, having regarded his new relatives with profound and wide-eyed disapproval as long as he saw fit, had turned his attention to a small vase on a near-by table. At the shrill exclamation, his insecure fingers lost their grip, and the vase crashed to the polished floor in a dozen pieces. Mrs. Hoadley sprang forward with upraised hand, but Polly was before her. She lifted a white face over Benny's head, clutched to her breast.

"Whenever the children do something you dont like," she said breathlessly—"if you've got to hit any one, you can hit *me!*"

It was not physical hurts that bruised Polly's spirit in the weeks that followed, as she toiled in her uncle's kitchen, nagged by the cook, her slender, immature strength strained to the uttermost with piles of greasy dishes and never-ending pots and pans.

"If it wasn't for the children, I wouldn't stay only long enough to take off this apron," she thought rebelliously, "with *her* rubbing it in every day how much she's doing for us and how thankful we ought to be to her for keeping us out o' the poorhouse." A faintly whimsical smile struggled on her lips. "Seems as tho the poorhouse would be *homier* than this, anyhow!"

But, for the sake of bread and milk for Benny, and bread and meat for Jimmy and Janet, Polly faced her hard days gallantly and toiled patiently, comforting her fierce pride by the thought that she was earning her own way at least. And then, one day, Cinderella met the Prince again.

It was on the street, as Polly was returning from an errand at the market, and John Oxmore's frank face flashed into boyish admiration as he looked down at her. Daniel Hoadley's political common-sense had resulted in the purchase of new, prosperous-looking clothes for all the children, and Polly, in her trim, brown suit, with its lengthened skirt and the fur at throat and wrists, made a pleasant picture for a young man's eyes.

"Bless my soul!" cried John, flushing and laughing, "if you aren't a young lady, after all! I wonder if you wouldn't forgive me for my break last spring and let me call on you?"

Polly's heart beat fast. A rosy color sprang to her cheeks, and she cast down her eyes, as instinct prompted her. "Aunt Hoadley and Uncle Hoadley de-

test your father," she said thoughtfully, "but I dont see how they could object to—*you*. I should be—honored to have you call."

The prim words brought a smile to John's lips, but his eyes were strangely soft and gentle as he turned away.

"She'll be a stunner when she grows up," he thought, with an odd stir of tenderness in his heart. "I wonder——"

Her aunt regarded Polly's flushed, shining face sourly, as a faded woman often regards youth and prettiness. The girl was actually daring to turn out a beauty. As soon as the election was safely over she would send her and the rest of them packing. She listened to Polly's breathless tale of her meeting with John, with narrowing eyes.

"Indeed, and you will not receive calls from the son of the man who's slandering your uncle!" she snapped at the end. "And what's more, you're not a society lady to receive visitors in the parlor. Your place is the kitchen, and any callers you may have can make their calls out there!"

Every ring at the bell during the next few days brought Polly's heart to her throat, but no tall, handsome Prince-in-a-derby appeared, and her hopes gradually sank. Not as a young lady resentful at the neglect of a suitor was Polly. Her grief was that of a child who has begun to lose faith in her beloved fairy-tales.

"If I had a godmother to turn this dress into purple velvet!" she mused, over her dishpan, one afternoon, looking wistfully down at the faded gingham which Mrs. Hoadley's common-sense prescribed for all times when there were no votes to be lost by its wearing; "but I guess princes these days cant see thru disguises."

When the door-bell rang now across her thoughts, she answered it herself. It was the butler's afternoon off, but her aunt's directions had not included kitchen apron and dish-towel carried across her arm.

The visitor was Boss Hawkins, one of Hoadley's political henchmen, and, among other things, a connoisseur in feminine beauty. His bold, greedy little eyes noted the apron and dish-towel as well as the winsome face in its frame of dusky hair. They gave him courage to press the pretty servant-maid for a kiss.

"Just one smack from those red lips, darling," he urged jocosely, thrusting his heavy, congested face close to her terrified one. "Come on; dont be shy, little girl, or I'll have to help myself!"

"Oh," said Polly, indignantly, "you horrid, fat old man, how *can* you!"

And she gave him a violent shove. Hawkins' small eyes grew red; he laughed unpleasantly, and caught the struggling little figure close in his thick, muscular arms. From the doorway behind him John Oxmore took in the situation at a single, indignant glance. With remarkable promptness, he doubled-up a hard fist and drove it into Hawkins' flabby cheek with some one hundred and sixty pounds of cordial intention behind it. The ward boss's bellow of pain and fury brought Hoadley himself into the hall, to find his henchman rubbing a purple cheek and glaring, tho at a cautious distance, at an entirely self-possessed young man.

"I'll get you for this—see if I dont!" howled Hawkins. "I'll—I'll——"

He choked with rage, and the sight of Hoadley looking on ironically from the door of his library added fuel to the flame. But he was a politician, too. He had come on a political errand which was quite likely to infuriate his employer enough without quarreling over side issues. So he turned his back upon his discomfiture and went into the library, still rubbing his cheek sullenly.

Polly and her rescuer faced each other, and the girl caught a swift look of surprise and distrust in John's glance. She followed his eyes to the dish-towel and the apron, and suddenly a flood of bitterness washed over her soul. He thought she had deceived him—that she was a *servant*. Without a word, she turned and fled down the hall and into the kitchen, where she stood, trembling and tearless, until she had heard the front door open and close. Then she burst into a storm of tears—child-tears of resentment, girl-tears of disappointment, woman-tears of grieved pride.

"We wont stay!" she thought. "The poorhouse couldn't be any worse than

this; it's honester, anyway. We'll go—tonight, after they've gone out."

Benny, Jimmy and Janet looked at their sister with puzzled eyes, as she gathered them about her that evening.

"Children," said Polly, solemnly, "we're going to vote about something. It's very important, so I guess you'd better take out your chewing-gum, Jimmy—you can think better. Now, listen—all of you. Would you rather stay here or go to the poorhouse? Think carefully."

The three small faces screwed themselves into strange contortions under the strain of thought.

"Ready?" Polly's voice was tense with anxiety. "Then, all in favor of the poorhouse will hold up their hands."

Three hands, soiled but enthusiastic, waved in the air. Three small voices rose in a shrill cheer. "The poorhouse! Hooray!"

"It's a vote!" said Polly, drawing a long breath. "Get your hats on, and dont do it noisily. They dont want us to *stay*, but they'd hate for us to go—till after election."

That night was an eventful one in the history of the city. There was hardly room enough in the next morning's paper to chronicle all the excitements, the thrills, the horrors and discoveries of the dark hours. But among the accounts of the burning of the city almshouse, and the finding of Boss Hawkins' dead body in the back room of Joe's saloon, there was no mention of the most momentous discovery of all.

John Oxmore had passed a harassing evening.

His father's election was heavy on his mind, and even the joys of watching the almshouse burn—all mankind being boys when there is a fire—had not lightened his spirits. When a hand had fallen on his arm, therefore, as he stood in the fire-crowd, it seemed the perfectly natural thing to find the bruised, unprepossessing countenance of Boss Hawkins at his elbow, because he had just been thinking of him.

"All's forgot 'n' forgiven," Hawkins said, gesturing to his cheek. His small eyes were eager with some secret covetousness; he spoke persuasively. "If you want a tip on how t' swing th' election t' your father," he whispered—"Hoadley 'n' me broke this afternoon—I c'n give it t' you—*if it's worth my while*——"

Followed a half-hour's heated argument in a back room of Joe's saloon, a rendezvous insisted on by Hawkins, from which John plunged into the cool, clean dark as a swimmer into the water, out-



IT WAS NOT DRUDGERY THAT BRUISED HER SPIRIT



HE LAUGHED UNPLEASANTLY AND CAUGHT THE STRUGGLING LITTLE FIGURE CLOSE IN HIS ARMS

raged, sick at heart at the rottenness of political methods, leaving the baffled Hawkins chewing his moustache in silent discomfiture that the young man had not cared to buy his aid, after all.

The walk thru the woods to the little bungalow, where he slept and dreamed impossible dreams and painted improbable pictures, cleared the mists of anger from John's brain, and he was in a cheerful frame of mind when he unlocked the door, flung it open, then paused, aghast, on the threshold.

"For the love of Mike!" he gasped. "Look who's here!"

"Sh-sh!" warned Polly, matter-of-factly. She tiptoed toward him, finger on lips. "They're all asleep on the couch. I've tied 'em on. Is this your house? I'm glad. It doesn't seem so awful to burgle a house you've been introduced to!"

John Oxmore leaned feebly against the door-jamb, regarding the resolute little brown figure with dazed eyes. "Of course I'm glad to see you," he murmured, with a jaunty attempt at politeness, "and it was awfully good of you to make yourself at home; but, if you'll pardon my denseness, *why* did you choose this hour for a visit——"

He pointed to the clock, whose hands stood together at one. Polly laughed softly.

"The poorhouse burned down," she explained, "so we couldn't stay there, and then we found this dear, darling little house, and I climbed in the window——"

Standing very close, she poured out the story of the night, and the young man listened, eyes intent on the small, vivid face. And he was conscious, as he listened, of a deep desire to take the dauntless little figure in his arms and kiss the trembling lips till they smiled.

But he restrained himself. Later,



"ALL IN FAVOR OF THE POORHOUSE HOLD UP THEIR HANDS"

after Polly had been installed in the bedroom and he had collected a heap of cushions and rugs for his own couch on the piazza floor, he lay and looked up at the stars with an awed sense of being a new, different man in a different, new world.

"Why, I *love* her!" he marveled, "and I thought she was only a kid! But she's a woman—the dearest, bravest little woman in the world, and I'm going to tell her so tomorrow, after I get her back to her uncle's——"

He almost told her before he left the next morning. In everything but words he did tell her, but he managed to force himself away before he had spoken. The last he saw, as he glanced back, was her laughing face rising out of a swirl of little, waving arms and bobbing heads, as —the thought throbbed in his soul—perhaps he should see her stand some day among *their* children, if God was kind.

And Polly's eyes, watching him go, were woman-eyes. Never, from that day, would she be a child again.

"He will come back," throbbed her thoughts;" he is the Prince; he is handsome, and good, and honorable, and—oh, I *think* he is mine!"

But the Prince did not come back. Instead, at noon, her uncle drove up, with a face from which she shrank in terror. His words frightened her more than his look.

"Were you here alone last night?" he questioned sternly.

"Why, no," she faltered. "Mr. Oxmore came at one o'clock by that clock there. We were perfectly safe then."

"Safe!" her uncle laughed harshly—"safe from everything but scandal and shame. Polly, you must not breathe a word of his being here to any one. It would ruin your reputation."

"I'm not ashamed!" cried Polly. "I haven't done anything wrong, and he *couldn't*. No one would believe it of him."

At that her uncle had laughed longer and louder than before—a dreadful laugh —and bade her and the children get into the car and come home. Then, almost as soon as they had reached home, they started out again with Aunt Hoadley, and bags and baggage, and took a train



HAWKINS ATTEMPTS TO SELL OUT TO JOHN OXMORE

that carried them far out into the country, where they spent two dull weeks in a lonely farmhouse that was queerly like a prison.

Polly rebelled vigorously, but her aunt was obdurate. They were going to stay here until after election, and there was no use in complaining. Then, one day, as Polly was cutting out paper-dolls from an old newspaper, she discovered the reason why she was being kept on the farm.

Three hours later a wild little figure ran into the crowded courtroom, where John Oxmore, son of the reform candidate for Mayor, was being tried for the murder of Boss Hawkins in Joe's saloon on the night of the almshouse fire. The prisoner sat, very white and stern, jaw grimly set under the young skin. The trial was going against him—his blood-stained cane, picked up beside the body, had evidently made a deep impression on the jury; Hoadley's testimony as to the quarrel of the two in his presence on the afternoon of the murder had added to the weight of evidence against him, and worst of all was the prisoner's inability to prove an alibi—he had absolutely refused to tell where he was on the night of the crime.

The case was almost ready to go to the jury, when the lawyer for the defense arose and asked leave to put a new witness on the stand.

"A witness who has been concealed during the trial by—Daniel Hoadley, her uncle!" the lawyer said impressively. A deep silence lay across the courtroom as Polly took the oath and turned to the judge, the small face under the shabby hat stamped with the fear of the last hours, yet shining with the light that never was on land or sea.

Daniel Hoadley sat forward in his chair, face dreadful to see. In the prisoner's box John Oxmore rose slowly to his feet.

"Judge," said Polly, clearly, "I can tell you where John Oxmore was on the night of the murder. He would not tell for fear of shaming me, but I will tell you. He was in his own bungalow, and I know it, because I was there, too."



POLLY DISCOVERS THAT HER PRINCE IS ON TRIAL FOR MURDER

In straight, simple words, she told her story—the story that cleared her lover and went far, later, in convicting her uncle of the murder of the man he feared to trust, with the cane John had left in the saloon. At the end she turned from the judge, so that the whole courtroom saw the look of her face.

"He was willing to die to save my name," she said quietly. "After that, none of you can believe anything wrong or cruel or low of him."

She went down the steps into the courtroom, head proudly high, and at the foot of them John Oxmore met her and took her, before every one, into his arms. For, moonlight or sunlight, courtroom or crowded street or quiet garden, Love serenely chooses his own time and place and makes them beautiful.

L'Art Nouveau

(A sonnet to the art of Cinematography)

By GERALDINE COORS



Once there were days, golden and memoried days,
When gifted men immortalized their dreams
In song and ode—in literary gleams
Of things on which the mind alone could gaze.
Their thoughts they could not put in stilted plays;
They needed nature: flowers, sunlit streams,
The sky, the sea, the hidden wand that seems
To touch with life what was a beauteous haze.

They found it—the new art—the art revealed
Thru latent genius, ne'er to be destroyed.
Ah, what imagery can lie concealed
Within one slender strip of celluloid!

Dreams that have dimmed in lustre glow again,
Reincarnated in the hearts of men!



To My Movie Queen

By DOROTHY HUGHES

As you passed me on the street you thrilled me thru,
For I'd seen your lovely face before, I knew;
I remembered visions of you in the past,
Then I discovered where I'd seen you last:
When you were Cleopatra on the Nile,
You entranced me and enthralled me with your smile;
With your wondrous grace you set my heart aflame,
As a haughty, powdered-haired Colonial dame;
When you were a shy, demure Quaker maid,
My heart, in worship, at your feet I laid—
I recognize you now, my Movie Queen,
For I've seen you in these parts upon the screen.

Vive la Social Accomplishment—the Limerick!

Dancing, Cards, Phonographs to the Contrary, the Literary Lion May Still Show His Teeth

In Turkey they are not very strong on social accomplishments—the dinner-dance is the thing. The dancers are strictly cabaret (sans corsets and stockings), and the dinner is all cut up for you in advance and set forth in generous bowls. Your accomplishment consists in dipping into the bowl, rolling up a ball of food and popping it into your seat-mate's mouth. When guests get hurried or hilarious and begin popping at random, the portions often miss their mark. That's the reason they wear veils and dont have wall-paper in the effete East.

In gay Gotham it's different, of a sort. Brains are in competition with the Great White Way—theaters, cabarets, thé dansants—a thousand-and-one distractions; consequently no one has ever found time to cultivate The Graces, or wouldn't listen if they had.

Parlor tricks are at a premium in the cities. When forced to stay indoors, it's a common and pitiful sight to see a company of guests try to amuse themselves by taking turns sitting on a beer-bottle and in seeing how many knots they can tie in a string, without coming a cropper.

This brings us around to the Limerick. It's the neatest, nippiest, wittiest kind of brain-rainbow. And at one time in the Limerick Editor's recollection verses came to people so readily that they took turns sitting down to the piano and composing them to popular airs. If you want to be a Turk or an emasculated Gothamite, go ahead—it's your own funeral—but if you need an accomplishment that tingles the giver and the taker with equal pleasure, try to concoct a few Limericks.

Each month we dispense portions of $5 and $3 and four tidbits of $1 each for the brightest Limericks about photoplays and players. We illustrate, too, all we have room for. Try some—see how they tickle your brain-palate—and then send them steaming in to us! The prizes this month are served to the following Literary Lions in the order named: Mary E. Rouse, Len Ketchum, Adeline H. Sperry, Albert Deane, Frederick Wallace, and Harry J. Smalley.



HARRY MOREY

NOT SO FAT AS HE'S PAINTED!

It is said that the versatile Morey,
No matter how trite be the story,
Can add a few frills
And a couple of thrills,
And daub his escutcheon with glory!

FREDERICK WALLACE.
Bristol, Conn.

ME, TOO!

Are you red-haired and married? Oh, Francis!
So I've heard, but I hope they're romances.
Anyway, while the screen
Shows Bushman, I ween
I cant parry his heart-smashing glances!

L. CARVER.
92a E. Linden Av., Atlanta, Ga.



FRANCIS BUSHMAN



THEDA BARA

A PERSONAL EQUATION.

A vampire villainess she,
As wicked as wicked can be;
But you bet, all the same,
I'm willing and game—
She can vamp all she wants to with me!

Harry J. Smalley.
1207 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

A HEAVEN ALL HIS OWN!

Charlie boy, you are not just a Ray
From bright Movie Land's star-gemmed highway!
You fade Venus or Mars,
Or a whole group of stars—
You're the "son" that keeps fans on the sway!

Day C. Julian.
Terre Haute, Ind.

SWEETHEARTS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT.

Crane Wilbur is the hero of my heart;
In all my dreams he plays the leading part.
Dont s'pose we'll ever speak a word,
'N' my lovin' him may be absurd—
Gosh-durn that careless Cupid with his dart!

Eveleen Ketchum.
439 E. 46th St., North, Portland, Ore.



CRANE WILBUR

NO "HAREM SCAREM"?

'Tis a pity that fair Billie Burke
Was ever permitted to work;
She is so full of wiggles
And syrupy giggles
She would gladden the soul of a Turk!

ADELINE H. SPERRY.
612 E. 11th Ave., Denver, Colo.

WHICH ONE?

There's an "ingénue" each of you knows,
Forty-two, as the birth record shows;
Her voice is a squeak,
And her poor old joints creak,
But she photographs well, I suppose (?)

LEN KETCHUM.
439 E. 46th St., North, Portland, Ore.

HELLO, DIMPLES!

There once was a most charming fellow,
Who played on our hearts like a 'cello;
With his dimples and smile,
He left us for a while—
He's back! Howdy, Maurice Costello!

MARY E. ROUSE.
1942 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.



MAURICE COSTELLO



EDNA PURVIANCE

LAUGH AND GROW A SHAPE!

You'd think with rough Charlie a-grapplin',
She'd wear herself thin as a saplin';
But her weight seems to gain,
And the reason is plain,
From giggling so much at C. Chaplin!

HARRY J. SMALLEY.
1207 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

I'M FEELING "VERSE," DOCTOR!

We're suff'ring from Limerickitus,
But the diagnosis cant excite us;
Tho after each verse
We are sure to get worse,
If there's any known cure, *please dont* write us!

DAY C. JULIAN.
Terre Haute, Ind.

HARD ON THE BACHELORS!

All I can say is gol-darn um!
I mean such fellows as Farnum;
They steal every girl,
Now we're glad of a whirl
With a freak that's left over by Barnum!

M. LEE STEVENS.
1394 O'Farrell St., San Francisco, Cal.



IF HE MURDERED YOU, YOU'D APOLOGIZE!

A broad, smiling face and a grin,
A laugh that gives health to the thin,
And if there's a fight,
You can bet you'll be right
If you back Douglas Fairbanks to win!

Albert Deane.
500 George St., Sydney, Australia.

PLAYING TRICKS ON THE CAMERA.

Miss Ward, I admit you're uncanny,
And you sure have got hold of my nanny;
You confess you're two score,
Yet *look* sixteen, no more;
Pray, how do you do it, Fanny?

Bessie Janover.
229 Madison St., New York City.

EDNA COULDN'T KEEP A SECRET.

Edna Mayo's a beautiful maid,
But the "props" that, as Eve, she displayed,
Showed that Edna, gadzooks!
Is supported by crooks—
And the best of her friends were dismayed!

Len Ketchum.
439 E. 46th St., North, Portland, Ore.

A CURE FOR A GROUCH.

Whenever you're feeling real blue,
Spend a dime, go and see Sidney Drew;
You will laugh till you bust,
But see him you must,
For he's there with the goods quite a few.

M. H. Toner.
533 E. 144th St., New York, N. Y.

CHARLES "SPENCER" CHAPLIN

Have you tried his new name on your fiddle—
That one he has jammed in the middle?
It may be an ad,
But at that it aint bad—
What that kid'll do next is a riddle!

Harry J. Smalley.
1207 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.



CHARLES "SPENCER" CHAPLIN



THOMAS CHATTERTON ON HIS RANCH

A Farmer of the Films

By MOSGROVE COLWELL

THOMAS CHATTERTON can raise a rough-house with the villain on the screen. On his ranch he raises alfalfa. Between the two he has raised a bank account with which he intends to raise more alfalfa to feed to cattle to sell to raise more alfalfa to feed to more cattle to sell—so that when he quits the pictures his ranch will be equally profitable.

In other words, "Breezy Tom" Chatterton, hero of the American serial, "The Secret of the Submarine," and one of the stand-bys of the studio at Santa Barbara, is a landed proprietor, with five hundred acres of fertile California soil as his domain and that of a relative who has invested with him. On the historic Sacramento River, in northern California, twelve miles from the little town of Chico, is a broad expanse of field, meadow and wooded land which Tom can call his own and look at a mortgage blank without shuddering.

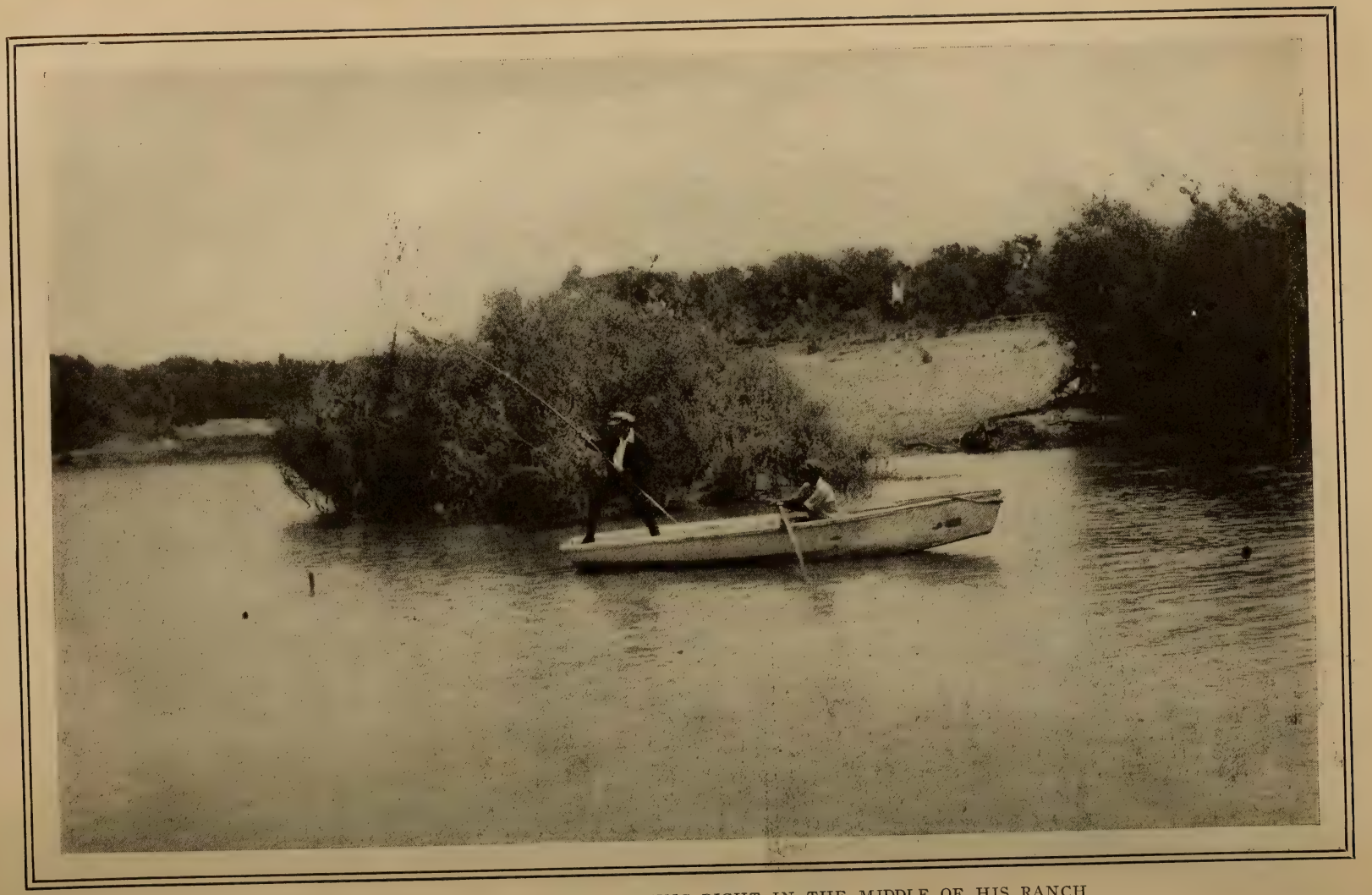
Chatterton has been acquiring his ranch for several years, and now it is in a condition where returns are coming from it. There are many blooded dairy cows, a pen of hogs which will bring fancy prices for bacon, and a yard of Rhode Island Reds and Buff Plymouth Rocks which supplies eggs in marketable quantities.

The chickens, in fact, at present are the most interesting feature of the ranch to Chatterton. He intends building up his poultry runs to large proportions, for he has had sufficient experience with chicken-raising to see the heavy profits which may be obtained by those who "know how."

His dairy, too, is one of the mainstays of the ranch. All his stock that he is buying are thorobred Ayreshires, and nearly every cow has a record as a milk-producer. Chatterton is familiar with their pedigrees, and almost can call to mind the grandfather and grandmother of each "critter" he owns.

But serious business is not all that Tom Chatterton finds when he gets a vacation from the studio and travels to his ranch. Instead, he finds varied sports. The river runs near-by, and one of its sloughs extends into the ranch. There Chatterton finds good fishing, both from the shore and in a boat.

Grouse, quail and pheasant abound in the meadows during the season, and every spring and fall the wild duck pay a visit to the ranch. And in about two hundred acres of timbered land still on the ranch are several deer, to say nothing of other four-footed denizens of the forest not under protection of the game laws.



TOM CHATTERTON ENJOYS GOOD FISHING RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS RANCH



A "TIMBER SLASH" THRU A GROVE OF EUCALYPTUS ON THE 500-ACRE RANCH OWNED BY THOMAS CHATTERTON, ON THE SACRAMENTO RIVER, IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

It is a very satisfied Chatterton who has the ranch, and a very fortunate one. Few actors have been so successful in establishing their guarantee against the future, and while Tom has many years before him, he feels that he is so delighted with his ranch that he will be ready at any time to give up grease-paint to grow alfalfa.

"With my relative," said Tom, "I have managed to build up something to which I can look forward. I will stay in the pictures, of course, so long as I think I am remaining successful, but after that, me for the farm."

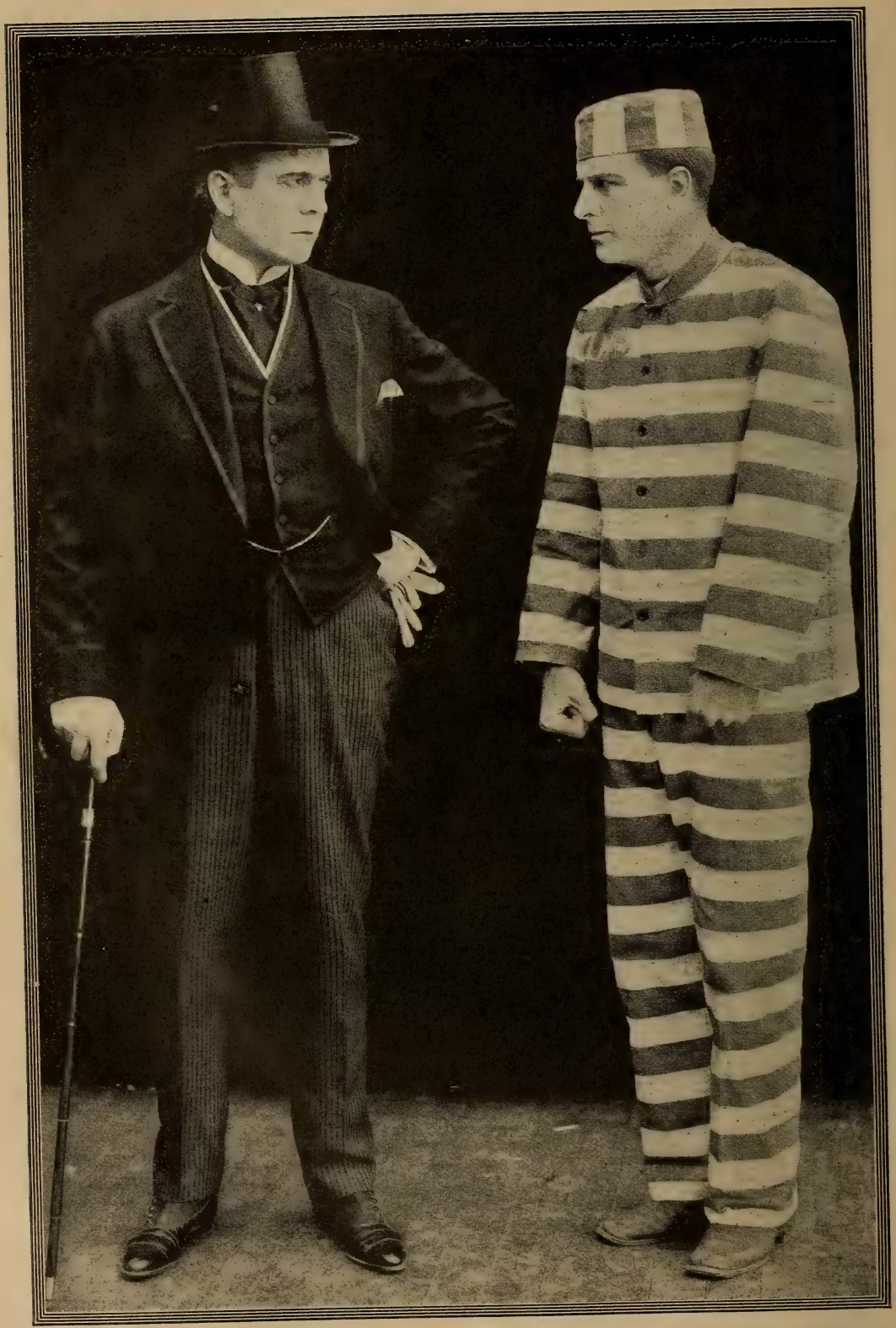
Yes, he said "farm," not "ranch." Truth to tell, Chatterton is an Eastern boy whose birthplace was "upstate" in New York. Perhaps that accounts for his desire to play leads with a company of chickens and the gentle milch-cows of the East.

In Picture Land

By M. F. GIPSON

O land of dear desire and fair fulfilment,
Whose visions raise mere mortals to the sky,
I have seen your flower of life that never fadeth,
I have heard your strains of songs that never die.
I have glimps'd your tints of truth that duty shadeth,
And bless the road so rough that led one there,
To land of dear desire and fair fulfilment,
That lies beyond the portals of despair.

O land of dear desire and fair fulfilment,
Whose gardens in the picture valley lie,
I have waited for your light of hope that giveth
An answer to the everlasting Why.
I have caught the glow of scenes that ever liveth,
O inspirating dreams! O treasure rare!
My land of dear desire and fair fulfilment,
That gleams beyond the portals of despair.

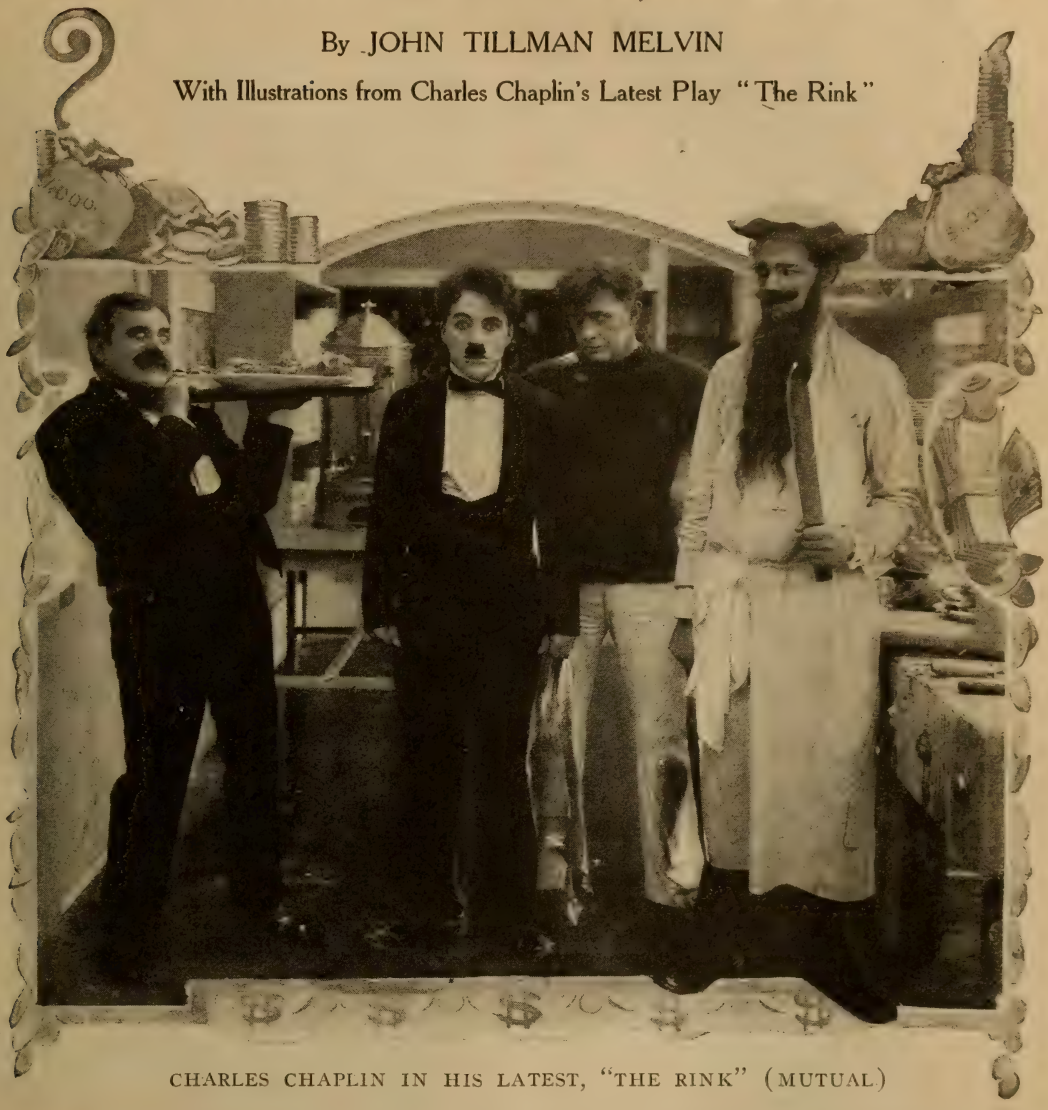


CHARLES CLAREY and MILTON SILLS in Fox's Super-feature, "The Honor System"

Is He Worth It, and Does He Get It?

By JOHN TILLMAN MELVIN

With Illustrations from Charles Chaplin's Latest Play "The Rink"



CHARLES CHAPLIN IN HIS LATEST, "THE RINK" (MUTUAL)

"SAY, you dont mean to tell me that you think that fellow Chaplin is funny, do you?"

Despite the fact that Charlie Chaplin has one of the largest followings of any living man, you will find any number of people who will ask you the above question, and just as many others who will tell you confidentially that "he doesn't get all that money."

Well, if you cant laugh when our favorite horse-play funster requests the second comedian to put the soft pedal on the soup-spoon sonata, so that Edna's conversation may be heard; when, as a fiddler, he tries to compete with a street-corner band, fails musically but beats them to the collection; when he cavorts on a moving staircase while the villain still pursues him; when—but what's the use of naming other equally laughable maneuvers?—if you cant laugh at the ones already mentioned, you're hopeless!

Possibly you belong to the dry-humor gang who are afraid to laugh from the diaphragm because some of their associates might accuse them of low-brow-ness. If this is the case, you will be sure to smile knowingly when some reputed wit pulls something that you think may con-

tain a degree of subtlety. One must not fail to appreciate this subtle stuff. Even if one fails to get a point, one must at least smile if one thinks a point is lurking around waiting to be got.

Recently I heard of a woman who had been discussing a wonderful lecture she had attended. When asked what the lecture was about, she said: "Oh, I couldn't tell you what it was about, it was so vague—just wonderful and vague!" Well, if the world appreciated only the "wonderful and vague," Chaplin would be drawing about eighteen dollars a week as a retail salesman, or a like amount as a lathe hand, or at some other job for which he wasn't designed.

But you take it from me—you couldn't take it from a person who knows less about the inside of the movie game and the system of exploiting the so-called stars —take it from me, when a comedian can line 'em up on the sidewalk and make 'em wait for a couple of hours to see him throw meringue thru two reels, *he's there!*

Now consider some of the other funny film men. Many comedians do the same things Charlie does; they affect an eccentric walk, wear misfit clothes and peculiar mustaches; they fall down, shoot each other in the sitting-room, break bottles over their rivals' heads, and draw less money in a season than Chaplin does in a week. How many funny (?) films have you seen in which you wonder how it is possible for a flock of well-paid fun-makers to turn out stuff that is so devoid of fun of any kind—films that provoke laughter of such a desultory nature that you turn in your seat to see who is the poor benighted creature thus giving vent to his joy! There is so large a percentage of films of this kind that you have probably, on several occasions, contemplated drawing your few dollars out of the savings-bank, buying a camera, and getting rich before the public woke up to the bunk you were serving them.

Of course you saw "The Count," and screamed at the scene which immediately followed the caption, "Spaghetti." When Chaplin's foil let the spaghetti dangle from his mouth and drew it in as Charlie tried to catch the ends, you probably laughed until the tears ran down your cheeks. I did. The very same week that I saw "The Count" I witnessed another comedy in which the same single-word caption, "Spaghetti," was followed by some of the most asinine efforts at fun-making imaginable. The director and the actors evidently knew that there was fun somewhere concealed in the famous Italian by-product, but, being unable to extract it, they contented themselves with throwing the spaghetti all over the set. After viewing the above spectacle, the thought struck me that if those dubs were paid a living wage for such work, then Charlie Chaplin ought to draw down a million per annum.

Why is it that, while so many film comedians copy most of Chaplin's eccentricities, none of them seems to try to duplicate his smile? When he smiles—coyly and sweetly—he always remembers that a smile is not merely confined to the lips and that the eyes play a large part in a smile. The result is that he registers strong and immediately puts the audience in good humor. It makes them feel that he is "one of them."

Now, I am not saying that Charlie is the only funny man on the screen—not by a long shot; but he comes so much nearer scoring one hundred per cent. of hits than any other comedian, that I, who cant possibly know anything about salaries, costs of production and the like, would consider him an idiot if he didn't demand a king's ransom for his efforts.

Not considering Chaplin's salary, is there anything about his films that cost more than the sort of films that never drew a single dime into a box-office? I suppose Miss Purviance is paid better than many of the less fortunate young comédiennes who have never shone by Chaplin's reflected glory, and it wouldn't be economical to have a poorly paid camera-man "shooting" such a high-priced star; but these items surely must be inconsiderable when the thousands and thousands of dollars begin to roll into the Mutual coffers after each release. I dont know anything about scenarios (if there is such a thing as a scenario used in making one of these comedies), but I shouldn't think it would cost much more to write two reels of "Chaplin Custard Pie" than it does to type off the same

amount of business for "Billie Unknown." Ordinarily, the play is indeed the thing, even if the producers hate to admit it; but, as far as Charlie Chaplin is concerned, why bother about a plot when your star can take the most conventional comedy situations and make his audience howl with glee?



Therefore, why shouldn't Chaplin draw "all that money" if his films otherwise cost but little more to produce than ordinary garden variety? In filling the house at each performance, these pictures will draw at least two hundred more dimes—in many places quarters—than will the general run of comedies, or "features," for that matter. Why, a hundred dollars a day should be a low estimate of the average box-office increase when Charlie flickers across the screen. And not only are the receipts swelled in thousands of theaters in large cities and small towns in this country and Canada, but these comedies are sent broadcast over the face of the globe. If John Bunny's face was world-known, what can now be said of Chaplin's face, his mustache, hair, cane, derby, coat, pants, and *feet?* If he isn't funny, he certainly has fooled a bunch of people.

THE MOVIE MANIAC

A daily paper published every month.

WEATHER—Rain, hail, snow, and thunderstorms; otherwise fair.

Contents copied wrong 1915.
Copied right 1916.

OUR MOVIE DICTIONARY AND ENCYCLOPEDIA

Edited, revised, re-edited, re-revised, and compiled
By ERNEST L. JOHNSON

CENSORSHIP (pronounced non-sense-orship, with a heavy accent on the first two syllables). Not contrary to general opinion, censorship was not derived from the word "sense," nor is it, in most cases, related in any manner to that word. It is stated by the worst authorities that censorship did not exist in the time of Adam and Eve.

It is doubtful whether censorship was discovered, invented, or just unnaturally grew. If discovered, undoubtedly the discoverer has been ashamed of himself ever since. If invented, no doubt the inventor died a violent death at the end of an extra heavy rope.

Censor-ship is of the dreadnought class of ships, sailing on the Motion Picture sea and bombarding perfectly good photoplays with telling effect. Time and again this ship has wrecked good photoplays, and then let another of questionable nature slip thru.

Of course there are some good forms of censorship, but one explorer, who has searched for it for years, claims that it is harder to locate than the north pole. Bad censorship is as frequent as flies in a molasses can, and the good variety as scarce as snow at the equator.

A FEW LINES OF "WORSE"

The censor lay in his easy chair,
Dreaming of the hour
When the next twelve-reel masterpiece
Should tremble at his power.

OUR ANSWER FELLOW (AGE, 196)

CUTEY, BEDBUG CITY, NEV.—Question: Do some of the actresses have animals for pets?

Answer: Yes, but there's no chance for you.

I. M. CURIOUS, QUIZ, ILL.—Yes, you can ask us all the questions pertaining to Moving Pictures that you want to. If we dont know the answer to what you ask, we'll tell you anyway.

I. WANTAKNOW, RAINBOW, MASS.—You ask the following questions: Has Dolly Darling light hair? Has she blue eyes? If so, why not? Does she like eggs? Has she named her dog Towser? Can she spell conglomeration backwards? Is she married? What is her father's middle name? Can she eat more than five pies at one sitting? Does she like the west or south wind best? Has she heard the latest rag-time song? What size shoes does she wear? Can she speak Chinese? Does she enjoy reading the dictionary? and about three thousand other questions of a like nature. I was unable to print your answers here, but have typed them all neatly and shipped them by freight. Please pay freight charges, which amount to $12.71. I have learnt another fact concerning this wonderful movie star since I sent you your answers, and am sure it will interest you greatly. Miss Darling's cat, Eliza, weighs exactly seven pounds, nine and one-half ounces.

FOUR FAMOUS MONTHS

MAY (Allison)
JUNE (Daye) or (Caprice)
AUGUST (Edwin)
SEPTEMBER (Morn)

PRESS AGENT "A LA CARTE"

The untruthful press agent of the Bangup Film Company had been captured by cannibals, who insisted on his remaining for dinner. The cannibal king decided to give him one chance for his life.

"I will free you," said the king gravely, "upon the condition that you tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, from this time on."

"Impossible!" moaned the press agent, in anguish.

So, without further parley, they ate him.

REEL COMMENT

The leading man and woman of the Bamboo Company had an awful quarrel two weeks ago. The director and the minor actors are trembling yet.

BERRY BALL SAYS—For every Motion Picture theater that goes into business, one saloon goes out.

There are 5,000,000 young women in this country who know that they can act better than Mary Pickford, but, strange to relate, most of these 5,000,000 hold down jobs as stenographers, clerks, or else work in factories.

Motion Pictures are made to be seen and not heard, but you wouldn't believe it after listening a few hours to some ignoramus read the subtitles aloud for everybody's benefit at your favorite theater.

SCIENCE FACTS ABOUT THE MOVIES

After eleven years of careful research, Professor Hardhead, the noted scientist, has discovered that fish do not enjoy Motion Pictures.

OUR ADVERTISING SECTION

Rates: 2c. Per Yard
Maximum Space Allowed: 2 Inches

FOR SALE—Fine Motion Picture theater in large town. All fixtures, etc., included. This theater is favorably situated, and does a weekly business of $10,000. Due to having a bunion on the right foot, I have decided to retire from the theater business, and will sell my theater for $400 cash. Address: How I. Lie, 2896 Carp Ave., Fishville, Wis.

Why Marguerite Clark Is Going to Stay in Pictures

By LILLIAN MAY



MISS GEORGE WASHINGTON TELLING HER ADOPTED ANCESTOR THAT SHE IS SORRY, BUT SHE CAN *NOT* TELL THE TRUTH

SHE will remain on the screen instead of responding to the call of the footlights.

She shares her birthdays with the Father of her Country, for she, too, was born on the twenty-second day of February. And, as she lost her own father and mother at an age while still needful of them, she has always felt that our first American Father belonged especially to her. "Tho," she whimsically remarks, "there is not a strong family resemblance, is there?"

If her adopted ancestor could see her in her latest play, "Miss George Washington," he would say, "She is no kin of mine," for she is known as "The Girl Who Couldn't Tell the Truth."

He looks sadly reproachful, and with good reason, for the adorably innocent-looking lady bears his name in her latest play, and she can *not* tell the truth. No doubt he will forgive her if she promises to be good, for he, no more than common mortals, can resist the appeal of this tiny slip of humanity who numbers her friends by the millions.

Why She Is Going to Stay in Pictures

Little "Wildflower's" Life Story and Her Latest Decision

By LILLIAN MONTANYE

IN Cincinnati, not so very long ago, lived a tiny girl. She was not born in a theatrical atmosphere, and none of her family had been on the stage. She lived and grew up as hundreds of children in the great Middle West live and grow. But, nevertheless, at a preciously early age she developed a talent for amateur theatricals, and, what is more, she insisted on having her voice cultivated and especially demanded dancing-lessons. The little lady had a will of her own, and even then "had a way with her," so she invariably got what she wanted.



MARGUERITE CLARK ARRIVING AT THE STUDIO

Bereft of her parents at an early age, it was found that the family fortunes were at low ebb. There came about a family council, with each of them "all at sea." But in the end a prudent sister suggested that they must not use their little fortune, but try to add to it.

Margy Clark was just a slip of a brown-eyed, brown-haired girl, but she was as "grown up" in size at least as she would ever be. She had enjoyed unusual success on the amateur stage; she had learnt to sing and dance; naturally, the stage suggested itself. Why not employ the knowledge in a business manner?

So there came the flustered professional début of the tiny star (an awfully big hour to her then) who has since sung, danced and smiled her way into the hearts of playgoers wherever the footlights glow. Unlike most young actresses, she did not adopt the stage as a profession because she was "stage-struck" or because she was especially fond of it. According to her own words, she would much rather have lived in the country with chickens and lots of pets. But her business sense told her to do what she knew how to do; for it meant her livelihood.

Her first engagement was in Baltimore under the management of Milton Aborn. She was successful, but wanted a chance to display her dancing ability, so, with her characteristic energy and uncontrolable spirit, she was soon in musical comedy, where she scored a huge success with De Wolf Hopper in several musical productions. But the same driving energy awoke in the little actress the realization that she could get more out of

her stage experience than singing and dancing, so she developed her wonderful versatility still farther by going into farce, comedy and drama.

"Prunella," and her daintiness, beauty and very patent charm in this delightful play will not soon be forgotten.

It was at this time she attracted the



THIS IS MARGUERITE CLARK'S FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPH OF HERSELF

The last thing Miss Clark did on the stage before becoming a screen star was attention and interest of a Motion Picture producer, and after considerable en-

ergy had been expended in the way of persuasion he placed in her hands the script of "Wildflower." Miss Clark was captivated by the rôle and admirably exemplified in her own personality the delightful tale of sweet innocence and eternal youth. And in this, her first film characterization, she shouldered herself onto the screen as one of its "big personages."

Since that time she has had plenty of chance to sustain her reputation for versatility. In "The Prince and the Pauper" she played a double rôle, and, with the understanding of a real artist, laid bare the very spirit of that wonderful combination of comedy and pathos in the play.

Her skillful work in "Molly Make Believe," with her mischievous gravity and sometimes wistful air; in "The Goose Girl," and various other rôles, serves to show that Miss Clark's success is not due alone to her charming personality, but to hard work in every branch of the profession.

Her recent film, "Little Lady Eileen," is one that commends itself to everybody, young and old, and seems especially fitted to the magnetic little star.

About the time this picture was completed it was rumored that Miss Clark had accepted the inducements of theatrical managers, and was to desert the Motion Picture screen for her first love, the stage. Nearly every newspaper in the country printed the story, and it brought sorrow to the hearts of hundreds and thousands who had learnt to know and love the dainty little lady of the screen. But for once the papers were wrong. No doubt she had her hour of indecision, but she is not going to

(*Continued on page* 162)



FROM UNA MAXWELL, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLOBE

"Enjoying a good old read, of your famous Motion Picture Magazine"; in my dressing-room, Grand Opera House, Adelphi Theatre, Sydney. 1916



SUZETTE BOOTH

Breaking Into the Movies in California

A Diary

By SUZETTE BOOTH

(This series began in the January number, and this is the second instalment)

NOTE: To the many girl readers all over the United States whose one ambition in life is California and the movies, I dedicate this diary. It is not the great stars that can give advice. When they broke in, it was very easy; but the girl of today, that comes here alone and unaided and tries to get in, is the one that can relate the hard, cold facts.

DECEMBER 15, 1915 (*continued*).—That's the place for you—not Keystone. Why, Mabel would be jealous the first day you came on the lot, and you know Mabel is the whole Keystone." Fox, Norbigs and Keystone are all in the same block on Allesandro Street, Edendale. The old Selig studio has been rented to the Fox Company. Going over to the studio, Mr. Rogers, in charge, is very pleasant, and laughs loudly when I ask, very timidly, "Could you use me?" Says, "Sure I could, when we get started. Can you play leads?" Leads! my heart stopped, but I quickly regained my composure and said, "I can play anything." "How is your wardrobe, Miss Booth?" I had visions of my one little, pink evening-gown and the clothes on my back, but believe it's better to lie than cry, so I said, "Wonderful." He takes my name and address, and I go back to Keystone. Mr. Palmer is there, and introduces me to Mr. Del Ruth (Mr. Sennett's assistant). Mr. Del Ruth looks me over from head to toe, turns me around, has me twist my eyes and head at all angles—like he was buying a horse (even asked to see my teeth)—takes my name and address, and says, "I will send for you when I need

you." Well, I am tired out, but not discouraged. Why should I be? I have the "promise" of two swell jobs.

DECEMBER 16, 1915.—Guess I will go out to Ince's. At Inceville I'll see all those directors and take the best position offered. Take car for Santa Monica. Arriving, am told must use stage to studio. The stage was an old-time Ford, one that was made when the world called the inventor "Crazy Ford." My stage-drivers were two giddy boys, and I was their only passenger. We went thru the Topango Canyon to the ocean, passed the quaint Japanese fisherman village, and then—Ince's. Ince's is a city in itself, overlooking the Pacific. Climbing a steep hill, I find myself amid ruins—evidently had a fire, as everything is in ashes, not a soul in sight. Rather disappointed, I leave. Descending the hill, I find the Ford stage has vanished. "My! what will I do? How will I get back? Why, oh, why, do they build these studios off the earth? Is it to keep the movie aspirants away?" My wrist-watch says five o'clock. I am so frightened and cold; it is getting so dark. I wait for at least an hour and pray; my prayers are answered; here comes an auto-truck. I ask the driver if he will take me to Santa Monica. He was very fresh, and replied, "For a kiss I will." Horrors! I offer him a quarter, but he starts to go off. Look out on that vast, cold ocean; the great mountains; the chattering sea-gulls—could anything be more terrible than to stay out here all night (not even to kiss a strange man)? So I said, "Well, only one, when we get to Santa Monica." We ride in silence. Within a few blocks of it I jump off the seat, striking the ground with a thud. I was stunned for a minute, but jumped up, and oh! how I did run for the cars! Arrived in Los Angeles, in great pain; went to my hotel. Well, I have spent seventy cents car-fare and had this dreadful experience; still, I believe if Mr. Ince had seen me he would have given me a position.

DECEMBER 17, 1915.—Sunday. Am laid up with a sprained ankle; told the doctor my experience, and he said, "You will find that everything you get in California you pay dearly for." Says it's no place for me "alone"—the movies are so immoral; that hundreds of young girls are lured out here every year, thinking they can be stars, fail, go broke, suicide or worse is their end. But not in my case—I have a wonderful face (so they all say). I hate advice; it's worth just what it costs me—nothing.

DECEMBER 18, 1915.—Stopping at the same hotel as I do is a well-known movie star. He advises me to write to each of the studio directors. He gives me the addresses and dictates the letter. I write to four of them—D. W. Griffith (Alexandria Hotel), Cecil B. DeMille (Lasky's), Oliver Morosco (Morosco's), Roland Sturgeon (Vitagraph)—give them my description, and ask for an interview. I know they will never answer.

DECEMBER 19, 1915.—Getting lonesome and tired of "window shopping." Nothing doing in the movies at this time of year. Have decided to try something else until after the holidays. Answer an ad. at the "Unique" for saleslady; impress the manager by saying, "It's not experience but personality that makes a good saleswoman," so am immediately put to work at fifteen dollars per week, selling blouses. Oh, dear, I'm getting so tired; it's not three-thirty, and such a day—blunders, blunders. I did not know how to ring in or out, made my checks out wrong, and was "called"; and those waists—the head lady said there were only five gross; to me there were five million. Several of the big movie stars came in, and they looked so prosperous. I am very disgusted with my lot. Wealthy lady comes in shop and takes a great fancy to me; says I look like her deceased daughter; asks all about me.

DECEMBER 20, 1915.—Well, I have spent a dreadful night; dreamt I was being tortured by millions of little demons, each wearing a shirtwaist, and how they did poke at me! Arriving at the shop, they put me to dressing windows. My friend called with her husband, and invited me to spend the holidays with them. Oh, I'm so glad. It's dreadful to be a saleslady when your ambition is to be a movie star, so get five dollars for my two days' work. My friend calls for me in her big car, and I go to live at the Bryson, a most exclusive apartment.

DECEMBER 21, 1915.—Having a lovely time with my new friends—motoring, et cetera—and so, little diary, I shall lay you away until after the New Year, when I shall again renew my efforts to become a great star of the movies.

JANUARY 17, 1916.—Monday. Back to a hotel again, after three weeks' holidays. Each of the director-generals I wrote have answered. D. W. Griffith says they are discharging, instead of engaging, at his studio—have been obliged to let some of their best people go; times are hard in the movies at present. Roland Sturgeon, of Vitagraph, said that he would have a talk with me after February first. Cecil B. DeMille, of Lasky's, responds, saying he would grant me an interview any evening after six P. M.

JANUARY 18, 1916.—Oliver Morosco (Morosco's) answered this morning; says for me to call at the studio (Temple and Bronson streets) and ask for Mrs. Francis Ford. After breakfast—dressed in my best—start out, take Temple Street car, and ride to end of line. Like the



SUZETTE BOOTH

rest of the studios, it is in a remote spot of Los Angeles; walk down a hot, dusty country road to studio, asking for Mrs. Ford. A tall, slim lady invites me into her office—is so sorry, but they have just started a picture; had I come sooner she would have cast me in it (oh, dear, I am always just a little late); asks the same questions—age, weight, height, et cetera —scribbles O. K. very prettily across my application, and promises to cast me in the next production.

JANUARY 19, 1916.—Have decided to call on Cecil B. DeMille, at Lasky's, so at five o'clock start for Hollywood. It is a long ride. As I look out the car window at the rose-bedecked homes, flowers blooming in profusion everywhere, orange-groves loaded down with golden fruit (and it is January)—California is a paradise. At the studio, for a block long, people of all types and ages stood in line—more middle-aged men and women than youths and maids. Some of the elderly men looked prosperous; they had seen better days; now were eager to earn three dollars. I pushed thru the crowd and entered office, an unplastered frame shack. In the center are two windows, like a theater ticket-office—over the first, "Engagements, 5 to 6—Capt. Ford"; the other, "Cecil B. DeMille can be seen by appointment only." I handed my letter in at the latter window to Mr. DeMille's secretary. She said he was on the lot somewhere, but would see me shortly. I stood and waited. A stylishly dressed couple came in. I glanced at the card he handed in; they were stars of the legitimate stage, whom I had seen many times. We waited, and waited, and waited. It was dark and nearly seven o'clock. The couple grew tired and left; the telephone operator said she guessed Mr. DeMille forgot and went home—for me to come out tomorrow.

JANUARY 20, 1916.—Did not have the courage to take that long ride to Hollywood again today. Going into a cafeteria for dinner, this evening, a beautiful girl accosted me and said she was hungry. I invited her to dine with me. She told me her story—ran away from home (Lansing, Kansas) to Los Angeles to be a movie star. "I have trudged and trudged the studios," she said, "but without influence you cannot get a position. When I get back home I am going to have big dodgers printed and sent broadcast, 'Girls Beware Los Angeles and the Movies!'" The hotel was holding her trunks until she heard from home; in the meantime she was starving. Well, this has dampened my ardor somewhat.

JANUARY 21, 1916.—Another trip to Hollywood to see Mr. DeMille. It is bitterly cold (unusual for Los Angeles). I note "Old Baldy" covered with snow; did not affect the crowd, however. The streets were thronged with people. Having heard there was a big production to go out next week, all were eager to get in it. Miss Secretary smiled sweetly when I arrived, and said, "Miss Booth, Mr. DeMille will see you in a moment. My! how important I felt! The crowd looked and made remarks to each other. "A big star," no doubt they said. Finally Miss Secretary came to the window and said, loudly, "Miss Booth, Mr. DeMille will see you now." Well, I felt like an old maid leading her last chance to the altar to the strains of "Here Comes the Bride," et cetera, as the crowd made room for me to pass. My demeanor changed as I found myself in Mr. DeMille's presence. The room was filled with beautiful rugs, odd furniture and hunting trophies. At a beautifully carved table sat Mr. DeMille. He looks more like a "potentate" than a movie director. Raising his tired, dark eyes, he said (before I could utter a word), "We have no positions open at present. See Captain Ford; he might assist you a little," and went on writing. I felt as tho a steam roller had passed over my body—I was so completely crushed. Outside the studio it was cold and dark, and I burst into tears—I was so lonely. That melodrama advertised on billboards, "A Little Girl Alone in a Big City"—I am the original, I said to myself. Had Mr. DeMille only said that in his letter, it would have saved me all this trouble.

JANUARY 22, 1916.—Go out to see Captain Ford; they tell me it's a good way to get in a studio by working "extra." At five o'clock sharp I was in line with the crowd, waiting my turn.

(*To be continued in our next number*)

Thomas Meighan

Hero of Many Fires

By WILNA WILDE



THOMAS MEIGHAN



ACCIDENT and life insurance mean nothing in the life of Thomas Meighan, the popular Lasky Company star. What Meighan craves above everything else is fire insurance, and so far he has been received as a very poor risk.

Destiny must have intended Tom to be a brave fire-laddie, and wear red suspenders and a blue shirt, and things like that, and then slipped up and made him a splendid actor.

Burning is his favorite form of amusement. It is getting so now that when he goes into a Lasky production he never uses grease-paint, but, in preference, selects some nice fire-proof material.

To begin at the beginning, Meighan was born in Pittsburgh, but this should not be held against him, as he had an excellent record as a football player and, thru his feats on the gridiron, was able to reflect a great deal of credit on that blackened city.

Discussing his college career, Meighan speaks solely of his athletic distinctions, failing entirely to mention the fact that he may have occasionally studied, and there always will be room for argument on that subject.

The Meighan mater and pater had him slated to be a physician when he left college, and he was to follow a brilliant career in medicine, but young Thomas developed into such a broad-shouldered, two-fisted individual that he could not see himself burning the midnight oil trying to discover if the medulla oblongata was located near the pancreas or the Wabash tracks.

Then Thomas became stage-struck. Henrietta Crosman happened to be in Pittsburgh, playing "Mistress Nell," and Thomas sought an engagement with her company. He was about the same build then that he is now, and when he loomed up head and shoulders over the quaking company manager and said he desired to appear in Miss Crosman's support, there was no argument. Strange to say, he immediately made a hit, and, from being one of the townspeople, villagers, peasantry, gentlemen of the court, et cetera, he was promoted to a regular part and spoke real lines right out loud.

After the season with Henrietta Crosman he joined Grace George's company, and after this engagement, and two years of stock in his native town, he had the distinction of being heralded as one of the leading juveniles of the country.

He played for some time with Elsie De Wolf, then with John Mason, and then

under Willie Collier in "The Dictator." All the time he was attracting more and more attention, so when the all-star cast of "The Two Orphans" was organized for a New York engagement, Thomas had his name in big type along with the rest of the celebrities.

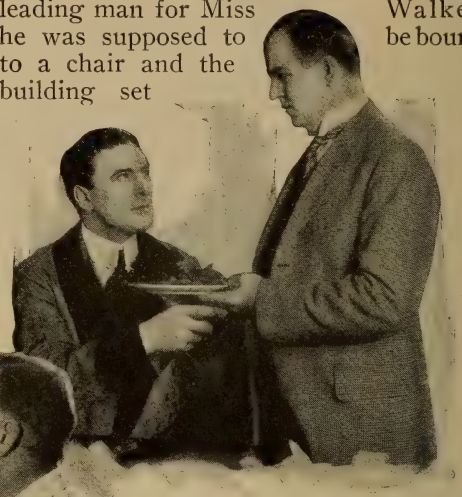
They then shipped him to London as leading man with "The College Widow," where he was able to make the English people almost grasp the meaning of American slang. After the London engagement he returned to America, and appeared for three years with David Warfield in "The Return of Peter Grimm." At the conclusion of this engagement he went



back again to the British Isles, appearing in George Cohan's play, "Broadway Jones."

While playing in "The Return of Peter Grimm," he was spotted by Cecil B. De Mille, director-general of the Lasky Company, who had a great deal to do with the success of that unusual play. C. B. kept him in the back of his mind, and, after Meighan had scored a pronounced success as the lawyer for the defense in "On Trial," a tempting offer to join the Lasky Company was dangled before his face.

Motion Picture work was new to Meighan, but as leading man for Laura Hope Crews, in the Lasky production of "The Fighting Hope," he scored a great success and established himself as a screen favorite, and he strengthened this popularity as leading man for Charlotte Walker in "Kindling"; then he began to receive the nickname of "Conflagration Tom." In "Out of Darkness," again leading man for Miss Walker, he was supposed to be bound to a chair and the building set



on fire. Miss Walker was supposed to rush in and aid in his rescue. Tom was bound to the chair—the place set ablaze all according to schedule — and every one was delighted with the amount of flame, the smoke, and everything. When Miss Walker dashed in to remove the



ropes and rescue him, she found she could not untie them. The flames were crackling merrily away around the chair, and from the roof pretty sparks were

falling on to his head and shoulders. Finally Miss Walker was able to release him enough to get one arm free before she collapsed from the smoke. Tom had to lift her in his arms and carry her to safety, with his clothes burning in many places. In some places the burns neglected to remain on the clothing and pierced certain portions of his anatomy, which Tom's medical training informed him were known as the cuticle and epidermis. On account of the healing liniments, Meighan was for the next few weeks more or less abandoned as a social favorite.

By the time all the burns had healed, the Lasky Company elected to put on "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" with Miss Walker, and Tom was again selected as the revenue officer. While chasing the moonshiners thru the mountains of Virginia, he was captured, his wrists bound behind him with ropes, and he was placed in a barn for safe-keeping, but, by inducing June to light his pipe, he was able to spill sparks in the straw and burn his bonds and escape. All this was carefully figured out, except the fact that quite a little flame is required to burn rope, consequently, when the revenue officer leaped to freedom, he carried with him two badly blistered wrists, as the scars that are still visible will testify.

Meighan played a number of prominent rôles, and then along came "The Clown," in which Victor Moore was to be starred. Meighan scored such a success as the young lover that he was promptly featured, and now he has risen to the dignity of a star in his own right.

Around the studio Tom is known as "The Big Irishman," and is much beloved by every one.

Several years ago he married Frances Ring, the clever dramatic actress sister of the musical Blanche. The present Mrs. Meighan is in the East, and Tom is more or less downhearted, except when there is a chance to go to the end of the lot, back of the studio, and play baseball with the other male Lasky luminaries, or motor around the country.

Tom owns a machine, but doesn't drive it. He formerly drove his own car, but one day somebody got in his road, and Tom is real Irish enough not to turn out, consequently he finds it much cheaper to hire a chauffeur.

Several new productions are planned by the Lasky Company in which Mr. Thomas Meighan's name will appear as the star.

The Hindu's Surprise

By OSCAR H. ROESNER

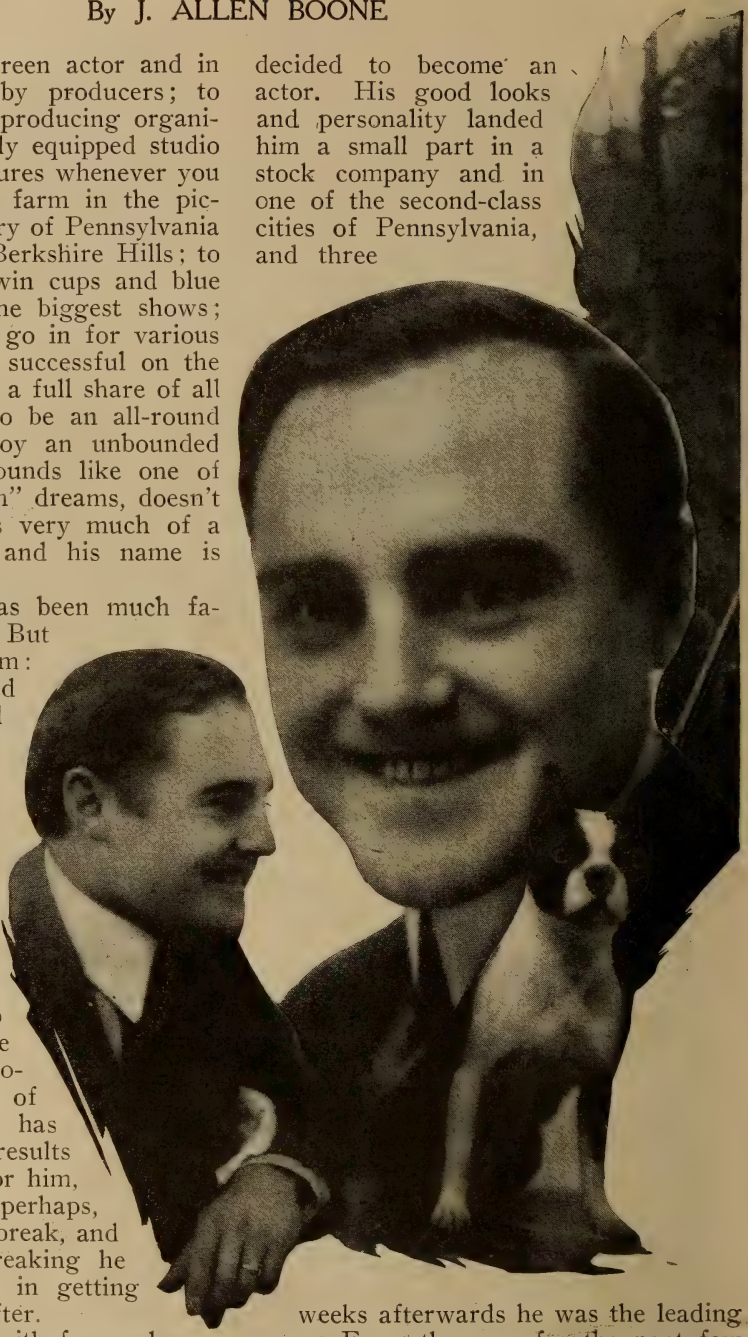
One day a Hindu, in the garb so strange to western eyes,
Sat musing in a movie show on deeds of great emprise,
And tho he drank of wind and sun by the Pacific's shore,
He thought he roamed a land afar the rolling wide seas o'er.
Once more he in Benares stood and watched the Ganges roll;
The savor of its incense loved thru all his being stole.
Again he saw the ghats a-throng with waiting, reverent ones,
Who strewed the sacred river's tide with blossoms bright as suns.
Before his eyes blazed fane and dome and mosque with minaret,
In dazzling, golden splendor shone like crown with jewels set.
Weird ravens circled round the dead, the city pulsed with heat,
Above his head muezzin cry in raptured echoes beat.
And then he thought he heard the bells from countless temples blow,
And echo light in accents sweet with sacred cattle's low,
And rose at once his limbs to bathe within the Ganges' stream—
But lo! 'twas all a picture play and not a magic dream.

E. K. Lincoln, Canine Fancier

By J. ALLEN BOONE

To be a popular screen actor and in much demand by producers; to have your own producing organization and a splendidly equipped studio in which to make pictures whenever you choose to; to own a farm in the picturesque rolling country of Pennsylvania and an estate in the Berkshire Hills; to raise dogs that will win cups and blue ribbons for you at the biggest shows; to motor, to hunt, to go in for various athletic sports; to be successful on the stock market; to have a full share of all the social qualities; to be an all-round good fellow and enjoy an unbounded friendship, all this sounds like one of those "castles in Spain" dreams, doesn't it? Nevertheless, it's very much of a reality to one man, and his name is E. K. Lincoln.

"Eddie" Lincoln has been much favored of the gods. But this can be said of him: he has never basked in the sunshine and waited for the gods to come to him; he has always gone to the gods. This has often meant taking big chances, but taking big chances is one of Lincoln's chief characteristics. Life to him is a system that requires deep study. Whatever he does he believes in doing with every ounce of energy, and as he has plenty of energy, results are bound to break for him, not always his way, perhaps, but nevertheless they break, and in the continuous breaking he runs a high average in getting the things he starts after.



Lincoln began life with four valuable assets—good looks, a keen mind, a bubbling sense of humor, and a splendid physique. These got him thru school days, with an alacrity that surprised even his parents, and then he decided to become an actor. His good looks and personality landed him a small part in a stock company and in one of the second-class cities of Pennsylvania, and three weeks afterwards he was the leading man. From then on, for the next few years, he played leads in stock companies in different parts of the country. Always he kept a close eye on the financial barometer, realizing that independence in any walk of life exists only when



one can afford to be independent. Each week a certain part of his salary went into a savings bank, and each time he changed stock companies it was because he could better himself financially. He worked hard, but, most important of all, he saved his money. Once, he took his savings, and, with some borrowed capital, took a flier in stock as a proprietor-producer-leading man. The venture was a success, and a tidy sum went back to the savings bank at the close of the season. He was urged to try it again the following season, but, after careful consideration, he made up his mind to let the other fellow do it, and the other fellow landed on the financial reefs because of an off season.

The advent of Motion Pictures interested the young actor-manager to such an extent that he waved an adieu to stock work and joined the Vitagraph Company as leading man. He was featured in a large number of screen productions, and his clean-cut appearance and ability as an actor won for him a large following. It was Lincoln, it will be recalled, who played the lead in "A Million Bid," the screen play which signalized the opening of the Vitagraph Theater on Broadway in New York.

Lincoln's interest in Motion Pictures was a thoro one, and he studied film production from every angle. While with the Vitagraph he invested quite a lot of money in different companies that were

working to complete inventions that had to do with various phases of picture-making, and practically every one of these organizations was successful. After leaving the Vitagraph Lincoln devoted part of his time to playing leading rôles for various producers, and the rest was given to his increasing business interests.

When the Photo Play Production Company planned to film "The Littlest Rebel," Lincoln was persuaded to pull down the top of his roll-top desk for a few weeks and play the leading rôle, a part which afterwards won him added laurels as a screen player. Later, Lincoln organized the E. K. Lincoln Players, Inc., and built one of the best equipped studios in the East at Grantwood, N. J. There he produced "The Fighting Chance," "The Girl from Alaska," and several other big productions in which he not only played the leading rôle, but was business manager and chief factotum as well.

But Lincoln's activities were by no means confined exclusively to Motion Pictures. He found time to superintend his farm in Pennsylvania, conducting it on modern scientific lines, and making it bring him in a good financial return; he bought property at Fairfield, Conn., and established the Greenacre Kennels, where he bred some of the most successful prize-winning dogs that have been shown in this country; he added to his property holdings a 4,000-acre estate in the Berkshire Hills, and by private wires at his New York office, his studio and his city and country homes he kept in close touch with his financial interests in Wall Street.

With so many business affairs to occupy his mind and time, one would have thought Lincoln would have let acting slide, but he didn't, and, what is more, doesn't intend to for a long time to come. Acting to him is a big, serious art, and he loves every angle of it. Producers are continually making big offers for his services, but Lincoln is in a position where he will play only in pictures that appeal to him from an artistic point of view. He doesn't need the work, and he doesn't need the money, so he can afford to be fastidious and pick and choose. Recently he appeared in a number of special Lubin productions, following which he played a special two-picture engagement with the World Film, being featured in "The Almighty Dollar" and "The World Against Him."

Lincoln is the ideal type of leading man. He personifies the well-bred, well-groomed, athletic young American, cosmopolitan to his finger-tips and set to meet any sort of emergency in any environment. Away from the screen Lincoln's personality is even more striking. He lacks utterly the actor's ego, due, no doubt, to the fact that he is interested in so many different things that he hasn't the time to spend on self-contemplative adulation.

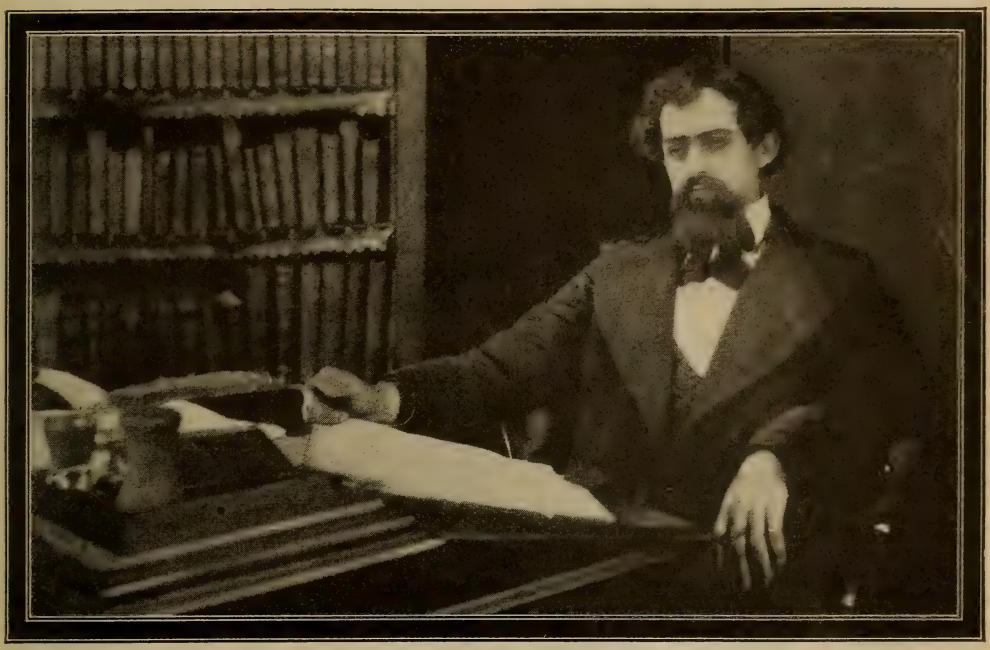
Lincoln is a human dynamo of activity, and to even his intimate friends it is a puzzle how he finds time to attend to the innumerable things he is interested in. Aside from his property and business interests, he devotes time to motoring, riding, golf, tennis, hunting and fishing; he is an enthusiastic baseball, football and boxing fan, and at all these events, provided they are of an important character, you will generally find E. K. Lincoln's name among the box-holders. He attends practically all of the "first nights" in New York theaters, and often goes to other cities to see the première performance of what may be a good show. At his New York home he has a large library, and in between things he manages to keep abreast of the best there is in good literature. He is a member of over a dozen New York clubs and several country clubs, and drops in at all of them frequently to spend a few social hours with his friends.

As was observed before, "Eddie" Lincoln has been much favored by the gods, but, and there is much emphasis on this "but," he has never basked in the sunshine and waited for the gods to come to him; he has always taken a chance and gone to the gods.



Marie Doro as Oliver Twist

(Lasky)



Charles Dickens as the twentieth century actor (W. S. Vandyke) sees him, and as he will appear on the screen in the elaborate adaptation of the immortal classic, "Oliver Twist."



Charming little Lasky star watching the ragged little street-urchin of nearly a century ago. She is "seeing herself as others see her."



Little Oliver Twist is born in a workhouse and grows up in an environment of poverty and squalor. The fare at the workhouse is very poor, consisting of weak gruel every day and half a roll on Sunday.

Oliver plucks up courage and asks for more. The supervising board is called in and Oliver is condemned to the cellar. After several days of solitary confinement, he manages to escape by climbing from a window.



Oliver starts out on his long walk to London. Cold, hungry and friendless, he is glad of anything in the guise of human companionship. So, when he meets the Artful Dodger (Raymond Hutton) he accepts the invitation to go to a tavern for food and warmth, and later goes with the Artful Dodger to London.—



The Artful Dodger takes Oliver to Fagin's (Tully Marshall) garret. Fagin is a Jew in league with thieves and robbers. Oliver is helpless in his hands and is taught the art of thieving.

In the meantime, Brownlow (James Neill), a friend of Oliver's dead father, has been commissioned to find him. Monks (Carl Stockdale), a half-brother of Oliver's and thoroly unscrupulous, has traced the boy's mother to the workhouse (where she had been driven by deceit and treachery). He finds that she died there, leaving a child—but the boy had disappeared.



Oliver, forced into a pocket-picking expedition with the Artful Dodger, watches the picking of Brownlow's pockets and is captured by the police. After taking the boy to the police station Brownlow is attracted by the boy's air of refinement and innocence, secures his release and takes him home.









After Oliver's arrest, the Artful Dodger meets Monks, who has traced Oliver to the city and is plotting to dispose of the boy, so that he (Monks) can get the fortune that should be Oliver's. They conspire together—the Artful Dodger hastens to Bill Sikes (Hobart Bosworth), Nancy Sikes (Elsie Jane Wilson) and Fagin, and tells them of his discovery. Nancy is told to go at once and find Oliver, but at the police station she cannot learn of his whereabouts.

Oliver improves under Brownlow's care, is sent to school and is very happy. He is sent on an errand, is captured by Sikes, and taken to assist in a burglary. Once inside he arouses the inmates and Sikes and his men have to flee. Oliver finds his way back to Brownlow, who has been wild with anxiety.

Brownlow, haunted by Oliver's resemblance to his dead friend, meets Monks and forces him to confess that he is Oliver's half-brother and that Oliver is the boy of whom he has been in search.

Monks tells Sikes and Fagin that Brownlow has the boy and they plot to kidnap him. Nancy overhears the plotting, is powerless to prevent it, but when the deed is done, goes to Brownlow and tells him the boy is confined in Fagin's cellar. Brownlow surprises the "gang," Monks flees, Fagin and the Dodger are arrested. Sikes kills Nancy for telling of Oliver's whereabouts, then falls from a roof while dodging the police.

Oliver is restored to Brownlow, learns of his father and mother, finds that he is Master George Laeford—and after all his troubles comes into his own.

American History in the Movies

The True Story of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas in Six Reels

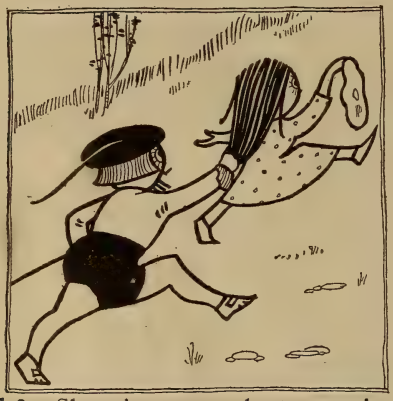
By HARVEY PEAKE



Reel 1.—Pocahontas sees Captain John Smith bound for the stake (sirloin).



Reel 2.—She heroically resolves to rescue him at all hazards.



Reel 3.—She tries to get the temptation out of his way.



Reel 4.—She plans to hide it in the parson's humble abode.



Reel 5.—The parson will not receive stolen goods. He tells the pair they are creating a scandal by skylarking about the country without a chaperone. He says marriage is the only way out of the difficulty.



Reel 6.—They consent, and he marries them, receiving the sirloin steak as a fee.

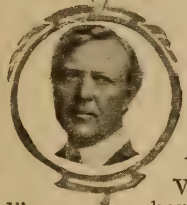
GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

THE newest screen concern is the Goldwyn Film Corp., composed of Samuel Goldfish, formerly of the Lasky brand, and Edgar Selwyn, the playwright. Mr. Selwyn's famous wife, Margaret Mayo, will have charge of the scenario department. Mae Marsh is the first star to be signed by the new company.

And here's a whole bunch of news, predigested, concerning the flittings of various players: Charlotte Burton from American to Essanay, to work opposite Henry Walthall; Priscilla Dean from Nestor, to play leads opposite Harry Carey; Edith Roberts succeeds Priscilla Dean with Nestor; James Young wanderlusts from the Coast to Chicago, to guide the screen destinies of Max Linder, Essanay's "rough-house" comedian.

Douglas Fairbanks' next appearance will be in a sure-fire hit, "The Pet of Paragonia," adapted by Anita Loos from the book "Blaze Derringer."

George M. Cohan, the "Yankee Doodle Boy of Broadway," has also launched into pictures with a splash. He visited Mary Pickford at her Fort Lee studio recently for a few lessons in the secret of picture acting and was tremendously interested in everything. His first screen effort will be in his own play, "Broadway Jones."



Again Hall Caine is to be "screened" and the leading rôle will be played by his son, Derwent Caine. "The Deemster" is the next of his books to attain this distinction, and Arrow is the purchaser. For locations the Isle of Man is to be duplicated in the United States—possibly Block Island will be used as the groundwork of the location.

Earle Foxe has been engaged to play leads opposite Norma Talmadge.

Followers of Vitagraph films will do well to keep the following information before them during the month of February: Peggy Hyland and Antonio Moreno in "Her Right to Live"; Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno, with William Duncan, in "Money Magic"; Alice Joyce and Harry Morey in "Who Will Cast the Stone?" Lillian Walker in "Kitty McKay," from the Broadway hit of last season, by Catherine Chisholm Cushing.

Marguerite Courtot has just signed a long-time contract with Arrow, and rumor hath it that she is to do a serial.

In her last Fox play, "The Vixen," in which she returns to her "vamping," Theda Bara leads a most reprehensible existence—ruins the lives of five people, tells fifty lies (and a lot more "fibs") and, all in all, leads a thoroly vampirish existence.

Mrs. Vernon Castle and her supporting cast have left for California, where the final episodes of "Patria" are to be filmed. During her visit there she will be the guest of the Griffith-Triangle Company, and, in order to make the exotic little dancer feel thoroly at home, a special suite of apartments has been arranged for her, with a bedroom and boudoir copied from the dancer's own designs.

At last it has come! Ethel Barrymore has, once and for all, abandoned the stage. She has just signed a long-time contract with Metro that prohibits her stage appearance for a number of years.

Seena Owen, in private life Mrs. George Walsh, has retired from the screen, her last appearance having been in "Intolerance." Yes, it's a girl, and Mrs. Walsh has retired to devote her entire attention to the proper rearing of the young woman.

Last month we announced that Vivian Rich had fallen (screenically speaking) for the lures of William Farnum. Well, woman is a fickle thing, and now Vivian has deserted poor Bill to support her old friend and co-star, Edward Coxen, in an eight-reel Selig, "Beware of Strangers." This is only a temporary engagement, for Vivian has merely been "loaned" by Fox to Selig for this one picture. In her support are several old friends of "Flying-A" days, Jack Richardson, Al Filson and George Field.

Some more "cut-outs" and "switch-backs": Stanley Wheatcroft, after a brief flyer, rejoins Fox; Frank Morgan also to Fox, from Vitagraph; Roy Stewart, of Universal, has fallen for the charms of Lillian Gish and is going to make love to her for some time (for the benefit of the camera); Charlotte Burton has torn herself from her old friends at American for Essanay, and Francelia Billington succeeds her as a sort of "ingénue-heavy."

Mary Pickford treasures a recent gift—a set of books, complete in two volumes, of "Edison: His Life and His Inventions." The books were a gift from Edison himself and contain his personal autograph.

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Here's real news for fans: When Cleo Madison, as Judith Trine, was married to George Larkin in the final episode of "The Trey o' Hearts," it all took place in the living-room of a suburban inn. Well, Miss Madison has gone and done it again, this time with a real minister, a real bridegroom, and all the lovely, fluffy things that accompany an honest-to-goodness wedding. The man was Adonerian Peake, a Los Angeles automobile dealer, and Miss Madison has celebrated by forming a film company of her own.

Earle Metcalfe has been absent from the screen for some time, and numbers of inquiries have come in about him. He has been hard at work on a fifteen-episode serial and a six-reel feature. The former is called "The Perils of Our Girl Reporters"; the latter, "Ignorance," dealing with the vice problem. Both are to be released soon.

Mme. Olga Petrova has just finished arrangements whereby she will make one record, or more, each month, for the Columbia Graphophone Company. The records are to be operatic selections which will show her voice to advantage, and recitations composed by herself.



Cecil B. DeMille came East for the première of his biggest production, Geraldine Farrar's "Joan of Arc," and was immediately signed up to supervise and direct George M. Cohan's picture efforts, the first of which is "Broadway Jones" and which will be released thru Artcraft.

An interesting occasion in Inceville recently was the religious services conducted by Al. Jennings, the former railroad bandit, Mr. Jennings being introduced by his old friend, William S. Hart.

Here's encouragement for the really ambitious extra girl. Evelyn Brent, of Metro, has just been elevated to stardom after two years' extra work. She has been doing small parts, and gradually was entrusted with more important ones. Alice Lake, of Keystone, playing opposite Roscoe Arbuckle, is another girl who has risen to stardom via the extra route.

"Vitagraph" Kate Price, who has been playing with Vim, has just transferred her affections and her jovial disposition to Amber.

Frank A. Powell Productions Co. announce that they have secured the services of Nance O'Neil, equally popular on stage and screen, and Marjorie Rambeau, clever little twinkler in Broadway's cleverest hit, "Cheating Cheaters."

Here's a funny thing: Lee Moran and Eddie Lyons have worked together for years. They have been one in spirit, and all that sort of thing; and here both of them are ill at the same time, with the same malady, neither able to work. Sort of Siamese twins — mental suggestion — take your choice.

Herbert Brenon is now in Florida, with a strong script and a stronger cast. The story is "Lucretia Borgia," an adaptation of Victor Hugo's "Queen Mother." The featured personage will be Florence Reed, with W. E. Shay prominent in the supporting cast.

Virginia Pearson has purchased a hydro-aeroplane, and William Fox protests that she has no right to go volplaning. Firstly, because of the danger to her life, and, secondly, the danger to her contract. He threatens to bring the case to court by an injunction forbidding Miss Pearson's new amusement—necessary to her health, as she claims.

More changes, here and there: Harry Benham from Universal to Fox; Frances Nelson from World to Metro; Irving Cummins from Famous Players to Fox; William Garwood from Universal to Ince-Triangle; Charlotte Walker from McClure to Thanhouser; Ned Finley from Vitagraph to Metro; and Frank Borzage from American to Lasky, opposite Mae Murray.

Dorothy Kelly is a skilful cartoonist, and has just accepted an offer to illustrate some stories for the *Columbia Jester*, of Columbia University. The first of these cartoons illustrates a story called "Zip! Goes the Fillum!" appearing in the Xmas number.

Dearth of material for good photoplays? Famous Players-Lasky dont think so. They announce the purchase of five famous stage-plays—"Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," "Witness for the Defense," "Freckles," "The Dummy" and "The Painted Woman." Pauline Frederick is doing the title rôle in the last-named, which will be released as "The Slave Market," while Louise Huff will star in "Freckles."

In spite of all her make-believe accidents, which are "cooked up" by imaginative scenario writers, Helen Holmes encountered a real one recently, when the gasoline hand-car in which she and some of her fellow-players were returning from a location shot into a ditch and injured everybody aboard. Paul Hurst received the most serious injury, tearing loose the ligaments of his shoulder. Miss Holmes sustained a sprained ankle, and the rest of the company sustained minor injuries.

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

The fair, fat and forty (?) Marie Dressler is about to become an heiress by forming a picture company of her own with the modest capital of $2,000,000.

Grace Darmond, of "Shielding Shadow" fame, and Niles Welch, who recently supported Marguerite Clark in "Miss George Washington," have joined the Technicolor Company and have just arrived at the Jacksonville, Fla., studio.

Mary Pickford has no intention of stealing Viola Dana's thunder, but it has just been announced that she will photo-star in "A Poor Little Rich Girl," which as a stage-play helped to make Miss Dana famous.

Bessie Love, the dainty Triangle ingénue-star, has just been married. Oh, it was only for the benefit of the camera and Triangle fans! This is the tenth time Bessie has gone thru the "for better, for worse" ceremony, and she solemnly vows that, in real life, she'll never, never marry!

In "A Corner in Colleens," Bessie Barriscale wears a skirt made of Irish newspapers. She says it increased her circulation. Charles Ray, in "The Honorable Algy," wears a monocle. His fellow-players called it a window in his eye, but Charlie said they gave him a pane.



Following her work in "Intolerance," which was strengthened by "The Microscope Mystery," and opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Matrimaniac," Constance Talmadge, Norma's little sister, is going to be a star in her own right. She is now at work on her first starring vehicle.

Marguerite Courtot and Arthur Albertson are delightful exponents of modern society-dancing. It goes without saying that they are the envy of the less skillful in New York ballrooms. Here is a rare treat! They have consented to do a series of special dance poses for the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Here are a few more changes: Francelia Billington from Universal to American; Robert Elliott from the stage to support Nance O'Neil in Powell Productions; Richard Bennet from American to stage, in "Zack"; Alice Hollister from Kalem to Trincheria Productions; George Fisher from Triangle to Yorke-Metro.

Juanita Hansen, of Keystone, looked wonderfully pretty at the recent Directors' Ball, Los Angeles. As near as a mere man can describe it, her costume looked like a bloomer-affair which matched her blonde hair. She danced everything danceable and looked very pretty. (This is a fashion note!)

Max Linder's first guests at the Essanay studio were Lina Cavalieri, called "the world's most beautiful operatic singer," and her husband, Lucian Muratore, the noted French tenor. They spoke muchly of *la belle* Paris.

When Mary Pickford was at work on "Less Than the Dust," a camel was needed in a certain scene. Learning of the difficulty, John Ringling, a circus man, presented Little Mary with a fine, upstanding specimen of camelhood, whose official title is Abdul. His engagement passed off without a hitch, except for the fact that he ate up several costumes belonging to players in the cast.

Margarita Fischer, dressed as a lad, in "Miss Jackie of the Navy," acted a number of scenes aboard a man-o'-war, and stood on a mid-ocean buoy in one scene. But, then, Margarita always did make good use of the mails!

When asked for particulars concerning a recent accident, Marin Sais, of the Kalem Company, particularly requested that no mention be made of it. She has had so many bumps, falls and bruises and has broken limbs so often that she is sure that most of it sounds like the rankest sort of press-agent work! Poor Marin!

Essanay announces a new series, under the general title, "Is Marriage Sacred?" If you have any doubt of it, you might follow up the episodes, in all of which Marguerite Clayton, Lillian Drew, Sydney Ainsworth and other well-known Essanay players will help you solve your marital problems.

And now for a brief "star-gaze" into the future: Olga Petrova will soon appear in "The Orchid Lady"; Ann Murdock will be seen in "Envy," first of McClure's "Seven Deadly Sins"; Anita Stewart in "The Girl Phillipa"; Lillian Gish in "A House Built Upon Sand"; Theda Bara in "The Vixen" and Geraldine Farrar in "Joan, the Woman."

Alice Dovey, a pronounced hit on the stage, has deserted her play, "Very Good Eddie," to do some pictures for Pathé. Miss Dovey was delightful as the star of Famous Players' "The Commanding Officer," a year or two ago.

Lew Fields has yielded to the lure of the camera and the easy gathering of shekels therefrom. He has capitulated to World Film, and the most remarkable thing about the whole affair is that his press-agent didn't send out a report that he is drawing "the largest salary ever paid."

Here Are All the Winners o

"Little Mary" Pickford Wins First Prize Among the Ladie



Photo by McClure
MARGUERITE CLARK



Photo by Moody copyright
MARY PICKFORD



Photo by Hall
PEARL WHITE



THEDA BARA

THE great Popularity Contest has come to a close, and the most popular players in the world have been selected by the vast jury of over a million members. This jury has rendered the verdict that the ten most popular players are:

1. **Mary Pickford**
2. **Francis X. Bushman**
3. **Marguerite Clark**
4. **J. Warren Kerrigan**
5. **Pearl White**
6. **Theda Bara**
7. **Anita Stewart**
8. **Henry Walthall**
9. **Edward Earle**
10. **Wallace Reid**

For months it was a close race between Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark for first honors, and between Francis Bushman and "Jack" Kerrigan; but, during the final weeks, Miss Pickford and Mr. Bushman gradually drew away from their competitors and closed with a comfortable margin.

Among the ten winners we find just five males and five females. If they were to be

the Great Popular Player Contest

and Francis X. Bushman Wins First Prize Among the Men



Photo by Hartsook

FRANCIS BUSHMAN



J. WARREN KERRIGAN



Photo by Floyd copyright

ANITA STEWART



Photo by Matzene

HENRY WALTHALL

paired, we would have five teams as follows:

1. **Pickford and Bushman**
2. **Clark and Kerrigan**
3. **White and Walthall**
4. **Bara and Earle**
5. **Stewart and Reid**

And where could you find five such teams? We confess that we are quite pleased with the result. While we would like to have seen such names as Lockwood, Hart, Cunard and Williams among the ten, it would be impossible to spare more than one name from the list of ten that are written there, and many will think that not even one name can be spared. Anyway, it has been a perfectly fair and square contest, and we must all admit and concede that the ten names selected are the only ones that should have been selected. To these ten, therefore, we extend our hearty congratulations. To the several who did not quite make the ten, and to twenty or thirty others who did not get even within striking distance of the ten (for some unknown and

incomprehensible reason), we present our best wishes and the hope that they will appreciate the honor of being on the roll of honor even if not at the top.

To Miss Pickford has come the highest honor that has yet come to a photoplayer. To Mr. Bushman has come the next highest. May they continue to grow in public esteem and to prosper in their art! As an additional reward, we have promised to present Miss Pickford and Mr. Bushman each with a handsome painting, limned from especially posed portraits of themselves, by Leo Sielke, Jr., beautiful reproductions, which are to adorn the covers of our Magazine as soon as the same can be prepared and arranged for. The eight next high on the list will receive a handsomely engraved and engrossed certificate, reciting the number of votes received, and the ninety next high on the list will receive engraved certificates as a memento of the occasion.

POPULAR PLAYER CONTEST

Mary Pickford	462,190	Edward Coxen	86,165
Francis Bushman	411,800	Kathlyn Williams	84,765
Marguerite Clark	410,820	Mae Marsh	83,200
Warren Kerrigan	358,320	Herbert Rawlinson	81,320
Pearl White	310,690	Henry King	80,965
Theda Bara	294,035	Al Ray	80,330
Anita Stewart	283,460	Edna Mayo	80,110
Henry Walthall	271,740	May Allison	70,960
Edward Earle	268,760	Thomas Meighan	69,110
Wallace Reid	268,525	Lillian Walker	68,360
Harold Lockwood	267,905	Dorothy Gish	68,325
William Sherwood	264,665	Anna Little	67,870
William S. Hart	263,215	Naomi Childers	67,420
Earle Williams	251,610	Irving Cummings	66,860
Grace Cunard	246,190	Owen Moore	66,250
Ruth Roland	244,935	Bessie Barriscale	66,030
William Farnum	241,580	Fannie Ward	66,015
Pauline Frederick	151,210	Nellie Anderson	65,785
Beverly Bayne	147,140	Jane Novak	65,525
Dustin Farnum	146,560	Mary Anderson	65,040
Blanche Sweet	146,465	Billie Burke	54,855
Mary Fuller	144,530	Violet Mersereau	54,200
Mary Miles Minter	138.430	Viola Dana	51,965
Carlyle Blackwell	136,345	Ethel Clayton	50,155
Crane Wilbur	135,825	Jean Sothern	48,135
Robert Warwick	134,795	Ruth Stonehouse	45,925
Marguerite Snow	132,020	Robert Mantell	44,600
Florence LaBadie	128,820	Lottie Pickford	44,225
Creighton Hale	127,760	King Baggot	41,150
Olga Petrova	125,940	Hazel Dawn	40,185
Nell Craig	125,450	Frank Mayo	38,295
Norma Talmadge	119,655	William Courtleigh	36,600
Lillian Gish	113,130	Mabel Normand	35,730
Francis Ford	107,120	Earle Fox	35,035
Charles Chaplin	105,325	Margarita Fischer	34,835
Clara K. Young	102,705	Hobart Henley	34,535
Cleo Madison	101,245	Maurice Costello	34,005
Ella Hall	101,090	Charles Ray	33,620
Edith Storey	100,475	Dorothy Kelly	33,210
Antonio Moreno	100,465	Harry Northrup	33,100
Bryant Washburn	100,405	Vera Sisson	32,340
Douglas Fairbanks	99,250	Marie Newton	30,680
Marguerite Courtot	97,930	Helen Holmes	30,235
Alexander Gaden	96,040	William Garwood	29,740
Alice Joyce	91,185	Mae Murray	26,805
Geraldine Farrar	89,910	Marie Doro	26,110
Harris Gordon	88,940	Edwin August	25,730
Tom Forman	88,350	Vivian Rich	24,035
Cleo Ridgely	87,955	E. K. Lincoln	23,705
Romaine Fielding	87,560	Richard Stanton	22,030
House Peters	87,140	Louise Glaum	20,920

Max Linder Comes Back!

By CLEMENT F. CHANDLER

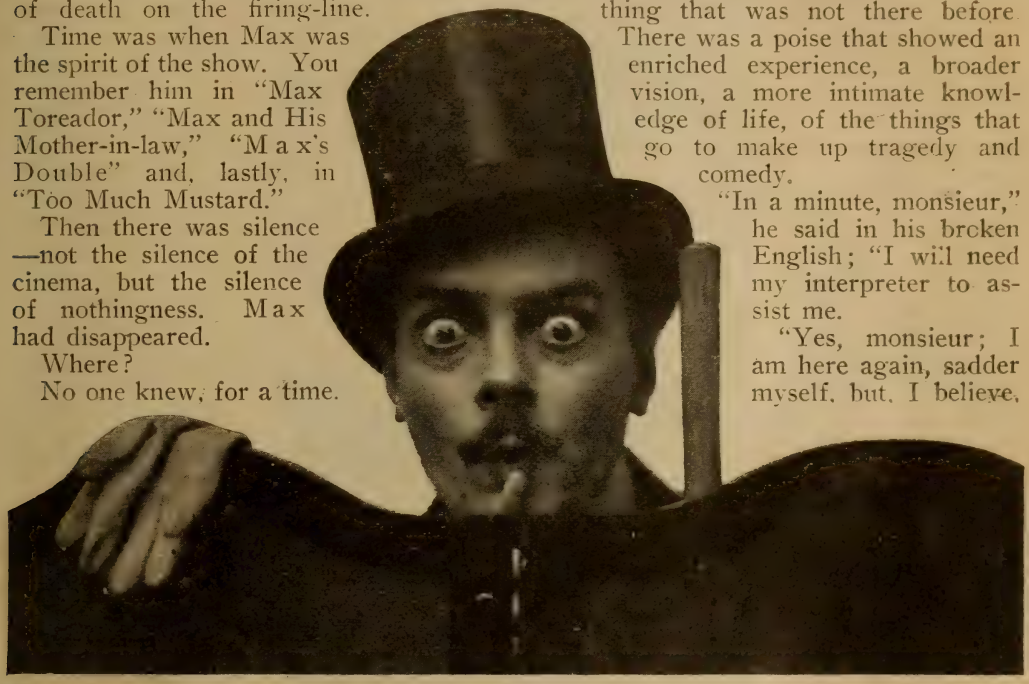
MAX LINDER has come back—back from the years ago when we used to laugh over his absurd antics on the screen; back from the shadow of death on the firing-line.

Time was when Max was the spirit of the show. You remember him in "Max Toreador," "Max and His Mother-in-law," "Max's Double" and, lastly, in "Too Much Mustard."

Then there was silence—not the silence of the cinema, but the silence of nothingness. Max had disappeared.

Where?

No one knew, for a time.



Then word came from France that M. Linder had offered his high-powered car and his life to his country.

This was the last of Max, for word came that he had been killed.

But Max indignantly denied that he was either dead or a "dead one." He was wounded, it was true—shot thru the lung. It was while convalescing in the military hospital at Contrexville that George K. Spoor, president of Essanay, found him and negotiated to bring him to America to give him back to the screen.

Max is back. He stepped mincingly across the floor of the Essanay studio, in Chicago, in his latest Parisian frock coat, silk hat and stick.

It was the same Max, with feet as tiny as a lady's—Max, the "dandy," the "Super-Knut."

He rolled his big, flirty eyes in the same old way; he pursed his lips and "smacked" the beautiful blonde—not quite where you expected.

But there was a difference—a something that was not there before. There was a poise that showed an enriched experience, a broader vision, a more intimate knowledge of life, of the things that go to make up tragedy and comedy.

"In a minute, monsieur," he said in his broken English; "I will need my interpreter to assist me.

"Yes, monsieur; I am here again, sadder myself, but, I believe, more capable to make others laugh.

"It has been a terrible experience I have been thru. I have seen men suffer; I have seen men die; I have been close to death myself.

"You think, monsieur, that this experience would kill all the laughter in me? You are wrong. It has made me infinitely sad, but it has also taught me to laugh.

"There is one secret of laughter which I have learnt by this experience—the propinquity of laughter and tragedy.

"Soldiers, monsieur, learn to laugh. The horror of the battlefield is terrible. It is ghastly. To brood on it drives men mad.

"So we learn to laugh—to take things as a matter of course. If we die, it is as it will be; if we live, we are glad. We laugh; we weep over the dead comrade; we rejoice over those who are

living. So it is—the laughter and the tears are mingled together.

"Each day is a new life. The man in the trenches lives for the day. He smokes his pipe or cigaret, or he goes without; he eats his rations, or he goes without; he does his work; he amuses himself as best he can; he jokes; he laughs; he fixes bayonets and charges the cannon's mouth—and dies. It is all the same; it is his life.

"Ah, monsieur, when you hold the hand of a dying comrade, you know the grim tragedy of life.

"This great sadness has made me wish to bring more joy into the world. I want to make people laugh as never before.

"This experience has added a new element to my comedy; has taught me to inject a whimsical humor into tragedy—to bring laughter at the verge of tears.

"It is the contrast, monsieur—the quick change from sadness to joy. That is humor in the highest sense; that is laughter. They are closely akin—the tears and the smiles. I, myself, rely more on facial expression to make comedy than on antics, tho I employ all means. I prefer the subtle comedy, the artistic touch, but it is a mistake to say I do not use the slapstick. I do not make it the object; I do not force it; but I employ it when it comes in naturally. In slapstick there must be suddenness of action, a quick turn of events, something unexpected, to bring laughter. It must touch the ridiculous.



MAX LINDER

"You may smoke, monsieur; I enjoy the smell of a cigaret. But myself! I can smoke no more—the injury to my lung, monsieur. The doctor has told me never to touch the cigaret again. It is a hardship, but it is necessary.

"Also, I can eat very little. Pah! The physician found out all the things I liked to eat, and then cut them off the list. I eat mostly soups. I do not like them—these soups.

"Yes, I have been on the stage. I started on the stage. But stage comedy and screen comedy are entirely different. One must think more to be successful on the screen. On the stage, one relies on the physical appearance, on the voice, on the wit and repartee of the play, as well as on personality. On the screen, you rely on your own action, on your own ability entirely, to express a thought or emotion. But it was hard for me to get on the stage. My parents were stage-folk, but they did not want me to act. At twelve I was sent to a school in Bordeaux, where I was born, to be an artist. I did not like the work."

(*To be continued in the March number*)



ANSWER DEPARTMENT

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them This is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

SONIAN.—Your letter was indeed interesting. It is too early yet to record the sizes of the big military men in the present war, and I cannot say if they are all small men like Napoleon, Charlemagne, Hannibal, Cæsar, Wellington, William of Orange, Earl Roberts, Dewey, Nelson, Sheridan, Alexander the Great, Joe Wheeler, and Frederick the Great. I think it is not true, either, that the leading statesmen of the present day are all small like Hamilton, Tilden, McKinley, Burr, Harrison, Douglas and Seward. Nor are the present-day authors small of stature as were Shakespeare, Pope, Balzac, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Kipling, Keats and Voltaire. Nor are our great musicians little men as were Wagner, Mozart, Chopin, Beethoven, Rubinstein, Schubert, Liszt, Paderewski, Haydn and Weber. Nor are all of our great answer men little like I am.

BEIDERMANN.—Douglas Gerrard was Paul in "Bettina Loved a Soldier." Tom Forman in "Public Opinion." Marshall Neilan had the lead in "Mice and Men."

COUNTRY LOVER.—Marguerite Snow is with Ivan. Mary Fuller is not playing now. Glad to hear from you any time.

J. C. ADAMS.—You say that "Two men were to have a duel with pistols, and one's name was Shot and the other's Not. Now Shot shot the first shot, and the shot that Shot shot shot not Not, and the shot that Not shot shot not Shot, so they had to shoot again. This time the shot that Shot shot shot Not, so Shot won!" I hope you feel better now, after getting that out of your system.

PEGGY R.—Dont believe all the scandal you hear. Some people can paint other people blacker than coal. There have been hundreds of educational films produced, such as "The Hemp Industry of Yucatan," "Building a Locomotive," "Rice Industry in United States," "The Japanese Silk Industry," "Manufacture of Big Guns for the Nation's Defense," "Food Inspection," "The Shell Comb Industry," "California Alligator Industry" and so on.

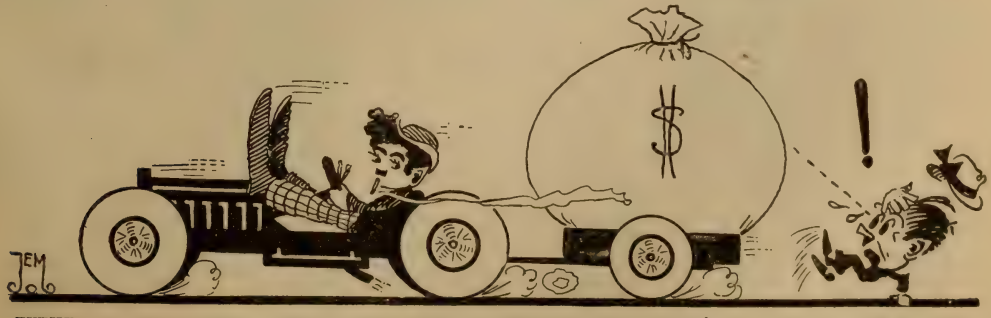
PINKY, 17.—I am sorry you have been waiting so long for an answer, but just take this tip—all things come to the patient waiter. You see, I always tip good waiters. Gordon Gray and Antonio Moreno were the rivals for the fair Peggy Hyland's hand in "Rose of the South."

QUEENA.—I hope you have fully recovered from your illness. Sorry it was necessary to undergo an operation. Yes, I agree with you that "pain will turn an angel into a barbarian," but I rejoice that it was not so in your case.

LUCILLE LOVE.—Grace Cunard and Francis Bushman have been playing together for about three years. I am not particularly interested in any of the twelve or fifteen serials now on the market. Isn't it too bad that coal and mercury dont travel in the same direction?

EDNA M.—I was so busy advising President Wilson how to run the government next term that I did not get a chance to answer your letter. Norma Talmadge is in New York. She worked at Stamford, Conn.

BESSIE W.—Really, I dont know where the usher boys get their information. William Farnum is still with Fox. William Shay is with the Brenon Company.



EVENTS OF THE WEEK: CHARLIE CHAPLIN TRANSPORTS ONE WEEK'S SALARY TO HIS BANKERS

JOSEPHINE S., FREEPORT.—So you say Clyde Brown is with the Essanay Company. It is pretty hard to gain entrance to a studio. Visitors interfere with the rehearsing. You refer to William Duncan in "God's Country and the Woman." Get in touch with our Photoplay Service Bureau.

PAUL WILLIS.—Sorry, but I haven't his address. Lots of us are less afraid of doing wrong than of being laughed at. We are too good to be bad, but we would like to be bad if we dared.

MADISON ADMIRER.—Cleo Madison recently married. See our coming article, "Then They Were Married." Yes, Alma Hilton writes once in a while. Get in touch with our sales manager.

DOROTHY W.—History is really nothing but a collection of epitaphs—a record of the great men who have lived and died. L. Payton and James O'Neill in "The Goose Girl." Sorry—I'm hard of hearing, conveniently.

CAROLINE.—So you want to correspond with Lockwood fans. Why not join the correspondence club?

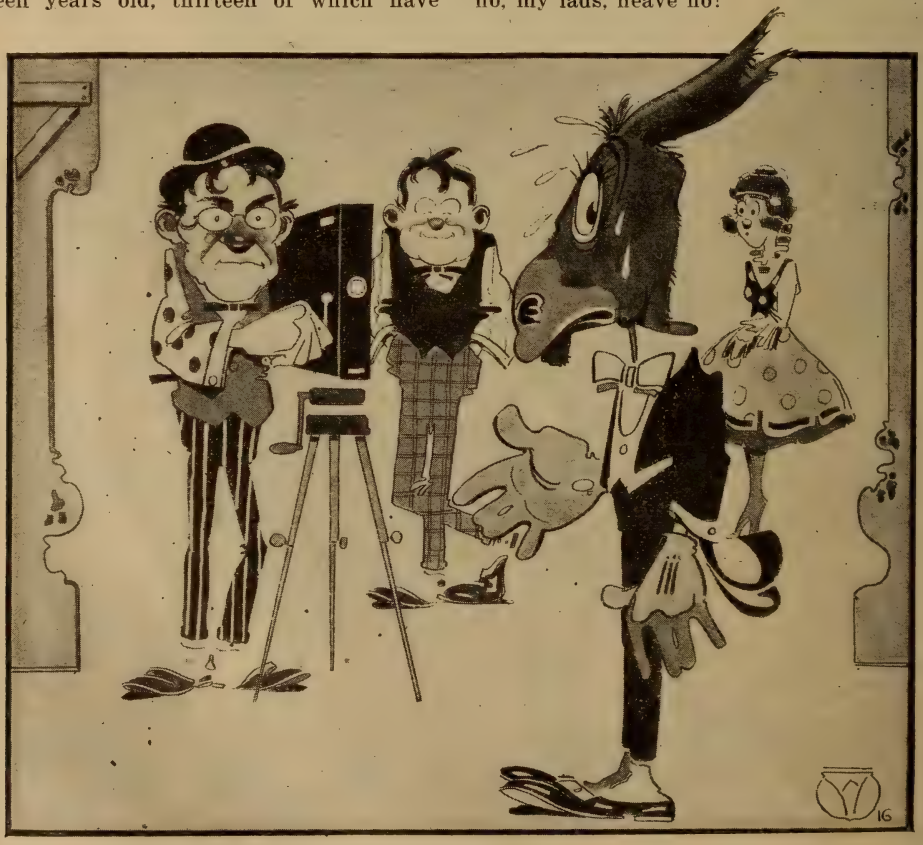
MRS. A. W. A., CANADA.—Cleo Madison was Tryne and Ray Hanford was Marophat in "Trey o' Hearts." Gladys Hulette is only sixteen years old, thirteen of which have been spent in acting. Mildred Bracken is not playing now. Beatrice Van is with American. Flora Finch with Thanhouser. Hazel Buckham is not playing now. "Out of the Drifts" was taken in Ithaca.

JAMES M., SAN FRANCISCO.—Bluebird is a branch of Universal. You write to Universal, Universal City, Cal. Sorry you have had troubles, but remember that "sweet are the uses of diversity."

HARRY CAREY ADMIRER.—I have often regretted my speech, but never my silence. I often say and write things which I would not say or write were I asleep. I should like to see your book very much. Harry Carey is still with Universal.

ETHEL W.—"Overruns" is a studio term used to express the extra footage on films of given length. Retakes are often made on account of bad lights, poor development, ineffective action, etc., and often run to greater length than the trimmed film itself. Mary McLaren was the girl in "Shoes." Mary Pickford is in New York.

MARY G.—You say there are only three real emotional actresses—Valeska Suratt, Theda Bara and Marguerite Clark. Well, I'm not going to say anything, but my readers will. Come on now, all together. Heave ho, my lads, heave ho!



THE WAY A GREEN PHOTOPLAYER FEELS WHEN HE IS BEFORE THE CAMERA FOR THE FIRST TIME

J. P. G.—Yes, there have been lots of pictures of Yellowstone Park, also of Yosemite Valley and of the Grand Canyon.

MRS. L. E. J.—Richard Travers is with Essanay yet. Marc MacDermott is with Vitagraph. Let me hear from you again.

CLIO H. A.—No, Charles Ray is not married. And you really did not know that John Milton wrote "Paradise Lost"? He was a poet of the Puritans.

MIRIAM E. K.—Yes, Edward Earle. I think that they should stop the unnecessary elaboration and prolongation of scenes of suffering, brutality, vulgarity, violence and crime in the films.

FLORENCE B.—You have that wrong; Pauline Frederick played in "The Eternal City." The United States coal-fields have an area of 160,000 square miles, but it is believed that there are 310,000 which contain coal. The estimated quantity of available coal is 3,000,000,000,000 tons.

DOROTHY C. T.—The Bushman-Bayne team are still playing. Frank Andrews was the husband in "The Nightingale." Jack Standing is with Triangle. Orin Johnson with Fox.

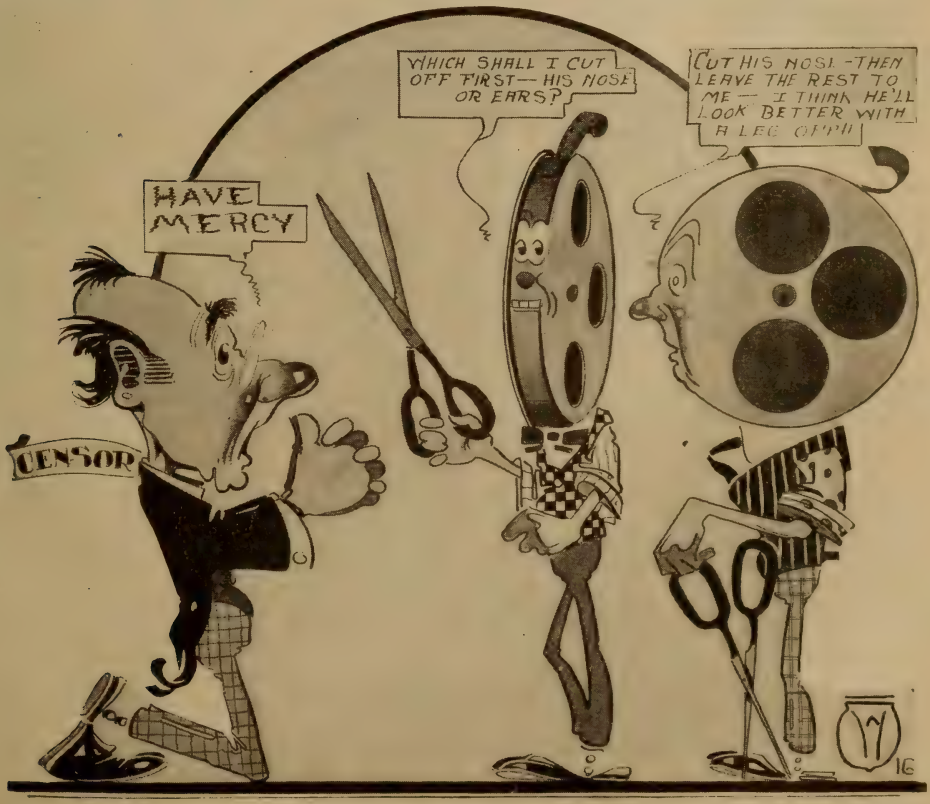
LYDIA S.—I am sorry for you, my dear child, but be patient and you will be happy. Perhaps some day I can write to you direct. Your sister may come to you in June. Geraldine Farrar is in California now. Why dont you write to Dolores Costello, Bayside, L. I.? She would be glad to hear from you. The letter takes up too much space here.

W. WALLACE H.—No, I am pretty sure Mary Pickford did not campaign in the last contest. More than 1,500,000 electric storage batteries are used in automobiles in the United States.

MARY C. M.—You say my columns are refreshing and abounding in the sauce that spices life with a rare and wholesome flavor. Oh, joy! Have forwarded your verses. Thanks again.

PEGGY, 19.—Gladys Hulette was the girl in "The Shine Girl." Ethelmary Oakland was Baby Kenyon and Wayne Arey was Robert. Yes, Sydney Ayres is dead. I dont know where Jessalyn Van Trump is now. I suppose she is married and not playing. The same of Pauline Bush.

FICKLE MARY.—That is a myth. Nero was not a monster. He did not kill his mother nor fiddle over burning Rome. Frank Bennett in "The Little Catamount." Hazel Buckham opposite Thomas Chatterton in "The Open Door." Riley Chamberlain in "The Stolen Anthurium." Yes, William Hart in "Bad Buck" (Triangle). Francelia Billington and William Garwood in "Shadows of the Past." You will get all those pictures in time.



A CENSOR'S NIGHTMARE

M. D., DENVER.—Sleeping and passenger-car scenes are usually taken in the studios. The car is a three-sided set, open at the camera end, and long rolls of scenery unroll rapidly before its windows to give realism. In some recent photoplays such as "A Lass of the Lumberlands" electric lighting plants have been taken along on an extra car and scenes were filmed in the Pullmans. Peggy Hyland was with Famous Players first. Winnifred Allen was May in "Seventeen." You failed to enclose the envelope.



THE WAY IT SEEMS TO WILLIE WHENEVER HE STARTS TO GO TO THE MOVIES

PAULINE M.—I shall tell the Editor you want a picture of Olga Petrova on the cover.

LILLIAN D.—Thank you. You enclose a list of players and want to know their religion. I am trying hard to keep politics, war and religion out of this department.

ORPHA.—Of course you can be one of my friends. Warren Kerrigan is not married. I must confess that I admire you greatly. Confession of our faults is next to innocence. Dont shoot—I'll come down!

L. W. H., WATERBURY.—Robert Mantell and Genevieve Hamper in "Green-eyed Monster." We get very little snow here, and as soon as we do get a heavy snow it is cleared right away or traffic is tied up. Teddy Sampson is with Triangle. Yes, all the plays you mention are in circulation.

D. F. B.—The Christ in "Intolerance" is not cast. Eileen Hume was Ethel and Alec B. Francis was Captain Woodland in "The Hindoo's Revenge." Grace Eagan was the mother and Gladys Eagan was the child in "The Empty Crib" (Unicorn).

LYDIA G.—While the players often get hurt and expect to when doing daring stunts, there is no pain in the wound received in the moment of victory. We had a dandy chat with Pauline Frederick in the January Classic. She played in "Sold," "The Eternal City," "The Moment Before" and "Ashes of Embers."

ILONA H. M.—Thanks for the picture. You will hear from me later.

YPONOMENTEA PUSIELA.—Am not sure that I have all the letters in there. I did not intend to reproach you, because I know that reproaches in misfortune are more intolerable than misfortune itself. Thanks. Glad of your luck.

N. B. S.—Charlotte Walker is with Thanhouser. Florence Dagmar in "The Clown." That's right—when you gain new friends dont forget the old ones.

LASSIE, OCEAN CITY.—Thanks for your nice long letter. G. M. Anderson is in New York and is interested in the Longacre Theater. Yes, send along that t o o t h. I mean the shark's. Bessie Sankey is not playing now.

MAY D., JAMAICA.—Why, you ought to be glad you are living. It is less evil to be unable to live than not to know how to live. T h e d a Bara was born in Cincinnati. Dont believe all those reports.

E. M. S., FITCHBURG.—Yes, Max Linder is the mirror of fashion. In England they call him the "Super-knut." "Knut" is English slang for dude. "Joan of Arc" is now being shown. Eric Trent in the above. Not Wallace Reid. Not Earle Foxe, but Crane Wilbur. Wallace Reid's interview in May, 1915.

MARY M. D.—Awfully much obliged for the delicious grape-fruit. I love 'em. They are only lemons that have grown fat and prosperous, but what would life be without them? The "X" in Bushman's name stands for Xavier. Miss Bayne has played opposite only Mr. Bushman.

EDNA M. N.—Thanks for the booklet of Jacksonville. I'm coming down there some time. I noticed in the last election campaign that the female of the species was more effective than the male.

OLGA, 17.—No, darling, I have never seen a white crow. Parrots are known to reach the age of 100 years. The oldest parrot on record is "Cocky Bennett," a cockatoo which lived to the venerable age of 119 years, so dont fear old age yourself.

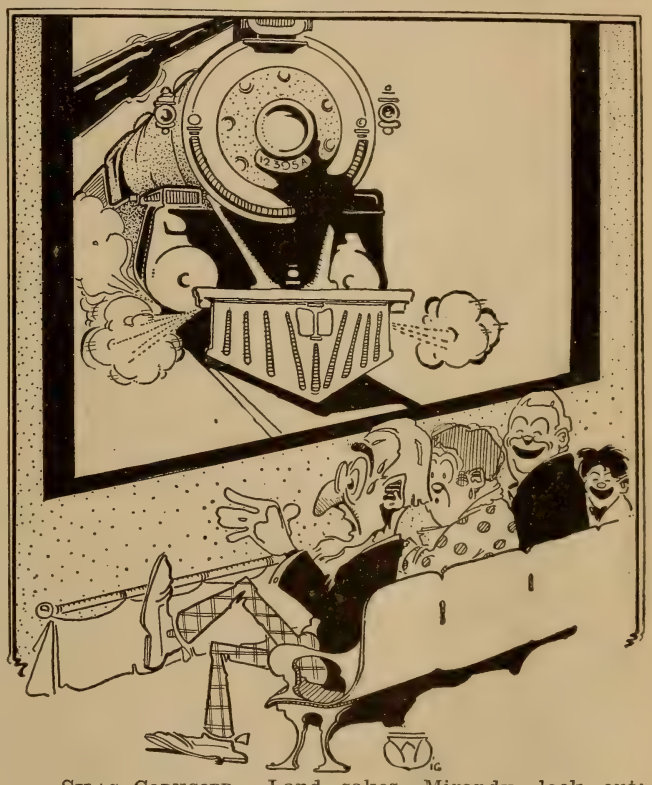
WINIFRED M., TOLEDO.—Your questions are entirely out of order. Film companies are sometimes weird advertisers. I have just heard from Tampa, Fla., that all the street depository-cans have been painted with the Paramount trade-mark. But this does not mean that Paramount films are junk.

MISS M. G.—You sent the stamp but not the envelope. Just think of the high cost of envelopes and be more considerate. I would try them all and see which would take me. No, you have Ella Hall wrong. She is in Los Angeles. You failed to sign your name, too.

HENRY H.—Sorry I cant help you. If you knew the company, I could help you. Yes, it was close. Hereafter we might let California do all the voting and save the expense and trouble to the other States. Mr. Hughes has had one close shave at least, hasn't he? It was all because Shady Lawn got a place in the sun.

CHALMERS PUB. CO., 17 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK.—Thanks for copy of your new book, "Screencraft," by Louis Reeves Harrison; price $2. I have read it carefully and it has my O. K., for it is one of the most scholarly collections of essays on photoplay writing that I have seen.

ERNEST A. H.—Thanks for the kind invitation. I fear I cannot accept your kind invitation to visit your club of fifty boys, but I am awfully obliged. I am sure I am a big loser by not being able to get there.



SILAS CORNCOBB — Land sakes, Mirandy, look out; she's coming right at us!

W. A. H.; GERTRUDE W.; JANE L.; GEORGE C.; CASEY; A SUBSCRIBER; IRIS; FLORENCE A. S.; RINE; ANNA M. S.; M. J. W., EL PASO; WINNIE; BETTY J.; TEXAS COW-GIRL; MARY ANN; DUNCAN A., PINE BLUFF; CATHERINE B.; LITTLE ANNA M.; EVERY WEEK; ELIZABETH M.; J. JOSCELYN, MONTREAL; F. G. D., SPRING HILL; A. C. D.; LEGITIMATE ACTRESS; HARRY M.; SAMUEL S.; MAGNOLIA; ESTELLA S.; IRENE M.; OLIVE H., TORONTO; EDDIE; HERMAN H.; MORGAN S.; B. G.; M. P. M. A.; MARJORIE L., LYNN; BILLY; CLINTON, 49; M. & C.; D. F. B.; LUCIA E. L.; MRS. LAURA MCL.; ME MUCH INTERESTED; LITTLE FRIEND; CYRIL B.; H. KENNETH H.; GERTRUDE R.; GALE L.; CHEWY; GRAHAM CRACKERS; MRS. S. B., SEATTLE; CURY O.; ELEANOR P.; WALLACE, D. C.; SWEET TENNESSEE GIRL; IDA MAE; JIMMY U.; R. B., MONTREAL; K. K. K.; HAROLD K.; VIOLET C.; ELMOND W. B.; GEORGE MC.; THE SPECTATOR; AN ADMIRER.—Sorry I cant answer you individually this time. Please let me hear from you again.

HY S.—You may admire the players, but you must not adore. We do not always adore those we admire—unless it is ourselves. Yes, he is a real Jap. Regarding those starving babies in Germany, I noticed that the *Deutschland* carried back a load of one thousand tons of gold, silver and rubber for them! Pretty toothless teething-rings!

IRVING M.—You can reach Warren Kerrigan, Universal City, Cal. Harry Carey has returned to Universal. Frankie Mann, Donald Hall, James Morrison and Louise Vale in "The Sex Lure" (Ivan).

JUNE D.—Kathlyn Williams is with Morosco. Robert Vaughn opposite Marguerite Clark in "Still Waters." You are one of the thousands who ask for photographs.

IMOGENE P. — Last chat with Marguerite Snow was in October, 1914. Lottie Pickford is Mrs. Rupp. You see, Mr. Hughes was right when he said that work would be scarce if Wilson was elected, for now he's out of a job himself.

A. L. S.—You want me to ask Mr. Brewster to put a picture of Francis X. Bushman in the Gallery. That's easy.



LEM RICK.—Billie Quirk was with the Harvard Film Company. Charles Mailes and Evelyn Selsbie will also be seen under the direction of Lois Weber.

MRS. T. B.—Yes, I have good digestion and I sometimes inhabit the lobster palaces of Broadway. To eat is human, to digest divine. Augustus Phillips is with Metro. Jessie McAllister is still alive. Yes.

JOHN S.—So you have had your Classics bound together. Righto. Of course I want to hear from you. It is interesting to know what curious nicknames the soldiers in Europe have for projectiles. Here are some of them: "Woolly Bears" are shells which throw out a heavy, yellow smoke; "Coal Boxes" give off a thick, black smoke; "Whizz-bangs" are shells that are named after the sound they make; "Rum Jars" are cylindrical shells from the German trench-mortars, they travel so slowly that one has plenty of time to see them coming and to duck; "Sausages" are funny-looking things that turn over and over in the air. You can see them coming, but they contain a high explosive that blows everything to ribbons.

M. D., DENVER.—Florence Dagmar was the leading lady in "The Clown." Yes, Mary Pickford did play in "Iola's Promise." Marguerite Snow was born in Savannah, Ga., on Sept. 9, 1892. She has brown hair, brown eyes, and is five feet three inches.

NELL E. H.—A villain must also have in him a little of the milk of human kindness, even if it is sour milk. So you dont care for Bessie Love. She has lots of admirers without counting you.

AGNES C., MONTREAL.—Never do a thing by halves unless you are opening oysters. What's worth doing is worth doing well. The world will always be ruled by the Teddy Roosevelts and Billy Sundays. All we can do is to force the leaders to be moderate.

MYRTLE B. P.—Wilmuth Merkyl was Stephen in "Blazing Love." The invention of the automobile is very recent, but steam-propelled carriages were in existence more than fifty years ago.

AMERICA M., ST. AUGUSTINE.—There is a limit to everything—even to my patience. The National Board of Review recognizes that Motion Pictures are a true form of drama and hence a legitimate vehicle for public controversies. Earle Williams is playing right along now.

HUMORESQUE.—I think Pearl White would answer you. And you dont care for "Gloria's Romance"? One of my Classic readers states that if Blanche Sweet played opposite William Hart they would be the Sweetheart Co.

ROBERTA B. N.—If love is a flame that is kindled by fire, then an old stick is best because 'tis drier. Is it not so? Or, "nest pah?" as the French say. Russell Bassett was Sid in "Little Pal." Bert Hadley was the half-breed; George Anderson the lover.

RUSSELL S. B.—Please dont call me "Pretty Baby." I may be in my second childhood, but I resent being told so. Tom Forman opposite Mae Murray in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." You refer to Mahlon Hamilton.

BETTY OF MELROSE.—Glad to see you. Stuart Holmes was the villain in "Life's Shop Window." That is his real mustache and not a make-believe one. William Tedmarsh with American. Edward Jose was the fool.

CLARENCE DE GREAT.—If it is true that the Great Man will plant German kultur all over the earth, then well might we exclaim: "O death where is thy sting?" That cast was too old. Mildred Manning was Bess in "Charity Ball."

DOROTHY W.—Yes, but Britain pays a lot of attention to our letters if not to our notes. Alan Hale was Jericho, Gretchen Hartman was Mrs. Braden, Denman Maley was Buck and Ida Fitzhugh was Mrs. Brannigan in "Rolling Stones." Blanche Sweet and Earle Foxe in "Public Opinion."

MAE G.—So you liked the Marguerite Clark cover. Eric Campbell was Moe in "The Count." There are about 3,000 languages in the world; 3,001 in New York alone.

J. JENSON L.—Creighton Hale was Reuben in "The Old Homestead" (Famous Players). Beverly Bayne was Eugenia in "Pennington's Choice."

RITA M.—Louise Huff and John Bowers in "The Reward of Patience." Alan Forrest has come East to accept an offer. His new wife, Anna Little, may come with him.

THE ETERNAL QUESTIONER.—All Biograph films were released thru General Film until recently, when somebody bought the right to reissue some of the old ones.

RETA M.—You dont ask fresh questions. All you asked have been answered.

ERNESTINE N.—Thanks for your verse, which is so clever that I must find room for it. "A maid with a duster once made a great bluster a-dusting a bust in the hall; and when it was dusted, the bust it was busted, and the bust now is dust—that is all." Alfred Paget was Enoch and Lillian Gish was Annie in "Enoch Arden" (Biograph). Thomas Meighan in "The Sowers."

BRINGO.—Ethyle Cooke and Thomas Curran in "The Necklace of Pearls." Mary Alden is a native of the sunny South, New Orleans being her birthplace. She was educated at the Notre Dame College in Montreal. She is very fine at painting pictures.

LADY FLANDAB.—So you dont want to be put in the paragraph with all the initials. Well, some fine writers find themselves in that paragraph. I wish I could answer you all, but I haven't room for all. Marshall Neilan, Gertrude Robinson, Henry Walthall, Blanche Sweet in "Classmates." Lorella Blake and Sidney Mason in "The Absentees."

ANNE.—How's that? It is funny how impatient some people are with over-praise of others, how patient with over-praise of themselves, and yet the one does them no harm, while the other may be their ruin.

FROG BUBBLES.—The crust of the earth is about thirty miles thick and the interior of the earth is supposed to be a molten mass. Hal Cooley is with Universal. Clara K. Young played in "The Common Law." Owen Moore is playing opposite Irene Fenwick.

G. U. STIFF.—Again! Jessie Lewis was Tifine in "The Dark Silence." See here, I wont have you writing love-letters to me like that. You've got lots of time yet. Bryant was 19 when he wrote "Thanatopsis."

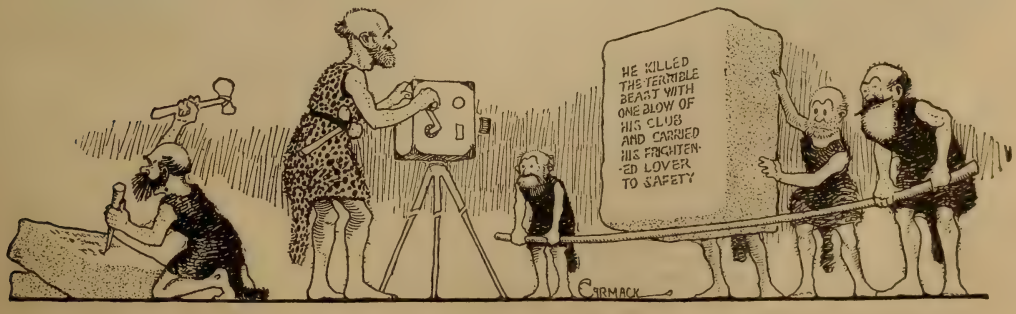
D. M., TORONTO.—I do wish you would please put your name at the beginning of the letter. I have to wade thru several sheets before I can get to it. Yes, we have back numbers of our magazine on hand. You say you are my friend, yet you want to get me married! You are no friend of mine!

EVERY WEEK.—You ought to make it every day. Of course I do my own sewing. Do you think I hire a dressmaker? I always put my whiskers under the sheet when I go to bed—they might catch cold if I didn't. You suggest having a wig made for my bald pate. Nay, say not so, Horatio.

VIOLET V.—Edward Earle again. Tsuru Aoki was the Jap girl in "Alien Souls." Henry Walthall is still with Essanay. I am glad you like the brown Gallery. Sure, I am always glad to get snaps—even ginger snaps.

ROSE MARIE.—No, and if you sent me $5 I wouldn't send you a photo of myself. I am always glad to hear from you. P. S.—You might send me the $5 and I will think it over.

BALDHEAD.—Yes, Vivian Rich is with American. When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for you to ask if Flora Finch wears pink underwear, it's time for me to give up the ghost.



ONE REASON WHY THE MOVIE BUSINESS DID NOT FLOURISH DURING THE STONE AGE

MARY, 2.—Jerry White did not play a leading part in "The Only Man." He was only one of the also-rans. Charles Ray and Rita Stanwood in "The Deserter." Wyndham Standing and Anna Lehr in "The Bugle Call." Mary Alden was the girl and Spottiswoode Aitken in "Innocent Magdalene."

EVERY WEEK.—Dorothy E. Gish was born in Dayton, O., March 11, 1898, and Lillian Gish was born in Springfield, O., Oct. 14th. So your salary is very near mine. And you say you also live in a hallroom. Then, how is it you are not an Answer Man?

GABRIEL F.—Of course I am not offended. I never get angry. Let the other fellows do that. Thanks for yours.

FATTY.—Why not try each? Norma Talmadge and James Morrison in "Battle Cry of Peace." George Melford directed "The Winning of Sally Temple."

LILLIAN A.—Victor Sutherland opposite Theda Bara in "Daredevil Kate." Brains aren't intellect, remember, for a goose has brains. Yes, I liked Madame Petrova very much in "Extravagance," but there were so many stories in one.

ANITA STEWART'S IDOLATRESS.—Yes, S. Rankin Drew is the son of Sidney Drew. We all hope that Vitagraph will reissue some of their old films. Send along the snaps. Would like to have them. Anita Stewart selected the Indian rug as her prize.



BRUDDER JOHNSON (leading in prayer): And let us be thankful, breddern and sistern, dat alldo eberyt'ing else hab done gone up, de movies am still de same price.

RUTH E. B.—You will get a picture of Billie Burke soon. Her last picture was "Gloria's Romance."

ANNA E. S.—Yes, Earle Foxe was the villain in "Alien Souls." Of course you must always sign your name. Elmer Clifton was the eldest brother. Edith Storey appeared on the stage as a child before entering films. She is known to her friends as "Billie" and is a firm disciple of the outdoors. Riding, autoing, walking, swimming and tennis are her favorite pastimes. Miss Storey was born March 18, 1892.

M. M., BOSTON.—Of course I want to hear from you. William Roselle was David in "Gloria's Romance." Yes, some of the pictures have been published and some have not of the eighty that are given away with a year's subscription. Thomas Holding played in both "Sold" and "The Moment Before."

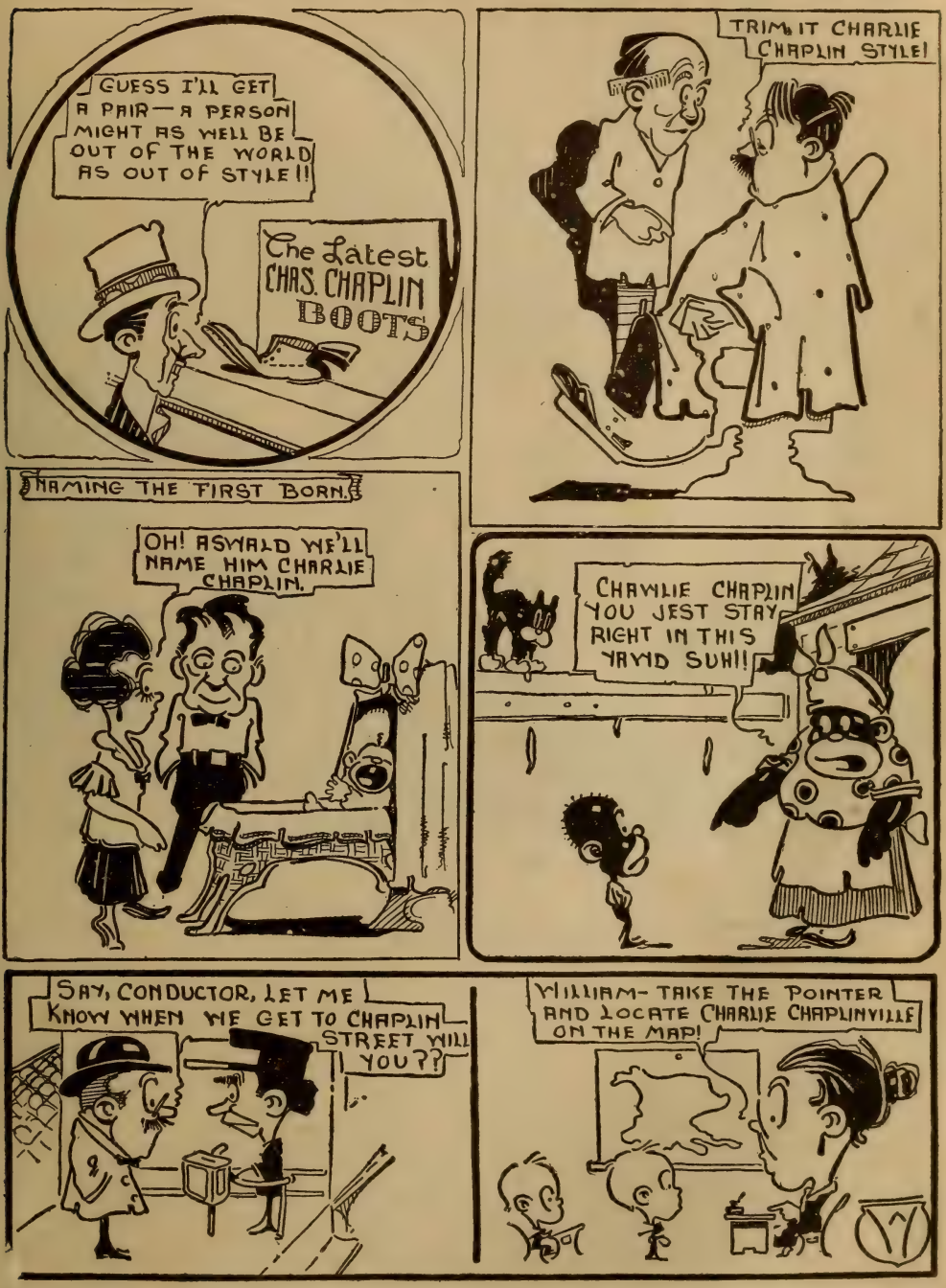
ETHELYN MAE.—Mary MacLaren was the girl in "Shoes." So you think I ought to be with Lew Kelly's "Hello, New York!" or Sam Sidman's "Hot Dog Show." I am not familiar with either of them. My enemies have never injured me as much as I expected them to. Indeed, I am lately feeling rather kindly toward many of them; they let me alone so steadily.

RUTH E. L.—Vernon Steele played the dual rôle in "Little Lady Eileen."

JIM, 14.—Leonie Flugrath recently changed her name to Shirley Mason. So you like Walthall. You're right, the girl who will lie in bed while her mother gets breakfast would lie to her sweetheart.

MAE.—Yes, his wife. You have the wrong title. How do you expect me to look up things when you give the wrong titles? Eddie Polo is still with Universal.

WILL IT EVER COME TO THIS?



Why dont the merchants wake up and seize the Chaplin opportunity? Just the other day Charlie received a letter from a suspenders manufacturer asking permission to get out a pair of Chaplin suspenders. Fudge! this is ridiculously inapt—Charlie has no use for suspenders; he's never in a state of "suspended animation."

BULLY, 17.—Harry Mortimer was Tom in "Her Great Price."

EVERY WEEK.—So you have seen 217 Paramount plays out of 266 and 82 Triangles out of 104. Do you live in a picture show or are you an operator? "A. M." or "M. A." after a name means Bachelor of Arts.

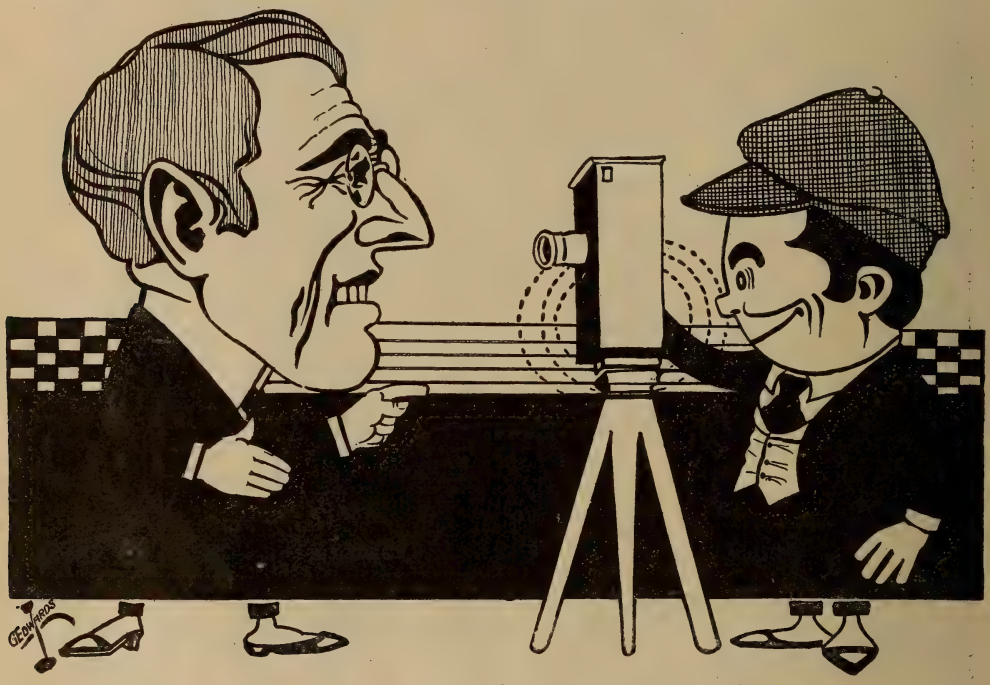
LILLIAN C.—You are for Mary Miles Minter. Yes, Bessie Love and William Hart in "Aryan." Vivian Martin was Nell in "The Stronger Love." It is pretty hard to get a pass for Vitagraph.

WILLIAM FARNUM.—They are no relation. Yes, that is true. So you like the Farnums. I shall look with expectancy. Thanks.

BILLIE R.—Napoleon Bonaparte was known as "The Little Corporal." Florence Malone was the girl in "The Yellow Menace." Too many people are coming to see me in my cage—the Editor is thinking of putting me under lock and key.

MRS. E. A.—You ask why not let each theater exhibit either dramas, or comedies, or all burlesques instead of all kinds of pictures in one night, so that people could make a selection and see what they liked. That's an idea, and no doubt it would please many.

GERTRUDE E.—Lillian Gish is the elder. Your letter was very interesting. You didn't ask many questions. Ah, ha!



PRESERVING THE PRESIDENT'S EXPRESSION OF 1916

M. B. M.—Well, of all the—I wont say it, but never send a photoplay to a player and ask him to criticize it for you. People get paid to do that. All I can tell you to do is to keep right on writing.

BETTY.—Robert Vaughn opposite Marguerite Clark. Why dont you get the Classic? Yes, the Rialto is the name of a bridge over the Grand Canal in Venice.

S. O. L. D.—Harold Lockwood is out West. Thanks for your good wishes. No, there are very few of us as studious as were our forefathers. Demosthenes studied in a cave by lamplight and Lincoln did about the same.

PINE KNOT LODGE.—Your first attempt was excellent. Remember that there must always be a beginning to everything except eternity. Of course I am a man. You must get that idea out of your head about my being a woman. I would like to meet the first man who called me a woman.

GABRIEL T.—Thank you very much indeed for the cigar jar. Hope it wont "can" my smoking in the office.

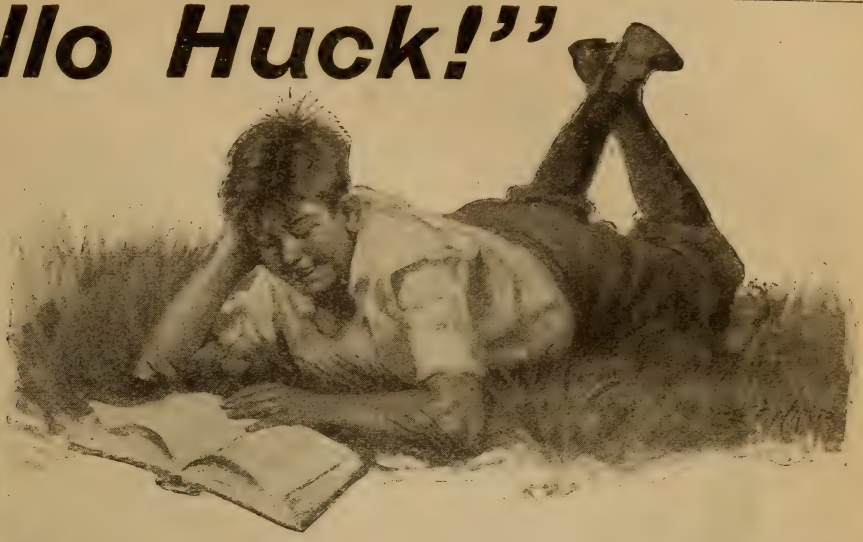
RUTH B.—William Roselle was David and David Powell was Dick in "Gloria's Romance." Take my advice and get the dead injury out of your mind as soon as it is deceased, bury it and then ventilate.

GRACE H., NEW HAVEN.—Thanks for the compliment. I remember you from of old. There cant be enough said about the immortal plays.

PETERS.—House Peters is with Morosco. Romeo and Juliet — rather, Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne paid us a pleasant visit today. Francis put his arms around me as tho he had found a long-lost brother. I was glad to see both of them.

FLORENCE B.—Hal Cooley is with Universal. Lina Cavaliera pictures are taken here. Leland Benham.

"Hello Huck!"



RECALL that golden day when you first read "Huck Finn"? How your mother said, "For goodness' sake, stop laughing aloud over that book. You sound so silly." But you couldn't stop laughing.

To-day when you read "Huckleberry Finn" you will not laugh so much. You will chuckle often, but you will also want to weep. The deep humanity of it—the pathos, that you never saw, as a boy, will appeal to you now. You were too busy laughing to notice the limpid purity of the master's style.

MARK TWAIN

When Mark Twain first wrote "Huckleberry Finn" this land was swept with a gale of laughter. When he wrote "The Innocents Abroad" even Europe laughed at it itself.

But one day there appeared a new book from his pen, so spiritual, so true, so lofty, that those who did not know him well were amazed. "Joan of Arc" was the work of a poet—a historian—a seer. Mark Twain was all of these. His was not the light laughter of a moment's fun, but the whimsical humor that made the tragedy of life more bearable.

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Mark Twain was a steamboat pilot. He was a searcher for gold in the far west. He was a printer. He worked bitterly hard. All this without a glimmer of the great destiny that lay before him.

Then, with the opening of the great wide West, his genius bloomed.

His fame spread through the nation. It flew to the ends of the earth, until his work was translated into strange tongues. From then on, the path of fame lay straight to the high places. At the height of his fame he lost all his money. He was heavily in debt, but though 60 years old, he started afresh and paid every cent. It was the last heroic touch that drew him close to the hearts of his countrymen.

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Franklin Sq.

Send me, all charges prepaid, Mark Twain's works in twenty-five volumes, illustrated, bound in handsome green cloth, stamped in gold, gold tops and deckled edges. If not satisfactory, I will return them at your expense. Otherwise I will send you $1.00 within five days and $2.00 a month for 12 months, thus getting the benefit of your half-price sale. Motion Picture 2-17

Name.....

Address.....

J. Boone F.—So you want us to print just one issue without a picture of Mary Pickford.

Jim, 14.—No, they did not jump off the cliff. That was only a make-believe. Central Park, N. Y. City, contains 863 acres.

Gloria M.—Yes, you just write. I am always glad to hear from you. You had better join our correspondence club. Florence La Badie played in "The Fugitive" and also in "The Pillory." Barbara Gilroy was Sibil in "The Dark Silence."

Logan W. Fan.—I'm on. Sure, send it along. We had a chat with Douglas Fairbanks in July 1916 Magazine.



Van Buren.—Yes, I think Norma Talmadge is a wonder and so is little Sister Constance. You will get arrested for speeding on that typewriter.

Editor The Publisher and Retailer.—I note what you say and I aint afraid of you or nobody what looks like you. Here's what you said: "The Answer Man in the M. P. M. says Adolphus is 'a pretty name, which means happiness and help.' The Answer Man has about as much taste for prettiness as a blind bull. Just for what he said his magazine deserves temporary suspension with death for repetition."

Tilly.—You're boiling over, Tilly. You ask the age of Theda Pickford and if Mary Bara ever had the measles. If not, why not? You know something about Brooklyn? Well, dont give us away.

Vera Nutti.—Very much so. Harry Hollingsworth was Teddy in "The Tarantula." So you dont care for Frederick Wallace's limericks. I like them. Half a yarn is better than no tale at all, yet one sale doesn't make an author. He thinks so, tho!

Gypsie.—Try it. Louise Huff was the girl. Fannie Ward has a daughter. I think Flossie C. P. is still in Los Angeles. At least, she is if she has not moved and is not dead. Yes, come right along. Without good hearts there cannot be good homes.

G. U. Stiff.—You want a chat with Violet Mersereau, and you think that Pauline Frederick is the star vampire. Have your way.

Dawn.—The Crusades were the wars carried on from 1095 to 1270 by the Christian nations of Europe to gain possession of the Holy Land from the Saracens. Hazel Dawn is now playing in "The Century Girl," New York.

Amelia H.—I dont remember. Alfred Vosburgh was the lead. Never use the word "gent." It isn't good form. Yes, Page Peters was drowned. S. Rankin Drew is with Metro. You want Vitagraph to produce Robert Hichens' "The Call of the Blood."

Honor Bright.—Sorry, but I have no card.

Albert D.—Wallace Reid is with Lasky. Look it up. Mount Vernon was the home of George Washington in Virginia.

Lowry A.—Vitagraph will reissue "My Official Wife" with Clara K. Young. James Morrison is with Ivan. Dorothy Bernard is playing for Sherill Feature Company.

W. S. J., Texas.—You send me a list of about fifty names and ask me to give you their addresses. Too much!

T. A. T.—So you think that Henry Walthall doesn't receive the proper attention with Essanay and you dont think his plays are well selected.

Henry A. F.—So you are lonesome and you want to correspond with boys. All right. I shall keep your address and give it to any one who writes for it. N. B.—Be sure to specify sex.

Melva.—I guess that Edwin August's publicity plan has dropped thru. He got a lot of attention. Really, your letters are like essays. You always pick out some interesting subject, tho, and you talk well.

Gussie J.—Romona Langley was with Nestor last. Charles Ray is out West. Theda Bara is playing in the New York studio. Sheldon Lewis with Powell Company. Paul Gordon is with Metro. So you are getting along nicely with Carlyle. Thanks.

Gloria M.—I am sorry, but Lonely Cowboy has not sent in his address as yet.

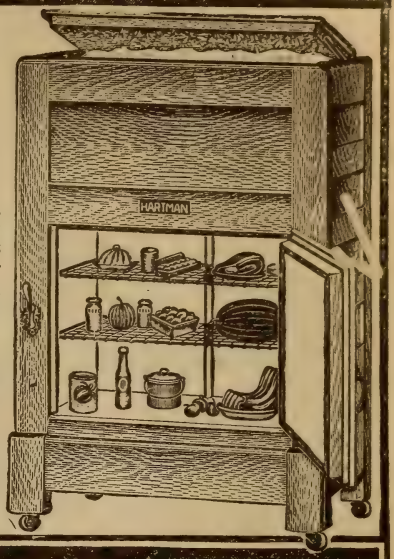
Marion B., Yonkers.—Warda Howard and Duncan McRae in "That Sort." Dorothy Gish and Charles West in "The Fair Rebel." Fay Wallace is not playing.

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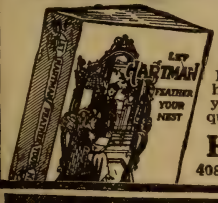
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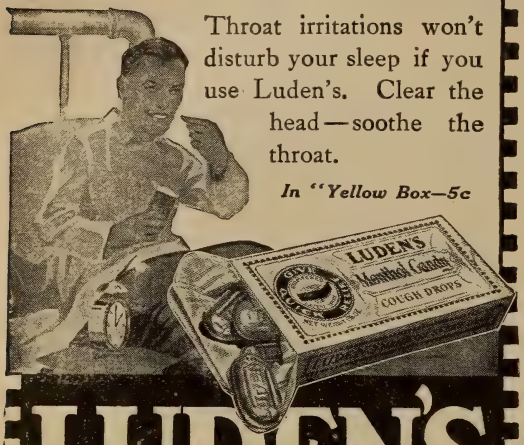
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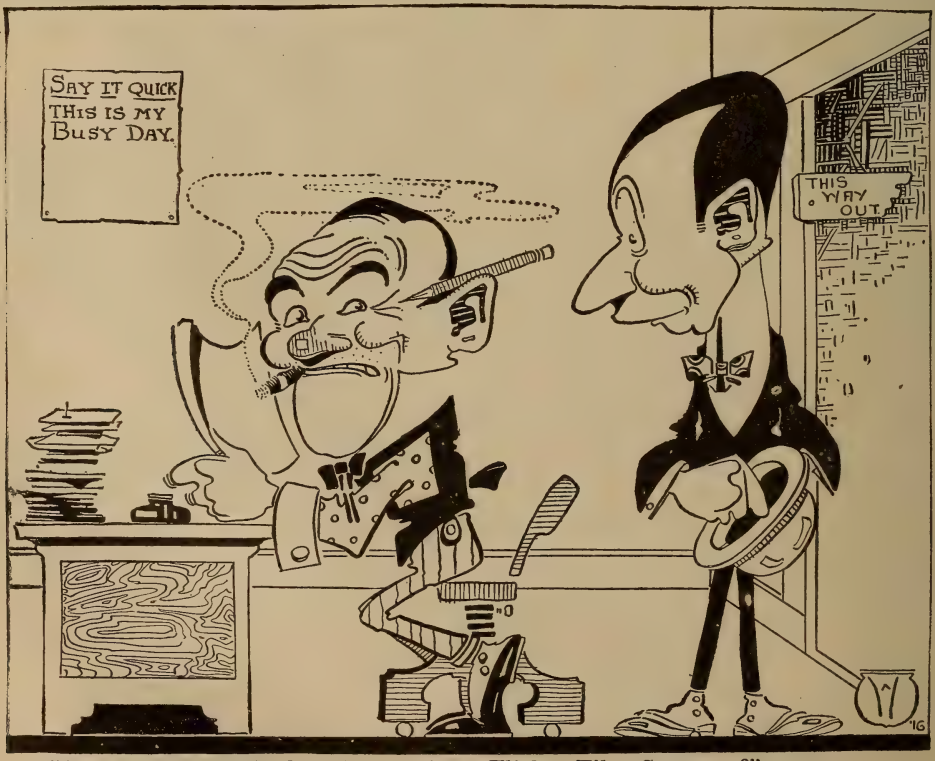
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"Is this the scenario department of the Flicker Film Company?"
"Yes, sir; it is."
"Do you think that there is an opening here for me?"
"I'm pretty sure there is—right behind you."

ISABEL G., TULSA.—Well, I like that! So funny! Their child. John Whittier is known as the Quaker poet.

MRS. K. K. K., HOUSTON.—Most of the players are much smaller and shorter in real life than they appear on the screen. Beverly Bayne was surprisingly small, to my eyes, ditto Florence Turner and Mabel Normand. Yes; Edith Storey has been in pictures as long as any one. She was one of the first stars.

MARION J. C.—Of course I will like you. You are starting out right, too. You have the names mixed. Karl Schiller is one of our writers, and Carl von Schiller is a player formerly with Lubin. Just write to any of the secretaries—there are three clubs, so take your choice. Wheeler Oakman has not been chatted yet. So you would like to see Wallace Reid as Romeo. Yes; I admire your green paper.

TOGO.—You here! Paul Willis was Billy in "The Fall of a Nation."

J. L. T., DETROIT.—Cheer up, Jerry! As the artist and the poet love the storm, so must we learn to love the clouds of life, because they help to make the coming sunshine brighter. Frederick Warde and Louise Bates in "Silas Marner" (Thanhouser).

LILLIAN M.—I'm afraid there isn't much chance. The fields are too crowded these days. No, the Congressional Library, at Washington, D. C., is the largest in the United States.

H. P. G.—Sorry, but I cant give you any information as to how to open a Motion Picture theater.

NORA D. V.—Tsuru Aoki was opposite Sessue Hayakawa in "Alien Souls." Very good, Eddie; tell me some more.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—No; I dont draw (except crowds). Your Creighton Hale sketch was fine. Columbia is the poetical name of the United States. Ruth Stonehouse is playing in "Kinkaid, Gambler."

ALICE F. P.—Molly Dean is not cast in "Light of Happiness." Marguerite Snow is with Ivan. William Russell is still with American.

INSECT I.—It is a matter of discretion and good judgment whether you move up a couple of seats or whether you let the people pass to the next seat, and it depends on circumstances. Yes, the Gish girls are still with Fine Arts. What next? You ask what was the first question ever asked me. I dont know, but the first answer was, "Your questions are not of general interest and, therefore, cannot be answered here," and was published in the August 1911 issue.

US GIRLS.—I dont know whom you refer to. Please send a better description. So you decided that you like Motion Pictures better than vaudeville.

OLGA M. P.—Do you know that we had to pay six cents due on your letter? I am afraid they couldn't help you much. It isn't worth your while coming to America.

BEING a practical housekeeper, I have the same daily problems to solve in these days of high cost of living that you have. I have them in my business as well.

This experience has taught me how to make with our Sparkling Gelatine, dainty desserts, salads, etc., that are perfectly delicious, and that serve the most people at the least cost,—below is a recipe that proves it.

In the March Magazines I will give another economical recipe.

Mrs. Charles B. Knox.
President

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Soak 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in half cup milk 5 minutes. Scald 3 cups milk with ¾ cup sugar, and add soaked gelatine. Strain, cool slightly, add 1 teaspoonful vanilla and turn into a mold first dipped in cold water and chill. Serve with a boiled custard, preserves, melted currant or other jelly or canned fruit.

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TOGO.—No, I am not very religious, yet I am very angelic. I believe that education is the best religion, and the best religion is but education. You refer to Leo Maloney. Yes, the janitor has some job emptying my waste-basket. So you would like to be my secretary? Sure you can always be my friend.

CHAPLIN FAN.—Mary Martin was Irene in "Daredevil Kate." Surely, write in pencil. You want Charlie Chaplin on the cover.

M. D., DENVER.—Helen Dunbar was the mother in "The Hearts of Men." Lillian Drew was Evelyn in "The Secret of the Night." Alfred Vosburgh was opposite Vivian Martin in "Her Father's Son."



IN THE SMALL BOYS' VERNACULAR

ELEANOR SEASTRUCK.—The President's salary is $72,000 a year. I dont play football. Address the players in care of the studios. Of course I am an old man. Always glad to hear from you.

DREAMER O.—Thanks so much for the suspenders. A perfect fit. It was very kind of you to send them to me. By the way, do you know why President Wilson wears red, white and blue suspenders? Well, I'll tell you—to hold up his trousers.

JEAN, 23.—Since this is your first, I welcome you. Betty Gray was with Keystone last. Do come again. We'll have tea next time.

GREEN GABLES.—I dont know what that "S" stands for. You refer to Miriam Cooper in "Birth of a Nation."

FREDERICK THE SECOND.—Marguerite Clark is not dead. Horrible thought! Sure, send some more. Dont forget that hell is paved with big pretensions.

SUNNY ITALY.—Glad to hear from you. Splendid letter. Haven't seen Billie Burke's baby. See Pearl White cover on the January Classic.

MOVYITE.—Leo Pierson was Jack in "At Piney Ridge." Edwin August was Adolph in "The Yellow Passport." Robert Elliott was the young minister.

BEATRICE DE BARDI.—Thanks for the verse. Will see that your letter is answered:

If patience is really a virtue,
I've stored enough up for a year;
It's now five long months since I wrote you;
'Twas summer—now winter is here!
I read all the rules and fulfilled them;
I even wrote limericks, too;
But the joy of having one printed
Isn't in it with hearing from you.
Now, will you get busy and write me?
Of course I'm a dutiful wife;
But stop writing letters!—'twould kill me!
I'll write to the end of my life.
I've thought of a fine resolution
To make for the coming New Year,
Not to write one thing in the springtime
That in winter looks foolish and queer.

HATTIE N.—See below for "The Twenty Greatest in Filmdom" by the late Robert Grau. Viola Barry was Maude in "The Sea Wolf." Lucy Payton and Alan Forrest in "The Eternal Strife." Mahlon Hamilton in "Three Weeks": FIRST TWENTY GREATEST IN FILMDOM—1, Thomas A. Edison; 2, Billie Burke; 3, Mary Pickford; 4, Anita Stewart; 5, George Beban; 6, Geraldine Farrar; 7, David Wark Griffith; 8, William Bitzer; 9, Thomas H. Ince; 10, Douglas Fairbanks; 11, Cecil DeMille; 12, Earle Williams; 13, Charlie Chaplin; 14, J. Stuart Blackton; 15, Lois Weber; 16, Clara Kimball Young; 17, Francis X. Bushman; 18, Louise Beaudet; 19, Henry B. Walthall; 20, Marguerite Clark. ANOTHER TWENTY-FIVE GREATEST IN FILMDOM—1, Thomas A. Edison; 2, David Wark Griffith; 3, Mary Pickford; 4, Anita Stewart; 5, George Beban; 6, Geraldine Farrar; 7, Thomas H. Ince; 8, William Bitzer; 9, Billie Burke; 10, Douglas Fairbanks; 11, Herbert Brenon; 12, Earle Williams; 13, Charlie Chaplin; 14, J. Stuart Blackton; 15, Lois Weber; 16, Clara Kimball Young; 17, Francis X. Bushman; 18, Louise Beaudet; 19, Henry B. Walthall; 20, Marguerite Clark; 21, Edith Storey; 22, Mae Marsh; 23, Charles Kent; 24, Carlyle Blackwell; 25, Theda Bara.

FERN, ST. LOUIS.—I beg your pardon. Crane Wilbur, after getting a divorce, married Celia Santon, later they were divorced, and now he is married to Arlene Archibald. That was my mistake. Yes; Celia Santon is now married to Earle Foxe.

HAZEL P., MT. VERNON.—Olga Petrova was born in Warsaw, Russia. Yes; I enjoy writing answers to fool questions, for labor is the father of pleasure, even if it is fool labor.

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Henry B. Walthall	Dustin Farnum	Norma Talmadge	Jane Grey
Charles Chaplin	Myrtle Stedman	Douglas Fairbanks	Frances Nelson
Beatriz Michelena	Lenore Ulrich	Mae Busch	Marguerite Courtot
Earle Williams	Edna Goodrich	William S. Hart	Ruth Roland
Frank Morgan	Mary Pickford	Louise Glaum	Annette Kellermann
Huntley Gordon	Marguerite Clark	Fay Tincher	Fritzie Brunette
Anita Stewart	Pauline Frederick	Billie Burke	Mary Fuller
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Leah Baird	Owen Moore	May Allison	Pearl White
Dorothy Kelly	Virginia Norden	Beverly Bayne	Ormi Hawley
Lucille Lee Stewart	Theda Bara	Francis X. Bushman	Edwin August
Charles Richman	Bessie Eyton	Harold Lockwood	Kitty Gordon
Jewell Hunt	J. Warren Kerrigan	Mme. Petrova	Mae Murray
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Name .....

Address .....

STEVE W.—Sorry, but I cant give you any information on that picture. You will have to give me more information.

BELLE T.—So you want Johnson Briscoe to tell your fortune from the date of your birth. Mr. Briscoe does not tell fortunes. He only casts horoscopes for the players. Bradstreet and Dun are the best fortune-tellers. Thanks for sending the program.

COL. K.—Yes, there was a Cecil Van Auker with Lubin some time ago. My creed is: Breathe deeply, eat temperately, chew thoroly, drink water copiously, clean teeth carefully, bathe frequently, eliminate freely, laugh heartily, sleep regularly, work planfully, exercise daily, serve willingly, speak kindly, play some, read much, think more, and dare to be yourself, always cheerful, conscientious and brave.



BIRD—I've seen a great deal of queer guns around this war zone—but that's the first one I've ever saw that didn't make any noise.

FRITZ F.—You ask "Do the Motion Picture companies have a home for all those unfortunate fatherless children in the movies, or are they adopted after the performance by the actors responsible for them?" There are no fatherless children used in the movies, hence there is no home provided for them. Most of the children are hired just as any other actor is, and one of the parents is always present.

ROBERT P. G.—No, I dont belong to the "Chat Club." May I? Remember, the longer you live the older you get—isn't it awful? Patricka De Forest is with Vitagraph. Take them or write to some old coin shop. Mae Marsh is in New York at this writing.

PAULINA M. T.—There is no negro Motion Picture company except one in Los Angeles. I know of no way to help you. You will have to apply directly.

LILLIAN L. MENDOCINO.—Mae Marsh was born in Madrid, New Mexico, but received her education at various schools in California. She is only 19, but her ability and talent as a screen artist have brought her much success. House Peters is with Morosco. Thanks.

OLGA, 17.—Certainly you should get married. What is home without a—nother. But do you feel able to support a husband?

LILOLA.—Baroness Von DeWitz was the lead in "Diana the Huntress." Paul Swan opposite her. Nora wasn't on the cast. Claire Anderson was the girl.

VIVIAN R.—Now, now, you ask who is known as the Grape Juice Man? You also ask who is in favor of prohibition? Bryan, of course—ask me something easy.

MAE G.—Your letters are always full of sparkle and brain-ticklers. The little boy isn't cast. Sorry. I doubt whether Theda Bara will answer, but you might try your luck. Amusement is to the mind what sunshine is to the flowers, and all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

FRANCIS NELSON NAMESAKE.—Yes, but I thought that "Ramona" was a bit too long. Adda Gleason was Ramona. Monroe Salisbury was Allesandro. Arthur Tavares was Señor Ortegna. John Bowers was leading man opposite Louise Huff in "The Reward of Patience." Thanks for the dime.

MIRIAM F. H.—Traveling, eh? Nothing like it for education. Best educator I know, altho Dr. Johnson's are pretty good. Thanks for card.

BILLY, 17.—You haven't the name right. Be sure to get the first word, anyway.

BLANCHE E.—Yes; Douglas Fairbanks certainly has risen from the ranks in Motion Pictures. I didn't see "Sorrows of Love." Thanks muchly.

GERTRUDE G. S., AUSTRALIA.—So you name your cats after Motion Picture stars. Dont think they would like that—I mean the stars.

ETHEL D., MELBOURNE.—You can reach Violet Mersereau at the Hotel Apthorp, New York City.

D. L., VICTORIA.—Louise Bates is with World, Al Ray with Mutual and Henry King with Moss. Yes, World produced "Trilby." I notice Olga Petrova's popularity in Australia.

P. M. T., AUSTRALIA.—Welcome to this department. Send that photo right along. I like to keep a Rogues' Gallery of all my friends and admirers. I think it an honor to be called Mary Pickford. You should join the Correspondence Club.

CORALIE P., SYDNEY.—You will see more of Crane Wilbur now. The company he played for discontinued producing temporarily, but they are at it again. You say you think I am simple. Well, I hope so.

EILEEN B., HOBART, TASMANIA.—Yes; Roberta Courtlandt is on the floor above me, but I hear her more than I see her. Of course she likes the Answer Man—why shouldn't she? You must put the name you wish to appear in the Magazine at the top of your letter. Grace Cunard is not married.

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MARGUERITE SNOW ADMIRER.—Marguerite Snow is still playing for the Ivan Company. James Cruze is not playing at present.

PINKY, 17.—Sorry, but I have no cast for "The Winning Punch." Oh my, yes; I do think it is hard to get in pictures. Better stay at home.

MARGERY, 14.—No, "Charity" is not a serial picture. Of course I like newcomers. The more, the merrier. Thanks for the fee.

MELVA.—I am handing your most eloquent letter to the Editor and asking him to publish it. Thanks.

VIRGINIA DARE.—Emanuel Turner was Beauty in "The Tarantula." Peggy Hyland was opposite E. H. Sothern in "The Chattel." Louise Lovely in "The Social Buccaneers," opposite Warren Kerrigan.

FATHER.—Your letter was very interesting.

BROOKLYNITE.—Ralph Ince is directing for Selznick now. No; Anita Stewart is not going to leave Vitagraph. Yes, do come. Thanks very much.

OLGA, 17.—You liked "Manhattan Madness." That's a new name for it. Dont you mean "Matrimaniac"? William Riley Hatch was Luke. So you like John Russell. Our dawg is fine, thanks. He has a companion now by the name of Pep—Shep and Pep. You should get in touch with our Sales Manager about your magazine.

F. A. F.—Sorry I misunderstood you. I am sure Miss Cunard would appreciate your work. Let me hear from you again.

OLIVE B., SPRINGFIELD.—Dont you know that paper is very high now? We know it here. You want a chat with Marguerite Clark, and I am sorry I cant devote all that space right here. Look up our July 1915 issue, and you will find a chat with her. Thanks.

MARY B.—If you wrote to Vitagraph, they might give you the names of some of the plays Eulalie Jensen played in. She has been in a good many. She was quite popular in "The Goddess." The "Battle Cry of War" hasn't been scheduled for release as yet, and they are thinking of changing the name.

LILY E. LYONS.—I think yours is the first letter from good old Ireland. Thanks for the British coin. Very seldom do we see foreign pictures here, and they are either from French Gaumont or the Swedish Biograph. I presume what you relate is a trick of the producer. Yes, that was Lillian Tucker. She is still with Lasky.

ANNA D.—Now you want a painting of Edward Earle. What next? Yes; Anthony is now thinking of giving up acting and returning to his New Orleans home.

OLGA, 17.—What! Again? Interview with Conway Tearle. "Panthea" hasn't been released as yet. Hope Santa treated you fine this year.



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IWALANI OF MANI.—We have no casts with Arthur Allardt at present. I think he was with Kalem last.

ALMA E. H.—Thanks for the correction. And now you say that Crane Wilbur's third wife, Arlene Archibald, passed away, leaving Mr. Wilbur a widower. No; Crane Wilbur did not play in the Pathé picture, "The Wasted Years," released in 1914—that was an entirely different picture. I'm afraid it would be hard to get such a list, especially from Pathé. Perhaps the General Film Co. could supply you.



There's a man on the M. P. MAGAZINE'S staff,
I declare,
When it comes to answering questions, he
is certainly there;
So large his brain grew
That, first thing he knew,
His head grew right up thru his hair!

JOHN ARGENS.
2297 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

DOREEN B. EURALDINE.—Tom Forman, whose pleasant, boyish appearance and magnetic personality have pleased so many who have seen him on the screen, was born on a Texas ranch. He is but 22 years old. He is very fond of riding, fishing and hunting. As to Thomas Meighan, his parents wanted him to become a physician, but he followed his own desire and went on the stage. He has played in "Kindling," "Blackbirds" and "The Immigrant."

M. D. J., WINNIPEG.—You will see an article on Mme. Petrova in the Classic soon. Anita Stewart is still with Vitagraph.

NELLIE L., ST. JOHNS.—The longest series of pictures is "Hazards of Helen," and the longest serial is "Fantomas," a French Gaumont. Bobby Connelly is about six.

MARGOT.—I am glad I came in "the nick of time." Isn't that the time to come? I think I would like Marsipan. Is it good to eat? So you liked "Less Than the Dust," and think it one of Mary Pickford's best.

MARGARET K.—It isn't a question of the high cost of living so much as it is a question of the cost of high living. Yes; Arthur Hoops has passed away. E. K. Lincoln in "The World Against Him."

G. P. O., AUCKLAND.—Just write to John Hines, World Film Co., 130 West 36th St., New York City. Jack Pickford is with Famous Players. The International coupons which you purchase for five cents in Australia can be cashed for their equivalent here.

DUSTIN FARNUM FAN.—Your fault seems to lie in that you take disappointment as a discouragement, whereas it should be a stimulant. I am not sure whether any player will answer, but you can try them out. Most of them do.

EVERY WEEK.—Have been waiting for you. I would advise you to get in touch with Paramount direct. The last form in the Magazine goes to press on the 13th.

J. J. W., QUINCY.—Arthur James is publicity man for Metro. Alexander Gaden was Wilmott.

MOLLIE O.—Yes; Margery Wilson opposite William Hart in "Draw Egan." Thanks, but do send along that snap. Well, we always have time to do what we really want to do.

HUMORESQUE.—Crane Wilbur is with Horsley. No; Dolly Hackett is no relation to Pearl White. Pearl White was born in Sedalia, Mo. No, I would write to her if I were you.

ELLESS I.—You're right, Francis Bushman is not married to Beverly Bayne. Thanks for your verse.

LIZZIE D.—And why do you let them call you Lizzie? Sounds so much like a four-legged animal known as the Ford. Muriel Ostriche in "Mortmain."

TOBY, SHERBROOKE.—The Bank of England was established in London in 1694, and is the treasury of the British Empire. It must be great sport hunting where you are. You go after real deer, too.

OLGA, 17.—You say you were telling a young man that nobody loves you, and that your hands were cold, and he politely told you that God loves you and that you could sit on your hands. He was certainly a cold-blooded and heartless monster. So you like Conway Tearle now, do you?

PRETTY BABY, 16.—Bebe Daniels writes me that "an apple a day keeps the doctors away." She states that she has dropped ten of her uncalled-for pounds by eating apples regularly. Of course I look like the picture at the head of this department. Some sketch you sent me!



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KATHERINE.—You show good taste and discrimination in your list of favorites. Your verse was very fine. Of course I read it all thru. Buttermilk and sweet cider are my favorite beverages.

B. M. Y., PORTSMOUTH.—Biting your finger-nails is a sign of nervousness, but it may be only a habit. Mr. Bushman runs down to Bushmanor quite often.

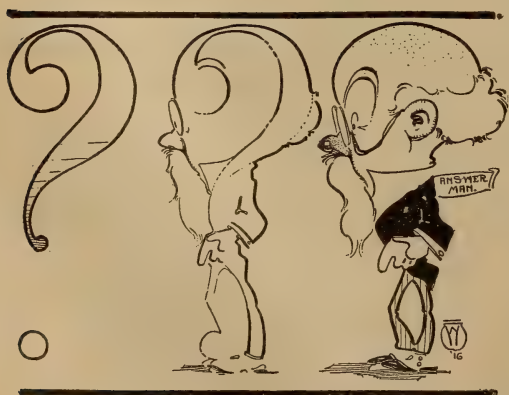
PAX VOBISCUM.—Why dont you send for a list of film manufacturers? Two errors crept into Mr. Dench's article, "Fixing Film Face Fungus" in the September Magazine. The illustration of George Webb in "Suppressed Orders" should have been credited to Alfred Fordyce of the American Company, and that of Arthur Maude in "Revelations" to John T. Bond, also of the American Company.

MARJORIE C. T.—It was announced that Ruth Stonehouse would take the place of Grace Cunard in "Peg o' the Ring," but later Grace Cunard finished the serial. Arthur Ashley opposite Alice Brady in "Miss Petticoat." Arthur Hoops in "The Scarlet Woman." Frank Belcher was Peter in "The Sentimental Lady."

J. G., FORT WILLIAM.—"God's Country and the Woman" was taken in California. The Limerick Editor, who writes the humorous and human introductions to the Limerick pages, is none other than Peter Wade, who is one of the oldest members of our staff in point of service, but dashingly young in years.

DOROTHY C.—You refer to Mae Marsh. Louise Vale in "The Country Parson." Elizabeth Burbridge was the daughter in "Rumpelstilt Skin." Edward Jose, of Pathé, once played opposite Sarah Bernhardt. Pathé takes its Gold Rooster emblem from France, where the rooster is also the national emblem and always captioned with the words, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

PATSY.—William Courtleigh, Jr., is with Famous Players. Surely Harold Lockwood is with Metro. I am sure I cant tell you who the lightest-salaried player is. If you are a failure, your wife knows the trusts didn't do it; she knows you have the same opportunity other men enjoy, and that you did not take advantage of it.



EVOLUTION OF THE QUESTION-MARK!

A. B. J., BROOKLYN.—Thanks for your very nice letter. I was glad to hear from you and hope you will write again.

H. T., ATHABASCA.—The censors usually prohibit morbid scenes of crime where the only value of the scene is its morbidity or criminal appeal. Very few Shakespearian plays have been done in pictures.

TYLIE.—Wilson blazed a trail thru a jungle of dangerous uncertainty where no other man had trod. That's why I think that future generations will be proud of him. I think in time we will have our one- and two-reel plays back again. I'm always glad to hear from you.

STILL JIM.—Who was Belshazzar? A Biblical guy what had a feast, and a sad one. What do I know of the Nebular Hypothesis? Nothing; and that is all anybody else knows. It is a theory holding that the stars have been evolved from a widely diffused nebulous form of matter. Omar? I never cease reading him, that's what I think of him.

JOSEPHINE M. K.—Quite an experience you had with your cold. Exercise, eating temperately and a cold shower after rising are the best preventives I know of. You can knock a good man down, but he wont stay down. A good man may be defeated and run out of town, but he will always rise again and come back.

OLGA, 17.—Dear child, time you had a birthday. Dont they have them any more in Jersey? A whole lot of thanks to you, my dear, and may you live all the days of your life.

LOQUACIOUS EDNA.—Glad to hear from you again. No, I have promised not to mention that fact, but it wasn't Warren Kerrigan. I was glad to see you. Come in some time again.

SMALL TWIN GIRL.—You say you have a severe case of Farnumitis. Alas! that is an incurable disease—until a handsomer man comes along. Oh, you are simply jealous, and jealousy is merely the apprehension of superiority. I assure you that your apprehension is unfounded.

MARJORIE E.—Alice Brady's next picture is "Frou-Frou." Marie Dressler and John Hines in "Tillie Wakes Up." Wait until you see Henry Walthall in "The Truant Soul," which was released Xmas Day. Henry Walthall claims this to be his masterpiece.

M. E., GRAND RAPIDS.—Thanks for them kind woids. You can say that again. Thomas Meighan is with Lasky. Of course I want you to come again.

MAGDALEN W., ATLANTA.—Come, now, dont accuse me of not reading my letters. I always read every letter I receive, whether they contain roses or rocks. Of course I do.

NINA G., PORT HENRY.—Nicholas Dunaew is with Universal. Virginia is the State that is noted as "The Mother of Presidents," having produced eight.



THE ANSWER LADY.

By ROSE TAPLEY

EDITORIAL NOTE: Letters for this department should be addressed to Miss Rose Tapley, care of Vitagraph Co., Brooklyn, N. Y. Miss Tapley will answer by mail if an addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed. While the articles entitled "How to Get In" are running, Miss Tapley will not answer letters on that subject, nor will she answer any questions in the Magazine that are not of general interest, nor any that properly belong to the Department of The Answer Man.

HERMIA DEAR.—It is against rules for visitors to be allowed and unless they are from a great distance they are not permitted at all. I am sorry and only wish I could invite you to come. I shall think of you, tho.

HELEN W., SCHENECTADY.—I was in the picture of which you speak. Have been in a number of the "V.L.S.E." releases lately. I enjoy writing these articles and it makes me very happy to hear that you all seem to like them.

DIXIE JACK.—Your letters are so nice I thoroly enjoy them, dear boy. No, Lillian Walker is not related to me in any way, but she is a dear and I threaten to spank her occasionally when she gets into mischief, of which she is full. Every one who knows her loves her and rejoices in her great and growing popularity.

G. C. H., E. P. T.—Your letter, with its enclosure, was greatly appreciated. It must be exciting and interesting on the border just now, with all the boys in khaki doing their level best. Old-fashioned mothers are pretty sweet, tho, aren't they? And some one who loves just you best in the world makes life worth while, doesn't it? I'd take a good liver tonic, but consult a regular physician first. I'd love the snaps.

MIRIAM MADYSON.—I congratulate you with all my heart upon your securing an opportunity to enter the movies. That is truly fine for you. I have been introduced to Miss Bayne and thought her very sweet and lovely. I met Marguerite Courtot at the Madison Square Garden Exposition and she is a dear little thing, too.

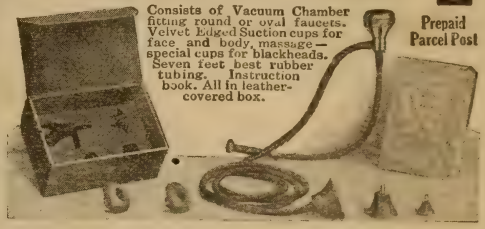
DEAREST LITTLE NARCISSUS.—Bless your dear heart! I am happy that my letter may have helped a little. Dont you worry about your appearance or your height, but just go on thinking lovely thoughts, being truly kind and helpful to others, and no one will ever stop to think anything but that you are a dear, lovable girl whom every one enjoys knowing and wants to be associated with.

The Luxury and Healthfulness of Daily Massage Brought to Your Home

This wonderful massage machine, by its soothing suction, opens and *cleanses the pores. Stimulates circulation,* and *builds up the tissues, smooths out wrinkles, removes blackheads,* and *clears away blemishes,* leaving the skin refreshed and glowing with health. Requires no electricity —low in price. Sent on free trial to prove it. See offer below.

CLEAN-O-PORE VACUUM MASSAGE OUTFIT

Price Complete $2



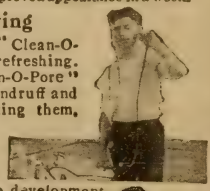
Consists of Vacuum Chamber fitting round or oval faucets. Velvet Edged Suction cups for face and body, massage—special cups for blackheads. Seven feet best rubber tubing. Instruction book. All in leather-covered box.

Prepaid Parcel Post

The "Clean-O-Pore" is a high-grade Massage Machine, indispensable to those who take pride in their appearance. *Fits on any wash basin faucet.* Its suction is produced by force of water passing through the Vacuum Chamber. No water touches the face. Costs Nothing to Operate—only running water required. No parts to get out of order. Spend 10 minutes a day massaging with it and note your improved appearance in a week.

A Luxury After Shaving

After shaving, a massage with the "Clean-O-Pore" is delightfully soothing and refreshing. *For Scalp Massage,* the "Clean-O-Pore" is unequalled. Rids the hair of dandruff and brings blood to the roots, stimulating them, and growing hair in Nature's way.



Develops the Bust

The flesh and tissues of the bust being so elastic and susceptible to development, "Clean-O-Pore" massaging will show surprising results in a very short time. You owe it to yourself to look your best. It is within your power to do so.



Special Offer— 10 Days' Free Trial

See the "Clean-O-Pore"—use it—note the wonderful results obtained from its daily use. Pin a $2 bill, your check, or a money order to the coupon below—mail to us—and a "Clean-O-Pore" outfit will come to you by Parcel Post. If not more than satisfied in 10 days' return it. Your money will be promptly refunded. *Improving your appearance is worth ten times $2, so send coupon — now, before you forget it.*

GUARANTEE COUPON

Enclosed find $2. Send me, prepaid, by Parcel Post a "Clean-O-Pore" Massage Outfit on the understanding that if I am not entirely satisfied my money will be promptly refunded.

Name.....

Address.....

My Druggist's name is.....

CLEAN-O-PORE MFG. CO.
251 Classon Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.C.

Makers of the Famous Clean-O-Pore Massage Cream



AGENTS
If you have selling experience—Carry a small stock. Write at once.

$50 for a Good Story
$25 for Another Not Quite So Good
$10 for the Next Best
And $5 Each for the Next Ten

Have you a story to tell? Have you a story about yourself, or perhaps your family, or ancestors, or friends, or acquaintances? Surely you have, for there are few men or women in this world who have not some dramatic story to tell.

Think of some episode in your own life, in the life of another, or, if you possess the gift of imagination, write a story that is purely imaginative, but at the same time is TRUE TO LIFE, and send it in to us, to compete for one of the prizes set forth above. There is no entrance fee and anybody may compete. No manuscript will be returned unless it is accompanied with a stamped, addressed envelope. The scripts that win prizes will become our property.

We Demand Only One Condition:

Limit Your Story to Five Hundred Words

Millions attend the Motion Picture theaters nightly. To satisfy the ever-increasing demands of these millions of movie fans, the great producing companies must have stories. Several of these film corporations, who are exceedingly anxious to please the movie patrons, have acknowledged to us that they need stronger plots. We want to encourage the art of plot writing.

Absolutely No Technical Skill Needed

All the big studios now employ writers who work out the stories into scenes, and put them in proper shape for the screen. But there is a great dearth of *stories*. The companies must have new plots, new ideas, new incidents, and they are obliged to depend in a great measure upon the public. Moreover, the studios are now willing to pay big prices for plots alone. The price is constantly rising, and, at the present time,

From $50 to $1,000 Is Being Paid For Plots Alone

Your story may be incomplete—lack dramatic interest, suspense, climax, surprise, novelty, characterization or any of the other elements that go to make up a salable dramatic story. If you think so you may submit it to us for criticism. For a fee of $1.00 we shall be happy to point out to you the defects in your work, indicating why certain things should not be done, and suggesting others that will materially improve your script. In other words, we shall be glad to collaborate with you in turning out a strong and appealing tale. This work will be done only by well-known scenario writers, who have had studio experience, including the editors of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and CLASSIC.

In addition to an honest, upbuilding criticism, we will mail you a list of producing companies, to whom you can submit your story in case you do not wish to enter it in this contest. You may enter your story whether or not it has been criticized, but under no conditions will we answer questions regarding the merits of stories. Thus we shall be treating all writers alike. CRITICISM OF YOUR STORY IS ENTIRELY OPTIONAL WITH YOURSELF.

THE CONTEST CLOSES ON MARCH 31, 1917.

THE SCENARIO SERVICE BUREAU
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. City

MARIE, READING, PA.—My dear child, I will see that the Editor gets the votes for Edna Maison and Raymond Gallagher. I have been very busy and out of town for some time and my mail has been accumulating. Forgive me, wont you? I, too, always like to help young folks or the ones who are otherwise neglected. I will ask Mr. Brewster to publish their photos at some future date, so watch patiently for them.

MARY DEAR.—Your plan is an excellent one. Write to Miss Jensen again and ask her when it will be convenient for you to see her. It is rather difficult for people to visit the studio, but as you live so far away she may be able to pass you thru the gate. She is a splendid woman and will do her best for you, anyway.

R. A. H.—Anita's eyes are brown, with black lashes, and her hair is a light chestnut brown. Yes, I have met both Miss Bayne and Mr. Bushman and they both are delightful. Am glad that you like this department. I try to be as helpful as I can.

DEAR MIRIAM OF UTICA.—I, too, am very fond of Canada, and have had cousins in Montreal. An artist always likes to receive an acknowledgment of his public's appreciation, but that public must not be selfish and expect immediate answers from their favorites, as they are usually too busy unless they have a secretary to do it for them. They always enjoy receiving letters from admirers, however.

BERTHA MCC., OTTAWA.—Bobby and Helen Connelly are darling children and entirely unspoiled, owing to the training and care which their mother gives them. Am so glad you like so many of our players. They are really just as nice as you think them. You'd adore dear Mother Maurice. I can imagine nothing sweeter than to be able to grow old as beautifully and as sweetly as she has done. Best love, little girl, and dont get too lonely for that dear mother of yours and big sister.

S. M. C., TEX.—Bryn Mawr is a splendid woman's institution. Am sure you could not but help developing into a very lovely woman if you graduate from there. So you are fond of dogs, too. You should see my "Victor." Just plain "dog." I picked up a starving kitten a year ago, and now she has two dear little babies, herself. It's hard work not to bring all the stray cats and dogs home I see. Now, Honey, get busy at your practicing and study real hard on the languages, and dont you worry about anything until after you've been thru Bryn Mawr. Best love.

LEO F. G.—I think Miss Courtot is a very lucky girl to have so ardent an admirer that in payment for stepping on her foot and because of her charm you are going to work for her in the Popularity Contest. She is really a sweet, dear girl and I am sure will appreciate your votes.

J. G. M.—Queenie Rosson is the sister of Helene and Dick Rosson, and is unmarried, I believe.

DEAR LITTLE SISTER FROM JULIA RICHMAN HIGH SCHOOL.—Your friend has simply been too busy to write or else in new environments has drifted away, but I am sure you are not different from other girls. Your letter is that of a sweet, normal, sensible girl, at the romantic age when she thinks she is "different." Keep on with your writing and let me hear from you again, dear.

PATSY DEAR.—Anne Schaefer, of the Western Vitagraph, is the one who collects the canceled stamps for charity. Thanks for all the nice things you say. You know I appreciate them, I am sure.

M. A. R., OKLA.—I am afraid that the article mentioned is only an advertisement which reads well but may have no merit. Will have the matter looked up, however.

LITTLE MARY.—Mary Pickford's curls are natural and she is as sweet and as lovable as you think her. Wm. Hart is a great favorite of mine.

MARIE DEAR FROM OKLA.—I wish I knew the address of the dear little girl who could not see the pictures as you do. I wrote her at once, but the letter was returned unclaimed. Write again, dear.

ELIZABETH, PRINCE ALBERT, SASK.—Do try to see Charlie Chaplin in "The Vagabond." I just wanted to hug him, he was so dear, and as a rule, altho I may laugh at some of his funny antics, I have wished he wouldn't draw the line quite so closely between comedy and vulgarity. Mr. Forman may have mislaid your letters, or perhaps hasn't a secretary to write his letters for him and is too busy to answer them himself.

EILEEN MCC., AUSTRALIA.—Write the "Answer Man" in care of the Magazine. It is a great pleasure to hear from my sisters and brothers across the big ocean and I am never too busy to try to drop them a line thru the Magazine and to send my love to them. Your letter was so nice.

BETTY FROM SUNNY ITALY.—Mary Pickford is as dear a sweet, beautiful girl in real life as she is on the screen. So you'd like to be a "vampire" in pictures. Well, sometimes I want to be too, but I cant. Stick to your painting and realize that your parents can see what is best for you, as a rule, far better than you, with the inexperience of youth. There are no more divorces amongst professionals than amongst non-professionals; it is only because they are constantly in the public eye.

DEAR ANNA AND CATHERINE, B'KLYN.—It is against rules for me to give advice on how to get into the movies at present, as others are doing it in another department. I wish I could encourage you, but to be honest I prefer to discourage.

ANNIE D., AUSTRALIA.—Yes, dear; Clara K. Young used to be with the Vitagraph and I am very fond of her. Am so glad you like the department. I do wish it were possible for me to visit Australia and meet all the delightful people I hear from in your country. Am glad for your happiness, dear, and hope that you will write me again.



One Touch Polishes Your Nails for a Week!

Wonderful! No buffing. Just a touch on each nail beautifies instantaneously with a rosy red lustre that lasts a whole week. Soap and water don't affect it. Wash dishes, dust, etc.—your nails stay nicely polished. To further introduce **Mrs. Graham's Instantaneous Nail Polish**, a full size 50c six months bottle will be sent prepaid for only 25c to those who order within 15 days. Mail 25c coin or stamps today.

GERVAISE GRAHAM, 35 W. Illinois St., Chicago

COSTS YOU NOTHING



If we cannot convert your old braid hat into an exact duplicate of any one of over 150 shapes and re-finish it like new —at a fraction of its original cost.—Delivery 1 week.

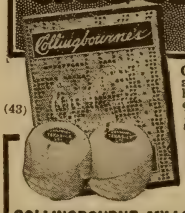
Customers in every State in the Union.

FREE CATALOG

Illustrating 150 new shapes for braid, panama and leghorn hats

McHenrys Dept. 22 Prospect Av. Cleveland, Ohio

CROCHET BOOK GIVEN



Contains 84 rare and beautiful designs for Edgings and Insertions. To introduce **TEXASILK**, our new hard twisted, mercerized cordoney (best for tatting, edging and initials), we will mail this Crochet Book Free and Postpaid to any lady sending only 10c silver or stamps for two full size sample balls.

TEXASILK

comes in sizes 70 only, in white, black, medium green, pink, rose, scarlet, light blue, delph, light yellow. Crochet Book is clearly illustrated so designs may be copied by any one. Send at once and get this book FREE.

COLLINGBOURNE MILLS, Dept. 4341, ELGIN, ILLINOIS



Wonderstoen

quickly and harmlessly removes

Superfluous Hair

without injury to the most delicate skin. Clean, sanitary, odorless, non-poisonous. Send for it today. Price, $1.00 postpaid.

DR. BELLIN'S WONDERSTOEN THE PERFECT HAIR REMOVER FREE FROM SULPHIDES OR ANY OTHER POISON, ENTIRELY ODORLESS MANUFACTURED BY DR. BELLIN'S WONDERSTOEN CO. NEW YORK CITY

Money back if not satisfied. Every woman should have our booklet mailed free.

BELLIN'S WONDERSTOEN CO.

Box 38, Station W, Brooklyn, N. Y.

At All Riker-Hegeman Liggett Jaynes Drug Counters, or your own druggist will secure Wonderstoen for you.



You Can Have Beautiful Eyebrows and Eyelashes

They give charm, expression, loveliness to the face, adding wonderfully to your beauty and attractiveness. Society women and actresses get them by using

Lash-Brow-Ine

It promotes in a natural manner the growth of eyebrows and eyelashes, making them thick, long and silky, giving depth and soulful expression to the eyes. A **guaranteed pure** and **harmless** preparation. Two sizes—25c and 50c. Send coin and we'll mail LASH-BROW-INE and our FREE Beauty Booklet prepaid in plain sealed cover.

Beware of Worthless Imitations—
Genuine LASH-BROW-INE sold only by

MAYBELL LABORATORIES
4008-14 Indiana Avenue, Chicago



Crooked Spines Made Straight

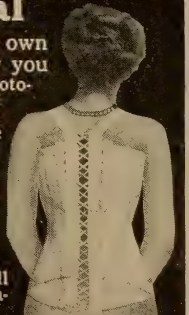
Thousands of Remarkable Cases

An old lady, 72 years of age who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance 3 weeks. We have successfully treated more than 25,000 cases the past 15 years.

30 Days' Trial

We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.

Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate thoroughly. Price within reach of all.



Send For Our Free Book

If you will describe the case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.
N299 Odd Fellows Temple, Jamestown, N. Y.

My Dear Lone from Ridgewood.—You ask if I am writing for the pleasure of doing it. My one and only idea in writing is to find a medium thru which I may personally reach the boys and girls, young and old, who need advice and encouragement and I have never asked or received a penny for my work. I think of the little children who are very poor, for I was very poor myself when I was a child and am far from rich now, but I am always ready and anxious to do anything I can to help them. I cannot give money—I haven't it to give.

You Dear Little Sparrow from Somerville.—It is only the ignorant and prejudiced who, today, consider that all actors and actresses are bad. Every profession is bound to have its black sheep and the stage and the studio are no more immune than any other walk in life. You will find the majority of those who are successful and loved in it are living simple, wholesome lives. Best wishes, dear.

Mary C. from Canton.—Belle Bruce is a clever, intelligent girl who loves her work and strives to give her public her best. I love her dearly and agree with you in all the nice things you have said about her.

Jack Russell.—Your letter has been mislaid or I should have answered it before. Am so glad you are subscribing for another year because of my department. I wish every one who reads it would do the same thing and then it would make the Editor feel that it was really worth giving more space to. I dont know of a studio nearer than the Eastern studio, Providence, and I believe they have closed. Good wishes, dear boy.

Margaret M.—The Moving Pictures have time and again proved a blessing and a comfort to many a lonely heart. If you have ability and character I can see no objection to you becoming an actress, but I believe that we owe something to our parents and you should try to obtain your father's consent before you attempt to take up the work. Yonr height is greatly against you for pictures, but not on the stage.

Peg o' the North.—Edith Storey is very clever. I have known her since she was a little girl. I am sure that no player would be offended to have a little girl speak to her politely and tell her that she had enjoyed her work. Miss Schaefer is a lovely, womanly woman and one can say little more in describing any one, according to my views. It is very sweet of you to want to form a "Rose Tapley Club" and I appreciate it very much, but it would mean a lot of hard work, dear. Best love, and let me know when you come to New York.

Dear Barney from Newport.—I haven't a photo at present, but if you will send a quarter to the News Service Department of the Vitagraph Company with a request for an autographed photograph, by the time this is printed they will have plenty of them. Thank you for your kind opinion.

Dear Miss A.—I wish you every success. Thank you for your letter.

MARCIA L. M.—You mustn't believe all you hear about actors and actresses. Address an actor or actress in care of the company by whom he or she is employed. Clara K. Young is a very beautiful and sweet girl, and well worthy of any one's admiration and affection. Haven't seen Miss Clark in pictures, but she was very sweet on the stage.

DEAR FRANCIS.—Your letter was very sweet and I do hope you find some lucrative and congenial occupation for your regular work.

DEAR CISSIE FROM AUSTRALIA.—Was that a Vitagraph release? It sounds familiar, but cant just place it. Even tho we are so far apart it is nice to feel that you can see me on the screen and I can receive such nice letters from you, dear. Do write again.

MY FRIEND FRCM WANDSWORTH, ENG.—Thank you so much for your very kind letter. I am waiting to receive some new pictures now, but haven't a sign of one at present. Will you write and remind me that I have promised to send you one.

DEAR FAY.—I should love to have you send me one of your pictures. Good wishes to you, dear, and I hope to meet you some time.

MY DEAR RAYMOND FROM KANSAS.—Your letter was like a breeze from your dear, big West, and it made me very proud and happy to receive it. Honest admiration and appreciation are always an honor to the one receiving it. I'd love to hear some of those stories. Wont you write me about them. And some day I'll write them up into interesting stories, I hope, and give them to the world. Please write me again. Your letter was delightful.

DEAR KITTY FROM "SMOKETOWN."—I am so pleased with your letter and with the dear little picture it contained. Thank you, dear. I wish I might meet you in person. Indeed, Nitra Frazer is a dear girl.

LILLIAN FLORENCE.—Carlyle Blackwell is married, but his wife is not playing now. He has two children. Blanche Sweet is unmarried. Glad you like the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

DEAR GIRL FROM SYDNEY, N. S. WALES, AUSTRALIA.—It seems so strange to think of the skating season beginning in April there. Our seasons are just reversed. You are taking a sensible course. Get your experience on the stage before you attempt to get into the movies. Best wishes, dear. Do write again.

DEAR ELLIOTT, JR.—It must be rather hard on you to be the only boy in so large a family of girls, but you have the right kind of material in you to survive their petting and bossing. There isn't really much call for toe-dancing in the movies at present. Stick to the legitimate stage. I shouldn't be surprised if the pendulum swung back to the stage again for many professionals as conditions are at present.

MABEL B., PLATTSBURG, N. Y.—The letter I sent you was returned to me unclaimed. What was wrong?



Julian Eltinge, foremost impersonator of beautiful women, finds El Rado invaluable in his professional work. He freely recommends it as the quickest, simplest, and safest way to remove hair from the face, neck or arms.

Prominent actresses regard El Rado as really necessary for their dressing tables and traveling kits. Clean, hairfree underarms of baby-like smoothness can be attained only through the use of El Rado, a sanitary lotion easily applied with a piece of absorbent c[illegible]ton. Entirely harmless.

Ask for El Rado at any toilet goods counter. Two sizes, 50c and $1.00. Money-back guarantee.

If you prefer, we will fill your order by mail, if you write enclosing stamps or coin.

PILGRIM MFG. CO., 15 E. 28th St., N. Y.



Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Beneath the soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon. Mercolized Wax gradually, gently absorbs the devitalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexions of true naturalness. Have *you* tried it?

Mercolized Wax in one ounce package, with directions for use, sold by all druggists.

Rent or Buy



Sensational Typewriter Offer

Everyone needs a typewriter. Write quickly, legibly. Keep carbon copies—save arguments and law suits. Earn extra money typing manuscripts, writing scenarios, etc., with the acknowledged leader.

UNDERWOOD Standard Visible

Unusual value. Must be seen and used to be appreciated. Let us send one on approval. If you find slightest thing to criticise, return machine at our expense after

10 Days' FREE Trial

Machine must sell itself on merit. You can *Rent*, applying rental on purchase price, or *Buy* for Cash or Easy Payments at

Less Than Half Price

Write for information about Big Offer 211.

Typewriter Emporium, Chicago, Ill.

150,000 Satisfied Emporium Customers

Established 24 Years

Five Year Guarantee

TIFNITE GEMS

Brilliant and Durable as Diamonds

A Tifnite Gem and a diamond are as near alike as two peas. Nothing else in the world so near a diamond in looks, brilliancy and every diamond test. Tifnite Gems cut glass like diamonds; won't file; won't melt. Guaranteed to last forever. Not one particle of glass in them. To quickly introduce them to 10,000 men and women, we make a test never before heard of. We have made up four exquisite items, latest style designs, guaranteed solid gold mountings, each set with one genuine Tifnite Perfect Diamond Cut Gem. We will send you your choice with privilege to

WEAR IT TEN DAYS FREE

Send no money whatever. Just state which item you want—Ring, Pin or La Valliere—and we will send it to you at once. If ring, send string showing size around finger. State lady's or gent's. If you think it's worth all we ask, simply pay $3 on arrival and balance $3 per month until our special Bargain Introductory Price is paid in full. Otherwise, return it to us at end of 10 days. Will promptly refund your money. Send no money—simply your request brings a magnificent Tifnite Gem to you for 10 days' free wear. These pictures show mountings and rock bottom prices. You are to be sole judge. Send for yours today—now—while supply lasts.

THE TIFNITE GEM CO.,
Rand McNally Bldg., Dept. 69 Chicago

Scarf Pin, Solid Gold, open circle mounting. Half Carat Tifnite Gem $12.25 Nothing down, $3.00 Per Mo.

LA VALLIERE—Solid Gold, 15 in. Chain, one-half carat Tifnite Gem, black enamel mounting, $14.25. Nothing down, $3 per Mo.

Ladies' Ring Tiffany Mounting Solid Gold. One Carat Tifnite Gem $12.25 Nothing Down, $3 Per Month

Gent's Ring Claw Mounting Solid Gold. One Carat Tifnite Gem $12.25 Nothing Down, $3 Per Month

AGENTS 500% PROFIT

Gold and Silver Sign Letters

For store fronts, office windows and glass signs of all kinds. No experience necessary. Anyone can put them on and make money right from the start.

$30.00 to $100.00 a Week!

You can sell to nearby trade or travel all over the country. There is a big demand for window lettering in every town. Send for *Free Samples* and full particulars.

Metallic Letter Co., 405 No. Clark St., Chicago

You Can Have Beautiful

EYELASHES and BROWS

(JUST LIKE MINE)



EYE-BROW-INE (Parisian formula) A hair food you must eventually use if you wish to grow perfect, heavy, long, silky, luxuriant LASHES and BROWS—Why not now? and add 100 per cent to your beauty, charm and attractiveness. EYE-BROW-INE is absolutely harmless—sure in results—made in two strengths—put up in two sizes. EYE-BROW-INE is mailed in plain sealed cover on receipt of price in coin, one or two cent U. S. stamps or money orders; outside U. S. coin or money orders only. Regular strength EYE-BROW-INE 25 cents and 50 cents and 2 cents postage. Extra strength EYE-BROW-INE 50 cents and $1.00 and 4 cents postage. EYE-BROW-INE is easy to use.

REES MFG. CO., 944 Columbia Ave. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

About Our Family

(*Continued from page* 72)

rite his play on the bak portch and wen ever i wud go round ther and make eny noize he wud box my eers and kick me around to the frunt yard. then wen 2 or 3 rag men cum to buy rags pa got mad cuz they bothered him and he kicked them over the ally fense he sed he cudnt rite a peece play wen evry body was button in.

at last he got it all rote and sent it to wun of the moven pikcher cumpanys and the next day he kwit his job on the ice wagun cuz he sed wot was the use of workin on the ice wagun wen riten plays was so much eazier then totin ice. but in a cuple of days the play cum bak and wen he opened it he found a letter in it. the moven pikcher peeple wanted to know how he was abel to send such stuff thro the male with out gettin pinched. that made pa mad and he sed damit 3 times and went down to get his job bak on the ice wagun.

but i was glad cuz he wudnt giv the rest of the famly eny more muney for stamps and they cudnt send in eny more plays. pa sed the moven pikcher cumpanys didnt want no plays nohow and that they was in kahoots with the guvermunt just so the guvermunt cud sell more stamps. wun day wen fred wasnt home pa traded the tiperiter for a dolar watch and that made fred mad and he went and got a job drivin a auter truck and sis wanted sum new cloes so she got a job in a candy store and pa wudnt giv ma no more muney for stamps so she didnt rite eny more plays. but pa was perty good he took the muney that he useter spend for stamps and took us evry night to the pikcher show and scribed for the motion pikcher magaseen and home is like it useter be. so long

JIMMIE SKID.

Patter from the Pacific

(*Continued from page* 14)

Quite a lot of excitement and changes going on all the time. The rainy season has started in all its glory and quite some anxiety is being registered off the screen by those who feel that the cutting down in the force that the companies do out here during

the inclement weather will erase their names from the pay-roll.

Few of the fans are aware of the real truth regarding Ben Turpin. Ben is not cross-eyed as is the general impression. He is only afflicted this way in one eye. In other words, one eye is crossed and the other perfectly normal, and when he closes his right eye the left one will straighten out. He became this way playing the character of "Happy Hooligan" on the stage, which called for him to look cross-eyed most of the time.

Harry McCoy is now a full-fledged director at Keystone. He plays the lead in his own pictures, too. The only thing left for Harry now is to turn the crank of the camera also.

Harry Ham got all excited, the other week, and would have entered the auto races at Ascot Park but for one word. Harry used to be an auto-racer before he went into pictures, and has won several big races. Just before the Ascot race, a representative from an auto concern made him a proposition to drive a car in the race, and Harry enthusiastically went to Al Christie, director of the Christie Company, and told him the glad tidings and asked if it would be all right. The day of the race Harry was hard at work at the studio. Wonder what the word was.

Margarita Fischer and Harry Pollard claim that they have the most original and unique studio in existence. It is in the Indian village at the San Diego Exposition grounds.

Great hunt on at the American studio at Santa Barbara. They are trying their hardest to find some character that George Periolat has not played, but so far have been unsuccessful. They call him "The Man of a Thousand Faces" at the studio. He never looks the same. Tom Chatterton swears that George sleeps in his make-up.

Claire McDowell is learning to operate a camera very rapidly. She has shown great progress, and in a recent feature she took several close-ups of Irene Hunt, and they turned out so well that they kept them in the picture. All the camera-men are uneasy out at Universal City now.

Fox Film plant had a big fire, with a loss of thirty thousand dollars, but most of the stages were saved, the fire taking place in the executive offices mostly. All were on the job working the next day. The keenest loss was Hank Mann's. He had half of his mustache burnt off, and held the picture back until another one could be made.

Great noise at the Fine Arts studio—Douglas Fairbanks beating up about a hundred extras for a picture. No exertion for "Doug" at all.

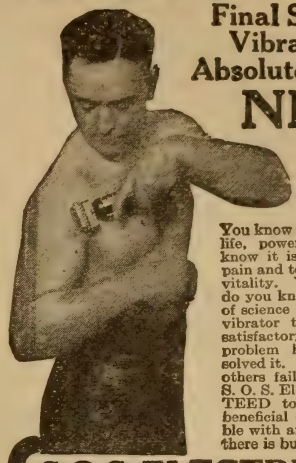
Tom Chatterton is working in the "Kolb and Dill" comedies at American.

Syd Chaplin is helping Charlie with the directing of his pictures.

Harold Lockwood has bought a handsome white Marmon car. Some class!

Lots more next month.

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Physical Grace on the Screen

(*Continued from page* 47)

Frederick and Jose Collins get much of their screen grace from mountain-climbing in outing clothes.

Grace is a part of your make-up that must not be washed off. It is a habit of body, just as cheerfulness is a habit of mind. Wherever you go, whatever you do, retain your ease and accuracy of movement. Cultivate that happy faculty of expending just sufficient energy to do a thing well without an unnecessary movement, the ability to relax easily and avoid physical and mental tension. Mental action can never be more than a part of acting. Mr. Barrett well said that "every gift, physical and mental, that nature can bestow will be found useful to an actor," and Douglas Fairbanks put it this way: "It (acting) begins in the heart, is edited by the brain, and expresses itself thru the body."

Wallace Reid at Home

(*Continued from page* 69)

art of cooking, and any one who is sufficiently lucky enough to receive an invitation to his home knows the joys of ranch cuisine in bungalow setting.

Dinner finished, Wally and his wife prepare either for an evening's call at some friend's house or to receive themselves. Few stars of the screen have more interesting acquaintances than these two, and their circle of friends has broadened beyond the limitations of the Moving Picture world in and around Los Angeles, to a bigger world of other activities.

An accomplished musician, Wally Reid does everything but sing in public. He is an adept at the violin and string instruments, and until neighbors moved near-by it is reported that he played the cornet; the ukelele is his slave, the piano the child of his fingers.

Seriously, however, there is strong verification in the life of Wallace Reid and Dorothy Davenport which condemns the oft-repeated aspersions against the members of the Hollywood film colony.

Why She Is Going to Stay in Pictures

(*Continued from page* 106)

desert—not a bit of it! And it is largely because she feels that she owes a debt

to the Motion Picture that she has refused to return to the stage, tho she declares most emphatically that she has not lost her love for the stage itself.

"The actual pleasure of appearing on the stage and coming into personal contact with my audiences appeals tremendously to me," declared Miss Clark, in speaking of her decision, "but, when I actually faced the decision as to whether I should return to the stage or not, it flashed upon me that I was abandoning the many for the few in giving up my Motion Picture friends for the comparatively small number that would find their way into the theater, even if I were sure of theatrical success.

"I had spent two years of hard work on the study of the technique of the screen and I'm not going to let that long period of hard work go for nothing; so I shall continue to appear on the screen. I enjoy my work just as a man enjoys his business. But there is no career in the world—no matter how brilliant—that could be half so enjoyable to me as a quiet home in the country with my friends and my pets." And no doubt, like the little child who took the clock apart to see how it ran, she will steal time enough to carry out her wishes.

The Island of Desire

(*Continued from page 57*)

He touched the pink globes, with a shadow of the expert's pride. "Very fine—jewels——" he muttered. "Very—fine——"

Later, Chalmers and Lelia stood again in the open day. She was weeping quietly, and he watched her tears with the awe of a man before the incomprehensible feminine.

"Dear," he said gently—"dear, the ship is waiting for us; and I am waiting for you. Will you come with me, Lelia? God helping me, I will never let you be sorry, if you'll give me your life."

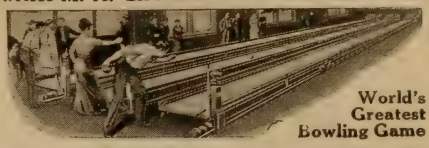
But still she sobbed on, and at last the trouble was out on a tide of tears.

"They say, thos' mans, you did come to fin' thos' pink pearls!" she cried. "You foun' them. Why you not go 'way? Tha's all you come for—jus' thos' pink pearls!"

Chalmers laughed aloud and caught

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the resentful little figure close in his arms.

"Sweetheart—I came for *you!*" he cried, and he believed it. "I'll leave the pearls, if you say so, but I wont go without you!"

He bent and kist her, and her lips returned his kiss. And, as they embraced, forgetful of the world and time and space, a bag of pink pearls, worth a king's ransom, lay at their feet in a dusty clump of weeds, as if pearls instead of kisses were the commonest things in all the world!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Some time ago Mr. Harry Myers, popular player and director, wrote a clever article on "How to Get In," which was published in the November MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, and which apparently created quite a commotion, judging from the following interesting and clever letter from Mr. Myers himself:

MR. MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC:

Rich people, poor people, beggar people, chefs, doctors, lawyers, merchants, plumbers, piano-tuners, waiters, stenographers, waitresses, Pullman porters, bricklayers, chauffeurs, motormen, barbers, young men, old men, middle-aged men, fat women, thin women, young women, old women, chickens, broilers, mediums, show-girls, chorus-men, engineers, surveyors, musicians, white people, dark people, red people, brown people, yellow people, and quite a number of "green ones," all want to "get in the movies." And nearly half the people of the United States and Canada want to "get in."

I never thought that one firm could sell that many issues of one magazine, but it seems to me that half the world has read my article on "How to Get In," and two-thirds of the world wrote to me just on general principles.

The letter-carrier in Providence, on learning that I had gone South, to my winter quarters, raised his hands to the above and gave thanks, and the other day the mailman here asked the boss, "What does that guy, Myers, do to get all this mail? Does he give things away for nothing, or does he write to himself? And does he know that "Us" letter-carriers are humans—the same as him? Why dont he get a truck and get his own mail? And if his mail gets any heavier I'll give my job up in favor of an octopus, and I'll bet, at that, that an octopus would be shy a couple of arms."

The actors in the place are getting jealous, and the boss hates to see the morning mail

(*Continued on page* 166)



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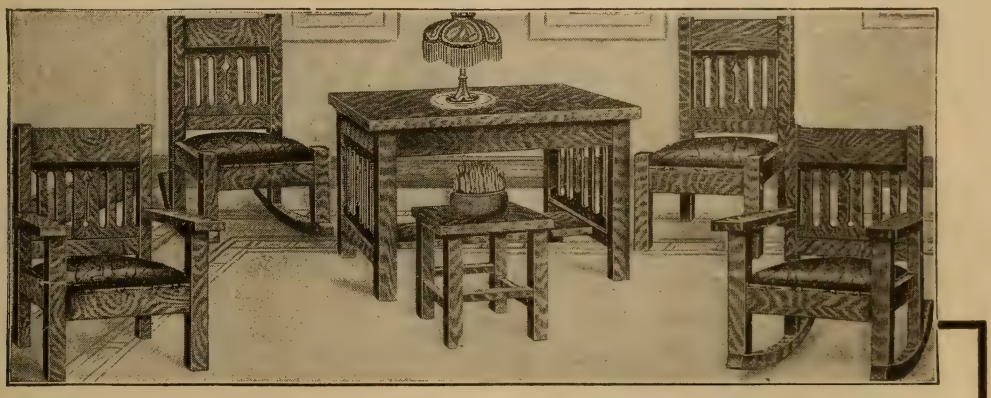
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Big Salaries

(*Continued from page* 164)

come in, as his couple of letters are sandwiched in between my four million. The hallway is cluttered up when the mail-man leaves, and the actors and actresses, the property men and carpenters are sore 'cause they cant get near the office, so they can say good-morning to the boss.

My article was published in your noble magazine over a month ago, and instead of the letters diminishing, they are getting worse. I guess most of the people start at the cover and read it word for word, all the way thru, and they have just arrived at that article of mine, and now they're only starting to write.

Whatever you do, dont ever send me another one of those blanks to fill out—not that I mind doing it, 'cause I dont. I'm ready at all times to lend a helping hand, when it comes to filling your pages; but the point is this—I cant stand the pressure. You know I dont own this firm. I work for a living and receive a weekly stipend of so much money per week, and in order for me to answer these letters it takes money—money for paper, money for stamps, money for typewriter ribbons, money for the repair of the "L. C. Smith" (this is an ad—they ought to give me a new one for this), and now the stenographer wants to be paid overtime, and all of it comes out of my wages.

The other day I had two hours off, and was going to take a little drive around town, but couldn't do it, as I needed gas, and if I bought the gas I couldn't answer my mail, so I remained around the studio, and that night gave the Government four dollars for stamps. I dont mind buying the Government engravings, and laying out this money, but it's getting too strong. They telegraph me in the first place and send the telegrams "Collect." The other day they caught me for $1.08. Then again, they dont put the proper amount of postage on their letters and photo-folders and I have to pay out again.

A young lady writes me from Wilkes Barre, with acid or some darn-fool thing; anyhow, the only visible part of the writing informed me that I would have to light a match, hold it under the letter and the heat would bring out the writing. I tried it, but it took a dozen boxes of safety matches and I had a bedspread to pay for. She had written eight pages with this acid, and when the "spread" caught fire I had read only two pages. The two pages were enough to tell me the news—she wanted to know "How to Get In" and, also, that if I would come to Wilkes Barre she would give me a kiss. So I figured the railroad fare from Jacksonville, Florida, to Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania, and found that I could buy nearly two thousand two-cent stamps, and possibly I could get some of these letters answered.

Another thing: These people who have written me and are patiently awaiting their

(*Continued on page* 168)



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(*Continued from page* 166)

answers are starting to get sore, as they are now writing and telling me that they will continue to write till I do answer.

You know, between reading scenarios, drawing scene-plots, getting out property-plots, acting and directing your own pictures, answering mail, sending out photographs, arguing with the boss about the cost of your pictures, jollying the actors so they wont get sore—if they have to go into water in November, or, perhaps, you want to hit them with a pie or throw a wooden brick at them, or maybe a few gross of eggs, or something like that—takes up all the energy one has. And on top of all this the people who want to "get in" start panning you 'cause you dont answer their letters!

It's too much, Mr. Classic, for even me to handle, and I wish you would tell me not "How to Get In," but "How to Get Out of This Jam I'm In!"

Oh! By the way, how would a serial sound on "How to Get Out of the Business"?

Get the subscribers to write it up and—let the movie people take the tip—possibly some brewery might take it up and give the actors saloons; or perhaps some railroad would like a movie actor for its president, or some good national bank needs a new president.

If you do start one of those serials and anything like that does come in, wire me at once, before the rest jump at the job.

Wishing you the best of everything and hoping and praying that you think of some way to help me—say, by paying the stenographer or buying the stamps and paper, etc. —I beg to remain,

Breathlessly,
HARRY C. MYERS.

Vim Studios,
Jacksonville, Fla.

Miss Fritzi Remont, one of our regular contributors from the Coast, sends us the following letter and photo, which speak for themselves:

Enclosed herewith please find photograph of a young man of Los Angeles. He is but an extra in various Motion Picture companies, but I considered his face exceedingly attractive and expressive, and, if it is possible for you to give the photograph room in your magazine, I believe it would aid him in rising in his profession. He is a toe-dancer, a classic dancer and exceedingly talented as well as versatile.

It is rather difficult, as you'll doubtless admit, to gain headway when one is but a young extra, and I am wondering if your magazine would not care to start the idea of giving the aspiring newcomers photo-room? Why must they be all stars or such as have arrived? If good-looking and clever, why not print their pictures? I believe this would be an aid to studios as well



as a publicity campaign for the young people who are trying very hard to deserve recognition.

David Stuart Richardson is but nineteen years old. He excels in emotional parts, and is graceful, sensitive and high-strung.

If you can do anything with this picture, you would surely aid a deserving lad.

My Ambition

By ELEANOR CHASE

Of course each girl's ambition is to be a picture star; but mine has, strangely, not been realized, so far. So I've been thinking lately, as I sit alone at night, I'd better plan some other "job" in case things are not right. Director—cameraman—or "props"? No; none of those will do! I dont—oh yes! I'll be the one who writes the interview. Now, dont you think that that is next to being a star? A card—"The M. P. Magazine"—will take you very far into the homes and lives of all the shadows on the screen. Oh my! that privilege is fit for any king or queen. To daily intercourse with them and learn their history—to hear and tell to other folks some great one's mystery. I think that next to being a star, I'd like to interview. Now, look at it from all its sides and tell me, dont you, too?

Nuxated Iron to Make New Age of Beautiful Women and Vigorous Iron Men

Say Physicians—Quickly Puts Roses Into the Cheeks of Women and Most Astonishing Youthful Power Into the Veins of Men—It Often Increases the Strength and Endurance of Delicate, Nervous "Run Down" Folks 200 Per Cent. in Two Weeks' Time.

A Wonderful Discovery Which Promises to Mark a New Era in Medical Science

SINCE the remarkable discovery of organic iron, Nuxated Iron or "Fer Nuxate," as the French call it, has taken the country by storm. It is conservatively estimated that over five million persons daily are taking it in this country alone. Most astonishing results are reported from its use by both physicians and laymen. So much so that well-known doctors predict that we shall soon have a new age of far more beautiful, rosy-cheeked women and vigorous iron men.

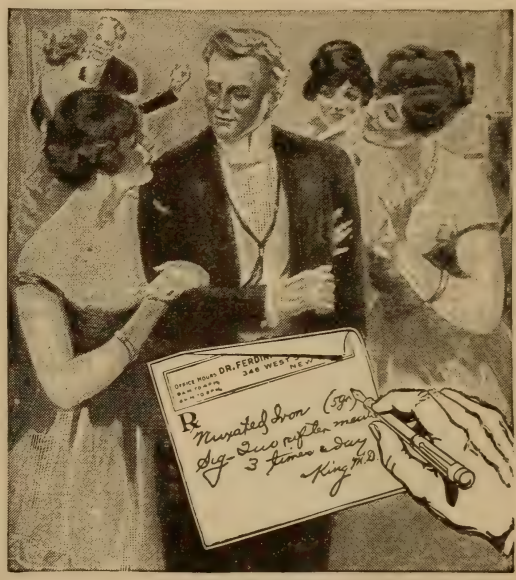
Dr. King, a New York physician and author, when interviewed on the subject, said: "There can be no vigorous iron men without iron. Pallor means anemia. Anemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anemic men and women is pale. The flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone; the brain fags and the memory fails and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

"In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated corn-meal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked, are responsible for another grave iron loss.

"Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."

Dr. Sauer, who has studied abroad in great European medical institutions, said: "As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only throw away patent medicines and nauseous concoctions and take simple nuxated iron, I am convinced that the lives of thousands of persons might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, consumption, kidney, liver, heart trouble, etc. The real and true cause which started their disease was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by a lack of iron in the blood.

"Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of twenty and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact, a young man he really was, notwithstanding his age. The secret, he said, was taking iron—Nuxated Iron had filled him with renewed life. At thirty he was in bad health; at forty-six he was care worn and nearly all in. Now at fifty a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate, or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her children is, alas! not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete and prize-fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray; while many another has gone down in inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron."



Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, another New York physician, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians both in Europe and America. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in nuxated iron, that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron, and increase their strength 200 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

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SHIRLEY MASON as Eve Leslie, the beloved

THE STARS

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IOLET MERSEREAU



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Go to see Nance O'Neill's superb emotional acting in the money play, "Greed".

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Frontispiece to A. B. Paine's "Boys' Life of Mark Twain"

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He could not dream that one day his work would stand in Chinese, in Russian, in many languages he could not read — and from humble doorman to proudest emperor, all would be gladdened at his coming.

He could not know that through it all he would remain as simple, as democratic, as he was that day as a boy on the Mississippi.

MARK TWAIN

He made us laugh, so that we had no time to see that his style was sublime, that he was biblical in simplicity, that he was to America another Lincoln in spirit.

To us, he was just Mark Twain—well-beloved, one of ourselves, one to laugh with, one to go to for cheer, one to go to for sane, pointed views. Now he is gone, the trenchant pen is still. But his joyous spirit is still with us. Mark Twain's smile will live forever. His laughter is eternal.

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The Great American

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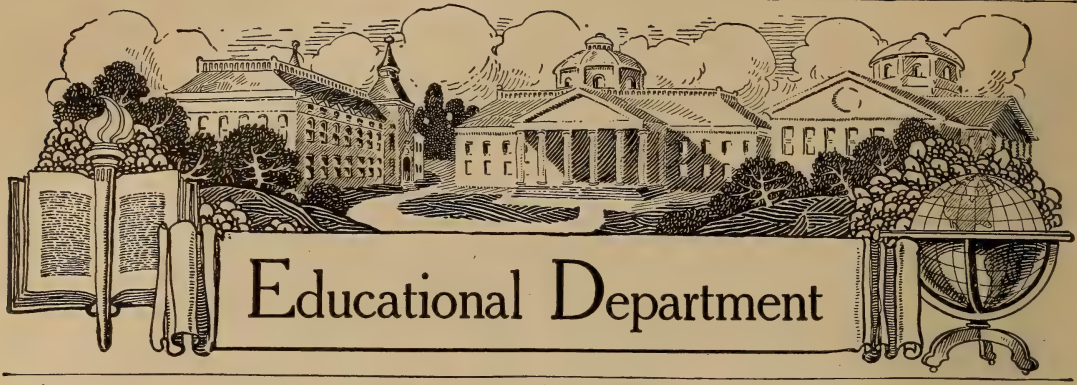
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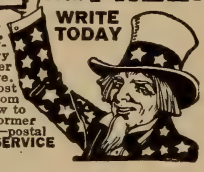
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"Redeeming Love" (Morosco).—Kathlyn Williams, more charmingly seductive than ever, makes her début under a new banner amidst extraordinarily lavish settings. The drama itself is of the red-blooded variety. Two men, the one a too narrow-minded preacher, the other a too broad-minded gambler, fight for the soul and body of a young girl. It is not at all surprising that the gambler, typifying sensuous gaiety, should win temporarily, but the way that love wins the girl back to the virtuous path is so filled with exciting incidents as to constitute a thriller. Wyndham Standing is indeed clever in his portrayal of the gambler, but Thomas Holding, as the preacher, is a trifle too prone to gaze heavenward and to fold his hands prayerfully. H. S. N.

"The Breaker" (Essanay).—Pre-eminently a character sketch with just enough plot action to keep it going. Here is Bryant Washburn as an easy-going failure, in clothes too large for him, and Nell Craig endeavoring to make a living as a stenographer in the same boarding-house. The acting is above par, but it seems to me the story lacks virility. All in all, however, a good, clean picture of everyday life. H. S. N.

"Whom the Gods Destroy" (Vitagraph).—A story set in Ireland during the recent rebellion. The climax is one which makes us proud of our fellow human beings. Three splendid characters, a woman and two men, attempt to save each other from disgrace at no matter how great an expense to self. Harry Morey is the commanding figure of the play, with Marc MacDermott a close second. I confess to watching all thru the picture for the elusively rare smile of Miss Alice Joyce, who, wraith-like in her slenderness, seemed to personify a tragic muse of a girl who carried all her country's burdens on her slim shoulders. A heroic play, well done in every particular. H. S. N.

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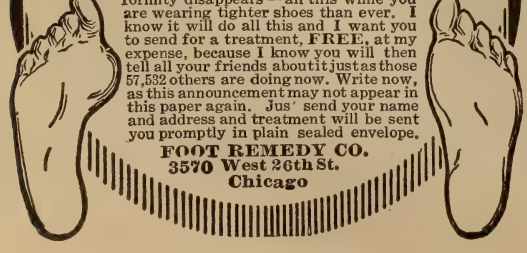


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"The War Bride's Secret" (Fox).—It seems obvious that the author himself was in doubt as to just how to end his photoplay. At all events it drags deplorably and is too unhappy thematically. Virginia Pearson does some wonderful work, and the environment, that of old Scotland, is well carried out. H. S. N.

"And the Law Says" (American).—A plea against capital punishment, with Richard Bennett in the leading rôle. Too many long subtitles which the pictures merely illustrate, but with a worth-while motive for its existence. H. S. N.

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"The Innocence of Lizette" (American).—Mary Miles Minter as an innocent little girl who, finding a baby, immediately claims it as her own, and, when about to lose it for want of a masculine parent, promptly claims a strange young man as its father. The complications can be easily imagined. A pretty, tho not highly dramatic play. Direction very good, for which James Kirkwood is responsible.

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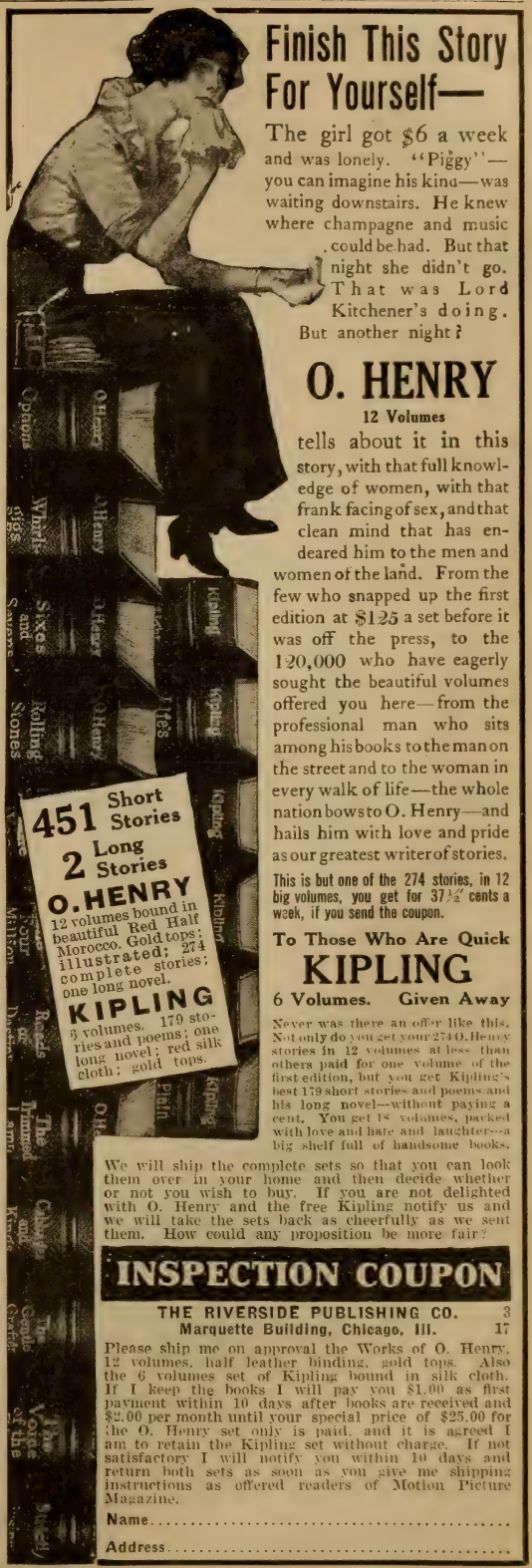
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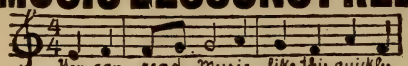
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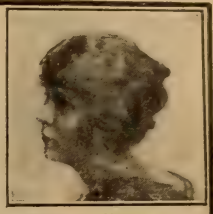
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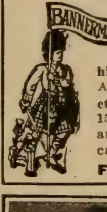
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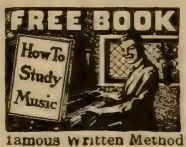
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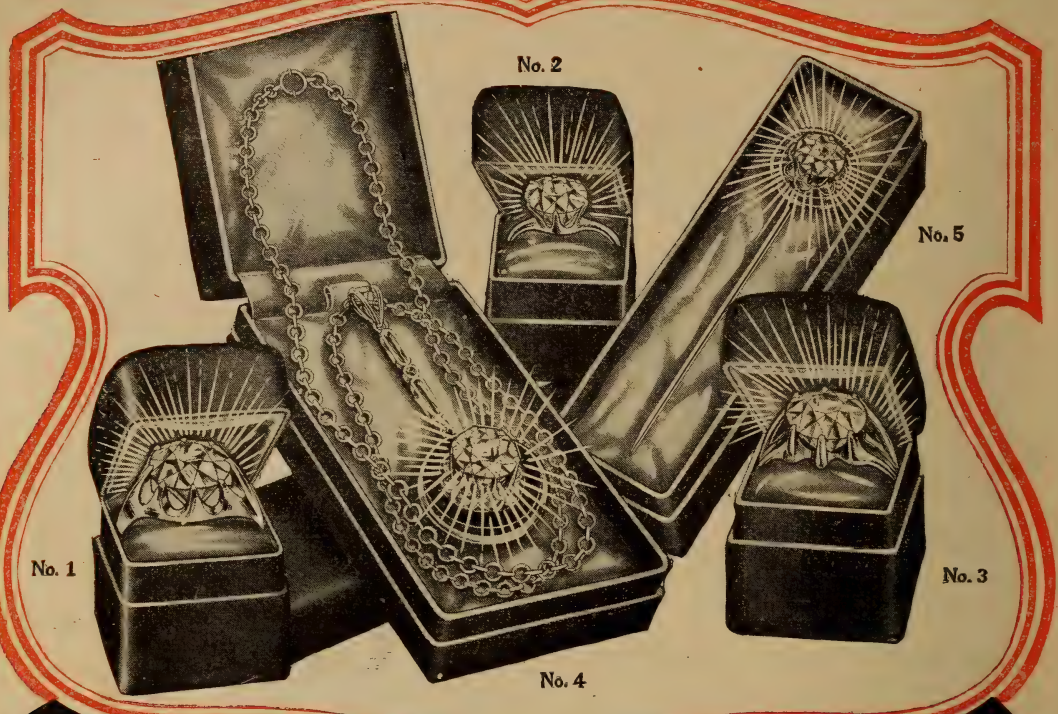
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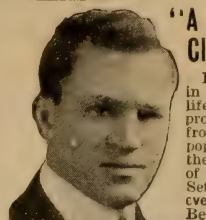
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"Panthea" (Norma Talmadge-Selznick).—Norma's very first picture "on her own." Direction by Allan Dwan, which assures you that it was good. There are weak moments in the play, there are times when it verges closely on the cheaply melodramatic, but the winsome, dark-eyed charm of Norma Talmadge, the boyish, virile good-looks of Earle Foxe, as the hero, make up for that. Rogers Lytton contributed a fine piece of work as the villain, and Jack Meredith gives us a warmly human portrait of Serge, Panthea's schoolboy lover. R. B. C.

"Joan the Woman" (Lasky-Cardinal). One feels rather helpless in attempting to review such a massive spectacle as this—the most ambitious picture that has been shown on Broadway this season, and for many others. Jeanie McPherson wrote the script, and to her must, necessarily, go a good bit of the credit, for she has given us a gripping, absorbing scenario, thoroly consistent in every respect. Cecil B. DeMille directed it, which is further proof of its excellence. Geraldine Farrar as Joan is a wonderful and impressive figure always. She gives us a new and sympathetic picture of Joan. Hitherto, Joan of Arc has been looked upon as a woman who gave up merely her life for the sake of her country. Joan the Woman gives up that which is dearer to many women—her love! She sacrifices all on the altar of her country—and her reward is martyrdom. Too much cannot be said in praise of the production. The photography is magnificent—the locations could not be improved upon—the battle-scenes have the strength and fire of "Intolerance"—the long list of principals in support of the star—all is excellent, magnificently done. The cast is much too long to give here. Suffice it to say that Theodore Roberts should stand next to the star in point of excellence of acting—his "Cauchon the Terrible" is a character to remember. Tully Marshall is great as the mad monk, Wallace Reid's Eric Trent is almost as good as his Don Juan, and Raymond Hatton gives a splendid piece of work as the bigoted, childish, yet somehow pathetic king. There may be—doubt-

(*Continued on page* 154)



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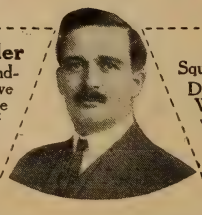
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CHAWLEY CHAPLIN, CAPERING CUPID, WHO IS STILL PUNCTURING THE AFFECTIONATE HEARTS OF THE PUBLIC WITH HIS QUEER ANTICS, SENDS VALENTINE GREETINGS TO YOU ALL

GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS

VALESKA SURATT
(Fox)





Photo by White

ANN MURDOCK (McClure)



Photo by Photoplayers Studio



HERBERT RAWLINSON (Universal)



Photo by Apeda



Photo by Sarony

PEGGY HYLAND
(Vitagraph)



Photo by Witzel

BESSIE LOVE (Triangle)



FRANK KEENAN



MARIE WALCAMP
(International)



Photo by Apeda

LOUISE HUFF (Lasky)



LIONEL ADAMS (Paragon)



FRANK DANIELS
(Vitagraph)



FRITZI RIDGEWAY (Universal)



The Movie Queen of Hearts

When Cupid goes a-searching for this little Queen of Hearts,
With arrow poised and ready to shoot its poisoned darts,
His aim will surely tell him that he'll find the dainty Queen
Of Hearts and Love and Romance on the Motion Picture screen.

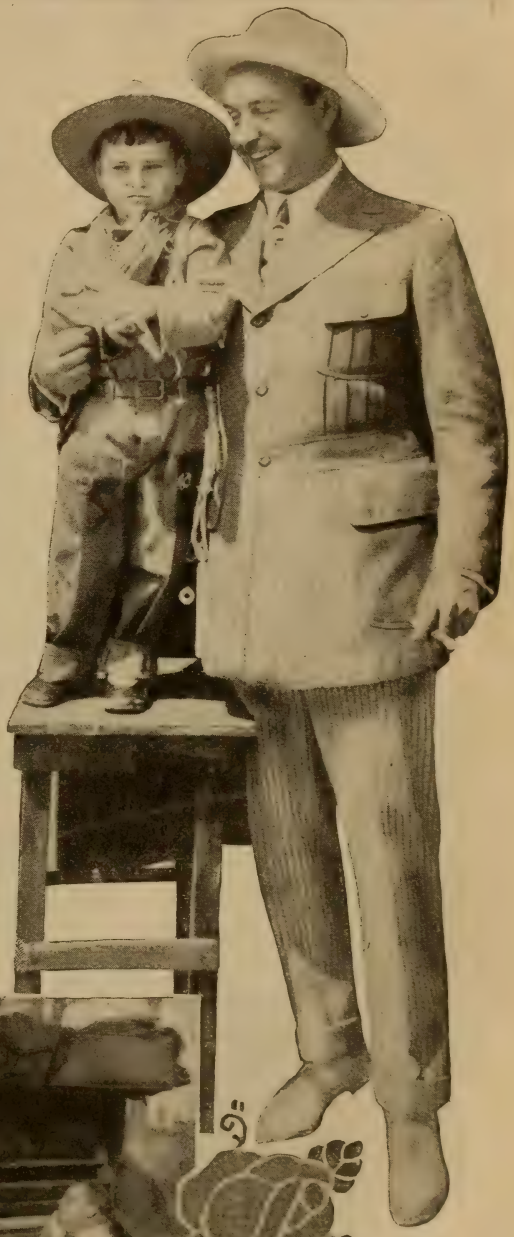
With the Movie Folks at Home And Abroad

by Roberta Courtlandt

THERE'S a great big fascination (to the uninitiated) in the private life of a movie player. The public's curiosity is insatiable. One sweet young thing makes the life of the Answer Man not worth living by agitated queries as to the color of socks favored by Luke McFlim, the popular movie king. Some one else—— But there! why moralize? The subject under discussion in this particular piece of writing is to give you a peek into the home-lives of some of the players. Here's Mary Anderson, being lovingly dashed by the spray from a Pacific Ocean breaker. Mary spends the greater part of her spare time dashing about the beach, in California, in a fetching little black satin suit, with a bright scarlet cap over her hair. Which is a perfectly



TOM FORMAN





MINTA DURFEE AND ROSCOE ARBUCKLE

DUSTIN FARNUM AND KID VAN TREES



HENRY WALTHALL AND
E. H. CALVERT

MARY ANDERSON





MABEL TRUNNELLE



LENORE ULRICH

proper amusement for even the most exclusive of débutantes.

Then, here's Mabel Normand, beginning the day's work by greeting her canine friends at the studio. They are to work in the picture on this bright morning, and among the first duties set for them is to get properly interested in their parts. This Mabel is helping them to do.

Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Arbuckle—otherwise "Fatty" and Minta Durfee—have run afoul of a sad accident on the way from their Venice home to the Keystone studio. The car—a birthday present from



MABEL NORMAND

Out on the golf-links of Chicago's Country Club, you will find two gentlemen engaged in a heated argument. Little as you would suspect it from their appearance, they are, ordinarily, the best of friends, but just at present they seem the worst of enemies. The gentleman in white, who is all dressed up (he is wearing a tie, you will notice—a carelessly knotted slimpsy tie—but a tie, nevertheless), is E. H. Calvert, director and heavy-man for Essanay, while the carelessly dressed gentleman, with his cap hung nonchalantly over his eye, is Henry Walthall!—the same dearly beloved "Little Colonel" who added greatly to the excitement and general enjoyment of "The Birth of a Nation."

Mr. Arbuckle to Minta—has, most unkindly, punctured a tire, far from any signs of help, and it is "Fatty's" duty to "fix that off hoof," as he expresses it, while Minta stands by, smiling encouragingly and offering liquid refreshment. These annoying little things just will happen, y'know!



MABEL CONDON AND RUTH ROLAND

Tom Forman, clad in bathrobe and slippers, gayly greets the glad morning sun in search of the morning paper. Perhaps his joy is due to the fact that he really found the paper just where he left it, and not where the milkman, having finished his leisurely perusal of it, had discarded it. Or it may be that Tom is glad he is going to have a day off from the studio, or maybe he is soon to begin a new play in which he again plays the sweetheart of Blanche Sweet. (It doesn't seem fair for a fellow to be paid actual money for such a task, when there are men galore who would gladly give an eye for the chance to do it for nothing!)

Lenore Ulrich, svelte, exquisitely clad, as usual, is always accompanied to and from the studio by her beautiful dog—an exceedingly picturesque appendage. He really and truly belongs to her, too. Here she is seen departing for the haunts of toil—in other words, the Morosco studios. If you were commanded by the lovely Lenore to "Love me, love my dog," would you find it a difficult task?

Mabel Trunnelle enjoys a somewhat unique hobby—or favorite amusement. It's cooking. She dearly loves to potter about her pretty blue-and-white kitchenette, attired in a most businesslike, checked gingham apron, and to concoct all sorts of delightful dishes for the epicurean palate of friend husband, otherwise known as Herbert Prior.

Dustin Farnum has a protégé—a little bit of a fellow who, when mounted on a table, reaches barely to Dusty's shoulder. Dusty takes the greatest pride in his friendship with the little fellow, and they are rapidly becoming inseparables about the Morosco studio. The lucky boy is O. Kid Van Trees, which seems entirely too much name for so small a boy. He says that when he grows up he's going to be a leadin' man, like Mr. Dusty, and play love-scenes with a girl as pretty as Winifred Kingston. Some ambition, O. K.!

Ruth Roland is a persnickety young lady when it comes to her own personal possessions. And Ruth wanted a car that would be entirely different from anything in California. She sought thru all the automobile shops, but could find nothing that pleased her as being distinctively individual. So one obliging young salesman suggested that she design something herself and have the factory he represented build it for her. No sooner said than done! And when it was finished—Long Beach, as well as the rest of California, stands off and silently admires it.

It is a sedan chair; robin's-egg blue as to exterior, highly polished; parrot-scarlet as to interior. And Ruth wasn't satisfied with designing the car—she must needs design a frock to go with it—and here we get the idea for the combination of colors, for Ruth's "motoring dress" is a soft white flannel, with a broad sailor collar which is embroidered in blue, while a scarlet tie finishes it! Three cheers for the red, white and blue! In the car with Ruth is Mabel Condon, the publicity expert and correspondent for the *Dramatic Mirror*.

The Phantom Rider

By RALPH COOLE

When the guy that takes the pitchers starts the crank to twistin' round,
An' that d'rector guy jumps up an' hollers "Now!"
I swing my ol' sombrero plumb aroun' my frazzlin' head,
An' that hoss o' mine perceeds to start a row;
An' I register some action fer them woolly Western fillums—
I'm a ridin' fool from Pecos, tha's no lie—
But a-ridin' clost beside me is a guy they never see—
It's the rider that I was in days gone by!

Oh I've rid the line fer hours with a "norther" in my face
Blowin' sixty mile a hour 'cross the range;
An' I've kep' them steers a millin' till the wind was done blowed out,
An' the sun come peepin' thru jest fer a change;
An' I jest caint he'p a-thinkin', when I'm doin' of them stunts,
That the boss could get a thriller if he'd try
Fer to rig him up a camera what would fotigraft the past
An' the rider that I was in days gone by!



CHARLIE CHAPLIN

Falling—On and Off the Screen

By ROBERT FRANCIS MOORE

"CAN you do a fall?" That's the first question asked of an aspirant to screen comedy. Now, that doesn't mean can the candidate just fall down when told, but can he do it, without hurting himself, in such a way as to get a big laugh? That is where the art lies.

Being an ardent comedy fan, I had often wondered just how some of these remarkable tumbles were accomplished without serious injury to the participants, so I determined to talk to some of the brightest luminaries in that branch of the profession and get some first-hand information.

So, accordingly, I journeyed out to the Lone Star studio and caught Mr. Chaplin during one of his breathing spells. Backing him up into a corner where he couldn't escape, I proceeded to satisfy my curiosity.

"Now, Mr. Chaplin," I said, "I want to know how you manage some of those tricky tumbles."

Mr. Chaplin glanced wildly from side to side, but, seeing there was no way out, composed himself as he would on entering the dentist's chair.

"Well," he said, "I dont know that there is any particular method to it. I've been clowning ever since I was a kid, and it seems as tho the ability for that sort of thing was just naturally born in me. I guess it's really a matter of getting into the spirit of your work and letting yourself go."

"But haven't you any way of breaking the shock?" I asked. "You cant just take a chance on landing on your head."

"Why, of course there are several tricks for breaking stage-falls, which are of great service in this game. I use my neck and shoulders as bumpers. By turning my head in the jar, all comes on my shoulder-blades, but, of course, it looks on the screen as tho I were fracturing my skull. Then, also, if I have to be struck from the front, and fall backward, I throw my right leg forward and up. This pulls my left leg with it, and I land on my neck. Your hands are a big asset, too. But you mustn't let the camera see you use them. When I fall forward, I break the force with the palms of my hands and with my chest. The principal thing to remember is to make the tumble seem spontaneous and look natural, not studied."

"Doesn't your work require very careful timing?" I asked.

Mr. Chaplin smiled and reflectively rubbed one elbow.

"It certainly does," he said, with emphasis; "but once in a while we slip up on it. The other day we were rehearsing a scene in which I had to be knocked over backward while carrying a load of dishes. The other fellow hit me just a second too soon, and I couldn't shift the

Murdock, of the Kalem, is another who belongs to this latter class. "I am tempted to believe," he says, "that I have been falling all my life, at least for the past eighteen years, always right side up, and without any aftermath of injury." This is indeed an enviable record, but I am inclined to think that Mr. Murdock should "knock wood" with Mr. Chaplin.



"IT LOOKS AS THO I WERE FRACTURING MY SKULL"

crockery quickly enough. There was a bit of a smash, and I got rather an enlargement on one arm."

"Have you ever been really hurt?"

Charlie rapped quickly on a convenient scene frame with his knuckles.

"Never seriously," he replied, "altho we all get our share of bruises. Then, you just let yourself go; there really isn't much danger. I enjoy it."

There are two varieties of tumbling comedians—those who acquire the art by means of long practice, and those to whom it seems to come naturally. Henry

"Where did you learn the art of falling?" I asked him.

"I dont think I ever did," he replied, smiling. "I just fell into the art of falling."

Which goes to show that Henry is a wit as well as a tumbler.

"Which kind of falls do you consider easiest to make?"

Mr. Murdock seemed to take me seriously for the first time.

"Falling down a flight of steps is easiest for me, and it nearly always gets a good laugh. You see, I can use my

hands all the time. Some of the most dangerous and difficult drops, such as falling from a window or out of a tree, are not half so effective on the screen as some of the easier ones."

"Have you any particular method for breaking your spills?"

"My two best friends are my hands," he said. "I use them for every fall, no matter how I land I seem to know intuitively when to stick them out, or else they do it of their own accord. I had an interesting little experience, the other day, which illustrates this well. We were out 'on location,' and I had to



THE PICTURE ABOVE SHOWS CHARLIE CHAPLIN IN "ONE A. M." HE IS "ROCKING THE BOAT" LIKE HE DID ON THE LADDER IN "THE PAWN SHOP," AND TAKES HIS FALL GRACEFULLY. THE LOWER PICTURE SHOWS HENRY MURDOCK TAKING A NASTY FALL IN "THAT PESKY PARROT" (KALEM) WHILE MARY ROSS IS THROTTLING IVY CLOSE

enter a scene and crank up a one-lunged auto of the vintage of 'ninety-five and speed out. We tried it once, but the director thought it too slow and ordered full speed ahead. I proceeded to crank. Suddenly, without warning, the crazy car leaped down the street. I made a wild grab and, catching the front seat, climbed aboard. As I hit the front seat, the car hit a wagon driven by a negro. Then it was auto, negro, wagon and all in more or less of a mess. I landed on the curbstone, but by relaxing my muscles and using my hands I wasn't hurt a bit. The other three principals in the little drama were badly demoralized. It got a big laugh, but, unfortunately, the camera-man missed it. You can see I was born either to drown or hang."

One of the newer tumbling comedians, whose rise to fame has been rapid, is Ben Turpin, of the Vogue comedies. "In my opinion," says Mr. Chaplin, "Ben Turpin is one of the few really good comedians in the Motion Pictures. He earns every laugh he gets."

"Are you also one of those to whom the body-smashing art comes natural?" I asked of the Vogue fun-maker.

"Yes and no," he replied. "I always had a fondness for that kind of work, but several years ago I joined a circus troupe as a producing clown, and, naturally, that job gave me a chance to practice a fine line of neck-breakers. That's really where I got my experience. I dont rely much on science in taking falls, for really the most scientific tumbler in the world may easily hurt himself. My motto is: Throw yourself into the game and trust in Providence."

Some of the greatest exponents of slapstick tumbling are those whose names never appear on the screen programs. These are the famous Keystone "cops." I was talking the other day to one of the directors of that studio, and he made the statement that this brand of grief-killers had done as much and more than any star to win popularity for the Keystone comedies. "Why," he said, "in the old days, when there wasn't enough body to the scenario, when the 'gags' were falling flat and everything was going wrong, the never-failing remedy was to call in the 'cops' to pull the picture thru."

These are picked men, daredevils, ready for anything, from driving an automobile thru the side of a house to shooting the same machine off a fifty-foot pier. And there isn't any fake to what you see, either. The Keystone maintains its own hospital, and it is surprising how few cases are treated there. Of course there are the usual quota of bruises to be dressed and an occasional sprained ankle, but nine times out of ten the performers get away clear. I asked the director how he accounted for this.

"It's because we tell them where to fall," he said. "Sometimes they miss the mark, and then some one gets hurt; but they get hardened to it, and we have some on our pay-roll whom you couldn't kill with a steam roller."

Did You Ever?

By FREDERICK WALLACE

Did you ever sit enraptured
At a Motion Picture show,
Lost to everything around you
As you watched the story grow—
Each nerve tense—and then behind you,
From some rude barbarian throat,
Hear a sentence, shrill, incisive,
"Gee! that woman gets my goat"?

Did you ever feel the tear-drops
From beneath your eyelids start,
When some wondrous gem of acting
Seemed somehow to wring your heart?
Seemed somehow to bring you nearer
To the whole vast human race—
And then hear right there beside you,
"She can act, but what a face!"

Have you ever watched in wonder
For the climax of the play,
When some valiant movie hero
Risked his life to save the day—
Felt your blood somehow run swifter,
Felt your tense-drawn muscles ache—
And then heard a sneer behind you,
"Gosh! that scene's a rotten fake"?

I can stand the Board of Censors,
'Tis their place to criticise;
But I tremble when I hear the
Comments of the would-be wise,
Scraps of raw misinformation
Into scenes of beauty dragged—
Haven't got the nerve to shoot 'em,
But I'd like to see 'em gagged.

What Their Handwriting Portrays

By FRITZI REMONT

THE pen is mightier than the palm, more reliable than the planets, and a part of one's very self in delineating character and habits. "Every little movement has a meaning all its own" and mirrors clearly the writer's personality. Even as the graphonola records the human voice or other sounds, the pen is making a record of him who wields it, whether he be conscious of the fact or not. The cruelties of which an Oliver Cromwell was capable are set down for all time in his writing, even tho there were no histories to record them. Understanding the principles of graphology, one may draw a pen-picture of an individual quite as accurately as the talking-machine reproduces his voice.

Astrology imputes to those having the same birth-month certain general characteristics, but, unless a special horoscope be cast, glaring discrepancies will appear in the reading. He who has mastered the principles of reading character from handwriting is not dependent upon any reference to age, nationality, or date of nativity.

At a time when many are inquiring "What assets must be mine that I may enter the Motion Picture field and be a success?" character-sketches, enumerating the chief factors which have led to fame and fortune our best-known photo-players, should prove helpful to the aspirant for stellar honors and spur him on to emulation of their virtues.

WILLIAM S. HART

AGGRESSION, determination and insistence are qualities which bring a man to the fore in any field, but which have proven especially valuable assets to Mr. Hart. In addition to these, he is patient and persevering, possesses much originality and a bump of constructivity. He has ingenuity and resourcefulness, and it would be difficult, indeed, to assign a task to him which he could not fulfil. He can overcome almost any obstacle, and has no fear of defeat in anything he undertakes. He is a quick thinker, instantly connecting cause and effect, and, as his mental and physical vitality are almost evenly balanced, he has great powers of endurance.



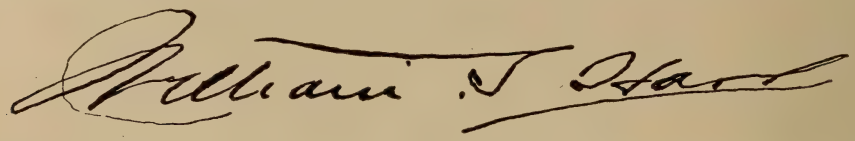
Mr. Hart is a foe to set rules; he is unconventional, yet intensely practical and possessed of concise ideas, strong convictions and equally pronounced prejudices. He never demands of others more than he can certainly fulfil himself, is unselfish, kind and very sympathetic. The tightly closed small a and o show that he is uncommunicative about personal matters, yet he is an entertaining conversationalist and well versed—a man who will be ever acquisitive of knowledge, being keenly observant and a good judge of human nature. He trusts but few and takes very little on faith. He must be convinced by logical argument, yet, when asked to solve a problem to which there seem to be several good solutions, his alert mentality at once takes the short-cut to success. He is a trained thinker, yet often governed by

impulse, as the greatly inclined slant of his writing shows, the connected letters betraying connected thought.

Being intensely affectionate, he has the ability to portray emotion and sentiment, yet the gift of shrewdness, a natural reticence, reserve and dignity enable this famous actor to hide emotion under the impenetrable mask of an Indian when he chooses so to do.

Mr. Hart has a strong sense of humor and so much magnetism that he can hold the attention of his audience thru sheer force of emphatic personality. He is highly artistic, a lover of form, one who is never happier than when living a free life out of doors, free from fear, and possessed of both moral and physical courage. His adaptability is such that I am sure he would "set a table in the wilderness" if left without accouterments in a desolate spot.

Mr. Hart *makes* his plays; they have never made him the artist he is. Inconsistencies of the photoplay are adroitly hidden by his ingenuity and resourcefulness. He has the faculty of biding his time and waiting patiently for renown,



even as he might wait for revenge. While tender and patient with infirmity, kind to all dumb animals, he does not easily forget a personal injury. Understanding the weaknesses of others, he would be in a position to repay old scores without resorting to physical violence. His words carry weight, and would sear the soul of him who had injured this man, who, being versatile enough to essay any rôle, yet remains the ideal American actor of Western parts.

VIOLET MERSEREAU

The enthusiasm and ambition of this young girl know no bounds. She can sound the gamut of emotions, for her lines of romance and sentiment are powerfully defined, yet she has immense determination and firmness, so that she may play parts requiring stern self-control. She has the spirit which made Columbus famous in his day; she is an explorer in the truest sense of the word. Nothing daunts her; fear is almost unknown to her, and, with her aggression and courage, her splendid mental and physical vitality, her lofty ideals, quick decisions and rapid-fire impulses, I can see her only like a brilliant comet, almost startling her audience with her rapid thought-processes. She is a star who leaves a brilliant trail of light whenever she flashes on the histrionic horizon. There is nothing half-hearted in her work; it is her whole self; yet, with her strong buoyancy, she should feel very little weariness or after-effect from her acting.



Miss Mersereau has a great love of approbation, and, while always sympathetic and ready to praise others, she is highly appreciative of kindly criticism of her own work. She acts on the spur of the moment at all times, is a child of nature, and, like the skies, can weep or smile and astonish those who know her with these rapid changes of mood. The wavy base-lines and sudden changes of slope, as well as unconscious pen-pressure, indicate histrionic ability and moods. Like all enthusiastic people, she sometimes goes too fast and has sudden reversions of feeling, is subject to blue-devils and momentarily disheartened. But her aforesaid buoyancy and longing for new fields to conquer always aid her in rising on the crest of the wave. This is partly due also to her excellent wit and sense of humor.

Miss Mersereau is self-possessed as well as impulsive, and has a strongly developed love-nature. She takes great pride in the achievements of those dear to her. She is a good entertainer and can keep people interested and happy when they visit her. She is very musical and temperamental, and might quite as well have developed that talent. She is self-willed and sometimes perverse, but so lovable that one forgets these things by force of her strong magnetism and attractive personality. She is apt to procrastinate on disagreeable duties, to be tardy in social engagements, but is unselfish, kind-hearted and benevolent, and her friends readily forgive these small lapses because her virtues and talents so far overbalance her shortcomings.

Miss Mersereau was born to rule; she is resourceful and has natural creative ability, and could not become subservient to those less gifted than herself. She is original, and enjoys the unusual and even the mystic.

With such varied abilities, it is no wonder that this young star has achieved fame before she is out of her teens.

BLANCHE SWEET

With the soul of a poet and an intense love of poetry, Blanche Sweet is sentimental and impulsive, as well as artistic and capable of building bright air-castles, many of which are sure to come true, for Miss Sweet writes a "successful" hand, from the financial standpoint.



Her chief factor for success is a plastic and impressionable mind. She is not a young woman of decided personal inclinations, altho fond of nature and of literature, but she is led by the stronger wills with whom she comes in contact. Not that she is lacking in will power, and even in a mild form of stubbornness and of strong convictions, but she is obedient and willing to learn from the experiences of those who have traveled a hard road before her. The plain, small and unadorned capitals show that Miss Sweet is remarkably free from conceit and prejudices, and adulation, which would have turned the head of any other young girl, has only served to impress her with a desire to become more worthy of the public approval of her acting. There is much humility in this hand, even tho she is gifted with bright imagination and fancy.

Miss Sweet is quite versatile, has exceedingly concise and practical ideas, and is somewhat matter-of-fact in her dealings with those whom she meets. She is unaffected and affectionate, has high ideals, and is generous, humanitarian and unselfish.

Her gentle humor and amiability endear her to her friends. She is conscientious and even critical, and gives close attention to her work. She is punctual in business affairs and is careful in her expenditures, having very good judgment in financial matters.

Blanche Sweet is imitative, and I am sure that, as a child, she was a source of amusement to her elders. She is so observant, and often droll, that her words carry weight. She is deliberate in thought and in movement and possessed of a very attractive and childlike naïveté.

She builds up foundations, and they prove solid, for she does not exercise woman's privilege to change her mind so frequently as to cause personal disaster. Like a fair flower, she prefers not to be transplanted, and is loyal to her surroundings and associates. She is not demonstrative, but is a sincere friend to those whom she really trusts. It is not possible for her nature to make indiscriminate friendships; she is happy with a few, and can be contented even when alone. Out of her sweetness of disposition she has created her own world.

Blanche Sweet

HENRY B. WALTHALL

CRITICAL analysis and scientific thinking are the two great assets which enable Mr. Walthall to dissect each character he is to portray, to follow up the author's delineation of a rôle with the most subtle analysis of emotions, and then, with wonderful sincerity, to reproduce that which his brilliant mind has grasped. He is his own best critic, and is keenly observant of detail to the most minute matter of make-up.



Mr. Walthall thinks very quickly, even while he depends on logic. He has every æsthetic gift, and his writing strongly resembles that of Edgar Allan Poe, in whose immortal poem Mr. Walthall was featured. He has the soul of a poet and the fancy of an artist, combined with great practicality, sentiment and a dash of coquettishness, as indicated by his forward sloping small letter "d" with its gracefully drooping short curve. This letter also shows active fancy. He is unselfish, intuitive, and should always be guarded by his first impressions of those whom he meets, since this quality is really his guardian angel and will preserve him from many dangers.

There is a well-developed strain of originality and ingenuity in this character, as well as a great love of form, neatness and system. His mental and physical activity are such that many men might give way to fatigue where he is but stimulated to greater effort. He can concentrate deeply, is always acquisitive of knowledge, has infinite tact and diplomacy, and the quality of biding his time and awaiting results. While subject to moments of deep depression, his nature is buoyant, and he recovers quickly and is spurred on to fresh triumphs.

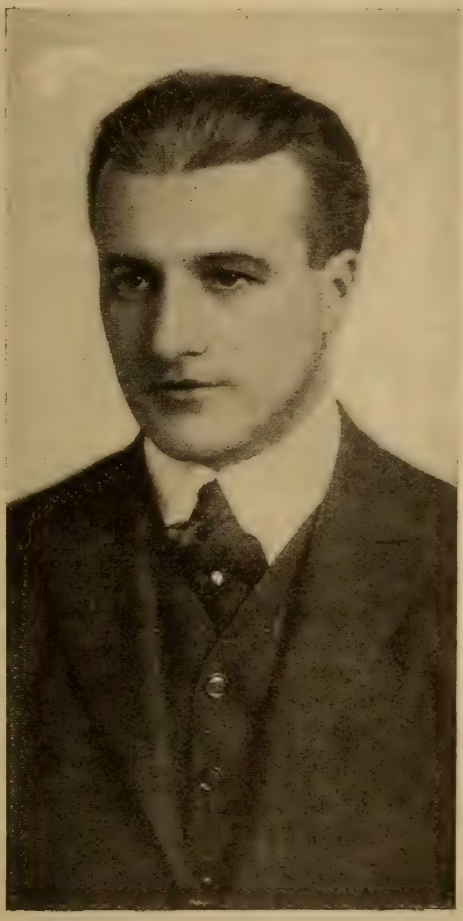
Mr. Walthall's sympathies are quickly aroused, and his kind heart responds to those in need. However, he will not disclose his charities, and is not demonstrative in public. He is possessed of much dignity and restraint, is exceedingly temperamental, in spite of these qualities, and, owing to the repression of natural impulses, is subject to nervous reaction. Like many gifted men, he is sure of his own talents—a just self-appraisal.

Mr. Walthall might well have been a physician or surgeon—his humanitarian instincts are so strong, his sympathies so quick, his mind so scientifically inclined. His faculty of logical reasoning and deductive analysis would have fitted him for the bench or bar. However, his innate artistic sense, his emotion and intuitive development and desire to produce that which he feels and knows are such that acting became a necessity to him, who is perhaps best known as "The Little Colonel" of "The Birth of a Nation."

Henry B Walthall

WILLIAM GARWOOD

ONE could not picture Mr. Garwood as overacting at any time, for he is innately cautious and pays great attention to detail. Yet he is enthusiastic, possesses a splendid imagination, and has wonderful lines of fancy, romance and sentiment.



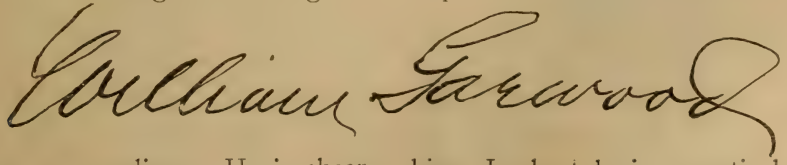
He is practical and possessed of concise ideas, and is subject to prejudices as well as to procrastination, as may be deduced from the fact that he frequently crosses the small "t" to the left of the letter. However, every adverse trait in his character is counterbalanced by a good one, so that his faithfulness to the little things and his conscientiousness offset the procrastination, which may be an inherited trait. His prejudices are overcome by his love-nature and general kindliness, and he is cautious because practicality balances imagination and sentiment. Mr. Garwood always likes to dress and appear well, and is fastidious to a degree. He is cultured and refined, and comes of good family, and shows strong moral and religious training and good home surroundings. He is cheerful and obliging, very sympathetic, friendly and kind-hearted.

He should be an excellent swimmer, walker or dancer, and writes gracefully and easily. He is surely possessed of that *savoir faire* which creates warm friendships in both sexes. He is unselfish and trustworthy, proud, self-reliant and independent. He will probably meet with much ingratitude, since he gives so much more than he receives, and his giving is so spontaneous that it is not always judicious.

Mr. Garwood will make very few enemies; he will be successful financially, and he will accomplish great things in his art because of his faithfulness over the little things. He sows so much good that he cannot help drawing good things to himself.

He possesses much dignity, reserve, self-respect and pride, yet these are balanced by his affectionate impulses. He is argumentative and sometimes stubborn, but never bears malice, and is broad-minded enough to relinquish a theory when one has proven, by argument, that he is in the wrong.

He is a good critic and will study himself as thoroly as any outsider. His ideals are so high that nothing short of daily improvement in his work will ever satisfy him. In short, he is a practical idealist—a man who can harness his dreams to his tasks—and this accounts for his vogue with the Moving Picture fans.



(To be continued)

The Glory of

This story was written from the Vitagraph

DEEP down in the green bosom of the lake a water-sprite was dancing. The forest that lies beneath the waves fluttered its leaves noiselessly, scattering gold sun-drops on the honey-colored hair; the ragged skirt of coarse, peasant weave floated about her slender limbs as gracefully and airily as a gauze veil.

On the high banks above the lake Yolanda flung her round, bare arms above her shining head and laughed aloud as she swayed and dipped to the unheard strains of the youth-fugue within her. The piercing, sweet notes of the wild song-birds within the forest rained in a shower of golden sound thru the air, fragrant with the short, sensuous summer of Russia.

In the road, beyond the screen of quaking aspen, two men drew rein.

"Blood of my fathers!" swore the older, a great, black bear of a man with a stiff beard and small eyes lurking under enormous brows. "Salvini herself is heavy-footed and gross beside this paragon! Seest thou the slimness of her waist, Sergius? My two hands could span it——"

His companion cast a sardonic glance at the huge paws, encased in leather gauntlets that called for a half-hide in the making. Then he turned his cool eyes upon the unconscious dancer, and his thin, aristocratic nostrils lifted slightly.

"Undeveloped, not more than seventeen, and quite amazingly lovely," he drawled. "I trust, Boris, you have no scheme for transplanting this flower of the wildwood? Ah! we have startled the fawn with our huntsman growlings! She vanishes! Let us do likewise."

The girl had stopped, in the midst of a pirouette, to cast a glance over her shoulder in the direction of their voices. A deep rose-flush swept her from forehead to the bare bosom between the brown lacings of her bodice. She gathered her skirts together as a bird prepares its plumage for flight. Then she glanced back. A flash of mischief illuminated the piquant face, her arm rose high, and a pink wild-rose, still warm from her hair, fell on the



YOLANDA'S DREAM HAD COME TRUE—PREMIÈRE IMPERIAL

Yolanda

By Dorothy Donnell

Photoplay of MABEL HEIKES JUSTICE



DANSEUSE OF THE BALLET

Her mother, scorched of life, stood sod hut, peer her shriveled hand. "Ah! thou, little pigeon," Yolanda panted over the last fallows of the field and flung strong, young arms about her neck in a breathless hug.

path between them. When they looked up from the fragrant coquetry, she was gone. Olga, brown by the flames before the ing under claw of a there art she moaned, as

"Leo, here, has waited long for thee," she motioned toward the tall, awkward young peasant, in his belted frock, standing patiently nearby. Yolanda flung a careless glance at her humble adorer. "Pooh! I have had braver birds than he to wing!" she scoffed. "Little mother, as I danced in the forest just now, I think the Tsar himself rode by!"

"God ha' mercy!" gasped the old woman, hastily crossing herself, "thy wits are addled. Ah! thou wast jesting! But take care, child; the Tsar is not a name for fools to toss about."

"Well, it was a great lord, then," said Yolanda, carelessly. She pointed down the sandy road in triumph. "Judge for thyself, for there they come!"

The old peasant and the brawny Leo bowed low as the well-dressed strangers drew rein at the gate, but Yolanda tossed her honeyed curls, half-abashed, half-pleased with their tribute of stares.

"Good mistress," said he of the black beard, peremptorily, "your daughter, here, has danced herself into our good grace. Where learnt she her art?"

"No one taught me. It is in *here*"—Yolanda pressed her hand to her heart.

She sprang past her courtesying mother and stood beside the stranger's horse, trembling at her own temerity, eager, palpitant. "My father says no good will come of it and beats me," she rushed on, raising azure eyes to the grim face. "My brother, Serge, laughs at me, and Leo, here—— But I must dance, or I would die!"

The Grand Duke Boris knew women like a book that has been conned again and again; but he had never known a woman just like this slim flame of a peasant girl, with her wide, innocent eyes that met his without qualm or question. He ran a thick tongue over the full, crimson lips that edged his beard as he gazed on her. His companion, Prince Drolinski, openly sneered.

"Such treasure concealed in a mangy, mujik hut!" muttered Boris. He thrust his hand into his belt and took out three broad gold-pieces which he tossed at Olga's feet. "Bring thy fledgling to Petrograd!" he commanded. "Ask for Duke Boris, and I will take care of you. She shall dance in the Imperial Ballet, if she will, and tread on a gold-piece at every footstep!"

The hoofs of the horses faded into silence before one of the group stirred. Old Olga was gazing at the three smooth, yellow disks in her withered palm as if she could not credit her eyes.

"The saints guard us!" she was muttering — "such riches!"



"NO ONE TAUGHT ME. IT IS IN *HERE*

Leo was looking at Yolanda, his whole honest, dogged soul in his suffering eyes. "Thou wilt go—I shall never see thee again," he murmured. "I might have known——"

But Yolanda, a smile on her scarlet lips, neither saw nor heard, for her ecstatic gaze was turned on the future, far into the heart of her dream.

"To dance—in the Imperial Ballet!" Her young breasts rose on the swell of her breath; she turned to the mowing old

woman and shook her shoulder impatiently.

"Come, little mother," she cried. "Didst thou not hear him—the great man, whose goodness is next to God's? There is much to do and far to go. Before the leaves fall, we must be in Petrograd!"

The leaves still clung, rusty red, to the lindens in the city square, when Yolanda and Duke Boris sat in the broad window



YOLANDA PLAYED "CAT'S CRADLE" ABSORBEDLY WITH BORIS

of the handsome apartment he had provided for her, playing "cat's cradle" as absorbedly as tho it were an affair of state. That, at least, was the attitude of the girl. She did not guess, as her slim fingers fluttered over the strings and her childish laugh rang out, what grim emotions she was causing behind the iron mask of the face opposite. Boris was puzzled and strangely uneasy with her. Her utter defenselessness seemed to raise between them an impalpable veil. Barriers he could break down with his great, merciless hands; walls of prudery or modesty he could overleap with a jeering laugh; but for a month this friendless, desirable girl had been within his power, and he had made no smallest effort to possess her, tho the sweetness of her ran like a potent liquor thru his veins.

"Art thou—happy?" he asked her now with the brusqueness that characterized him. "Is this better than thy home-hut and thy black bread, little nestling?"

So spoke his tongue, but his heart cried out different words: "So small I could crush thee with one of my hands! So weak, so wonderful! Am I a dog of a peasant to be baffled by a maid?"

"I am so happy I could dance all day long!" laughed Yolanda. "Every one is so good to me! The ballet-master is gruff to the other dancers, but he smiles at me and says I shall succeed. And Petrograd is like the fairy-tales my mother used to tell me. When I have on one of the lovely dresses you gave me and the wide hat with the plumes, I look in the glass and I bow and cry 'Good day to you, Princess of the Fairy-tale!'"

"There should be a Prince in your

story," said Boris, gruffly. He was unskilled in fanciful banter, but he knew a blush when he saw one. It flooded the girl's rounded cheeks; it drowned her lips and blinded her pure white eyelids; it washed in a sweet red wave over the roots of her golden hair.

"Yolanda!" he cried thickly, and would have caught her to him, but his fingers were webbed with a grotesque criss-crossing of strings. Before he had freed himself of them, she had sprung to her feet and was swaying across the velvet carpet in a measure of the ballet.

"One-two-three, one!" she chanted. "See! I am a flower now, bending in the wind——"

His moment was gone for the time, and Boris went away, sullen at its loss. Her surrender would solve the puzzle of possessing her, yet there was something very akin to shame in the torpid soul of the Duke. For the first time in many years he desired a woman cleanly for his wife under the eyes of the world. But there was a pale, high-born, thin-lipped Duchess—he had long ago ceased to admire her—who had borne his title for twenty years.

If he could have guessed the reason for that blush of Yolanda, he would have ground his strong white teeth in a passion of rage.

"Yesterday Duke Boris came," Yolanda explained, swinging her slim feet in their new finery of gray suede shoes, as she perched on the edge of the table. "We played 'cat's cradle.' He does not do it very well; his fingers are so thick."

She regarded her feet with naïve approval, and the young artist in the paint-smeared frock regarded her with even greater approval. Then his look darkened.

"I dont like your having that old rake coming to see you!" he frowned. "Yolanda—dearest heart! How soon are you going to let the whole world know our secret? Since I first saw you, six weeks ago, at the cathedral, I cant paint for thinking of you—and yesterday, when you did not come, I was beside myself with fear!"

"Such an ugly face it is now!" sighed Yolanda, regarding his despair critically. She dipped a brush in a pool of crimson on his palette and touched his lip-corners, turning them streakily upward.

"Now, that is better!" she clapped her hands in childish glee. "Thou art my handsome Alexander again! As for when I will marry you, you shall paint many pictures, I shall dance many dances before then!"

"You are cruel," said Alexander Pribyloff, gloomily. "I almost wish I had never seen you."

Yolanda slid down from the table. "If you like, I will at least go away now and you need never see me again," she said pleasantly. "Perhaps that will be just as well. You do not like my dancing; you do not like my kind Duke, who has been so good to me, and now you do not like *me!*"

"Sweetheart! Forgive me!" Alexander cried remorsefully. "I am selfish, but it is love makes me so! If I hate every one who will watch your dancing, it is because I would have you dance only for me. If I hate Duke Boris, it is because I am not rich enough to give you all the things he can. Sometimes, when I think of thousands of greedy eyes in the theater watching your beautiful face and the beautiful figure God meant only one man to see, I wish I could take you up in my arms and carry you off to some desert place, where there would be no one except us two——"

"Foolish Alexander," said Yolanda softly, creeping into the circle of his arms, "if there were only us two on your island, you would forget I was the most beautiful woman in the world, because there would be no other women to compare me with; and I would forget you were the handsomest, bravest, strongest of all men——"

The words died on her lips. She stared over his shoulder with dilating eyes at the frightful face in the doorway, purple with congested blood, seamed and twisted with brute rage. They had been too much engrossed with each other to hear the lifting of the latch.

Even as she gazed, the look was wiped from Duke Boris' face as tho by a sponge. Heavy of jowl, with small, cruel eyes peering under the bushy overhang of brow, he stood before them, smiling suavely and showing his great, square teeth that gleamed thru the black

beard. Behind him Prince Drolinski's tired gaze touched the girl's face an instant, then lowered to the coat of arms on the head of his cane.

"Pardon this intrusion," begged the Duke, smoothly. "The mother told me I might find the little dancer here. So you are having your picture painted? It should inspire the artist—such a model!"

He bowed from the waist in Alexander's direction. The painter coldly returned the bow. Yolanda, with the instinctive cleverness of a woman in covering diffi-



"IT SHOULD INSPIRE THE ARTIST—SUCH A MODEL!"

cult situations, slipped into her white fur coat and cap, chattering gaily of a dozen irrelevancies. But in the carriage, opposite Boris' ominous bulk, with her audience eliminated to one, her volubility deserted her. Remembering his face of ten minutes ago, she suddenly felt very small and very much alone. He was different, and she knew he was different, but experience had not yet taught her what to fear.

Later she remembered that drive with Boris thru the frozen city gardens, by the brown stubble-fields beyond — remembered his short words and long silences, that had seemed strangely full of muttered things; the cold of his fingers on hers—a cold that burned like fire on her flesh; remembered and shuddered because, at last, she knew why Boris had been so kind to her.

"This fine house! these soft clothes!" It was Serge, her brother, who spoke in a slow voice, choked with rage. With Leo he had come to Petrograd to make his mother and sister a visit, and they had just finished a tour of the beautiful rooms. He pointed a rigid finger at Yolanda, who had just come in. "She is shameless! Not a blush, not a quiver of an eye. Better to have toiled barefoot in an honest hut than to live in a palace as the mistress of the Grand Duke!"

The ugly word struck the girl like a blow on her naked heart. She flung out her hands as tho to ward off some evil thing.

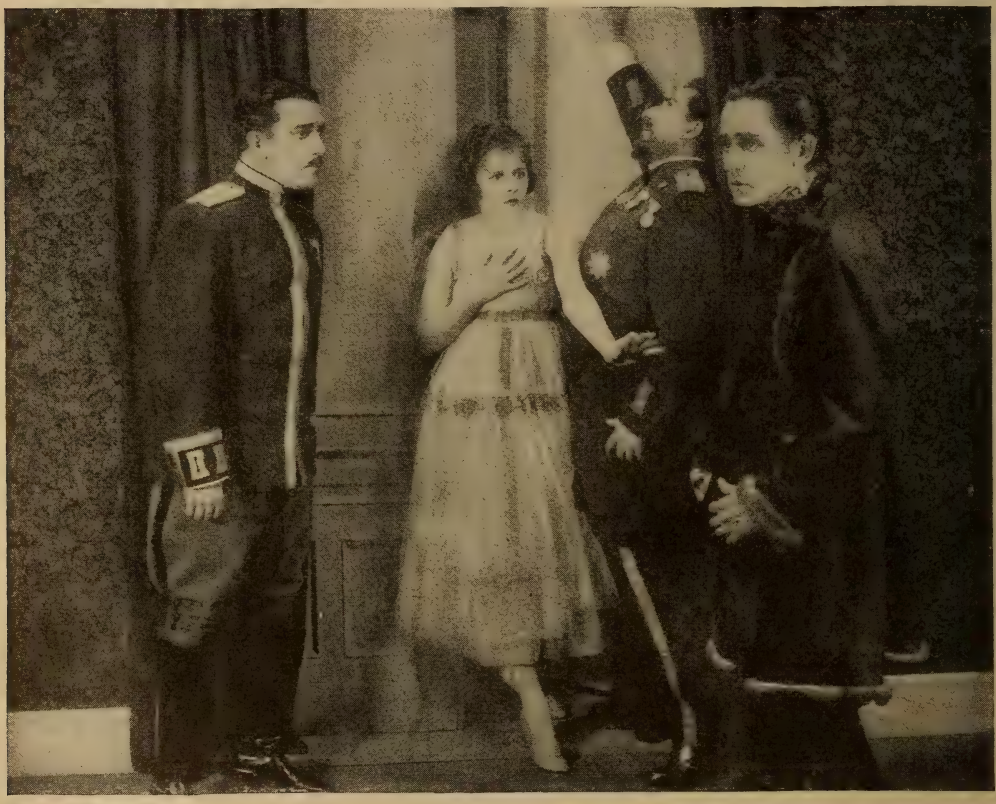
"No! no!—Serge, I swear——" she panted. The old mother put her arms about her, facing her son with a flash in her dim eyes.

"Shame on thyself to speak such words

to thy sister!" she cried. "The great Duke Boris is like a father to her. May my tongue shrivel in my mouth if I lie!"

"Mother! Hush! Dont you see—*he* is here." She flung the great, velvet hangings back. "You speak for me!" she begged the Grand Duke Boris. "Tell my brother he is wrong!"

Above the honey-colored head the two



YOLANDA SHRANK AWAY FROM SERGE'S UNSPOKEN DEMAND

men faced each other—the high and the low, the aristocrat and the peasant; the one faultlessly groomed, with soft hands and hard smile; the other in a coarse, artisan blouse, bent and bruised and flayed by countless generations of numbing tasks.

Involuntarily, the serf cowed under the nobleman's lofty stare. But there was a strain of manhood in him that bade him stand his ground.

"Does a dog trust the hand that wields the knout?" he asked hoarsely. "Does the beast trust the hunter? Does the great lord give and ask no reward?"

"The giving is my own pleasure, the reward is my own business," replied Boris, coolly. "If that does not satisfy you, I must ask you to leave. Yolanda is free to go, too, if she wills." Serge turned his haggard eyes to his sister, but she shrank away from their unspoken demand. Slowly, head bent, shoulders bowed with the burden of the centuries, he turned and passed out into the winter streets of Petrograd.

After Boris had left, an hour later, Yolanda crept into her mother's room, and the two peasant women clung together, trembling and mingling their tears.

"Serge is right," sobbed Yolanda. "I see it now—blind fool I have been! It is not to be kind, not to make a great

dancer of me, but to—to own me. That is what my Alexander fears. Who knows, if I did not have his love to lead me——"

She dried her eyes and sat up, clenching her little hands.

"After I make my appearance in the ballet I shall be famous, and then I can pay him the money he has spent on me!"

But the old mother only rocked her arms desolately. "He is a great lord, and we less than the dust," she wailed. "Harm will come of it—and weeping of bitter tears."



"I KILLED A WOLF THAT WAS AT MY THROAT!"

The very old have the gift of prophecy. On the night of Yolanda's début, Alexander hotly resented the Grand Duke's patronizing kiss on the little dancer's cheek, as she returned from the stage in a storm of huzzas. And he followed his resentment with a blow on Boris' sneering mouth.

Yolanda did not see the scuffle nor its ending. She was floating too far above mundane things for the moment even to wonder at her lover's abrupt disappearance, or the purple bruise on her patron's cheeks when he appeared, after the triumph of the last act, at her dressing-room door.

Crimson-lipped, starry-eyed, she turned to him, holding out impulsive hands.

"I have you to thank for this!" she cried. The purple stain of the bruise seemed to spread over his fierce countenance. He was like a thirsty man tantalizing himself with the sight of drink.

"I dont want your thanks, Yolanda," he said, in a breathless, strangled voice; "I want *you!*"

It had come, then! Yolanda flung a bare, pearly arm across her eyes.

"Oh!" she wailed," "how *can* you?"

He bent over her, speaking hurriedly, the words stumbling over one another. "I'll marry you. Of course it will have to be morganatic, but that's recognized. I've got to have you, Yolanda. I'm hungry for you—starving——"

Wildly she beat him off and flung her cloak about her. She fled out into the snowy night, but when her carriage started, there he was at her side. They did not speak during the ride thru the dizzily lighted streets, where the crowds were discussing her triumph even now.

The silent menace of the great, motionless bulk opposite her chilled her blood. She swayed as she went up the steps and into her apartment, Boris at her side like a monstrous, misfit shadow.

In the drawing-room she faced him at bay.

"Let me pay you for what you have done for me," she begged—"pay you in honest gold. My love is given to Alexander Pribyloff, the painter. I have only gratitude and affection left for you."

Boris burst into a great bellow of laughter that set every nerve in her body jangling.

"Alexander! The pretty painter!" he jeered. "He is not likely to stand in my way. Tonight he gave me this"—he pointed sardonically to his angry cheek—"and in return I ordered him sent to Siberia. A dirty artisan does not insult the Grand Duke with impunity. I might have had him beheaded, but I was merciful. He will start with the convict train tomorrow evening. Perhaps the climate of the steppes may cool his ardor a little."

Then, as she recoiled in horror from the terrible announcement, he was upon her, his hot breath in her face, his great arms crushing her to him.

"I've got you now!" he growled. "Dont struggle, pretty pigeon—you'll only break your pinions——"

He boasted too soon. Yolanda, in the moment of defeat, caught up a paper-knife from the table and stabbed him to the heart.

Her shuddering scream awoke the silent house. Footsteps stumbled to her side. Serge snatched the ensanguined knife from her stiffening fingers.

"I was—with the mother," he gasped incoherently. "Yolanda—what have you done?"

"I killed a wolf that was at my throat!" she said in a far-away voice—"a hungry wolf——"

"You killed the Grand Duke Boris," Serge groaned, "and they will kill you——"



DROLINSKI PLEADED TO SAVE HER FROM EXILE

But it was not death for Yolanda, after all.

"Siberia!" the judge pronounced in awful tones—"Siberia for life!"

Those who crowded the court-room to catch a glimpse of the young danseuse, whose triumph had so soon turned to tragedy, were amazed at the look of the white, lovely face when Yolanda heard the judge's words.

"Poor thing, she has lost her mind. Did you see how she smiled?"

But the saturnine Prince Drolinski discovered the true reason for her radiance. He had gone to her in the prison with an offer to save her from the dreadful doom of exile, but she shook her head with a quiet little smile.

"Alexander is going to Siberia," she told him. "It will not be exile if we are together. It will be heaven, for I love him and he loves me."

Later the Prince leaned from his cushioned carriage, and eagerly watched the straggling procession of criminals driven like animals along the streets to the train. Guards, armed with whips, lashed at them savagely; most of the prisoners shuffled along, heads bent, spirits broken, like sheep to the slaughter-pen. But two among them walked proudly upright, arm in arm—a tall man and a slender, graceful girl—as on some brave adventure.

Prince Drolinski sat back against his silken cushions. In his eyes was a vast weariness.

"I could find it in my heart to envy them," he sighed.



PAULA BLACKTON, CHAMPION MOTOR-BOATIST, WHO IS NOW STARRING IN VITAGRAPH PICTURES

Have You Tried "Dancing with Folly"?

By VAL FRANCOIS



SOMEBODY has got to pay the fiddler. Who is it?

After all, has the real cause of the high cost of cabareting been brought to light? Is it the checkroom trust which extorts its quarter or half-dollar? Or the waiter who disdains your orders for less than a handsome tip? Or the cost of the food and wine you consume? Or is it the fiddler?

"Dance with Folly," and you will learn right speedily.

The secret is revealed in one of Essanay's dramatic series, "Is Marriage Sacred?" which deal with problems of matrimony and divorce. Its title is "Dancing with Folly."

In this story the fault fundamentally is that of the husband. Edward Arnold, as Enoch Drummond, a famous chemist, is so wrapped up in his laboratory experiments that he clean forgets he is married to a lively young woman who both demands and deserves lots of love and attentions. There are many husbands who are guilty of that same fault. And in nine out of ten cases their wives will do just what Marguerite Clayton, as Alice Drummond, does. She seeks entertainment in the company of other men. Alice falls an easy prey to the handsome young "society" man of evil intentions, and before she knows it has contracted a bill with the fiddler. Alice's innocence saves her. She does not make the terrible mistake and attempt to purchase the villain's silence. She goes direct to her husband



and confesses the entire truth. And he is man enough to realize that he, not his wife, is the one to blame.

WELL! WELL! HERE THEY ARE AGAIN! NOW JUST LISTEN TO—

THE LANNIGANS & BRANNIGANS

BY · JAMES G · GABLE ·

HURRAH! THEY VISIT A PICTURE SHOW

"Is Mrs. Cullen a fri'nd av yours?" asked Mrs. Brannigan, as she and Mrs. Lannigan took their seats at the Empire Theater just after the performance began.

"Yis, she is," Mrs. Lannigan responded. "What has she been sayin' about me?"

"Nothin' bad. She says she's niver goin' to tell nothin' but the truth about ye."

"Well, if she does," declared Mrs. Lannigan, energetically, "I'll have her arristed."

"She's settin' over there now," Mrs. Brannigan went on, "watchin' the pictures wid her eyes wide open and her mouth fast shut."

"Her mouth shut? Hivens! 'tis unpossible! It reminds me av a miracle I saw lasht winter. In 'A Dangerous Fri'nd'—tho, for that matther, all fri'nds are dangerous; you niver know when or what they are goin' to borrow—but in a play av that name a man was operated on in a horsepittle. The operation was a grate success, but the man died. They cover his body wid a nice, clane shate, knowin' that it wont hurt the cloth an' they kin use it agin as good as iver. Thin the docthers an' nurses file out, lookin' awful solemn, for he was good lickin's whin he was alive, an' 'tis a sad thing to lose a male-ticket. Thin the marshyelled wife comes rushin' in, to see if he has raymimbered her in his will, an' carries on som'thin' dreadful whin she finds she is too late, an' all the while the shate was risin' an' fallin' wid ivery breath the dead man drew. 'Twas as grate a miracle as Mrs. Cullen kapin' her mouth shut."

"I dont care," Mrs. Brannigan retorted. "'Twas a mighty fine fillum."

"'Twas, indade," Mrs. Lannigan agreed, "the best I iver slept thru. I——"

"Pardon me, madam," broke in an icily polite voice, and a man in front turned and addressed them pointedly. "Pardon me, but I paid my hard-earned money to see the play and not to hear your idle chatter."

"Thrue fer yez," agreed Mrs. Lannigan, amiably, "an' by that same token I paid my husband's honestly earned cash to see Hubbard Rollingstone's handsome face an' not your ugly mug, so plaze turn your free-lunch destroyer the other way."

"But, madam——"

"No," interrupted Mrs. Lannigan, decisively, in a louder tone, so that all around could hear—"no, ye cant take me home. I have no objection meself, havin' wanct worked in an unseed asylum an' so bein' used to all kinds av idjits, but me husband is more partiklar an' might not like it."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Brannigan, admiringly, as the man in front subsided, with flushed face, into angry silence, amid the titters of the surrounding spectators. "Isn't Alasky Sorehat swell? What did ye say the name av the play was? I clane forgot the title."

"'The Sole av Broadway,' and fer wanct I can agree wid ye. The play is indade fine. 'Tis a grate advance they've made since the dear, dead days when the

swellest theayter was in the worst ould store they could find; where the air was as bad as the breath av a Prohibitionist; whin a phony chase or a thin polaceman in a fat suit fallin' over an apple-cart was the acne av photoplay art—but still I sure miss the ulcerated pictures an' the songs by the primmer donkey. They was——"

"Madam," angrily interrupted an elderly gentleman sitting at one side of them, "if you dont stop this senseless jabber, I shall call the usher."

Mrs. Lannigan turned a beaming face upon him. "Do," she acquiesced; "call him annything ye like; he's no relation av mine."

"Hivens!" exclaimed Mrs. Brannigan, in tones of awe, indicating the figure on the screen; "she's gettin' a check fer twelve hundred dollars from the ould fool. Why, that would take us to the Motive Fixtures fer life!"

"Yis," agreed Mrs. Lannigan, "that is almost as much as Mary Mild Winters makes in a minit."

"Who is she?" Mrs. Brannigan asked. "I aint niver heard av her."

"She's a grate salubrity," Mrs. Lannigan responded. "She was five months old nine years afther she was born, an' she's been growin' younger iver since."

"Did ye see Violent Mercyno in 'The Path to Happiness,' got out by the Red Father paple?"

"Naw, I didn't; but I do know that the path to happiness lades away from matthrimony."

"I seen Eduth Starry in 'The Slop Gyurl' an' she sure was swell," Mrs. Brannigan stated.

"I aint seen her," Mrs. Lannigan responded. "Why should I pay good money to look at a slop gyurl whin I kin see Annie Kelly anny time fer nawthin'?"

"What are they 'atin'?" asked Mrs. Brannigan, referring to the picture where the hero and his mother, impersonated by Gertrude Berkeley, were dining together.

"Nawthin'," Mrs. Lannigan replied.

"Nawthin'?" echoed Mrs. Brannigan.

"Well," admitted Mrs. Lannigan, "some paple miscalls it sqush. But I l'ave it to you, Mrs. Brannigan, just the same as if ye had intelligence: Why should paple ate sqush whin they kin take p'ison, which is asier an' quicker?"

"They do say 'tis fine for soldiers—makes thim fight."

"Well," declared Mrs. Lannigan, "I dont blame thim; 'twould make anny man fight that had to eat it."

"What a nice home that Grace Hamilton has!" said Mrs. Brannigan, tactfully changing the subject.

"She has that," Mrs. Lannigan assented. "What a lot av edification ye get from the fillums! Me daughter bein' a school-taycher, I spake wid aut'ority on the subject."

"Indade, ye do that," Mrs. Brannigan agreed; "I always thot it didn't matther how ye wint around at home befoor your husband an' childher, till I saw how nate Mrs. Sidney Drew looked in her kitchen, an' now I'm so careful in me own home I'd make the Quane av England ashamed av herself."

"Ladies," broke in a man sitting directly behind them, "I do wish you would keep quiet; you distract my attention frightfully."

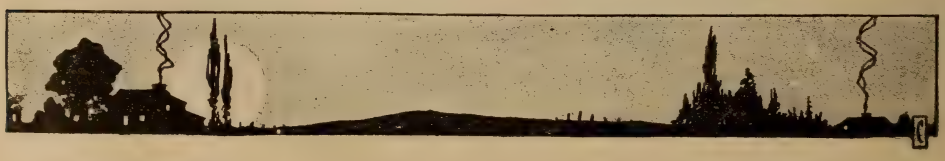
"Why!" exclaimed Mrs. Lannigan, in a tone of delighted surprise, "there's Mickey Ragan, who was put in jail for b'atin' his sick wife! How are ye, Mickey?"

"Madam," said the man furiously, "my name is Montgomery Marshfield, and I've never been in jail in my life. I wont stay here to be insulted." And he left precipitately, the picture of wrath.

"I think ye've hurt his f'alin's," observed Mrs. Brannigan.

"I couldn't," Mrs. Lannigan declared —"he has too manny. But I wish I was out-of-doors wid him—I'd mash his face!"

"Dear me! have ye been 'atin' sqush lately?" asked Mrs. Brannigan, innocently, "and aint it a shame to be nanny-goated be a sthranger?"



Our Versatile Comedians

Film Comedy of Every Trade and Profession as Exemplified by Ham and Bud

By STANLEY W. TODD



IN producing modern film comedy, it seems to have become more or less of a fixed fashion to draw upon the professions and trades for material. The mad chase is after something that "has never been done before." When a company has two star comedians, as Kalem has in Ham and Bud, the demand for something new is almost maddening, and the solution is found in poking fun at every known occupation of man.

Practically every film comedian finds it necessary to follow the same tactics. Sometimes the chief fun-maker will go so far as to assume the costume of the trade or profession he is burlesquing, but more often not. How many times the poor police-force has been maligned is not on record, but it must run up into the millions. Ford Sterling, for instance, is, among other things, a well-recognized comedy police chief.

Charlie Chaplin, of course, should not be left out in this collection. Since his departure from Keystone he has fired comedy howitzers at every trade imaginable. He has been a dentist, a prize-fighter, a doctor, a stage-hand, a floor-walker, a fireman—but the catalog is too long. The human vocations that the late John Bunny insulted during his time were also without number.

Of present-day film comedians, mention in this connection should be made of Roscoe Arbuckle, Chester Conklin, Charles Murray, of Keystone; of Billie Ritchie, Billie Reeves, George Ovey, Burns and Stull, Riley Chamberlain, Frank Daniels, to say nothing of many others. Each week brings them on the screen in some new rôle common in our daily life.

But if any championship prize is to be awarded in this regard, it should, without doubt, go to Ham and Bud, who have been before us for over two years, portraying things that never happen in any one of the hundred or more vocations they have "taken up." The popularity of the Ham and Bud comedies is one

of those indefinable things that defy explanation. Perhaps it is the good-natured way they turn things topsy-turvy in their conceptions of business life. If you should ask a society belle about them she would probably remark that "they aren't much to look at." The criticism is entirely justified. Ham is never well dressed; in fact, he is a mussy-looking individual, with a dilapidated derby, generous clothing, huge feet, and a mushy mustache. Bud is no better—a diminutive individual who is a stranger to a white collar—a second fiddle to Ham and a human football.



Yet, these two "trades-people" deserve to stand in the spot-light, because, at times, they succeed in being really funny, which is a very difficult thing to do. Lloyd V. Hamilton and Bud Duncan—when their names are stretched out to the full length—first excited the interest of photoplay fans when Ruth Roland and John Brennan were grinding out comedies for Kalem. The two janitors that slid around the wet floors in an

office-building set forthwith blossomed out into Ham and Bud, ready to shoot holes into various jobs about which comedies were written for them. They soon became as well-known characters as "Mutt and Jeff," which incidentally speaks eloquently of the universal vogue of the Motion Picture.

When a new comedy is wanted, it is only necessary for the scenario writer to ask:

"Have they been trapeze performers?"

A negative answer will result in another "vehicle," with Ham attempting to imitate the circus acrobat and failing miserably, with Bud getting the worst of the bargain and a pretty girl thrown in for good measure. It was some such process as this that brought Ham and Bud on the screen as doctors, dentists, printers, lion-trainers, band-players, street-cleaners, artists' models, art connoisseurs, car conductors, army officers, and other jobs without end.



"What next?" you will be tempted to ask.

But Ham has nearly come to the end of his string, for, in the making of one of his strenuous pictures not so very long ago, he fell and broke his leg. The injury was more serious than at first thought, and Bud had to go it alone for some time. Nevertheless, the recent Ham and Bud comedies have shown the same disregard for the personal comfort of the two inseparables and may be taken as typical of all produced by them.

In "Millionaires by Mistake," Ham and Bud started as street-cleaners and then ventured forth into society. Ham's idea of appropriate evening dress was certainly weird, and he fell very readily for the vampire's wiles, but it wasn't long before he was back to manicuring boulevards again. "Ham, the Diver" was Bud Duncan's idea, and Ham had a rigorous experience in a typical diver's suit. In "Ham and the Hermit's Daughter," the comedians played surveyors and seemed to enjoy it when assisted by a wavy-haired young lady-hermit. In "Ham, the Fortune-teller," the said individual took charge of a gypsy tent and gathered in the shekels with the aid of the cards.

Just a few more: In "Ham and the Masked Marvel," the comedian was an

absolute fiasco as a knight of the prize-ring. In "The Tank-town Troupe," the comedians were, for a time, the band, but it was, fortunately, the silent drama. In the same picture Bud was the trapeze artist aforesaid, while Ham performed some remarkable "lifting" stunts. In "Ham, the Lover," the burly comedian practiced some questionable tactics as a dueler, and, as Ham's second, Bud had no interest in the result either way. Just what would happen to the country if we had generals like Ham and Bud in "Ham Agrees with Sherman" is not difficult to predict, but, to judge only by their get-up, there were very few military proceedings in the drama.

This, then, is a sample of the versatility required of our Moving Picture comedians, who must be a combination of acrobat, actor, and human target. Ham and Bud have always made things hum at the Kalem Hollywood studio, and they are, in fact, the busiest persons about a place that teems with activity. A visit to watch them work is of much interest. It may be early in the morning before the carpenters have had time to put up the "set." But Ham and Bud are not idle; they are discussing how to get in something "that has never been done before."

"You lift me high up in the air by one hand," you may hear Bud suggest, "and then kick me, and I'll fly straight out of the picture."

Then the thing happens, and Bud, having invited punishment, takes it without wincing, merely picking himself up and rubbing his injured anatomy rather ruefully. But something happened to the camera, or the film "buckled," or the comedians weren't satisfied.

"That wasn't right. Let's do it over again."

Bud isn't awfully enthusiastic, but he goes thru it, for he knows Ham's turn is coming soon, and maybe the smile of satisfaction that he registers on the screen has some feeling behind it, after all.

Of course both Ham and Bud, in their extended picture career, have had some lively experiences which threatened life or limb, but, possessing apparently charmed lives, nothing serious happened until Ham broke his leg. There was one time when a truant officer stopped the company's work while outdoors, because Bud, in knickerbockers, looked as tho he should be in the little, red schoolhouse. Bud must have had a guilty conscience, and certainly the officer must have lacked spectacles, for Bud ran, and the truant officer chased the wayward "boy." The explanations were somewhat humiliating to the officer.

When Ham was making scenes for "The Diver," San Diego Bay was selected as the marine location. It was intended to let him down only a few feet, but a cog slipped, and you cant convince Ham that he did not touch the bottom or that he was under the water less than four or five hours.

Albert Edward Duncan—Bud's name on Sundays—really achieved a picture career when he was chased out of Mexico two years ago. He was born in Brooklyn and educated at a military school. His father was a well-known ventriloquist, and the son naturally went on the stage. After appearing in vaudeville, he seemed to fit in perfectly as little Jeff in "Mutt and Jeff," as it was produced in the pictures. After that, for some unexplained reason, Bud went with a company that took a voyage from San Francisco to Mazatlan, Mexico, to take educational pictures of the sea-life peculiar to the gulf of lower California.

When Bud gets to reminiscing, he can tell some interesting things about this trip. The company made the voyage in a forty-foot yawl, arriving at Mazatlan in the midst of a nice little Mexican revolution. Sailing up the gulf to Guymas, they were stopped by the U. S. S. *Yorktown* and put under navy orders on that ship. At Cerros Islands they remained in hiding for two days in the brush, and succeeded in getting photographs of a fish-hawk's nest with its young. At Magdalena Bay they made a three-reel picture of the whaling industry, and Bud started his comedy tricks again, when he fell overboard while the whale was being captured. Ultimately, things got so hot for the little party that they had to seek refuge on the U. S. S. *Justin*. Bud arrived later at Los Angeles and hooked up with Kalem to form a comedy team with Ham.



DAVE KELEHER IN "THE BABY AND THE BOSS" (THANHOUSER)

Acting on the Street

By ARTHUR HORNBLOW, JR.

It is the ever-present duty of the Motion Picture player to do what is asked of him. Whether it be falling down a cliff, being run over by an automobile, or sliding down a drain-pipe with an armful of fair tho not light heroine, it's all in the day's work for the intrepid Thespian who has cast his lot where the movies grow. But of all the tasks that are his, there is one that towers above them all. That, indeed, is more filled with difficulties, obstacles and troubles than all the others put together; and that is the seemingly simple "acting on the street."

By the very nature of things, "exteriors" must be taken out-of-doors. When a scenario calls for a street, the stage carpenter cant lower drop No. 3 and comply with the request. The proud realism of the movies demands a real street, a lively-looking street, a street of precisely the nature the story requires. Perhaps this seems easy. Sometimes it is. In a rural story, the action of which may be laid in a jerk-water, no-stop-on-Sundays town, streets are readily accessible, and working on them is as simple a matter as one might wish for. But when big city streets are required, then does the director toss in wakeful nights, the actor grow grayer as the day approaches, and the camera-man curse the fact that pictures were ever invented!

Have you ever seen a crowd gather at the first sound of fire-engines? Have you ever seen the small boys seemingly spring from the ground at the first sign of a fight? Have you ever seen, anywhere, something unusual happen when there were many people in the vicinity? If so, your imagination will be aided in picturing what occurs when the movie-folk settle down in a busy spot to "shoot."



SCENE FROM "GRIP OF EVIL" (BALBOA). JACKIE SAUNDERS, CENTER; H. O. STECHHAN FACING HER

It is to the credit of the art of the Motion Picture director that he generally manages to keep the curious away from his camera's eye. There is nothing more disillusionizing in a picture than suddenly to see an alien face enter the scene and gaze, astounded and open-mouthed, towards the camera, and when working in a crowded place a director's every effort is devoted to avoiding just such calamities.

The rubberneck contingent is as annoying to the player as to the director. The latter's duty is to keep the curious away, far out of sight, so that by no possible chance will they interfere with the work. When there are several hundred hangers-on, with nothing much to do, in the vicinity, the enormity of this task is appreciable. But even this pales into insignificance when compared with the arduous duty of the actors themselves. Theirs is the task to perform before sometimes huge and totally uncontrolled throngs. And, as those throngs never quite know what it's all about, anyway, their conduct is usually as permeated with the happy-go-lucky mob spirit as is that of the boardwalk gangs at a Coney Island Mardi Gras. Comments that degenerate into jeers and insults are frequently the unhappy lot of the film players who have to do scenes in places where crowds grow like mushrooms, and the misfortune of their situation rises proportionately with the sentimental nature of the scene they are enacting. A crowd will sometimes fall into the spirit of a comedy scene and enjoy it just for itself; but when it comes to pathos, all the lower, derisive instincts of man seem to be aroused. Mob joy feeds fat on "soft stuff"!

The erudite souls who observe and write about crowds from the psychological standpoint might do well to cast an eye upon this comparatively new field for their studies. Certain is it that better demonstrations of the mob spirit cannot be witnessed than when the movie-folk desert the studio for outside work in places where Philistines are wont to gather. The problem of just why a handful of people, who feel awed and privileged at being thus permitted a glimpse behind the screen, should develop quite the reverse attitude when it increases to two handfuls, is respectfully submitted to any rising young psychologist with a penchant for mobology.

For the unfortunate player, especially be he inexperienced, every picture which calls for busy street scenes is a tragedy. The present writer attended the "shooting" of a few exterior scenes, recently, in which a well-known star of the legitimate stage was called upon, for the first time, to air his talents on the cold and inhospitable streets of New York City. The play was vaguely connected with

THIS IS AN ARTIFICIAL STREET AND VILLAGE BUILT BY THOS. H. INCE (WHO STANDS IN THE FOREGROUND). IT WAS USED IN "CIVILIZATION"





THIS IS AN ARTIFICIAL STREET AND THE PEOPLE IN IT ARE ALL EXTRAS, HIRED FOR THE OCCASION

the Civil War, inasmuch as the hero, clad in the most resplendent of uniforms, was required to bid a fond and lingering farewell to his heroine in front of her papa's home. When it is further explained that the scenic director had chosen, to serve as the papa's home, an antebellum mansion in Washington Square, which location was doubtless as quiet as could be desired in the 'sixties, but which today, despite its literary reputation, is continually crowded with a motley rabble with rubberneck tendencies, it can be readily understood that by the time the camera was in place, and the actors run thru a "business" rehearsal, the cry "Movies!" had spread and the tribe had gathered. The director cursed fate and made speed; the little heroine wrung her hands and looked doleful in anticipation. The hero, alone, of the little group of film-folk, was undismayed. He would show this herd what *art* was!

If you have ever heard a small boy imitate a kiss—noisy, long-drawn-out and wet; if you have ever been mocked and taunted at a moment when you least wanted to be; if ever you have seen a crowd play the bully, cruel and sarcastic, but funny withal, you can imagine what happened when "action" was begun. Generally, pandemonium of this sort is started by some single spark of common interest or amusement which lifts the individuals out of themselves and makes out of the whole a mob with figuratively one mind and one voice. The bond which drew this particular crowd together resulted from the hero's make-up. Enormously fond of his handsome eyes, he had sought to accentuate them by unusually heavy applications of the black pencil, and the result was his looking more like a pirate than a properly licensed soldier. As he advanced into the scene, a somewhat beery sot in the first row of spectators ejaculated, "Blesh my soul, it's Lizzie!" A great hoot went up from the assemblage, whose funny-bone had been tickled, and then started a series of heckling comments which could be guaranteed to remove the starch from the stiffest self-esteem. The climax came when the kiss came. The air resounded with a dozen echoes and various other noises which are frequently considered appropriate by the *hoi polloi* for such occasions. The kiss was supposed to be fond and lingering. The hero lingered as long as he could under the circumstances, and his expression upon completion was anything but fond. And, to make matters worse, the heroine had received a large smudge of black on her forehead from the hero's eyebrows, and, as he gracefully descended the stairs, looking back at her after the manner of the movies, his sword caught in his legs



LOYOLA O'CONNOR IN "A CHILD OF THE PARIS STREETS"

and he tripped. Of course the whole scene had to be taken over again; the ordeal thru which the uninitiated hero had to pass had proved too much for even his art. Incidentally, when the scene was taken over, it was done in New Rochelle, with no one around but the birds. And in an interview which the hero recently accorded the press, he confessed that acting on the street wasn't the most desirable feature of picture work. And there isn't one of his screen-mates that doesn't agree with him.

Sometimes, tho not often, a gathering crowd is utilized as part of a scene. In the popular serial, "The Goddess," Miss Anita Stewart, in the title rôle, had to pass, mesmerized, garbed in flowing Grecian robes, thru the great Pennsylvania station in New York. It was, of course, quite natural that a crowd should follow her. Accordingly, a small crowd of about fifty extras was taken to the station to play the scene. When they began to film, every person in the station, except the employees who couldn't leave their posts, flocked forward to see the fun. As a result, the extras were as a drop in the bucket. Five or six hundred people followed Miss Stewart thru the station, yelling and laughing and tugging at her robe, while she, poor girl, having to be faithful to her supposedly mesmerized condition, had to proceed onward, looking neither to left nor right, and trust that at least some of her clothes would be spared. Meanwhile, outside the station, word had spread that Jess Willard, the champion fighter, was arriving from the scene of his victory over Johnson, and so many gathered on Seventh Avenue that when another scene was filmed outside the station the police reserves had to be called to quell the riot!

It is becoming quite customary to utilize large volunteer crowds in street scenes, and not infrequently the crowds are used without their being aware of the fact. In "An Alien," for example, the picture featuring George Beban in his famous "rose" story, several scenes were taken in the crowded districts of lower East New York by a rather ingenious method. A large truck wagon was driven thru the heart of the Ghetto, attracting no attention, for it was like hundreds of others that daily pass the same way. And thru the thronged and narrow sidewalks roamed Beban in his realistic Italian make-up, unnoticed by reason of his resemblance to the myriads who streamed along the same quarter. But the wagon and Beban kept close

(*Continued on page* 160)

Popular Plays and Players

You have not seen nor heard from our contributing poets in a long while; that's our fault, not theirs. We have received hundreds of clever verses 'bout plays and players, but lack of space has forbidden our use of them. Needless to say, they were valuable, and we sent each one on to the player to whom it was indited. Our Limerick Department has usurped the place for praiseful verse, but occasionally we will publish a few pages of the bestest best.

Comes a "first offense" from Leonard M. Hall, 1330 Beach Avenue, Lakewood, Ohio. If this is to be offensive, then have we read the dictionary wrong!

Oft have I heard some rabid soul proclaim
The glories of his patron movie queen;
Rave long and loud anent her "brow serene";
Her pictured smile, eyes, hair, complexion—fame.
I missed the thrill that greets the idol's name;
I lacked the joy of other fans I've seen
Burn incense to some goddess of the screen;
That is—till dainty Edna Mayo came.

Then felt I like some seeker, travel-worn,
Who gains at last the object of his quest,
And, banishing all thought of hardship borne,
Feels but attainment's joy within his breast.
No more do smitten friends arouse my scorn,
For now, I humbly worship with the rest.

Something else so old that it's new—an acrostic! But this is an uncommonly good one, methinks, so here goes! It is from "An Earle Williams Fan":

EARLE WILLIAMS.

E arnest endeavor has made his name famous,
A dded to charm of both manner and face;
R eally good acting, and not merely posing,
L eads us to gladly accord him first place—
E ver is Earle Williams first in the race!

W ork conscientious is shown in his pictures,
I ntelligent study of plot and of pose;
L aying aside for a moment all prejudice,
L et us admit 'twas by merit he rose.
I n plays like "The Christian," and also "Love's Sunset,"
A gain, in "The Juggernaut," who will deny
M anly appearance, and clean, wholesome action,
S how in each film and delight every eye?

Rose Rosenblum, address also ungiven (why *are* you so secretive about yourselves?), raises her voice in the multitude when she Chants Chaplin Cantos (?)—but it is a voice—also verse—that has been heard. Wherefore:

THE "CHARLIE CHAPLIN FAD."

Oh, the world is raving mad
'Bout another "latest fad,"
And, of course, it's in a Motion Picture way;
For people, the world over,
Think they surely are in clover
When they're seeing Charlie Chaplin in a play.

Eating is of no account;
If they have the right amount,
The whole fam'ly goes to see a movie show—
Not to see the lively Mary,
Who is pretty as a fairy;
It is Charlie Chaplin that they want, we know.

Every movement that they see
Causes all to yell with glee,
For it's done in such a reg'lar Chaplin way;
All the young ones—old folks, too—
Love to see what Charles can do:
He can fill the saddest heart with feelings gay.

There is laughter at his dress—
At 'most everything, I guess,
From his crudely fitted shoes to his mustache;
So on all days, rain or shine,
When they see a "Chaplin" sign,
People go to see him—if they have the cash.

Laughter sometimes seems too rare,
But, when Charlie Chaplin's there,
All who see him wear a smile for many days;
So, for lots of this world's fun,
We're indebted to this one—
Charlie Chaplin, of the Moving Picture plays.

Moses Rountree (University of North Carolina) thinks an immense lot of Pearl White. If you dont believe me, just glance below:

TO MISS PEARL WHITE.

I've searched the world to find a pearl
That can with her compare;
But others gleam with duller beam,
And none are quite so fair.
Her smile defies the sun-kist skies,
And they turn dark with shame;
The stars of night creep out of sight,
To see her eyes aflame.
Of roseate hue her cheeks are, too,
And golden is her hair;
With matchless grace, and winning face—
A goddess-queen, I swear!
And when hope fades in gloomy shades
Of feverish despair,
Ah! then there beams, like radiant dreams,
"My" Pearl, so bright and rare.



MARGUERITE CLARK IN "SNOW WHITE" (FAMOUS PLAYERS)

The Boy Who Couldn't Keep a Job

An Evening's Chat with the Successful Failure—Edward Earle

By PETER WADE



I COULD get no conception of him from his voice over the phone; the wires were crossed at the time, and it sounded like a cracked phonograph record—scolding, jumping and whining. But I managed to get his address, and that evening I stood in front of the designated apartment in Bedford Park, a hilly suburb of New York. On either side of the homey, modern apartment stood an ancient, granite convent and a Quaker-gray church of bygone days. The following lines from Byron popped into my head:

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand.

"I think I know my man without seeing him," I muttered—"a high-pitched voice, and, judging by his surroundings, a cross between a nun and a Sunday-school superintendent. Me for a drab evening!"

First actual contact with my prey shook my belief a little. There was Edward Earle, waiting in the doorway of his library, as I ascended the stairs, and, in a musical and boyish voice, giving me an invitation to "step right in." I was literally pulled into his abode, with the aid of a vigorous handshake, and, from every feature of his face—light-blue, sparkling eyes; crinkled, dimpled cheeks and grinning mouth—"Welcome to Our Home" expressed itself. Even the one gold tooth—a molar, I think—suggested luxurious hospitality. I was led to an easy-chair, offered a choice of cigarets, cigars, or pipe, and ordered to "hang my feet on the table." Under the spell of his boyish openness of manner, my preconceptions of Edward Earle were rudely shattered.

The room itself was set in perfect taste. The few paintings and etchings, interspersed with trophies, books and bronzes, neither cluttered the eyesight nor gave the effect of pretension. And then my eyes came back to the half-humorous, half-sentimental mouth, with the twinkling eyes that vouched for its expression, and above them a crop of rough-brushed, crinkled, boy-lustrous, blond hair.

"I feel that we are good friends already," I half-apologized, "so let us begin at the beginning. What did you do the first thing after you were born?"



Mr. Earle's lips twitched appreciatively. "I'll have to wire my mother in Toronto," he countered, "for such early particulars; but when I was eight years old I started in business. It was a newspaper route, and I was on the job at four A. M., disseminating daily knowledge to the areaways of Toronto.

"In those days," he went on, properly warming up to his subject, "bicycles were all the rage, and it was my greatest ambition to possess one. So I gave up the newspaper route and became an apprentice in a bicycle repair shop. The hours were very long—we had bicycle joy-rides, too, you know—and I sometimes worked till early in the morning, mending damaged wheels. I earned my two-wheeled Pegasus all right, and, seated in the saddle of my prize, a sudden distaste came over me for further tinkering.

Candy," confessed Edward Earle, "has always been a weakness of mine, and here is enough evidence to convict." He tapped his gold molar significantly. "I took a job in a can-

store, thereby coaxing my livelihood and my sweet tooth to be bedfellows.

"When the down began to blossom on my upper lip, my great ambition was to own a department store, and soon I became a clerk in the stock-room of one—the tail that wagged the dog, as it were. I was lost in the shuffle—one among five hundred other cogs in the great institution—and settled for life with the magnificent salary of three dollars per week. But you see," he explained, "while I had been considerable of a rolling-stone, it was ambition, as well as inclination, that made me roll, and I felt that I could gather no moss on three dollars per. At an auspicious moment I approached the superintendent of the department and suggested three dollars and twenty-five cents. Upon that slender coin we split, and I put on my coat, determined to let the department store go to ruination without me.

"At this crucial period in my career," confided my host, "I was eighteen years of age, grown to manhood, a clean five feet nine, and tingling with resolve to better myself. The Valentine Stock Company was then forming in Toronto, and my eyes turned to the stage. About the easiest way to kill off a 'tenderfoot of the footlights' is to give him utility parts, especially in stock. Our hours were from nine in the morning to twelve at night, rehearsing our next week's performance and putting on our daily matinée and evening show. Then, too, there were the constant changes of costume and make-up that a utility man is heir to. At the end of an overcrowded month I found six dollars in my weekly envelope and a large, tho superficial, knowledge of the stock stage in my cranium.

"I managed to scrape together some twelve dollars, and decided to strike out for New York, hit or miss. I reached the Grand Central Station on a balmy morning, with a carpet-bag in one hand and fifty cents change hard-fisted in the other. I was about the best example of 'heck' actor that had struck the white lights in many moons. But, with the 'blind virtue' of a utility man, I made the circuit of the theaters, ready to pry loose an opening. At last, 'way out on the outskirts of Brooklyn, I landed in 'The Dairy Farm,' a one-horse road show, and, seeing that I was young, husky and innocent, its manager understudied me for every part in the cast, including the colored mammy, and, not strange to say, in the course of time I played each and every one of the rôles.

"Then came a period—a bleak year, too—in which I toured the Southern tier in 'A Pair of Spectacles' with Tim Murphy. I played the part of a half-starved boy, which required no art at all, as I looked and felt it as well. But I felt that 'it was in me' and that better days were coming, and, with the opening of a new season, I played in support of Wright Lorrimer in the ill-starred 'Shepherd King.' At last I had filled a tiny niche on Broadway, and my joy was complete. After that I played in 'Sweet Kitty Bellairs' with Henrietta Crosman, and supported Mary Mannering in 'Glorious Betsy.'

"You would think," Edward Earle suggested, as he stirred a most inviting looking rarebit, "that the devil of unrest would have been quite cast out of me by this time, but I forgot to mention that I could carry an air well, and sang as well as played the mandolin in strict privacy. Perhaps these slender accomplishments set my desires toward musical-comedy. At any rate, it wasn't long before I was singing lustily with Jimmy Powers in 'The Blue Moon.' After that came solos and duets (mixed with some applause) with Mary Cahill in 'The Boys and Betsy,' De Wolf Hopper in 'The Matinée Idol,' Ralph Herz in 'Dr. De Luxe,' and Clifford Crawford in 'The Quaker Girl.'

"Moving Pictures were still in their dramatic infancy. I knew little or nothing about them, but what was more natural than that, after my burst of song, I should seek the silent drama? I made my introduction to the Motion Pictures, strange to say, thru my voice. About three years ago the Edison Company were all worked up over their talking pictures, which, you no doubt remember, were a synchronization of the phonograph with the camera. I 'read my lines' and acted for Edison at night, and in the daytime,

(*Continued on page* 162)



"DUSTY" AND HIS PAL, "MONTY," WHO IS THREE-QUARTERS ARABIAN

Stories That Are True

As Others See Us

By DUSTIN FARNUM

I HAD been out on what is called the Kern County Land Company's holdings, in Kern County, with a Dr. Salsbury and a Mr. Whitaker, who was the head irrigation engineer for this concern, after geese and ducks.

We had been out on the irrigation ditches for two days and two nights—nights we had spent sleeping in a haymow in an old barn; consequently, I had not had a shave or combed my hair or washed my face in the two days, and was pretty well covered with mud, burs and everything else when I drove into Bakersfield on the way home.

We stopped at Mr. Whitaker's home, unloaded his share of ducks and geese, and were out on the back porch hanging them up. Mr. Whitaker has a cook—a colored lady who weighs about two hundred and sixty-five pounds and is the most ardent picture fan in Bakersfield. Whitaker afterwards told me that when she had five minutes to spare she would run around to a picture house and see whatever was going on there.

While we were hanging up the ducks, Mr. Whitaker's little girl, of about nine years of age, came out, and Mr. Whitaker, introducing her, said, "Helen, this is Mr. Farnum—Mr. Dustin Farnum, whom you have seen in the pictures so often." Out of the corner of my eye I saw the big, husky cook looking at me with a very stern expression. She went back to her work and then turned and looked me square in the face again, put both hands on her hips, and said:

"Um! um! that man aint no Dustin Farnum—no, sir! Dustin Farnum's a picture man—yes, sir!" Which proves that sometimes we are not what we seem.

Her Give-Away Eyes

By CLEO MADISON

OUR company was working down at San Pedro, one day, taking some scenes on the street near the wharf. We hadn't been there long when some little newsboys gathered around to watch us. After one of the scenes I was standing by myself a little apart from the others, and two of the newsies edged up, little by little, until they were standing in front of me. After they had duly inspected me from every point and angle, Newsboy Number One mustered up courage to say, "You're Cleo Madison, aint you?" I pleaded guilty to the charge. A little pause, and then he began again. "Say, was youse married in th' pitchers?" I nodded a quick assent. "Say, are youse really married?" Before I had time to answer, Number Two nudged his rival and piped up, scornfully:



Photo by Carpenter

CLEO MADISON

"Naw; 'course she aint."

Number One turned on him with, "How do you know?" The answer came with no hesitation:

"Aw, shucks! I can tell by her eyes she aint married!"

Gay Plumage

By MARY FULLER

BIRDS have their molting seasons twice a year, I believe, but picture stars change their plumage more often—every five weeks or less, according to the length of the picture—and these gay feathers, once used, are seldom seen again on the screen, for duplication of costumes is remarked and commented on by the "fans."



MARY FULLER

What becomes of all scenic investiture of the photoplay actress after the initial display?—all the multitudinous hats and gowns, peignoirs and cloaks? Where the "heiress frocks," the serviceable working clothes of the "stenographer," or the glittering gauds of the demi-mondaine? Where the sunbonnets of Susan and frou-frous of frolicsome Flora? I will tell you.

So many, many letters come in my voluminous daily mail—letters from South, from East and West, from high-school fan, from spinster, from factory girl—asking the same question, "What do you do with your movie clothes? Will you send something to me?"—as a souvenir, as a present, or because of necessity in straitened circumstances—so many of these requests asking an answer, that I would like to give a wholesale rejoinder as to the disposition of my wardrobe—a wardrobe which grows and overflows into racks of hangers, boxes, shelves, drawers, trunks, et cetera. When one seldom repeats costumes and plays a great variety of rôles, an alarming amount of big things and little things accumulates.

"Please send me that striped red-and-white blazer that you wore in the tandem scene of the ——— picture," writes one observant devotee, picking out of my wardrobe a delectable Gidding's sport-coat which I myself am rather fond of.

"I would like the sequin gown in the ——— picture," writes another, who evidently has views of cotillion conquests before her.

"Any little thing will do," comes from Butte, Montana. "The black riding-suit, and a velvet afternoon gown, and a hat or two is really all I need."

Or, "Couldn't you send me some serge dresses for office wear and a pair of evening slippers?" et cetera, et cetera.

I do not quote these requests in any levity of spirit, because I am very glad to have my girl friends of the screen turn to me for help, and many of these I can take care of, sending what I think will suit them according to their measurements and coloring as described in their letter; but, of course, all applicants cannot receive a favorable reply for one of several reasons, chief among which is (and this is what I started out to tell you about) my rummage sale.

Yes, every two years I have a delicious,

delightful rummage sale, where every one at the studio, from actors, actresses, et cetera, to factory girls and office boys, is invited and comes crowding into my dressing-rooms; and I stand on a chair and auction off things — frocks and cloaks, suits and shoes, hats and gloves, and blouses, and furs, and everything—wonderful values at next-to-nothing prices, and some have never been worn at all; and a friendly girl assistant, or my maid, makes change for me; and the heap of quarters, and dollars, and dimes, and five dollars, and tens and twenties piles up on my dressing-table, or in an old hat; and every one is talking at once and exclaiming on the bargains they have bought; and an outer fringe to the circle of buyers is a friendly, grinning audience that plunges in now and then to bid for "A silk smock going at $2—$2.25—$2.50—$2.75—$5. Sold for $5; here's your change. Hattie, wrap this up for Miss ———. Green velvet, evening cloak, Fifth Avenue style; who will bid? Ten dollars—going at $10——"

"Oh, you promised that to me yesterday for five dollars; I need it so badly."

"Oh, did I? All right; sold for $5. Wonderful value!"

Ten pairs of silk stockings sold for $1 the bunch; silk shirt-waists for 50c, in perfect condition. Here is a $75 suit sold for $7, and a $55 hat for $3.

"Oh, tell Miss So-and-So to come back. Here is just what she wants in a negligée for $2—lace and silk—hurry!"

"That suit will fit my wife. How much?"

"Four dollars."

"A bargain; I'll take it."

"It's yours. Hattie, some change for Mr. ———."

And so it goes. Heaps and heaps of fun for me, and a wonderful help to studio girls, who cant afford to pay Fifth Avenue prices for the garments which are sold at my auction for a song—and go like hot cakes. It is this part of it—the philanthropic side—that appeals to me most. And, of course, it helps reduce my excess baggage, which, with six trunks and a big window-box full, is no inconsiderable item.

One girl bought ten hats, all distinctive, fresh and astonishingly low in



Copyright Hartsook

BLANCHE SWEET

price. Some hats I sold as low as five cents, which is, of course, laughable, as I intended it to be, to keep the crowd effervescing. And yet, with the very low prices, I made over two hundred dollars on my last rummage sale, which is somewhat of a gauge of the innumerable things offered. Everything was sold, and while I received not one-fifth of its original price for an article, yet the fun of it, and the joy of it, and the clearance of surplus, makes it very much worth while. And the buyers, humming away like busy bees laden, or in the thick of bidding, enjoy it, too. I wish I had a picture to give you of me on the chair auctioning off in the midst of a rush of bidders, but, alas! there is none, for during the three days' sale I was too busy to think of a photograph for the occasion, and besides, this is a true story, not a press agent's yarn.

So, at my next auction, you are all cordially invited.

My Undramatic Sneeze

By BLANCHE SWEET

I HAVE heard of disastrous sneezes—of burglars concealed under the bed or in a closet, waiting for some one to retire or leave the room, being suddenly seized with a sternutatory desire and having their plans entirely disconcerted; and I have been sitting in a theater, watching, with bated breath, a wonderfully dramatic climax, only to be brought unceremoniously to earth by a violent sneeze from the tragedy queen—but never before have I heard of an entire company of players being held up for a whole day because of a sneeze.

In one scene of my picture, "The Silent Partner," I carefully and cautiously open a door, close it behind me, and advance into the room just as my employer is about to end his life. It is a very tragic moment and any false move would ruin the scene. Just as I opened the door in the final rehearsal, I sneezed. The door escaped from my grasp, swung back against a stand, knocking over a vase, which broke into a hundred pieces as it fell. This was the first scene taken that morning, but not the first scene in which the vase had been used; consequently, a delegation from the property-room was immediately sent out to duplicate the vase. The search over the city occupied the entire day, while the company enjoyed a holiday. To leave the sneeze in the picture was impossible—occurring, as it did, in the midst of so dramatic a scene—so there was nothing to do but suspend all operations until another vase could be secured.

The Passing

By M. M. MURPHY

They do not die, the folk upon the screen,
When they have "shuffled off this mortal coil";
Were life but mortal days, what object then
In vain endeavors, strife, in endless toil?

They live, they love, they hope, perchance they dream,
And thru the myriad dramas they reflect
Upon our lives the joy we've yet to glean,
Or, having gleaned, 'twere then a retrospect.

They shift the load from off our hearts the while,
We love with them, we smile, we sigh, we feel;
We care not that they only hours beguile—
We fancy life a never-ending reel.

Then can they die—the folk of whom we're fond?
They "pass" as heroes in the tales of old;
Their semblance drifts unto a Great Beyond—
Their spirits help our life-reels to unfold.

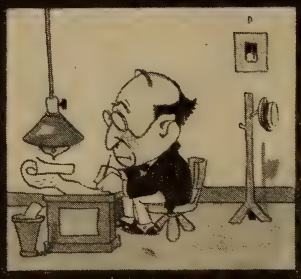
A DAY IN AN ANIMATED CARTOON FACTORY

AN EDUCATIONAL FEATURE IN ONE REEL

BY

WM. C. NOLAN

THE HUMORIST WRITES THE SCENARIO AND TURNS IT OVER TO THE CARTOONIST—

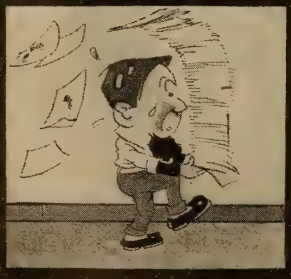




WHO BRINGS TO LIFE THE COLD IDEAS OF THE WRITER—



THE DRAWINGS ARE THEN TAKEN TO THE TRACER TO BE COMPLETED—

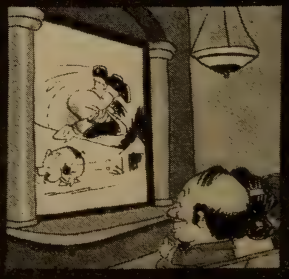




AFTER WHICH THEY ARE PHOTOGRAPHED



AND FINALLY REACHES ITS DESTINATION— THE SCREEN !!!





A Girl Like That

(Famous Players)

By EDWIN M. LA ROCHE

"TWO-FIFTY meld; fifty to go," drawled Bill Whipple.

"It's yours," snarled old Gordon. "Nell, take the curse off the cards, wont you? And cough up six iron men for Bill."

The girl dropped a half-mended sock and explored the deep pocket of her apron. She tossed a slim roll of bills on the table.

"That's the last of it, pa," she said—"honest money, too."

Old Gordon's fleshless frame shook with a spasm of coughing. "I'm thru with you," he threatened feebly—"thru with a hive of drone bees."

Silence fell among the three card-players, while the girl watched them alertly.

"Things aint as they was in your day, Bill," defended Joe Dunham, the fancy "dip;" "and you cant crack a crib as easy as you can a nut. There's the time-clock, and——"

"You fellers make me sick!" exploded the old cracksman. "You've done a good day's work if you snatch a pocketbook from a kid or lift a watch from a come-on."

Bill Whipple laughed uneasily. "The crook business has changed, Jake," he said, "and it takes brains to plant a lay and pull off a job nowadays."

Joe leaned over the table, his eyes shining, a faint color in his pallid cheeks. "I'll put it to you straight, Jake," he cried—"seeing as Bill aint got the guts. You know, you're a lunger and may croak any day—down and out, too—and haven't wised your girl how to glim. Who's going to look out for her when——"

"That's enough, Joe; you said it," parried the old man feebly. "I got a sort of hunch that maybe she'd go straight."

"Listen!" exploded Bill. "Cut out the sob stuff and I'll tell you what's in the cards. Nell's a decent-acting girl and a dandy bookkeeper. All right? I've scouted a heck bank that's looking for a ledger-slinger. The job is just waiting for Nell. All she has got to do is board with the minister, keep her books—straight, mind you—and when Joe and I give the word, pass the combination of the vault on to us. After that we'll do the get-away, and it's you for fifty-fifty."

Old Gordon's face was a study in mixed passions. Below the money-glitter in his pale eyes, the mouth twitched and softened.

"I'm the only old granny she knows," he mumbled, half to himself, "and she still talks baby-talk to me, like as if I was her ma. Get her the job," he said, with a rising voice; "it will do her good to get away from us, but to h—ll with the combination!"

"Give me your mitt on that," said Bill, grasping Jake's hand; "keepin' company with crooks aint her quality."

Old Gordon's head nodded feebly over his collarless shirt-bosom, and Nell and Joe lifted him to his feet and guided his uncertain steps to an adjoining bedroom.

The door had no sooner closed upon the ex-cracksman than Bill faced the girl.

"You see," he cried fiercely, "how long he's got to live in a rotten tenement. A year in the mountains would keep him going, and you stand by and let him croak on your hands."

"I'd do anything to save him," she said hoarsely.

"Then take the job. In two months the farmers' crop money begins to come in, and the vault will be stuffed to the doors. Remember, that little combination of figures saves old Jake's life!"

The girl's eyes searched his untrustfully. "I'll do it," she said; "but if you let him know that I'm not going straight, I'll quit."

"Trust me, girlie," laughed the victorious Bill. "I wouldn't be such a fool."

It seemed an endless train-journey to the girl, as she lay back and watched the lush pastures and waving corn thru half-closed eyes. She had left old Jake in the care of a motherly Irishwoman, and she knew that Bill and Joe would look out for his comforts as long as she reported progress. After that, if anything went wrong—well, she would try to get back to him. The Reverend Isaiah Singleton met her at the station and drove her sedately to the parsonage. From the very first peep at Greenacres she knew that she was going to fall in love with it. There were a few stores near the station and a few little weather-worn cottages, smothered in honeysuckle, but these were only the gateway to the village green that lay up the road. It was all as quaint and spick as a toy village carved and set up by a Black Forest wood-carver. The double row of elms, the whitewashed cottages, the prim beds of flowers, and



THE CASHIER WAS INDIFFERENT T

even the snug little, ivy-covered bank, were fit to be picked up and hugged.

She wished that old Jake could be one of the silver-haired old men, smoking on his tiny porch, and she his obscure handmaiden, busy among the rose-bushes.



VILLAGE CHARMS AN CHARMERS

"This is the parsonage," said the minister, drawing up before a two-story brick house with green shutters, "and permit me to introduce my boarder, Mr. Hoadley, the cashier of our bank."

The girl saw a tall and slender young man on the porch unfurl his long legs and bow to her confusedly. She noticed the black, almost clerical clothes, and his mild eyes framed in tortoise-shell glasses.

"Miss O'Toole, the new bookkeeper for the bank," she explained.

"I'm awfully g-glad"—he stammered—"that is, the bank is glad you've come. Can I help carry your trunk upstairs?"

Nell smiled reassuringly and followed the procession of the Reverend Isaiah Singleton, the cashier, and her heaving trunk. It was deposited, after sundry puffs and groans, in front of the sweetest little, chintz-curtained, sunny-windowed room she had ever dreamt of.

She flew around it, humming to herself, to the accompaniment of measured words on the porch below. Nell flipped a summer frock from her trunk and stopped to listen. The cashier was telling his landlord and spiritual adviser about the latest success in rose culture.

"A Maréchal Niel," he affirmed—"a perfect beauty. I pruned it back to the main forks last winter, bedded it with straw, and sprayed it with whale-oil all spring."

It suddenly came over the girl that she was now in an utterly different world. Here were men who spoke her language, after a fashion, and who wore pants and neckties; outside of that they might have been birds or beasts, as far as their likeness to Joe and Bill was concerned.

Presently, dressed in a simple, white frock, with her sunny hair caught up with a ribbon, she went below and joined the cashier on the porch.

He was visibly embarrassed at being with her alone.

"I heard you speaking of roses," she said. "You are fond of them?"

He brightened perceptibly. "There isn't much to do in Greenacres," he confided, "and you've got to have a hobby of some sort. When I was younger, I was in the hose company and was fond of boxing, but now I've taken to roses."

She appraised the slightly grayed hair, the smooth cheeks and clear, studious eyes. He might be thirty, forty, even fifty.

"Would you like to see my Maréchal Niel?" he asked timidly.

She nodded vigorously, and they walked across a path in the green. On the way he explained that the rose-bush was in his Aunt Jennie's garden, and that she was blind, but could distinguish each rose by its scent. "She has a finer appreciation of them than I have," he

added, "so for several years I have kept adding to her collection."

They stopped in front of one of the little, snow-drifty cottages, and he opened the gate-latch for her. The house, set back some thirty feet from the street, was literally bedded in roses. Jacqueminots, pale tea-roses, yellow Austrians, rambling Ayrshires, were plotted in beds or climbed the posts and lattices.

The riot of soft colors sprang to the girl's cheeks. "And did you do all this," she asked, "for a *blind* woman?"

The cashier winced, and she was sorry she had spoken. He led her proudly toward his favorite bush.

"This is my Niel," he said—"the only one in the county."

The morning dew was still on the delicate buds, and one royal, red blossom stared up, open-eyed, at her.

"It is beautiful!" she said awesomely—"the gift of a prince to his bride!"

She thought she heard him sigh back of her. "Are you coming to the bank today?" he asked. "We open again at one, you know."

The colors in the dream-garden danced before the girl's eyes. Figures in serried columns seemed to fleck the air, and, after a while, several of them joined together on a white slip of paper which a man's hand held before her.

She closed her eyes. The figures were gone, but the hand that had held them was flicking a bug from the rose-bush.

"I guess I wont report today," she said faintly; "I've got to get my things to rights."

That night Nell sat in her room and dashed off a note to Bill Whipple. It ran:

> I've met the cashier already, and he's a scream. Nuts on rose-bushes! If I take up rose-gardening, the combination's mine. Expect an early strike.

She awoke the next morning bright and early and lay in her swan's-feather bed, listening to the far-off scolding of a guinea-hen. At seven o'clock she ate a delicious breakfast, and, after a fitting blessing, the Reverend Mr. Singleton told her that Tom Hoadley always ate his morning meal at six sharp—to steal a couple of early hours for his roses.

As she walked to the bank, Nell found all of very old and very young Greenacres on their porches. She wondered if she were late and if there were any other young people in the village.

At the bank she found that the books were absurdly simple—a couple of hundred accounts posted in an old-fashioned ledger.

If the cashier and bookkeeper were honest, well and good; if not, they could walk off with everything but the furniture. She meant to speak to Mr. Hoadley about it.

Presently he entered, a bit flushed and looking much younger than the day before. His blue eyes fairly beamed at her thru the heavy glasses.

Nell asked him to spare her a few moments and explained the naïveness of the bank's bookkeeping system.

"Why, bless you," the cashier said, after her learned discourse, "no one ever sees them but you and I. The president is a very venerable, retired farmer and comes to the bank only on dividend days."

"Who is responsible, then?" she asked, rather tartly.

"Somebody once asked Napoleon," the cashier explained, "what was the law on a grave question, and he said, 'The law? *I* am the law!' I guess I'm the bank."

Her respect for him instantly rose, but she marveled at his simplicity. "Very well, Mr. Bank," she suggested; "see that you dont go broke."

After that they got on swimmingly. If Tom Hoadley was a benighted bookkeeper, he was an astute banker and a bond of influence with his farmer depositors. He was patient, broad-minded, generous and even humorous in a timid sort of way.

She could not help but admire him—a man who pursued and guarded the dollars of others, and whose hobby was rose-gardening for a blind aunt. He was a plodding, cheerful monument of self-sacrifice and did not know it. His greatest thrill was the touch of a sightless old lady's hand.

One morning she surprised herself by getting up with the sun and by walking over to Aunt Elvira's garden. The cashier's tall shape was doubled-up among his fragile treasures.

"I've come over to rob you," she said, "of a share of your fun."

Hoadley fairly shivered with pleasure. His attitude toward her had always been deeply respectful or precise, after the manner of a counting-house.

Now he was emboldened to thrust a border-edger into her hands and to admit her into the privacy of his hobby. They worked the black, rich glebe for an hour, the silence of content between them.

And that was the beginning of their labor of love together in Aunt Elvira's "vineyard." Cool, sun-swathed mornings followed each other with delicious regularity, and their breakfasts were the demolishments of hired hands.

The Reverend Isaiah Singleton's attitude changed perceptibly toward her. He smiled with a bless-you-my-children grimace as they bent over the food.

She had not written to Bill Whipple in weeks. She kept putting it off and putting it off, with a gulp in her throat, as she blew out her lamp each night.

Then, one rain-driven day, Hoadley came to her at her desk and handed her the combination to the vault-lock. She saw his hand stretched toward her and the row of figures, just as before she had visioned them in the rose-garden.



"GOD BLESS HER FOR WANTING TO BE HAPPY"

"But I dont want it," she pleaded, shutting her eyes tight. "Please take it away."

"I may be sick some day, Miss O'Toole"—the words were very precise —"and in twenty years I've never had a confidante."

She shivered slightly, for the first time, at the sound of her assumed name.

"But I want you to have it," the voice above her went on; "I want you to feel

that the bank is part of you—is safe in your hands."

She looked up quickly and he turned very red. She saw that his hands were gripping the sides of her desk firmly and that the paper had fluttered down between them.

The girl moaned softly and her head slipped forward on her arms.

"Nell! Nell!" he cried pitifully; "dont do that; dont let me unnerve you."

"I was thinking," she said slowly, between clenched teeth, "of the first day in the rose-garden—I saw you hand me the figures then. But I felt differently. I——"

She felt the caressing touch of his hand on her head and sobbed softly. And yet there was a glory in the thing. She knew that her bared heart was unashamed in the presence of his nobility.

Back in the murky tenement, old Gordon had thriven and grown stronger under the care of the good-hearted Irishwoman and his two young pals. He never suspected that Bill and Joe were fattening the turkey, as represented by himself, for a prize killing.

As the weeks wore by and no further letters came from Nell, Bill began to grow uneasy. His suspicions began to take root, and one day he took the train down to Greenacres and looked the ground over.

Late that night he and Joe held a hurried consultation in the back room of a crooks' hang-out.

"I tell you," cried Bill, "she's double-crossed us! Nell's grown soft on the cashier and is waiting her chance to frame us up!"

"Let's get Jake out of bed," advised Joe, "and down here. Stick a gun into his ribs and you'll find that he's standing in with her."

Stung to fury by their discovery, the pair jumped into a taxi and were whirled to old Gordon's tenement. It was a raw, drizzling night, past midnight, but they had no heart-wrenchings about getting the old man out of bed and hustling him into the cab.

Once in the dive's back room again, they locked the door and faced the ex-cracksman. "Nell's gone back on us," announced Bill, grimly. "She's going straight and is ready to frame us up."

"She might be going straight," said old Gordon, firmly, "but she'll never play you double—she aint built that way."

"Jake Gordon," said Bill, standing over the sunken old man, "we got you down here to give you a shake-down and make you eat your words. Here's a pen and paper; write a note to Nell, ordering her to deliver the combination at once!"

Old Gordon studied the eyes of his two young pals. What he saw made him shiver and sink deeper into his chair. They were ready to murder him, that he knew.

"I cant do it, boys," he said slowly, as tho pronouncing his own sentence. "God bless her for going straight and wanting to be happy!"

The silence of a dreadful doom fell upon the room. The two glanced at each other, and suddenly Joe's hands shot forward, pinioning old Gordon's arms to his sides. Then Bill slid his gun up under the old man's vest and pulled the trigger.

Old Gordon sank still deeper into his chair. His grizzled head bent forward. The pair leaned over him to catch his muttered words: "God bless her for wanting to be happy."

"Stick the gun in his hand and beat it!" whispered Bill. "We got to show ourselves in some live joint until tomorrow night's train for Greenacres."

The day following her father's murder Nell had made up her mind to quit her dream village. She knew that she was not fit to give herself to Tom Hoadley and that he stood ready to ask her the dear question.

All that day she quietly put her books in order, and, after supper, retired to her room and began to pack her trunk.

Presently she heard obsequious footsteps, and the Reverend Isaiah's gentle knock sounded on her door.

"There are two gentlemen below who wish to see you," he announced.

She gave some sort of reply and shivered into a dressing-sack. Her intuition told her that the long-delayed reckoning had come.

Under the shaded glow of the living-

room lamp Nell found Bill and Joe waiting for her. She came forward, without hesitation, and shook hands with them.

"Well?" A world of words crowded into Bill's brief question.

"I just couldn't do it," she said simply. "It's like robbing a child. If you had only lived with these people—worked with them, knew them—you wouldn't have the heart to hurt any of them."

the door. Presently Bill turned, half-crouching, toward her.

"It's too early to do anything," he said. "Leave the door unlocked and let us in at one o'clock."

Then she nodded quickly in assent and knew that the inevitable must happen. The house was perfectly quiet and the minister had retired. In three hours they would be back and she must do this thing to save her father.

Under the lamp her eyes caught sight



"I'VE GOT THE COMBINATION AND THE BANK KEYS"

Joe coughed sympathetically, but Bill drew her close under the light.

"Is that all you've got to say?" he asked with a low intensity. "Are you playing square? *'Any of them,'* you say. Isn't there another story to tell about the cashier?"

She faced him with wide, frightened eyes, square in the lamp-light.

"Nothing more," she said. "Now, please let me go."

She gasped with surprise as both men reached for their hats and walked toward

of a folded newspaper, and she picked it up unconsciously. There, in bold headlines, her fascinated eyes read the details of the suicide by shooting of the notorious ex-cracksman, Jake Gordon. At the end of the story—a mere casual remark—was the information that two of his young crook-pals had been seen with him earlier in the evening.

Instantly the truth flashed across Nell's mind. Her agonized brain projected a vivid Moving Picture of the whole grewsome affair before her eyes. Her father

had gone to his death trying to shield her —that much she knew!

A burning hatred for the murderers flooded her heart to the bursting point. She must sacrifice herself and act at once.

After what seemed a tortured hour, she got Tom Hoadley on the telephone. He was spending a golden evening fraternizing with his old friends of the hose company. The insane words that winged over the midnight wire to him almost crumpled him up in his tracks.

"They are going to rob the bank," she said, "atone



"I'LL BE THERE—GOD PITY ME——"

o'clock. Combination—I gave it. I'll be there—God pity me——"

Nell hurried into some heavy clothes and waited, shivering, in her room. Her ears were attuned to catch the slightest sound.

Presently a slight foot-scrape sounded on the porch, and she knew that Bill and Joe had returned. In an instant she had sprung down the stairs and joined them. They could not see the horror in her eyes, but her quick, gasping words gave them the needed answer.

"I've got the combination and the bank keys. Quick! let us get on the job!"

The sinister group, in dark clothes, stole out under the shadows of the elms and approached the bank building. It lay shrouded in darkness—the security of twenty years of undisturbed slumber.

Bill made a rapid circle of the building and nodded to Nell to unlock the doors. With just the faintest tinkle, as the key caught the tumblers, the doors opened part way and the three edged inside.

The girl slipped the telltale slip of paper into Bill's hand and guided him thru the stone-black passageway to the vault-room.

There came a long moment when she held her breath and the hot tears sprang to her eyes. Then the click-click of the tumblers in the vault-lock told her that Bill was at work.

Suddenly some one sprang back of her and pushed the door shut, turning the key sharply in the lock.

"What in h—ll!" growled Bill.

The answer came in a sizzling, tiny spark from one corner of the room that rapidly grew to the power of a calcium light. Some one had lit a slow-fire rocket.

Nell's scream first broke the silence. There, in the corner of the room, stood Tom Hoadley, crouched to spring upon Bill, who stood with leveled gun back of the open vault-door.

She saw the cashier make his flying leap, the quick jet of flame from Bill's gun, and then a crashing blow whirled the room into blackness as she sank to the floor.

Hours—it might have been years—afterward Nell opened her eyes in the little chintz-windowed room that she had learnt to love. The Reverend Isaiah Singleton stood at her bedside in an attitude of prayer.

"Have I been here long?" she asked faintly. "And do you usually pray for me to wake up?"

The Reverend Isaiah blushed deeply and stole from the virginal room. Other footsteps—springing ones—took the place

of his on the stairs. Nell rubbed her eyes smartly. They must be lying to her; for there, with his eyes beaming brightly back of his glasses, stood Tom Hoadley.

"Why is every one so interested in my getting up?" she demanded.

Tom gulped for an answer. "It's 'way past time," he said finally, "for our work in the rose-garden, and the bank's doors are open."

She lay back, staring, trying to piece her little world together.

"Besides that," he went on, after a silence, "this morning I went to the Maréchal Niel and found that all his roses had disappeared."

"Why, that's terrible, Mr. Hoadley!" she cried. "Who do you think the thief was?" she asked.

"A dozen guesses."

She shook her head in despair.

"Aunt Elvira! When she heard that you had—er—hurt your head in the bank—er—working after hours, she groped her way out to the garden and plucked old Niel as naked as a fowl."

He laid the fragrant roses by her on the pillow and took her hand softly in his.

Nell understood. His great heart quickened hers. She buried her cheeks in the blossoms and kist the dew from the bloom.



WHY AND FOR WHOM HIS ROSES HAD GROWN

Before and After

By HUGH HOLBROOK

A gently blazing fire upon the hearth,
A cushioned chair, an oft-read book or two,
A mellow pipe to aid me in my dreams,
Sweetheart, of you.

These things once brought contentment to my soul,
But nevermore such solitude I'll woo,
When I can go to movieland each night
And dream with you.



Photo by H. Tarr

My Lady o' the Dimples

She Wanted to Play Serious Roles—But Her Dimples Said Her Nay!

WHEN Lillian Walker's merry smile, with its generous display of white teeth and two deep dimples, bubbled over the footlights from the ranks of Gus Edwards' "School Boys and Girls," her fortune was made. From there to pictures was an easy step — made still easier by those self-same dimples, aided and abetted by a merry twinkle in eyes of cerulean blue.

So when she went to Vitagraph she was assigned to a comedy director. For a long, long time she played comedies and did what she was told with a cheery good-nature that made her popular.

But it is a well-known fact that the tragedienne yearns for comedy, and vice versa. So it's perfectly natural that, in time, the desire for dramatic, emotional work should come to Miss Dimples.

So, with much misgiving and puzzled headshakes, she was given the script for "The Ordeal of Elizabeth." Lady Dimples emerged from the emotional scenes with colors flying. Since then she has played "Hesper of the Mountains," "The Man at the Curtain," and "Indiscretion," in a way that does credit to her.



HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

The Photodrama

A Department of Expert Advice, Criticism, Timely Hints, Plot Construction and Market Places

Conducted by HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Staff Contributor of the Edison Company, formerly with Pathé Frères; Lecturer and Instructor of Photoplay Writing in The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay" and many Current Plays on the Screen, etc.

Close Views and Inserts

Just to say nothing of the director who writes his own plays.

But why say nothing, when there is so much to say? For several years now the director has been doing all the talking, all the everything. The wilting author has had to sit back and acknowledge, "You're right, sir—I'm a dub, sir."

The point is that the director *used to be right* in nine cases out of ten.

The director would be handed a manuscript to produce. He would read it and try to understand it. An idea might be playing hide-and-seek somewhere between the lines; but the director is a busy man and has little time for parlor games. Or the author had probably written the play according to fiction methods, which are as different from photoplay development as night is from day. Whatever it was—it was not a photoplay all ready for putting on.

It was but natural, logical and just for the director to exclaim, "Aw—well, I could do better than that myself!"

And so he could—and probably did.

And so the director got into that deliciously bad habit of picking up an extra hundred or so, every time he put on a new play.

But plays and play technique and good photoplays have multiplied since those days; but, alas, the director's habit of the itching palm has become worse than the hives. He cant see a good play-manuscript with a telescope—unless he writes it himself. "It cant be done!" is his frequent verdict on manuscripts that are easy to do and contain dramatic ideas far superior to any he might be able to conceive.

Let him devote his energies to directing—that art demands concentration, study and endless pains.

A jack-of-all-trades never becomes master of one.

The general manager of one of the biggest companies told me that he had to forbid the submission of plays by directors at all, so pernicious had become the habit of straddling their jobs.

Nevertheless, some research in this particular reveals the startling fact that more than ten per cent.—at the very least—of the plays screened are "written and directed by—Mr. Same Person."

If the producers honestly-cross-their-hearts cant get good plays otherwise, then I shall immediately proceed to eat my words, even if they asphyxiate me!

Today I think they can.

But that does not let the writers out. A few writers are doing better stuff; but the majority are turning out poorer material than ever. It all seems so easy and the rewards are so big. Just like taking candy from the baby—only the baby is beginning to cut his wisdom-teeth, as the careless writer learns who places his finger in his mouth instead of the candy.

Careless writers are worse than directors with the itching palm, for there is some excuse for the latter.

And so we end another chapter on Why the Public Is Getting Poor Plays. But Mr. and Mrs. Public needn't feel so

smug about it! We are going to show why they are as much to blame as the Prospering Director, and the Careless Author, and the Self-Satisfied Producer.

Plotting the Photoplay

A Photoplay Plot is the unpolished material for a *complete* decisive action; it is composed of cumulative and interesting incidents rising to a dramatic climax, and terminating in a manner calculated to gratify and warrant the interest roused in its beginning.

To the producer, a Plot is material capable of being dramatized thru visualized action into a life-story.

To the playwright, the Plot is suggestive material capable of being developed into the nucleus of a story.

The average plot-builder makes the mistake of looking upon Plot material as so many ready-made plots. He thus confuses the Plot Germ (or Material) with Complete Plot.

Plot Germs lie about us by the score; Complete Plots are hidden in the most evasive creases of our imaginative genius. The Plot Germ is merely an item of suggestive plot material, which may be lost sight of entirely in the search for logical incidents to complete the plot that is eventually led up to. Plot germs then are ready-made; but complete plots are made-to-order.

Screenings from Current Plays

Why inject any "popular" serum into a perfectly healthy play and make it sick unto death?

We are asking Metro Pictures Corporation this with "The Brand of Cowardice" as the patient. The real victim is the star, Lionel Barrymore. We often wonder how an actor of repute, who would disdain the "ten-twenty-thirty mellow-drammer" as a vehicle for his highly developed talent, must feel when he sees the inanities of a flaring movie thru which he has been made to cavort.

The lamented popular serum referred to is Mexico.

Just as we have seen "The Heart of Paula" several months ago ruined by Mexicanization, so we see "The Brand of Cowardice" made a veritable "greaser" of plays.

The point seems to have been that topical interest is centered on our boys in Mexico, therefore do let's write a play that brings in Mexico! So they proceed to take out of the chest of chestnuts that worm-eaten plot wherein the hero acts the coward in the presence of the heroine, whereupon the heroine scorns him and hands him back his ring. There is but one thing left for him to do—become the bravest of the brave in spite of his native cowardice, and then be dubbed the sure-enough hero of the play at the end.

We have no quarrel with the directing of "The Brand of Cowardice"—on the contrary, it is above the average. But the story——! We quite agree with Shakespeare, "The Play's the thing."

In another play we would say there was something wrong in putting together the film—but nothing seems to trouble the makers of this play, so why worry? For here is the heroine lost and found by the Mexican villain, who is carrying off the machine-gun to his hacienda. He takes the heroine with him. The hero learns this and follows alone, for the poor old Indian is bitten by a venomous serpent. Single-handed the hero goes to the Mexican village and vanquishes the villain. Takes the heroine away. Is pursued by a horde of dusky Mexicans some time the next day. Three rounds of cartridges are left, and heroine decides to die by one of them rather than fall into the hands of the Mexican fiends. Hero is about to fire the ball thru her heart, when father and troop appear, and before the entire army of several hundred soldiers he is branded a hero!

Still they ask, Why aren't the audiences satisfied?

Lessonettes

Most failures are due to minor faults, not major errors. In his feverish scramble to hurry his idea to the photoplay editor, the inexperienced writer too often

(*Continued on page* 160)

Breaking Into the Movies in California

A Diary

By SUZETTE BOOTH

(This series began in the January number, and this is the third instalment)

NOTE: To the many girl readers all over the United States whose one ambition in life is California and the movies, I dedicate this diary. It is not the great stars that can give advice. When they broke in, it was very easy; but the girl of today, that comes here alone and unaided and tries to get in, is the one that can relate the hard, cold facts.

JANUARY 22, 1916 (*continued*).—On the line with us two well-dressed women stood near me and amused me with their conversation. One, a middle-aged lady of fifty, said, "If my husband or sons knew their mother chased the studios, they would never forgive me, but I love it; no more card clubs for me." The other said, "My husband would divorce me, but I get home before he does, and he is none the wiser." Have discovered a new disease—"Movie-itis"—very contagious to young and old. My turn came, and I told Captain Ford Mr. DeMille sent me. I was willing to work "extra" for a while, but he would not listen to it. "You are too beautiful for that. Will place your name, et cetera, in my book and give you the first chance, but cant promise anything immediate," he said. The book was filled with the names and addresses of some of the best-known people in the business; he read some of them to me. I decided my chances would be slim, and said I would rather work "extra" at three dollars a day than not at all. He replied, "Very well—seven A. M. at the studio Monday."

JANUARY 24, 1916.—Monday. Left call at hotel to ring me at five-thirty. Telephone is ringing. I am so sleepy; so dark outside; dress wearily. Around the hotel all is still; out on the street it is cold and pitch dark. Must have some coffee; none of the restaurants are open. Finally find one just opening, so I have some breakfast and start for Hollywood. The car is filled with Mexican laborers. At the studio a great crowd is gathered around the office; all are sleepy-eyed—cold. Captain Ford arrives, and says, "Ladies first. Go to window and receive yellow slip," which says, "Miss Booth employed January 21st—$3.00." A tall girl, seeing I am a stranger, shows me where to go for my costume. A shrill-voiced woman in charge screams, "Girls, hurry up; if you dont I will take them away from you." I tell one of the assistants my size, and she hands me a big bundle. Then I and my new friend hunt a dressing-room. A narrow walk, surrounded by frame sheds on either side, were the dressing-rooms. Opening one, it was so packed with girls that they screamed, "Dont any more come in here; we are suffocating!" Opening another, it was just as crowded, but we had to get in, so we dressed on a postage stamp. Before we could get into our costumes, came the command, "Everybody on the lot at once." On the lot we were a queer-looking sight—the men in short trousers and yellow curls, and the girls in their demure, Quaker-gray dresses. The play, "To Have and to Hold," featuring Mae Murray and Wallace Reid, had hardly been working an hour, when Captain Ford called, thru a megaphone, "Miss Booth!" "Well, here is your chance," every one said. The director looked me over. Well, I was too young; he wanted an older woman. We worked until three, without stopping, in the broiling sun, and were told we were thru for the day. Cashing our checks at the office, we went to a little tea-room for lunch, and came back to Los Angeles. Am completely worn out, and have resolved this is my first and last experience as an extra. If I cannot land a good position in some studio, I will give up my ambition to be a movie star.

FEBRUARY 25, 1916.—Friday, the rainy season is on; it has rained incessantly the last month. Studios are flooded (the papers state). The sun is shining today; guess I'll visit some studios. Fox promised me a position a few weeks ago; will go there first. Board car for

Edendale. At the studio Mr. Rodgers greeted me cordially: "So glad you came, Miss Booth—have been waiting the last two weeks for one of our stars to come from the East. If she isn't here by Monday could you take her place? You are a dandy size for Wm. Farnum; he is such a large man he prefers a tall girl." Mr. Farnum came in and Mr. Rodgers introduced me, saying: "What do you think of this girl for your leading lady?" Mr. Farnum, who is noted for his affable disposition, smiling, said: "She suits me." Mr. Rodgers said I should phone him at ten in the morning. I leave studio trembling like I had a chill, my heart fluttering. At last the fatal moment had arrived! My first position—"leading lady." Ate my dinner so fast I nearly choked to death; phoned all my friends and told them I was engaged as leading woman for William Farnum.

FEBRUARY 26, 1916.—Certainly slept very little last night; when I did, dreamt I was living in that little rose-bedecked bungalow in St. James Court, riding around in a Mercer roadster, reading Suzette Booth and Wm. Farnum on all the sign-boards. Phoned Mr. Rodgers at ten, but he wasn't in; phoned at one, he answered (not very cordial). Said: "Come out to the studio at five." It was dusk when I started for Edendale and bitterly cold. At the studio office a log fire burnt brightly in a huge fireplace (being Saturday the office was crowded with extra people). Mr. Rodger's tone was as cold as the fire was warm. He said: "I dont know anything about it, Miss Booth; come out some other time." "Oh!" was all I could say, as I grasped the counter for support. I was limp as a rag, but my temper was aroused so I blurted out: "Hope you have enjoyed yourself, Mr. Rodgers," and hastily left the Fox studio. Ate no dinner tonight, threw myself across my bed and sobbed and sobbed all that "leading lady for William Farnum" stuff out of my system.

FEBRUARY 27, 1916.—I feel like a balloon with the gas all out of it. Phone rang several times, cant answer it—so afraid some one might congratulate me.

FEBRUARY 28, 1916.—Editorial in morning's paper said George Washington was knocked down many times, but always got up again. Guess I'll do likewise. Have decided to try Horsley's Studio (Mutual), so I start out to find the studio at Main and Washington. At the office the girl in charge says I must see Mr. Bishop any evening at six. It is now three. I'll go back to town and try tomorrow.

FEBRUARY 29, 1916.—Again start for Horsley's. At the studio wait in a little summer pagoda in the yard. It is cold and dark. Bostock's animal jungle occupies half the studio lot, and lions roar and roar, adding a dismal touch to the scene. Two poorly dressed girls come in, also an old couple. Mr. Bishop finally arrived. He talked quite a while with me, said they could use me some future time, but had nothing for me at present. As I passed the office an employee (a Jewish girl) called after me: "Have you an evening gown?" I said: "Yes." "Well come out tomorrow and 'atmosphere.'" "I am leading lady, not 'atmosphere,'" I retorted disdainfully. When extra people work it is called atmosphering. Dined at "Levy's" this evening, Los Angeles' swellest café—wine, women and song were very much in evidence. Next table to me sat Charlie Chaplin and Edna Purviance. Charlie, who earns $600,000 a year and spends $10.00 a week, was drinking ginger ale. Mae Marsh sat at another table, looking very bored. Robert Harron, her fiancé, was with her. Cecil DeMille, of Lasky's, was using a chafing-dish. All looked so prosperous. Well, I hope I shall be one of them before long.

MARCH 1, 1916.—Met a well-known movie actor today. He said I should try Kalem, the studio that made Alice Joyce famous. Dressed in my best, I start out to the studio at Flemming and Sunset Boulevard. The Kalem Company is directly back of Griffith's Reliance. At the office three little white puppies played around the floor. One of the 57 varieties of old maids was busy pounding a typewriter. Said I wished to see the manager.

(*Continued on page* 158)

A Child of Fortune

By JOHNSON BRISCOE

THAT was the very title she applied to herself, and, surely, if any one should believe it, it should be Mae Murray—yes, the same Mae Murray who a short while ago was a glittering, dazzling figure in Broadway's night-life and who more recently has been so successful upon the screen.

"How could you bring yourself to do it—abandon Bohemia for filmdom?" was my first question, as we settled ourselves for a chat in her dressing-room at the Famous Players studio.

Miss Murray looked at me in genuine, wide-eyed amazement. "Why do you and so many other people ask me that same question? Is it so very hard to understand? I believe, just now at any rate, that pictures are the bigger, more important medium. My opportunities on the stage were always rather limited, for I was never permitted to do much but sing and dance. And I want to act!" she finished off, quite dramatically.



MAE MURRAY IN "THE BIG SISTER"

"Oh, yes, indeed, I do. I'm quite serious in my determination some day to be a dramatic actress, and, meanwhile, pictures are a happy field in which to grow and develop. Then, there is the opportunity of getting established more quickly, of being better, more generally known. On the stage you simply appear before a theaterful of people, while on the screen tens of thousands may see you every night. My name is better known today, after a season in pictures, than in all the years I was on the stage. When the day comes that I shall return to the spoken drama, cant you see what a valuable asset all this will be to me? People will be more curious than ever to see me in the flesh. And think of the change and variety in a single day's work; you come in touch with so many phases of humanity, from smart society to the poorest slums. Why, would you believe it," she continued, very seriously, "until I went into pictures I had never even visited the slums of a city! In a single year in pictures I've gained more knowledge of life than all the rest of my days put together.

"How did it all come about that I was able to begin at the very top in pictures? Well, firmly believing that I am a child of fortune, you may remember the little, comedy screen appearance I made in 'The Follies of 1915.' Apparently I was more successful at that than I knew, for immediately I received dozens of offers



Mae Murray, the girl who tired of dancing and singing on the stage, and who craved an opportunity to act

from the various manufacturers. And I accepted Mr. Lasky's. Nervous at first? Well, I should say I was! In my initial picture, 'To Have and to Hold,' I scarcely knew what I was doing at all, I felt so strange and frightened and self-conscious—the people around the studio; the noise, bustle and confusion, and the absence of an audience and footlights. I sort of gripped myself tensely, humped up my shoulders, so to speak, and plunged ahead. But all this wore off with my second picture—thanks largely to the tact, consideration and helpful suggestions of my director, James Young."

Somehow or other, I had a set, firm belief in my mind that Miss Murray was missing the glitter, gayety and excitement of her recent stage career, a life as diametrically opposed to filmdom as one could possibly imagine. But she would not yield to my contention.

"No, I never really liked Broadway night-life, for my dreams and ambitions were centered upon something above that. The greatest difficulty I had was to readjust myself to the working hours; you see, now I arise at about the same hour at which I formerly went to bed! We have to be in the studio, ready and made up, at nine o'clock. But I dont mind that, either, because I got used to the new order of things in the wonderful California air. Oh, California, how I love it, and how glad I shall be to return there again! You see, the picture-players' colony at Los Angeles is really much like a touch of Paris in its freedom and gayety and good fellowship. Oh, and the parties they give there!" Here she gave an eloquent, expressive gesture, breathing of a spirit of freedom, which showed plainly that the screen-players' life in California is all that it is cracked up to be—and even more than that! "I had such an attractive bungalow out there that I hated to give it up," and her face wore a fleeting, wistful sort of smile.

Either by accident or design, or, more likely still, the call of the day's work, Miss Murray was a most attractive-looking little figure of ingenuous girlhood. Plainly dressed in a little, black silk frock, with collar and cuffs of simple, sheer lace attached, she looked more like a school-girl than a rapidly growing, international film favorite. A mass of golden-brown curls topped her head, surmounting a pair of most expressive blue eyes. And here I would set it down, she hasn't a frill or an affectation in her whole make-up. Indeed, her genuine simplicity of manner, her unstudied, wholesome enthusiasm for her work were almost disconcerting to one who had a preconceived idea (always an absurd thing to possess) that she would probably prove to be a haughty, proud, somewhat aloof creature, full of airs and graces. Not a bit like it. She admitted her age to me, but details like that seem superfluous when one doesn't look it by a good half-dozen years and more. "What? Oh, yes; I'm sure I look as old as I am, and I wish I didn't." In the vulgar vernacular—she should worry! With Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Marie Doro, Marguerite Courtot and Mae Murray all flying the Famous Players-Lasky colors, that firm would appear to have gathered in most of the delicate, feminine bric-à-brac of the studios. They are each such charmingly dainty, piquant bits of femininity that the wonder of it is how they are all provided with suitable material.

Naturally, we talked of many things—from the French salons to Flo Ziegfeld, and from slum experiences to Marguerite Clark, whom she happily and aptly described as "The Dream of the Screen." And also, "Wallie Reid, dear boy, is just as good-looking off the screen as on, with the most wonderful profile, and he's so devoted to his wife! . . . My Lasky contract is for three years, thank goodness! . . . Owing to the great success of 'The Dream Girl,' I sometimes wonder if I am to specialize in slum pictures . . . John O'Brien, my present director in 'The Big Sister,' is really a wonder—so big and fine and understanding . . . I owe a lot to Julian Mitchell, who gave me my very first chance behind the footlights . . . You would be astonished at the letters one receives from every quarter of the globe . . . It is certainly mighty nice of you to want to interview me (artful little flatterer) . . . Did you ever see anything as foolish as the photographs of screen stars in bathing-suits?

(*Continued on page* 156)

MAY ALLISON AND HAROLD LOCKWOOD HOLDING THEIR OWN DOG-SHOW



On Location with Harold Lockwood and May Allison

By BENNIE ZEIDMAN

My assignment from the editor read: "Trail Harold Lockwood and May Allison on their location tour to Monterey, California," and I herewith report the results.

We arrived in Monterey on a bleak Monday morning, and continued in our automobile to the fashionable Del Monte Hotel, where opulent Californians spend their winters. By the time we had finished breakfast, the sun was out, and we started on a tour of the seventeen-mile ocean drive, which encircles the entire Monterey peninsula. We speeded thru old Monterey, with its historic memories and romantic associations of the padre days and early life of the State. We continued motoring thru Pacific Grove, then into the beautiful pine forests along sandy beaches and surf-beaten rocky shores. This is considered one of the most picturesque drives in the country. The Lockwood automobile made this trip in exactly an hour. Chauffeur Harold averaged about twenty miles an hour on the seacoast driveway.

Harold Lockwood suggested that we carry some luncheon, change our attire to climbing suits, and spend the afternoon tramping along the rocky coast. We acquiesced to this brilliant suggestion, and promptly at two o'clock, with a loaded Graflex, we motored in the direction of Monterey Bay, where we stopped to change a tire. Poor Harold was compelled to "get out and get under." While the screen hero was changing the tire, we wandered over to the bay, and one of the fishermen, a kindly old soul, volunteered to assist Miss Allison into a rowboat and provided her with a fishing outfit. Beginners are always fortunate in their initial endeavor, for charming May soon caught a fairly large fish.

"Gee! what a lucky catch!" spoke up Harold Lockwood, as May Allison, clad in a becoming sporting suit, called her co-star's attention to the captured fish. Harold presented the kind fisherman with a cigar: "A two-bit cigar for you—bit off at each end," he concluded, smilingly, leaving the Coast resident to wonder if it were Mark Twain who had presented him with the cigar.

We later learnt that no less an authority than David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford University, recently said that more forms of marine animal life are to be found in Monterey Bay than in any similar body of water in the world.

Once again started on our journey, we passed the Pebble Beach Lodge, a very unique club-house built of large pine-logs. The road then led thru the pretty villa town of Carmel-by-the-Sea, the home of a large colony of recognized artists, past the old Carmel Mission, along the valley, and over the placid Rio Carmelo to Point Lobos. Handsome Harold stopped his motor, and we prepared for our climb. For almost an hour we traveled over large, pointed rocks of a very freakish formation and at last reached our destination. We had been fooled by distance, and climbing over these rocks was not so pleasant as Harold MacGrath so vividly describes in his seacoast story, "Pidgin Island." It was this book that the Yorke-Metro Company were picturizing along the seventeen-mile drive, which accounts for Harold and May's trip to Monterey. Lockwood donned his sou'wester and waterproof hat, and then suggested that we rest for a while. He quoted: "With long travel I am stiff and weary," from Shakespeare, and Miss May Allison chirped, "My kingdom for a cherry sundae." Ten minutes had passed; the waves were dashing madly against the rocks, and we, fresh with ambition, continued our expedition and walked out to the extreme point, and here I snapped some photographs of the two screen stars. One high wave completely covered Lockwood a second after I had snapped my lens. May Allison, in climbing from a large rock to a small one covered with seaweed, almost slipped, but Harold proved himself a hero in real life, in addition to his screen record. May Allison made us happy with

the announcement that the boxed lunches were in the automobile. We started back to where the car was parked, and oh, how we enjoyed the turkey sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs! We arrived at the hotel just at sundown and planned to spend the next morning visiting historic Monterey. Here, in 1602, eighteen years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock, came Vizcaino, a bold adventurer who took possession of California in the name of the King of Spain. One hundred and sixty-seven years later came good Father Junipero Serra to raise the cross and found missions which today delight students of history with their collections of quaint books, records and relics.

True to our arrangements of the previous day, we started early, under the supervision of a guide, to visit Monterey. Our first point of interest was the old customs house, where the American flag was first raised by Commodore Sloat in 1846. On the hill we found Colton Hall, the first capitol of California, where the State constitution was drafted and first legislative session was held. Almost every turn we made we saw sites of historic interest: Robert Louis Stevenson's house, in which the famous author wrote many of his beloved books; the first theater in California, where Jenny Lind sang in the early days; Washington Hotel, once a Spanish barrack, later the most fashionable hotel of the town, and now in complete ruins; the first sawed lumber-house in California, made of lumber brought by a sailing ship around the Horn; the first brick-house built in the State, and the old whaling station, of which Dana wrote in his early book, "Two Years Before the Mast." Scattered thru back streets and about the town we saw quaint abodes that housed proud Spanish families.

It was then almost noon, and the call, issued by Producer Fred J. Balshofer, was to be made up and ready to leave the hotel for location at one o'clock. We hurried back to the hotel, ate a quick lunch, and Lockwood and Allison went to their respective rooms to make up for their characters. They were both cast to play Secret Service agents—one to gain luxuries, and the other, the girl, to shield her criminal father and brother from the law.

I journeyed with them to location, took a few more snaps of the two pleasant



HAROLD LOCKWOOD AND "SNOOKY"

stars, had a most harmless chat with Lester Cuneo, the bloodthirsty screen villain, and boarded the afternoon train for Los Angeles.



WALTER LAW AND VIRGINIA PEARSON IN "THE WAR BRIDE'S SECRET" (FOX)

How Helen Holmes Became

By PEARL



FIVE years ago J. P. MacGowan was peacefully directing two-reel pictures in Jacksonville, Florida, having for his leading players Alice Hollister and James Vincent, under the Kalem brand. Five years ago Helen Holmes was peacefully working out in California, with no thought in her pretty head of a tall, lanky individual who was destined soon to cross her path for life.

Kalem wired Mr. MacGowan to leave immediately for California, where George Melford was directing the destinies of Alice Joyce, and to form another Kalem company. Mr. MacGowan was, apparently, the unofficial organizer for Kalem, since this was the sixth time he had received similar instructions. So he set out. He arrived in Los Angeles, and, since it was Sunday and he had little chance of

Mrs. Mack and a Picture Star

GADDIS



engaging actors on that day, he hired an automobile and set out in search of locations, having worked out the plot for his first picture on his way West. Alone in the car, twenty miles from a habitation, the car broke down. It was up to him to fix it, since everything had gone wrong at once. He did it, eventually, but it was pitch dark when he was ready to go on. Of course, in his twisting and turning about, trying out promising-looking roads and trails in search of locations, he had gotten hopelessly lost.

Now, when one is hopelessly lost, especially on a mountain road in California, there are two things one may do. The old trails of the Spaniards are still in existence, slightly broadened to permit the passage of wagons. Some of them lead you somewhere, some of them lead

you somewhere else, or nowhere in particular. So the two things you may do—you may keep going, hoping that there was some truth in the old gag about all roads leading to Rome, or you may sit down and wait for some one to come along, who speaks your brand of English, and to direct you on your way. If you



PERHAPS THIS IS HOW SHE LOOKED WHEN HE SAID IT, AND—

choose the latter course, and do not die of starvation before some one comes along, you will probably emerge from the canyon next Thursday, or thereabouts. As Mr. MacGowan happened there on Sunday, one may see that the second alternative lacks many fine points. So he chose the former.

I shant attempt to describe that night. In the first place, it beggars my poor powers of description, and in the second place, Mr. MacGowan—or "Mack," as he is known at the studio—the only living witness of the occasion, does not remember all that passed, or that he passed, himself. Suffice it to say that, as the church clocks struck six-thirty Monday morning, he rolled up to the hotel, from which he had departed with such joyous lack of knowledge of the consequences the afternoon before.

He had no time for breakfast, but, leaving a call for two hours later, he slid upstairs, fell into bed, and slept. The call was never given, but when he awoke, several hours later, he discovered that he should have been at the studio an hour or more ago. He had telephoned Mabel Normand—an old friend from the East—the day before, to send him some players, and she had promised to send several. So he knew they were waiting patiently, and it was no easy matter, five years ago, to get players. Therefore, still in the khaki of his ill-fated auto-trip, unshaven and unshorn, wearing his bedroom slippers and red-eyed for sleep, he looked for his hat, and, failing to find it, set out without it, about half-awake.

The girls were waiting patiently at the studio, and, after some talk, he engaged one of them, and invited the whole bunch to lunch. During the midst of the preparations for lunch, another girl entered and asked for him. She was invited to lunch, also, as Mr. Mack hated to refuse her work and luncheon at the same time. He became interested in this late-comer—yes, it was Helen Holmes—and the more he talked to her the more interested he became, and the more certain that in engaging the other girl he had made a miscalculation. During the meal he invited the other girl—the engaged one—to a private consultation.

"In lieu of the position I offered you," he said succinctly, "I am going to give you these two weeks' salary out of my own little pocket. Now dont ask me any questions. Just take it for granted and come back and let's finish eating."

Short and to the point, you see, just as all his statements and decisions are.

The first picture produced by Mr. Mack

carried Helen Holmes in the second lead, the first lead being played by May Hartigan, with Paul C. Hurst and William Brunton, both of whom are still with Mr. Mack after five years.

At the time all this happened, Helen Holmes was visiting Mabel Normand, and when the call came for players for Mr. Mack, Mabel dispatched Helen, with this admonition:

"Now, Helen, whatever you do, dont you dare fall in love with this big Australian. I'd always feel guilty, for I know him, and he's not meant for a benedict. He's been a globe-trotter too long. Remember that now!"

Helen promised Mabel that she would, and, with high hopes of a splendid position, set out for the studio. What happened there has already been told. It is generally understood by cynics, wiseacres, and misogynists, that the surest way to make a girl fall in love with a man is to warn her not to do that very little thing. At any rate, that is what happened to Helen Holmes.

They met on April fourth, and on July fourth, five years ago, they slipped away to the minister's, and when they returned, both were wearing plain, gold bands on the third finger of the left hand. And those same plain, gold bands are still reposing peacefully on the same fingers.

Being an intrepid sort of person, and having grown impervious to outraged glares when I trespass on ground that would never know the light footfall of angels, I asked Mr. Mack how it happened. No, he didn't glare at me and call a studio worker to have me thrown into the rain-water barrel or off the premises. He just grinned, shifted his cigar, took another look at his scenario, and said, with likable boyishness, despite his six-foot-two of brain and brawn:

"I'll be dog-goned if I know how it did happen, now that you come to ask me. We just drifted along, enjoying each other's society; never grew sentimental; were always pals, comrades rather than sweethearts. Still, we just sort of took it for granted that it was bound to happen sooner or later. So we were, in a measure, prepared for the blow when it fell. I'm not a demonstrative sort of individual, and I dont even remember what I said when I said it. I do remember that Miss Holmes had the good taste not to say that it was 'so sudden' or anything like that. Nor did she fall on my neck and burst into tears of joy—I'm afraid my nerves wouldn't have been equal to the shock if she had. Instead, she took it very much as I did—



THIS IS HOW SHE LOOKED AFTER IT WAS ALL OVER

for granted. I presume that she said 'Yes'—she must have, in the light of after events, and from the evidence of the ring on my hand the next time I chanced to look at it. But, so far as I know, no record remains of any of that."

And Helen Holmes-MacGowan merely

grinned a little boyishly, and said she didn't know of any, either.

Now for some side-lights on the home-life of these two undemonstrative people. They live very simply in a pretty little bungalow (dark red with white trimmings), overgrown with vines and flowers. This sits just back from Pasadena Avenue, in the center of a mass of California foliage. The back yard is hedged in on all sides by a wall which is overgrown with great masses of honeysuckle and smilax. Now for the most interesting part. This back fence forms, on one side, the boundary of the MacGowan home; on the other side, the boundary of the Signal studio. So Miss Holmes is separated from her home, when at work, by a garden gate and a flower-bordered path. It is almost like working at home, and, to the best of my knowledge, is the only studio bungalow in the world like this.

Helen drives her own car—or cars, for she has three—but the pet of them all is a white racer, upholstered in dark red. When she is driving in civilization, she is a model of propriety and careful driving. She breaks no traffic laws, and children and pedestrians need have no fear of being run down and crippled by her car. In the outskirts of Los Angeles, on the San Fernando boulevard, there is a stretch of road with a notice that informs the gentle speeder, "Speed Limit, One Hundred Miles Per Hour." Miss Holmes pays visits to this portion of the road when things have been too quiet and peaceful at the studio; then let all comers watch their step! Thus far she has never met Barney Oldfield or Teddy Tetzlaff on this course; some day she will, and the result will go down into the annals of speed history.

But her love for motoring doesn't interfere with her love for horses. In the stables at the studio, Mr. Mack's powerful mare and Miss Holmes' Dicksie (given her by Mr. Spearman, just before beginning "Whispering Smith," and which was named for the character, Dicksie Dunning, in the story) are treated with the respect due such aristocracy. And the two do a great deal of riding in the hills around Los Angeles. She is also very fond of dogs. She has a brindle bull, a big, white, bow-legged bull, one collie, a Spitz, and five coyote pups!

Personally, Miss Holmes is charming, and Mr. Mack is the sort of man that makes you sorry the other girl saw him first.

Maxims of Methuselah

(Interpreted by HARVEY PEAKE)

TRAIN up a child in the way it should go to the Motion Playhouse, and it will not depart from this track into the saloon or gambling-house.

And I say unto thee that all the blood of bulls and goats will not wash white the tongue of that female who goeth into the public picture theater to gossip out aloud of her neighbors and her friends.

Bend thine ears to the ground and hearken unto the voice of the people, and thou wilt hear only increasing praise of the wonder-working films, film players and film producers.

And do not fail at divers times to lift up thy hand and give thanks to the powers that be that thou mayest see a film whose cost was fifty thousand shekels of silver for only ten pieces of copper.

O daughter of mine old age, allow not thy heart to go pitapat at the advent upon the screen of the handsome actor, for in nine cases out of ten he is not only muchly married, but muchly bored with love.

And lastly, my son, look not upon the exit lamp when it is red, for no sooner wilt thou get out of the picture theater than thou wilt wish thyself back, and in order to accomplish this it will cost thee another admission fee.



The Devil's Pay Day

Bluebird

- by -

Gladys Hall

THERE are times when, wearied of tending the subterranean fires, Satan turns his undivided attention to the earth. He makes of it a vast bowl, and for ingredients he takes men and women, love and passion, hatred and fanged jealousy, open fields and city paves, May dawns and fevered lights. From the conglomerate mixture he evolves—etched in living flame, blurred by tears—a tragedy. From the wrecked lives and crushed hearts, the still-born hopes and ashes of desires, the futile prayers and faiths gone bad, he takes his horrid pay.

Jean Haskins was of the May-dawn variety. Her soul and her body were as fresh as its first flushing, and her heart was as eager. She was quivering, raw material for the Satanic heart: a tender, malleable thing, exquisitely ready for laughter and joy, poignantly ready for suffering, for pain. She held within her lovely self the fine potentials of many

things—for those things which are high and good and those things which are evil. Out of her very tenderness—out of the innocence which was ignorant even of itself—the woman would be born.

Gregory Van Houten was of the fevered lights—their veritable son. Behind him there lay a record unsavory to relate—a record all sodden with staled wines, and wearied with girls' smiles gone cynical, and tragic with the light he had quenched in his parents' eyes. A typical record—such a record as may be repeated times without end on Broadway; an old one and a sad one.

When he met Jean Haskins he met a "something new"—something to quicken the sated palate of his emotions; something fresher and fairer and sweeter than those night-blooming flowers, whose bright eyes dulled with the dawning, whose scarlet lips showed garish and carmined when the night lights were turned down; something that, when bitten into, did not turn bitter and rotten at the core.

When Jean Haskins met Gregory she met the consummation of all her innocent, fervent dreams—that mythical, mystical, passionate "some one" of whom she had dreamed, for whom she had yearned. With the fine ardor of simplicity, than which none is keener, none stronger, she loved him. The eyes of faith are blind, blind eyes—the scales over them heavy and opaque.

There lived for them a month that, in the years that followed, neither of them ever forgot. It was an interlude—or perhaps a prelude—throbbing, fiercely tender, breathless. There were trysts in the fields when May threw her morning banner, pinkly, widely across the sky; when the birds choired, reckless of melody; when the strong odors from bruised meadows rose up and dizzied the senses. There were trysts in the woods when the slim, May moon rose, silver-sweet, above the tree-tops, and all the world was stilled and only love was good. And, at the last, there was the late afternoon wedding in the flower-filled parlor of Jean's home—the wedding, simply spoken by the simple man, who tended souls in that countryside, and sanctified by the mother, who smiled thru her tears, and the father, who doubted while he smiled. Then there were weeks in the tiny cottage, at the end of a wonderful hawthorn lane, and at length Gregory, listless, ennuied, wearied of milk and of honey.

"We cant *always* live here, you know," he said to Jean, one evening, as they sat on the tiny porch, wrapt about in the rising scents of wild rose and honeysuckle as in a mantle; "it would be deadly."

Perhaps a woman never forgets the instant when the Great Lover becomes no longer the lover but the husband, or, even worse, an inimical being, with wishes and plans and dreams vastly at odds with hers. To Jean life had been nothing else but the countryside—the rose-embowered cottage and Gregory at her side all their lives thru. She had desired nothing else; to her there was nothing left to be desired. She had thought that Gregory felt the same.

"Where—where *shall* we live?" she faltered, her heart throbbing in instinctive fear of some great change that was to drive them, stripped of dreaming, out of Eden.

"In town, of course, my dear," Gregory laughed, not pleasantly. Simplicity had begun to pall. "I could no more stand this pastoral we are living in than you could stand—well—other things. Buttercups and daisies are all very well for a health cure or a midsummer-night's dream, but for the life of every day—enough, my dear!"

The following week the Gregory Van Houtens returned to the Van Houten home near Fifth Avenue. It seemed to Jean anything but a home—a great, gorgeous, luxurious place; but the soul of it was not there—nor the warm heart that keeps heart-fires bright.

Gregory took to the old ways. At first he took Jean with him, but her ways were not his ways nor the ways of the crowd he traveled with. He came to fear and to dislike the wonderment in her great eyes—those eyes he had told her were like violets seen by moonlight. He grew to shrink from the reproaches never spoken, save by the pitifully drooping lips or the wistful smile she greeted him with. Silent things, they rose up and clamored to him with a million tongues. He won-

dered why he had ever been so infernal a fool as to tie himself to what he contemptuously styled a "dairymaid." He cursed the doctor who had sent him to the country for his health. He cursed Jean for the softness and sweetness that had so befuddled him. He, who had known the greatest sirens on Broadway, who had toyed with women the world around and escaped scot free; he, Gregory Van Houten, to be snared, at last, by a farmer's girl! Gad! it was a jest!



HANLEY BECAME HER CLOSE CONFIDANT

Well, matrimony did not mean monogamy nor imprisonment for life. He had served a pretty good sentence down there in that rosy villa, and served it—by Jove! —with a d—n good grace. He had quaffed buttermilk and sipped the nectar from unsullied lips like any adolescent; now he was wearied. The very best antithesis he could find was Hazel Davidson. She had to offer all that Jean had not—and considerably more. She had played the game till her finesse was exquisite. She wore super-daring gowns with a super-daring grace. She looked upon the most brutally murdered convention with the uttermost nonchalance. She looked upon Jean Van Houten with a faint amazement, tinged with a faint pity for the unfortunate mate of so much gaucherie. All this was subtly implied. She looked upon the unfortunate mate with all the lure of which she was past mistress. She won.

Jean was left alone—to spend money; to entertain, coldly and timidly, the few acquaintances she had made; to wander about the shops, and to sob her heart out at night on her high and stately bed. For there was one thing Jean had learnt —one lesson she had letter perfect; one need Van Houten had in stilled into the deeps of her nature —the need of love. His she wanted more than anything—more than any one's on earth. If she could not have his, then the great ache at her heart must be otherwise stilled.

No woman with eyes like great violets, a mouth like a rose, and hair like living sun, need be desolate in New York. James Hanley saw to it that Jean Van Houten was not. Her simplicity won him even as it had won Gregory Van Houten —only he was older; he knew more thoroly the difference between the glitter

of brass and the clean sun of gold. He could put Hazel Davidson and Jean together on a scale and laugh at the scale's balance.

Jean was not skilled in the ways of intrigue. She allowed Hanley to come to see her; she wore his flowers and motored to luncheon and tea with him, merely because she was very lonely—very heart-hungry—and more grateful than amorous. He stilled a little bit the unceasing aching that Gregory Van Houten had started and that would never be appeased. Not for one instant did she forget that Gregory was her one love; not for one minute did she lose the tremulous hope that one day he would come back to her—that they would return to the Villa Rosa, at the end of the hawthorn lane, and the nightmare she was living would fade away.



SHE RAISED UP HER ARMS AND CLUNG TO HIM

It was Gregory who, at last, tore the last scale from her eyes—shattered the faith she had held so fast to; took from life and from love, from heaven and from earth, the garment of illusion the years of her childhood had given her. He sued her for divorce and named James Hanley as co-respondent. It took the family lawyer the better part of a day to make her understand just what it all meant. He afterward admitted it to be the hardest job he had tackled in many a legal year—"like telling a child there is no Santa Claus," he said, "or a nun that there is no God. I believe I took from the girl the core of her life that day."

Gregory came to see her that night. In her black gown, with her gold hair and her white, great-eyed face, she looked like some angel that earth has stunned. "You *know*," she told him, swiftly, hurtedly—"you *must* know, if you know anything of me at all, that what you are doing is a great, great wrong. Oh, Gregory—I, who have loved you so——"

The man laughed and lit a cigaret. Jean noticed, quite irrelevantly, that his hands trembled, and that, as the flame lit up his face, there were pouches under his eyes. Just as irrelevantly she thought of Hazel Davidson and her super-daring gowns. To Jean there was coming a sinister understanding of many things—of men and of women, of the city and its ways, of love and its ghastly parodies.

"You have loved me so," he was saying, "that it has taught you quite successfully how to love another. Women do not motor with a man to out-of-the-way inns, wear his flowers, accept his caresses, for the love of—their husbands, you know. It cannot be possible

that you expect me to believe *that!*"

The girl, who had become a woman, looked at him steadily. "I want to tell you something," she said, "and then I am thru—with you—and with many things. When you came into my life—down there—it was full—full of the happiness that flowers bring—sunshine and birds—work and books—the simple things. You infused into it and into *me* the strangeness and need of love—man's love. When you had accomplished your purpose, when you had had of me all that you wanted, you left me—alone—with the need the love of you left. I did not understand then what I have come to understand in this day—in this hour—the complexity of man's relations with woman—the horridness of the world's eyes—the bitter unfairness of a society that will condemn on circumstantial evidence—for that is what you and your world are doing to me. I pray God, Gregory, that such a thing will never happen to you, and that if it does you will remember me and this hour. I *did* take James Hanley's flowers; I *did* motor with him to places away from town—places where it was green, and cool, and still—places something like—down there. You *did* see him trying to kiss me—you never saw him kiss me. And all these things were only because I was lonely—*so* lonely—I failed to understand. I understand now—perfectly—so perfectly I can never be fooled again; but I think—I am sure—that I will be able to make—fools—of others——"



THE EASY WAY—THE FOOL-KILLING WAY—IN TIME BECAME HERS

Van Houten moved uneasily; then he smiled. After all, it was easier than he had expected—this getting rid of his "dairymaid wife." He crossed the room and extended his hand. "Good-by," he said; "I'm glad you're taking it in a sportsmanlike way. I'm sorry it has had to be unpleasant. I hope you and Hanley will——"

He paused. The great, violet eyes were welling with tears. In this last moment memory rose up and smote her hard—

smote her tender heart for the last time. She raised up her arms and clung to him, suddenly, fiercely. "Gregory," she murmured brokenly, "it is—*isn't* it?—all a mistake—a terrible joke—down there—all that you said—dearest—dear——"

An instant later she stood alone in the room. The front door banged. Then there was silence. Jean stood motionless. Then she laughed, and in the sound there was something curiously like Hazel Davidson.

Two weeks later Jean faced James Hanley at a table in the Claridge.

"So you *did* come back?" he was asking for the hundredth time. "After all—you *did* come back!"

"Yes," she laughed, "I did come back—not particularly because I wanted to, you know, but because they wouldn't have me—down there. My people—and divorce—and co-respondents—dont wince, James; it's true—do not sit well together. I did not fit in any more—down there. I have become of the town and its ways now. I have been drawn into the game. Suppose we play it out to the end?"

The man leaned toward her over the table. "It's a go!" he breathed. "Let's drink to it—here's how!"

The man in the Palm Beach chair shaded his eyes from the blind of the sea and turned to his companion. "Anything new at the hotel, Jim?" he asked, with a wink.

"Yes"—the other man roused himself a bit—"for this hole-in-the-ground there's the best looker I've seen anywhere outside of—Budapest."

"Go on; I'm listening."

"Oh, I only caught a glimpse. Dazling blonde, superb carriage, smile like an angel's, eyes like a devil's—violet eyes with wicked lights in them—*some* queen!"

The two men relapsed into silence. Gregory Van Houten was thinking. The last time he had been ordered away for his health he had become involved with a pair of violet eyes—it had been a serious involvement. It was all over now—five years ago—ended decorously in the divorce court. He and Hazel had married immediately after, and he had lost track of the owner of the violet eyes. He supposed he and Hazel had been happy. He had been thinking, of late, that he had better look up the definition of happiness in the dictionary—he was so damnably ennuied all the time—the same old thing, the same old crowd, the same old scandals, with an occasional change of actors—the same old days and nights. After all, the freshest, most poignant memory he had was of a cottage at the end of a hawthorn lane. *Diable!* but life was a monotone!

"Here she comes now," his friend was whispering in his ear. "By Jove! she's a winner!"

Gregory raised his head. He stared. Then he dropped back into his chair again and invoked the deities to witness. It was Jean—Jean taken by Life and pruned and shaped and modernized and rarely beautified; Jean born again.

She was coming toward him, and he rose from his chair. He felt surprised at himself. He could have sworn that nothing on earth would have roused him from that chair—much less a woman. "How do you do?" he said.

It began all over again, then and there—only there was a difference—something had gone from the quality of Jean's attitude. The eager sincerity was lacking; somehow she did not *care* in the same old desperate way. She cared more as he had cared himself—perhaps not so much. The whole thing was he did not know how she *did* care; he could not solve her at all. Outside and beyond the gorgeousness of her beauty, she was impalpable, vague, maddening.

There came to them again May dawnings and the bird-calls, nights under the silver-gilt moon, trysts in aisled woods; there came to Gregory, at least, the old love intensified.

"Who has said love cannot be recaught?" he told her once. "Even after all that we went thru together; even after Hazel—and Hanley—we come together again—this time forever, my love. Listen"— he caught her to him, and she felt, for the first time, the loud thudding of his heart—saw, for the first time, the dross of self wiped out of his eyes—heard, for the first time, the strained note of

sheer want in his tones—"a man does not forget—his wife. I know now that I have never forgotten you. I went back to the things I had been used to; your newness—your difference—I could not understand. But now—oh, Jean, my one love, my one, true love——"

A bird over their close heads stopped singing. Such a laugh came from the woman beneath him that his song was stopped in his throat. "You fool!" she was saying: "you silly, silly fool! You steal my youth—my faith—my dreams—my peace; you plunder me right and left of everything there is worth while in life; then, after years, you come to me and drivel, 'My one love—my true love—this is the real love! Gregory, Gregory—even the high gods laugh!"



IT BEGAN ALL OVER AGAIN, THEN AND THERE

The man stared at her. "Then you have been playing these last days," he said, slowly, "like all the other painted dolls—you have been playing—with me——"

"Like all the others," she acquiesced. "To live—with men such as you—to swim and not to sink—one *must* learn—the rules of the game."

Gregory stepped toward her. The veins on his forehead stood out; his hands twisted like a satyr's. "Then we'll discard the game, at last," he said; "we'll get back to first principles—we——"

"We will," broke in a decisive voice, and James Hanley's hand flung him back. They reverted to type—there in the aisled woods. Like primitive men they gripped and wrestled, and rose and fell. And the woman, watching, one jeweled hand to the lace on her breast, cried out to Van Houten to spare the man who had, after all, made life possible for her—who had worshiped her consistently—who had not left her to the dregs, alone.

Down the path they twisted and ran, and came back, and went on. Jean followed them, begging, pleading. "You are within sight of the hotel," she cried; "come into the room—dont create a scene here."

Once inside her room, the men started

again—Gregory had the upper hand, and Hanley was losing out. He was the older man, and his years were against him. A sudden desperation seized Jean. Was this man, Van Houten, to rob her life again of all that, after all, there was in it?

She seized the gun Hanley had given her for clay-pigeon shooting. "Take it," she cried, hysterically, trying to press its stock into his gnarled fist, "take it—your last chance—— Oh, my God, my God!"

the death sentence at all. His mind was hearing and seeing other things: a cottage at the end of a hawthorn lane—the strong odor of mown hay under a May dawn—violet eyes all full of faith and love—violet eyes struck dumb with hurt and pain—a voice saying, "I pray God, Gregory, that such a thing will never happen to you—and that if it does you will remember me—and this hour." He fainted. Memory's hour had struck.



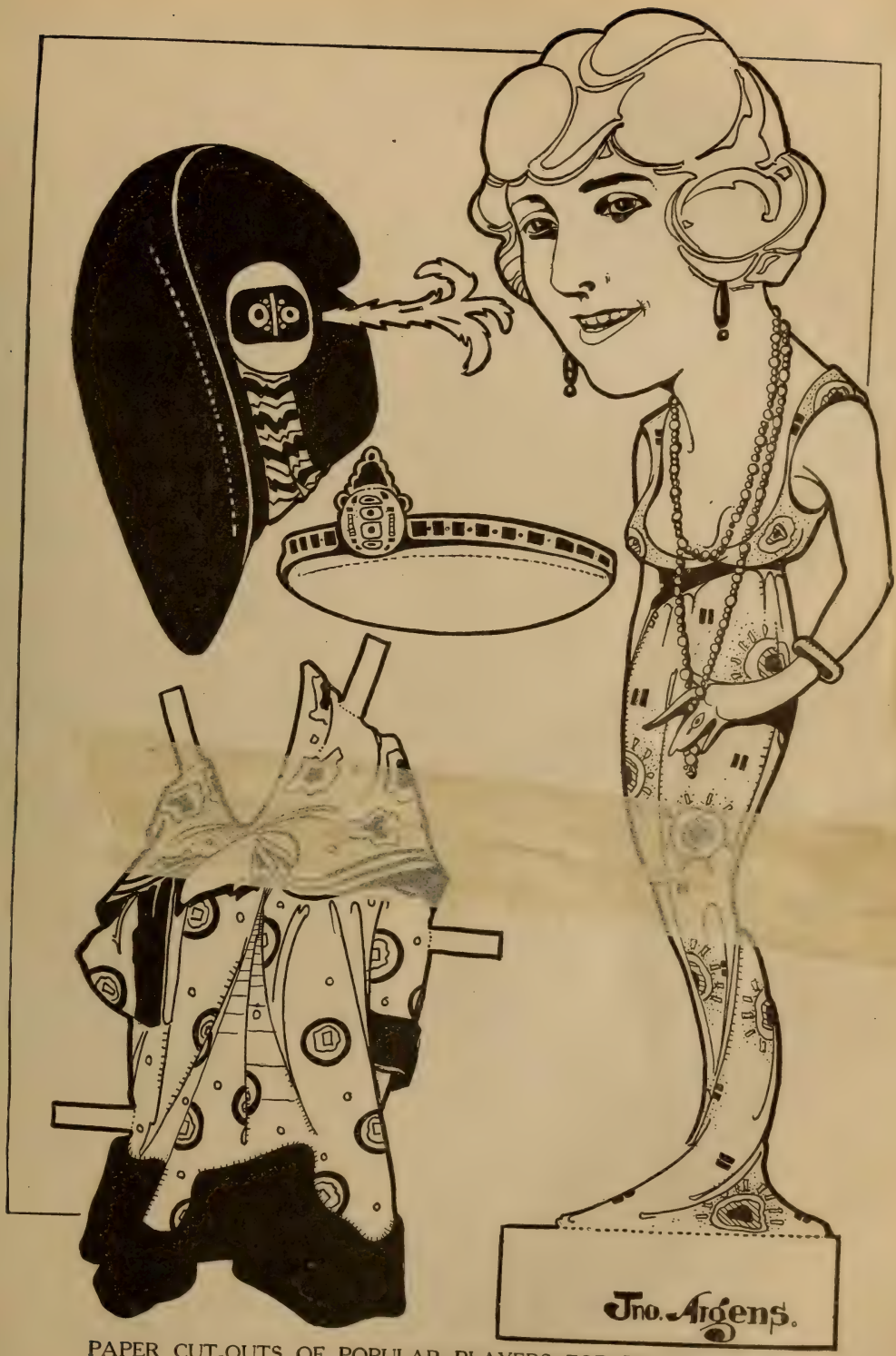
"YES, I KILLED HIM," HE SAID—"YOU WIN!"

When the officers reached the room, Hanley was lying in a great pool of his heart's blood—Jean was shrunken into a corner of the room, nerveless, speechless. Over the dead man stood Van Houten with the gun thrust into his hand. "Yes, I killed him," he said, and, as they took him out, his eyes said to the stricken woman, "You win!"

They convicted him—on purely circumstantial evidence. But he did not hear

In the room of a hotel not far away, a woman fainted, too; and as her white lids closed over her eyes they were sterile of faith and dreams—barren of hope and prayer—two dumb things, haunted and wild.

From the wrecked lives and crushed hearts—the still-born hopes and ashes of desires—the futile prayers and faiths gone bad—the sin-stained souls—he takes his horrid pay.



PAPER CUT-OUTS OF POPULAR PLAYERS FOR THE CHILDREN

PEARL WHITE

If the whole is mounted on light cardboard before the figures are cut out, the different parts will last longer and the tabs will not tear so easily. Color, if desired; then cut dotted line in hat and slip over the head. Fold base on dotted line to make figure stand

Climb Out of Yourself and Look Yourself Over!

Rut-Commuters, Grouches, Desk-Slaves---Try a Limerick and Spread Your Wings of Fancy



STUART HOLMES

THE MIRROR OF VILLAINY

He admits he's fair of feature, and would make the sort of creature
That most girls would like to treasure for their own;
But in a Motion Picture story, he doesn't yearn for glory,
For his heart is most deceitful, and his breast is made of stone;
To him it doesn't matter, whose ideal he has to shatter,
If he plans to have your fortune or to take from you your wife;
He'll engage in pleasant chatter, while he's using subtle flatter,
He'll shake your hand, and try to take your life!

N. L.

Once there was a city man—a flat-dweller—who stood still in the middle of the street and gazed up at the majestic moon. A crowd collected around him. "What's doing aloft?" they asked. "I am looking at the moon," he said; "how beautiful it is!" Thereupon they all laughed and scattered, preferring the bright shop-windows a-sparkle with imitation jewels.

Again, there was a woman—a slip of a girl—who spread her wings of gossamer and steel and flew over the frozen river-beds across half the continent. Neither the flat-dweller nor the flying girl were crazy—they had simply climbed out of themselves; scorned the beaten path.

This brings us around to the Limerick. Would you like to climb out of yourself—miles away from the ledger, the gas-range, and the typewriter—and give free rein to your fancy? The body is only the hangar of the poetic soul! Go to it! Put every aching care aside and chase a Limerick thru the clouds. Each month we dispense $12 for the brightest ones—in flights of $5 and $3 each, and four little skips of $1 each. Those who have spread their wings the best this month and have captured the sky-prizes are, in the order named: Nanna Lynch, Arthur Lenox, Mary E. Rouse, Mary A. Koch, Frederick Wallace and M. H. Toner.

EDITOR, PLEASE PAGE "PEGGY"!

Here's a "vuss" to precious "Peg" Hyland,
Into filmdom she dropped straight from skyland;
A light o' the screen,
A moviedom queen,
Some day I'll draft Hyland to Myland!

M. B. Sherard.

Belton, South Carolina.

WANTED—AN UNSUSCEPTIBLE HERO!

Oh, somebody write us a play,
For a bracer, just once in a way;
Where our hero wont fall
For her wriggles at all,
When the vampire dame stalks him for prey.

Lizzie Cheney Ward.

958 Acoma St., Denver, Colo.

HOPE SHE DOESN'T HAVE TO DIE TO PLAY IT!

Miss Valentine Grant, so I read,
A harp has received, yes, indeed,
From a fan, and I think,
As I say with a wink—
"'Tis just what an angel would need!"

Harry J. Smalley.
1207 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.



HAZEL DAWN

FOR SHAME, HAZEL!

Said the big, yellow moon with a yawn,
"Little Stars, why so pale and so wan?"
"Aint it awful," sighed they,
"We must fade and turn gray—
Not a 'Star' has a chance with the 'Dawn'!"

Emma Stewart Card.
901 13th Ave., Tuscaloosa, Ala.

H(E)ART-SICK!

A pretty young thing from Brazil
Was nuts on a fellow called Bill;
Tho she used all her art,
Yet she couldn't win Hart—
And now she's reported quite ill!

Nanna Lynch.
132A Danforth St., Portland, Me.



PROSPECTS!

Bryant Washburn, proud "Daddy of IV,"
Stands a chance to be sire of a score;
I wonder if he
Has "ambish" to be
"Bryant I" of a hundred or more!

William C. Parkhurst.
Winters, Yolo Co., Cal.



WILLIAM S. HART

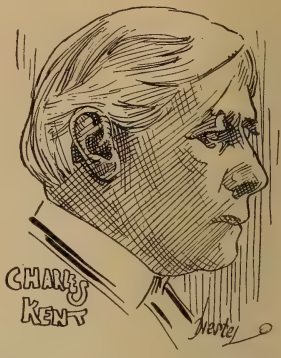


CHARLES CHAPLIN

CHARLES (SPENCER) CHAPLIN! WOW!

His name in the middle is Spencer,
For fitting our Charles it's immense, sir;
It is nearly all "pence,"
Which is Charlie's sixth sense;
He clings to the coin, does this gent, sir!

Mary E. Rouse.
1942 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.



THIS BEING LEAP YEAR.

A handsome young Spaniard named Tony
Had studied well up on Marconi;
From a lady one day
Came this wireless to say,
"I should like to propose matrimony."

M. H. Toner.
533 E. 144th St., New York, N. Y.

"HEAD-ON" HELEN.

When fellows watch Helen Holmes,
They simply go nuts in their domes
When she jumps from a hack
To a railroad train's back
And over its spine calmly roams.

Nell Yancy.
Bakersfield, Cal.

"THE OLD MAN O' THE MOVIES!"

Charlie Kent, in your hair there is rime,
But your acting is splendid and prime;
As old wine, that the test
Of the years proves the best,
So your art is enripened by Time!

Harry J. Smalley.
1207 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

THE ANSWER MAN.

Let 'em rave over Kerrigan's frizzes,
And the hit Bushman makes with the Lizzes;
They're fine, I agree,
But the hero for me
Is the fellow who tackles those quizzes.

Frederick Wallace.
Bristol, Conn.



SESSUE HAYAKAWA

AFTER A STRUGGLE—YES!

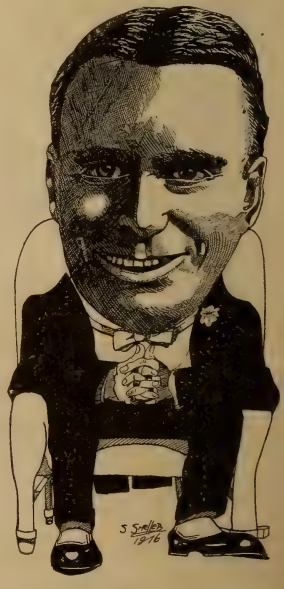
There was a young Jap from Nabisoo,
Who said to his girlie, "I'll kiss 'oo";
But she sized him up well,
Then let out a yell:
"You can—but you'll have to use jit soo!"

Marcelene Michael.
17 Penn. Ave. S., Cumberland, Md.

"ELECTRICITY" DOUG.

Douglas Fairbanks, the man of the hour,
He looms above all like a tower;
He's the best in the bunch,
For he's there with the punch,
And he draws like a thousand horse-power.

Arthur Lenox.
Lock Box 1214, Washington, D. C.



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS



THEDA BARA

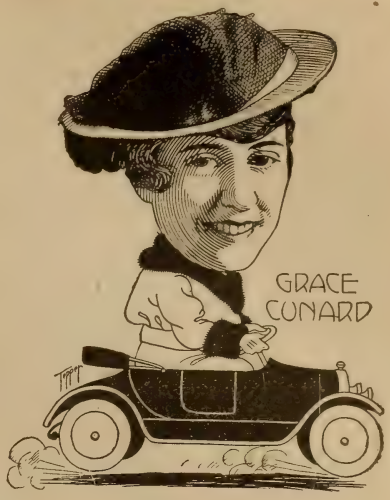
SHE'S A BUD!

THERE was an old maid quite narrow,
Who never would look at a sparrow,
Unless fully dressed
When he came from his nest—
I wish she could see Theda Bara!

M. C. MOLONEY.
1227 E. 44th Pl., Chicago, Ill.



J. WARREN KERRIGAN



57 EXPRESSIONS (NOT PICKLED).

A CLEVER young lady is Grace,
Whose very remarkable face
Can look sweet or sad,
Or happy or mad,
In one short minute of space!

HATTIE CLARK.
Stromsburg, Neb.

A JURY OF WOMEN COULDN'T CONVICT KERRIGAN!

FAITH, I dont know how to begin,
Whin I think of that shtrong, noble chin,
Wid his big Irish eyes,
And a shmile like the skies,
Sure, me heart is entirely "all in!"

MARY A. KOCH.
30 N. Dorcas St., Lewistown, Pa.

AND SHE'S PAID TO DO IT, TOO!

(Beverly Bayne)

YOU'RE the luckiest one of our sex,
Your job I would like to annex—
Pretty soft for you, dear,
To be kist and held near
The heart of that sweet Francis X!

MARY E. ROUSE.
1942 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Max Linder Comes Back!

By CLEMENT F. CHANDLER

(Continued from the February number)

"I was indifferent with the brush, so I was sent to a musical conservatory. But I did not wish to study music. I wanted to be an actor.

"I was the naughty boy. I pretended to go to the music college, but instead attended a dramatic school. At the end of the year I won the first prize.

"Ah! what you say—the cat was out of the bag? If I had been smaller, my father would have spanked me. As it was, he gave permission to go on with my study.

"At nineteen I was engaged to play in the Classic Theater. I played in 'Cyrano de Bergerac' and 'Le Romanesque.' Then I went to Paris, where I was on the stage several years. Afterward I toured Europe.

"I was becoming interested in the silent drama, and, while still on the stage, gave part of my time to this work. At twenty-seven I quit the stage altogether to work for the cinema.

"Later I established my own theater at twenty-four Boulevard Poissonière. I am now building a fine theater there. My films that I make in America will be shown there.

"Then came the war. I offered my car and my services to the minister of war. I carried dispatches to the front.

"No, I was not an officer, monsieur. I was a private. The man with military experience should be the officer and is. We were glad to serve in the ranks.

"I carried many dispatches. What they were and to whom, that I cannot tell. Those are military secrets, monsieur.

"I can tell that one night, not twenty-five miles from Paris, there was a shot in the dark when I was going fifty miles an hour without a headlight.

"I was past the trenches on the way to a scouting party in advance. The soldier beside me slid forward in his seat. His shoulders shook, and he was still. I could not take my hand from the wheel, monsieur, to learn whether he was living or dead. Dispatches must be delivered.

"We took my comrade out of the machine, dead, monsieur. We dug a hole with sticks and our bare hands and we buried him. It is the fortune of a soldier, monsieur.

"I was driving thru Vailly Soissons with important dispatches. They were not delivered. A shell struck one hundred feet in front of my car and plowed thru the road. I stopped on the brink of a gap ten feet deep. I crawled out of my car and hid behind a wall. There was another shell. It struck just behind my machine, and it was blown to atoms.

"A scouting party approached. My comrade and I—for there are two, in the hope that one may get thru—ran to the creek, a few hundred yards away. We jumped into the water up to our necks. There we stayed while they searched for us. They crossed the bridge. It was dark. They did not see us.

"In the morning our own soldiers came up, and the scouting party retreated. I was taken back to Paris. I was ill. I was very ill, monsieur. I had contracted pneumonia from hours in the cold water. I lay in the hospital for weeks.

"When I was fit for service, I was assigned to the Thirteenth Regiment by General Gallieni. I was in the light artillery. The guns are mounted on motor vehicles, which charge ahead of the foot-soldiers. They clear the way for the bayonets after the big guns have done their work.

"The charges? They are terrible, but they are inspiring, monsieur. We were all excitement. We 'rode hell for leather,' not caring whether we lived or died.

"But we could laugh, monsieur. It was necessary to laugh to relieve the tension. It is just as necessary for the busy people in America to laugh to relieve them from the strain of business cares. That is why they go to the cinema.

"We laughed when a crow in the fields was repulsed by its mate. Our comrades were dying. We would be next, but we laughed. It was necessary,



MAX LINDER, FAMOUS FRENCH ACTOR, NOW WITH ESSANAY

as I have said, monsieur. It was not laughter because there was any laughter in the situation. That was entirely serious. We felt the terrible havoc. But our nerves must be relieved, or we go mad.

"My turn came. It was in the battle of the Aisne. A bullet sped thru my lung. I plunged from the truck. I knew nothing.

"After hours I was picked up and sent to the hospital. It was months before I was able to rejoin the service.

"I was slight of build for the artillery service, so I was assigned to an aeroplane squad. But I could not fly high, monsieur. Once it was necessary for me to rise to a great altitude. The change in air-pressure affected my lung.

"One night there was a call for eleven of the squad to carry out a commission. I was among them, but the army surgeon ordered me not to go. That is why I am here today, monsieur. The others never came back. What happened to them no one knows. They never have been heard from—my brave comrades.

"I was sent back to the Contrexville hospital, and it was there I was asked to come to America.

"It was the inspiration. I had seen all the sorrows of the world. 'I will now try to bring more joy into it,' I said. So I agreed to come to America. Here I am, monsieur. I have never been in America before. But I am back working for the screen, working to make people laugh, monsieur. I hope to succeed. I used to do this. I think I am more capable now. It is as it will be, monsieur. I have had my sobs—now I will laugh with my audience."

Defilmnitions

From the Studio Dictionary

By JOSEPH F. POLAND

EXTRA ACTOR: One of the many who are called, but from whom few are chosen by the director. Synonym, *super.*

ARTIST: An actor who has drawing power.

DIRECTOR: The general who, marshalling his forces, attacks the scenario, and fights, persuades, bullies, threatens, pleads with every one around him until he has produced a photoplay.

LOCATION: Something which the assistant director must find, be it at the bottom of a well, on top of a church steeple, or the roof of the Woolworth Building. One reason why the A. D. dislikes the scenario writer who calls for "odd" locations.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE: The organ which holds, as 'twere, a mirror to the movies, and reflects everything of interest to the fans.

PHOTOPLAY: The finished product of many hands, hearts and brains, which has taken much time, pains and money to produce, and is then run off on a screen before you in a few minutes, for a small admission. Dont knock it, appreciate it!

SCENARIO WRITER: The man responsible for the scenario, who has to use the eloquence of a Cicero and a Demosthenes combined, to persuade the director to leave intact *some* of the original story.

SCENARIO EDITOR: A man who has more to worry about in a day than most people have in a month. And the worst of his worries are not the letters from the would-be writers, but the stars who must have a suitable part immediately!

STAR: The darling of the film gods, who is allowed all prerogatives, even to the extent of indulging in "temperament."

TEMPERAMENT: Sole property of the stars and a few directors. Manifestations are varied and numerous, ranging from desperate rumpling of curly locks to utter inability to work. Only known cure: Absolute surrender on part of opposition.

TECHNICAL DIRECTOR: The man who has to know what kind of parlors and dungeons have been in use from Noah's time on, how they were furnished, whether wall-clocks or wrist-watches were used, and also what kind of lace gentlemen wore on their cuffs and ladies on their pantalets.

Our Cover Girl—Violet Mersereau

By CAROL LEE

To begin with, she smiled at me over the telephone. What—a girl *cant* smile over the telephone? That just goes to show how little *you* know about Violet Mersereau. I insist that she can and she did. The smile was tacked onto an invitation to come right up. An ebony elevator-boy, clanging open the door of the cage, volunteered the information that Miss Mersereau's room was right down the corridor. It was a little dim and gloomy in the long corridor, for it was five o'clock in the afternoon—a gloomy, rainy afternoon, and twilight was settling swiftly. Then, suddenly, somebody switched on the lights. A bit

(*Continued on page* 152)



GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

THE ranks of the "Only Their Husbands" Club of Los Angeles has been sadly decimated recently by the leave-taking of Wallace Reid, who has gone to Denver with Kenneth McGaffey; and Owen Moore and Thomas Meighan, who are with New York Famous Players; also Lou-Tellegen, beginning his theatrical season. This club, as the name indicates, is composed of famous men who have married more famous women, and in the club they are known by the names of their wives: "Mr. Geraldine Farrar" (Lou-Tellegen), "Mr. Mary Pickford" (Owen Moore), "Mr. Marie Doro" (Elliott Dexter), and so on. Only Mr. Marie Doro is left to hold the fort at Lasky Lane.

One of the most notable of recent screen converts is Margaret Illington, who has deserted Broadway, New York, to listen to the lure of the camera, out at Laskyville. Miss Illington will be housed in the same "bungalow" that was used by Geraldine Farrar last summer. Her first picture will be "The Inner Shrine."

Little Georgie Stone, Fine Arts' five-year-old dramatic artist, is confined to his bed with a severe attack of grippe, contracted while doing a scene up to his waist in water. "I dont care," says Georgie, dauntlessly; "it was a great scene."

A great piece of news to photoplay and stage fans alike is that, at last, one of the greatest actresses has consented to "pose for the camera." Maxine Elliott, the beautiful, has signed a contract with Goldwyn and will be under the same direction as little Mae Marsh.

Marguerite Clayton announces the acquisition of ten elaborate and complete wedding trousseaux. What does she need with so many? Why, she is doing the lead in a series, "Is Marriage Sacred?" in which she is married ten times, each time being furnished with a complete trousseau. So if Marguerite wants to prove, in real life, whether marriage really is sacred, she wont have to bother about dressmakers and dresses.

And here's the regular monthly crop of serials: Mollie King begs to attract your attention to "The Double Cross," which she is giving Pathé (for release), and Darwin Karr and Ethel Grandin have already started work on "The Lure of Gold." Which reminds one that Ethel is a busy little body, since she has just finished helping Maurice Costello solve "The Crimson Stain Mystery."



MARY MILES MINTER

Annette Kellermann is proud as a peacock these days. 'Cause why? 'Cause she has just received a coral necklace, measuring ten feet, from the Jamaicans who worked in "A Daughter of the Gods." Every bead in the necklace was collected by the donors of the unique ornament, and not one piece had been artificially carved or polished.

Mary Pickford is going to receive all kinds of support in her next picture, "The Poor Little Rich Girl." In the cast are such well-known players as Madeline Traverse, Charles Wellesley, Gladys Fairbanks and Frank McGlynn. "The Poor Little Rich Girl" in its stage-play dress was Viola Dana's best starring vehicle. Gladys Fairbanks also appeared in the stage production. Maurice Tourneur, as usual, will direct Little Mary and her company.

"So they were married and lived happily ever afterwards." Mae Murray has just said "I will" to a question from J. Jay O'Brien, a well-known New Yorker, who has been wooing the bright little luminary for several years. If possible, Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien will spend their honeymoon in New York, where they are both well-known and liked.

William Russell's last play—pardon, his *latest* play—is called "The Twinkler," and was written by Henry Leverage, a prisoner at Sing Sing. The story was originally published in *The Star of Hope*, the prison paper, and later purchased by American. A full set of "stills" and straight photographs of the players have been forwarded to the author.

Mary Miles Minter rode into the fashionable horse show at Santa Barbara recently and "copped" two prizes for horsemanship. Miss Minter wears her laurels with her usual charming modesty.

Marguerite Clayton has become a "champeen" skater. During Chicago's recent "cold snap" the management of Miss Clayton's hotel had the roof flooded, and on the resultant two-inch ice Miss Clayton has been having the time of her life.

Kitty Gordon's latest play bears the title "The Haunting Shadow." Whereupon the Greenroom Editor rises to remark that if the shadow is Kitty's, there's many a mere man willing—nay, even eager—to be haunted!

Cupid makes a goal! (He usually does, as far as that's concerned.) This time the American studio, at Santa Barbara, was the scene of operations. Harvey Clarke, "heavy" man, and Ethel Ullman, Inceville ingénue, were the victims.

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

All students of the constellations are advised to tack the following up beside their February calendars: Ethel Barrymore will be seen in "Egypt, the Gypsy," Edward Sheldon's famous play, in which Margaret Anglin first appeared; Jane Grey will delight the optic nerves in "When My Ship Comes In"; Valkyrien will float across our gaze in "The Image Maker of Thebes"; and Clara Kimball Young will show us "The Easiest Way."

And now for a few "flashes" at current "movie-movers": Edna Goodrich has capitulated to the check-book of Mutual; George Fisher has vanished from the Lockwood-Allison combination to make love to Mary Miles Minter; Marguerite Snow, our "Zudora," will return as Josie, opposite George M. Cohan, in "Broadway Jones"; and Fox has annexed Billie Ritchie.

The diary of Suzette Booth, which has been running in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for the past two months, has Los Angeles "all het up" over Miss Booth's caustic comments on the "Golden City." The newspapers have taken it up, and all the girls are up in arms to defend the fair name of their city.

Who says there are hard times in a scenario writer's life? Jack Cunningham wrote and sold six scripts to Universal in one week. Then he retired, quietly but firmly, with "la grippe." Anthony P. Kelly, a Chicago youth of twenty-three years, wrote the scenarios for "The Witching Hour," "Destiny, or The Soul of a Woman," "The Thief," "The Great Divide," and is now at work on "God's Man." For all his youth, Tony is reputed to make more money in a year than the President of the United States.



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

And here's more food for film fans: Fox has annexed a number of screen luminaries to add to the constellation blazing brilliantly in the West. Among them we find Miriam Cooper (Mrs. R. A. Walsh), Tom Mix, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Lewis, Francis Carpenter and Seena Owen (Mrs. George Walsh). Quite a raid on Triangle—eh, wot?

Maude Fealy has decided to return to the screen, and Lasky is to have charge of her screen activities. Her first picture will be with Theodore Roberts, which reminds one that these two played together, years ago, in a Denver stock engagement. They spend half their leisure time now gossiping of the past.

Frank Borzage has just finished playing opposite Mae Murray in "A Mormon Maid" and is now doing a juvenile rôle opposite Fannie Ward, a well-known actress in the Lasky studio.

In February and early March a number of stars will shine, as follows: Constance Talmadge, a bright little twinkler who is just shining for the first time alone, will be seen in "The Girl of the Timber Claims"; Frank Keenan in a weird but gripping Southern story, "The Bride of Hate"; Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno in "Captain Sunlight"; Ethel Clayton in "Bondage of Fear"; Charlie Chaplin in "Easy Street."

Mme. Olga Petrova will move her gowns, her gorgeous hats and her temperament out to the Lasky studio in California. In the meanwhile, the Lasky press-agent is working himself into an early grave trying to invent more incredible stories about her "stupendous and e-e-normous" salary. Oh well, stars come high, you know!

Here's sad news for movie fans. Douglas Fairbanks has left the Triangle Company, alleging violation of contract. He claims that his contract called for a supervision of his pictures by David W. Griffith and that this has not been done. He also objects to having a new leading woman for every picture—"an effort by the company to establish a value to the names of unknown actresses by connecting them with mine, in violation of my contract," as the genial "Doug" expressed it.

But perhaps this nice news will help to allay your disappointment over the other. We beg to announce Mary Fuller's return to the screen, with the Lasky Company, playing opposite Lou-Tellegen in "The Long Trail," and a series of others, production to be made in California. Miss Fuller is one of the wealthiest actresses of the screen, having cleaned up a small fortune in Wall Street at the opening of the war.

A few more shiftings of planetary territory: Gail Kane to American-Mutual; Mary Nash to World; Jane Cowl to Goldwyn; Winifred Kingston to Fox, and her old screen-partner, Dustin Farnum; Alan Forrest to Famous Players; George Fisher to American, opposite Mary Miles Minter.

Marguerite Snow has at last capitulated to the screen. She will be leading woman opposite George M. Cohan, Uncle Sam's nephew, in his first screen venture, "Broadway Jones."

A brightening of stars will be noted, 'long about the middle of January or February, as follows: Henry Walthall in "Little Shoes"; Bessie Love in "The Doll Shop"; Margarita Fischer in "The Devil's Assistant"; Herbert Rawlinson in "Eagle's Wings"; and Viola Dana in "The Mortal Sin."

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Popular Plays and Players' studio was almost entirely destroyed by fire recently. Mme. Petrova's company was hard at work at the time, all the players and other folk at work escaping safely. Mme. Petrova's entire wardrobe was destroyed, along with that of many lesser players.

Just as we go to press comes the news of the illness of Herbert Brenon. The popular and famous director had been working very hard, and finally collapsed. Reports come from the hospital that his condition is too critical to give much hope of recovery.

If Theda Bara will promise to be a good little girl and sign the horrid contract Mr. Fox offers her, he will reward her by sending her to Egypt in the spring, where she may frolic in the sands and renew a childhood acquaintance with the Sphinx and the pyramids—and, incidentally, do some ambitious pictures.

Roscoe Arbuckle has left Keystone and, if rumor runneth rightly, will travel East and sign his name to a contract with the Paramount Company. It is expected that he will begin to produce two-reel comedies about March 1st.

Blanche Sweet has left the Lasky Company, her contract having expired. She will leave for London, for a short vacation, after which she will again listen to offers from film magnates. The minimum salary she demands is twelve hundred a week.



JACK WARREN KERRIGAN

A film company has been formed at Las Vegas, N. M., to film the Bible. The company will be known as the Bible Film Co. Scenarios will be selected by an interdenominational board of ministers, and so on, thus insuring the pictures a run in churches, Y. M. C. A.'s and colleges, as well as ordinary release.

Charles Ray has signed a new contract, insuring his appearance under the Triangle-Kay-Bee banner for at least two years more. Which is good news to a goodly number of the fair sex.

Helen Holmes has just purchased a carload of the latest improved farm machinery and tools, for shipment to her ranch in Utah, the "star" of the lot being a gasoline tractor. Miss Holmes and her husband, J. "Pep" McGowan, are to have a vacation, upon the close of "The Lass of the Lumberlands," in which to visit the ranch and oversee the installation of the machinery.

Ralph Ince, having finished a special engagement with the Robert Warwick Film Company, has just been signed up by Goldwyn. He is the first director signed by this new company, showing they are at least starting out right.

Gale Henry, comédienne with Joker, has taken unto herself a spouse in the shape of Bruno Becker, assistant director to Allen Curtis.

Charlie Chaplin was painfully but not seriously hurt in the taking of his new release, "Easy Street." 'Tis said that Charlie disputed right-of-way with a lamp-post, in a scene, and that the lamp-post became dislocated, falling across Charlie and injuring his face in such a way that he will be unable to work until it is quite well. In the meantime his company is having a vacation and enjoying life.

Rhea Mitchell has also surrounded herself by articles of incorporation.

At last! Which means that "The Indecisions of Jack" have finally been decided. The last episode closed when Jack Warren Kerrigan signed a nice, sprawly signature to a contract for five years' services. He will first do a brief vaudeville tour while the new studios are being prepared for him. He will carry a five-reel Universal feature with him, and, after the picture, "will speak a piece."

Viola Dana, Augustus Phillips and Robert Walker are en route to Jacksonville, Fla., where they will produce their next picture, "A Wife by Purchase."

Earle Foxe has just been engaged by Pathé to play the leading rôle opposite Pearl White, she of the Perils, Exploits and Army, in a new serial.

Another prodigal son who has returned to Vitagraphville is Edward Elkas, the character man, who will soon be seen playing in Dorothy Kelly's support.

After an absence of several months, Ned Finley, Vitagraph's former "rough stuff" and "strong arm" leading man, has signed with the Fox Company.

William S. Hart has recently been cleverly cartooned by Fay King, the famous Denver sketch-artist. She concluded a letter to him by averring: "You get 'em—from the seminary to the cemetery!"

Harry Meyers is about to blossom forth as a film magnate with his newly formed Encores Pictures. Rosemary Theby will continue to co-star with the genial Harry in light comedy.

Mae Marsh may not be a Carnegie, but she has her own way of working out effective philanthropy. In her coming Goldwyn pictures, in which she stars, Miss Marsh is going to see to it that one print of each of her plays is reserved in each of the leading cities, there to be shown to poor children of the slums, unable to afford an admission fee, absolutely free of cost.



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

WILLIAM F. H.—No, "The Birth of a Nation" is not playing around here just now. Kitty Gordon in World pictures. Herbert Standing is with Morosco. I certainly had a hard tussle with your bright but very long letter. You seem to have aimed at nothing and hit it plumb in the middle.

KENTUCKY FAN.—Thanks for your very kind letter. That Fox was taken in New York. Alice Joyce is still with Vitagraph.

LILLIAN C.—Thank you. To praise justly is to pay an honest debt; to flatter is merely a gift. No, it is not necessary to enclose a fee when asking questions, but you do get your answers much quicker. You see it is all on account of the cost of high living.

MARY ANDERSON ADMIRER.—Mrs. Anderson is about 40. She is still with Vitagraph.

LESLIE H. BINGO.—Nicholas Dunaew is with Universal. Vola Smith, formerly of Biograph, has changed her name to Vola Vale. She is now with Lasky. Marin Sais played the lead in "Lucius Brady." Edgar Davenport was Merriman, Iva Shepard was Snyder and Ruth Findlay was Dore in "The Salamander." So you think Pearl White is fickle, just because she had her picture taken with two different magazines. Nay, nay, she simply wanted an ad from both and got it. Arthur Donaldson and Beulah Poynter in "Heart of a Hero." Frank Longacre and Ethelmary Oakland also played in the above.

LIMA.—I think you refer to the late Joseph Brandt of the old Lubin Co. Of course there is a Chinatown in San Francisco and one in New York. We should never be ashamed to admit we are in the wrong, because it shows that we are wiser today than we were yesterday.

PINOT, SAN JUAN.—You can reach Anita Stewart at the Vitagraph Co., E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn. Norma Talmadge at 729 7th Ave., New York, c/o Selznick. Not quite a thousand. Surely I would like to see you; come right along with bells.

GLAD.—William Russell and Irene Howley in "The Bondage of Fear" (Biograph). That's the only name I know he has, Harold Lockwood. Do you want me to scold you? Keep in the midst of life. Be among people and among things and among troubles and difficulties and obstacles; that's the way to get a life outfit that wont slide off.

DOROTHY W.—Edward Arnold is with Essanay. The last picture I know of that Wallace Reid played in was "Joan the Woman." The first almanac in English was published in 1672.

TOBE OF FT. WORTH.—Robert Leonard is directing for Lasky. The Classic and Magazine both have the same editors and are published by the same corporation, but nothing is repeated in one that has appeared in the other.

H. H. N., HERKIMER.—Loraine Huling is with Thanhouser. Robert Warwick hails from 'Frisco, and is a graduate of the University of California. He is a strikingly handsome and talented actor. Among other pictures, Mr. Warwick is well known for his work in "The Face in the Moonlight," "Alias Jimmy Valentine," and "The Man of the Hour."

SPARERIBS.—Your criticism hurt. Your pen is a sword, and a sharp one. There are few wild beasts more to be dreaded than a talkative person with nothing to talk about. Winifred Kingston played opposite Dustin Farnum in "The Parson of Panamint." Clara Whipple was Lena in "The Revolt." Frances Nelson was Anna.

SWEET TENNESSEE GIRL.—Marguerite Snow will play opposite George Cohan in "Broadway Jones" for Artcraft.

LORNE H., LIVERPOOL.—Your letter was very fine. I was glad to know your favorites. You say that I am immortal. Oh, yes, but that wont buy eggs and coal at the present prices.

PLUSIE.—You can make money much easier with health, than you can make health with money. Maude Fealy is with Lasky.

PHYLLIS C. G.—Trouble is right. You dont care for Triangle pictures? Zounds! what do you want for ten cents? Yes, Mae Marsh has left Triangle and gone to Goldwyn, a new company, and Ralph Ince has gone with them to direct.

MRS. J. F. C.—I really dont know why the players are leaving Universal. Warren Kerrigan is going to tour the country for three months, and on March 1st he will start a company of his own. Margaret Illington with Lasky; Morris Foster with Universal.

TOLEDO.—Donald Hall was with Ivan last; also his wife, Frankie Mann. Blanche Sweet has left Lasky to go to London.

MOLLIE M.—Oh fie, fie, dont mind a little thing like that. Divorces are all the go. Yes, Joe Collins her director. Your verse was scandalous, not scandaless; I enjoyed it. Nothing like a bit of scandal!

LYDDY, 15.—Be patient and you will get ahead of them. Study hard, tho. Zola Telmzart was the girl in "Wall Street Tragedy." Kenneth Casey with Metro. Write again.

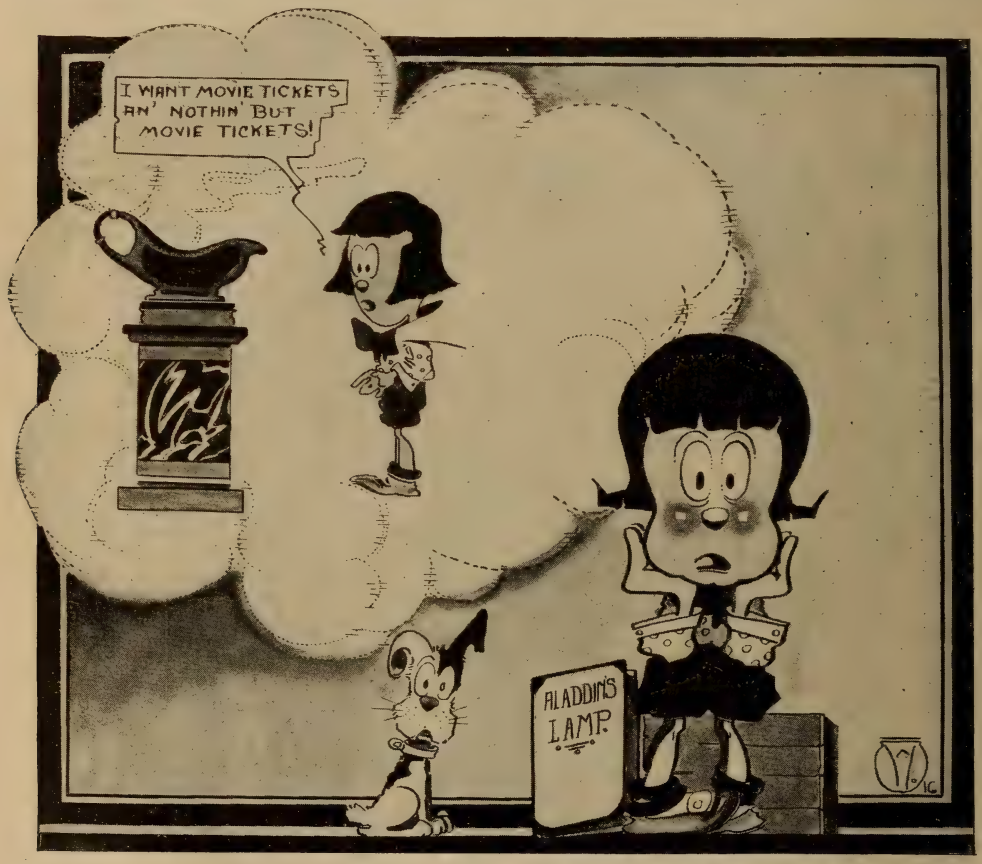
PAT.—So you declined a leap-year proposal from a charming young lady, merely because she could not cook and keep house. Pshaw! She might have been able to pay your board bill! Well I escaped leap year, much to my sorrow.

C. C. N.—That's right, trouble is the only thing we borrow and want to pay back in a hurry. That was an old Edison.

OLGA, 17.—Oh, for a new Isaac Newton, who would invent a new law of gravitation that would prevent prices going up! Yes, Olga Petrova is now with Lasky.

KATHERINE G.—You refer to Maciste who played in "Cabiria." He can be reached thru the Hanover Film Co., Broadway and 47th St., New York City. Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley in "Sunshine Molly" and Tom Forman and Mabel Van Buren in "The Woman." That's good—about the Irishman who said he would rather be a coward ten minutes than dead all his life.

MARGARITA R.—Zeena Keefe is still with Ivan. Winifred Kingston and Dustin Farnum are now with the California Fox Co. Viola Dana started her stage career when she was but 11 years old, appearing in "Rip Van Winkle," and since then she has become a famous star. She is four feet eleven inches tall, weighs 96 pounds, has light green eyes and dark brown hair, and her favorite pastimes are dancing, swimming and motoring. She was born in Brooklyn eighteen years ago.



"IF WILLIE HAD BEEN IN ALADDIN'S PLACE!"

MARIAN S., NEW YORK.—Yes, I think there will be an interview with Sothern, but he is very sick just now. See his article in the February Classic.

MARIA ROSA M.—I must admit that your questions have been answered before. The program is revised in my case, and it is "youth, idols; manhood, ideals; old age, idleness." The mind grows uneasy when the chains are taken off, but I keep on the chains to prevent skidding.

VOONOME.—Louise Huff has gone to play for Lasky. Yes, Frederick Church has been ill. He was operated on for appendicitis. Marguerite Clark will play in Artcraft pictures also. Your letter was long, but interesting. So long!

PEGGY OF KANSAS.—Mary Fuller is not playing now. Well, whoever lends an easy and believing ear to slander is of very bad morals, or has no more sense and judgment than a child. Put that in your smoke and pipe it. Fay Tincher on our next cover.

Building, New York City. Come now, you mustn't ask my name. I'm not allowed out of my cage during business hours. Of course the dog comes with me. Let me hear from you again.

JOLIE, SAN FRANCISCO.—Yes, we will have a chat with Marshall Neilan soon again. That's true, but when the Lord endowed man with brains, He didn't intend to guarantee them—they grow only by use.

BOSTON FAN.—So you're from Boston. You refer to Wallace Reid. Florence Marten



WHO SAID THE MOVIES WERE NOT DOING GOOD?
WIFE—That reminds me, John! I left the faucet turned on in the bathroom.

NELL K.—So you think it's safe to love a man who loves his mother. Naomi Childers not playing now. She is writing scenarios.

ORNETTE.—That same old question—Douglas Fairbanks' address. You can reach him at 1457 Broadway, N. Y., Triangle office. You send an ocean of love and a kiss on each wave. What could be sweeter?

ADELAIDE L.—Your questions are too silly to answer. You ought to be spending your time trying to better yourself, rather than inflicting your wit and wisdom on a poor, old, tired Answer Man.

IDA H.—Yes, the Christie Co. Longacre was Alice in "Miss George Washington." "Between Men" was a Triangle. William Shay in "Prince Omar." Jewel Carmen in "Manhattan Madness." "The Flying Torpedo" was done by Fine Arts. I have answered you at length, because you said such nice things about me. You see a little praise goes a long ways.

EVERY WEEK.—Thanks for the clipping. You say "The Last Rose of Summer" was Arthur Johnson's last picture. Thank you.

EDITH D.—Glad to see you. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of film manufacturers. Let me hear from you.

L. G. S. C.—Thanks for yours. Tom Mix and Billie Ritchie are both with Fox. Mignon Anderson is with Mutual, and Rupert Julian is playing in Universal Features.

Billy Boy.—Marie Dressler played in a World picture. I'm afraid there isn't much chance of selling photoplays nowadays. All the companies have their own scenario writers, and they dont buy much from the outsider, unless an especially good plot.



Aviator—Ye gods! We're lost! If this Zeppelin ever turns her guns on us! We've got 3,000 feet to fall! Think of it!

The Girl—Is there no way out?

Aviator—Positively no! We're doomed!!

Director's Voice—Fine! Now jump out—that completes a part of the air scene. Realism and trick photography are very hard to tell apart in the pictures nowadays.

Nellie L.—You must think I am a regular joke-book. Well, I'm not. I haven't a funny bone in my body—not even a funny-bone. I dont remember your other letter.

Toot, 1.—Howard Hickman was Webb in "Jungle Child." Thomas Rickett will direct Crane Wilbur in features for Horsley.

W. F. A., Washington.—Peter Land was Capt. Ben, Leslie Stowe was the father and Martin Faust the ward in "The Dawn of Love." Winifred Allen was May in "Seventeen." Hobart Bosworth played in "Oliver Twist," also "Joan the Woman" (Lasky). You must see the latter; it is a very fine picture, and every school-child as well as grown-ups should see it.

Albert K.—Dont remember your last letter. You should ask the questions again.

M. Rosalie M.—Yes, my mistake. Edith Taliaferro has played in pictures. Some of the "Romeo and Juliet" scenes were taken at Brighton Beach, N. Y. No, your letter was very interesting. Come again, please.

Querida.—Do you mean the still pictures? If so, you can get them from us direct. They sell at various prices. She resides at Bushmanor, Baltimore, Md.

Pat.—William Morse was Arthur in "The Girl with the Green Eyes" (Pathé). Alan Forrest with American. Harris Gordon now opposite Florence LaBadie.

Dode.—Of course I receive you *à bras ouverts*. Tom Forman was Mr. Carson in "Public Opinion." Rita Jolivet in "Unafraid." Edna Hunter was Rita in "The Common Law." Edwin Carewe and James Cruze in "The Snowbird." Yes, but worry is rust upon the blade.

Una M.—He is. William Davidson in "Pretender." Oh, you are simply jealous, and jealousy is merely the apprehension of superiority. I assure you that your apprehension is unfounded.

Polly.—But dont you know that you must sign your name and address when asking questions? You ought to join one of the correspondence clubs. See back issues for addresses of clubs.

Jim, 14.—Really, you dont ask much of anything when you write, so I wont say much of anything when I answer.

Lucille B.—Sydney Ainsworth in "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." You think I would make a good king's jester. Alas! and do you think that the height of my ambition?

Arline H.—You refer to True Boardman. See chat with him in the February Classic. Thomas Curran in "The Commuted Sentence."

Frances F.—Paula Shay and James Cooley in "Forbidden Fruit." Charles Cherry and Margaret Skirvin in "Passers-by" (Metro). Yes, Charles Clary played in "The Carpet from Bagdad" (Selig). Creighton Hale in "Snow-White."

Francis P. Y.—You certainly are a staunch admirer of Anita Stewart, and she certainly deserves it. Yes, Edna Goodrich is very pretty. You think she resembles Beverly Bayne?

F. C. M., Roxbury.—Yes, I do think Farrar improved pictures. Dont listen to it. Slander spreads like an oil-spot; we try to cleanse it, but the mark remains.

F. A. F.—Thanks for the calendars which you so kindly sent me, also for your good wishes. I hear Alice Joyce and Tom Moore are to be divorced, but I am not sure of it.

VICTOR M.—Thanks for the fee. So you have been an extra. I know of no other way than to keep going to the studio. Thank the good Lord that I have not grown too old to be young, and never expect to.

MARGARET McG., ROCHESTER.—I mailed list.

BEATRICE DE B.—Yes, thank you, I received it. I will return the verses if you send them, but not otherwise! No, child, I have an excellent disposition. I never murmur without cause, but often have cause. And, when I do, I sometimes use language not according to Hoyle.

OLGA, 17.—I am waiting for the Matrimonial Edition. Let 'er come. Your letter was all about your three C's again. Didn't you know that Crane was born in Athens, N. Y.?

SYLVIA.—No; Theda Bara is not married. I have forgotten my geometry. That was just *oui-dire.*

GLADYS L. McHENRY.—Address Cleo Madison, Los Angeles, Cal., and it will get to her. L. Rogers Lytton was the spy in "The Battle Cry of Peace," and he was Philip in "Salvation Joan."

ILONA H. M.—Anna Nilsson and Eugene Strong in "Infidelity." Holbrook Blinn is with McClure in "The Seven Deadly Sins." You wish that all the wrinkles leave my face. I want to hear from you again.

EVELYN, 17.—Glad to see you back. Yes, she is the same Fannie Ward. Allen Holubar is with Universal. As an evidence of good faith we always ask the name and address of the questioner.

F. X. B. FAN.—But not to Beverly Bayne. So you wished that Shakespeare could have seen "Romeo and Juliet."

R. A. M., DENVER.—Tom Forman is with the Western Lasky at Los Angeles, Cal. Mabel Taliaferro is about four feet six, weighs ninety-three pounds, has chestnut hair and dark blue eyes. Likes to have her name pronounced the way it is spelled—and shudders with horror every time she is called "Tolliver." She is of Italian descent and wishes it to be known thru the proper pronunciation of her name. See our Photoplay Service Bureau *in re* scripts.

OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.—Thank you. All right, step right in. I shall treat myself to a box of fudge with that quarter.

THE BOYQUET.—Thanks muchly for the scarfpin. You say you are a movie bug because you like movies, a nut because you love squirrels, a hugger because you're a bear. You certainly must be a dangerous animal. Your verse was pretty good.

AUGUST R.—Mae Gaston was the girl in "Wasted Years." Perhaps you should wear glasses. It has been found that only one person in fifteen has perfect eyes. Apparently, Greece will have no peace until she declares war.

GLADYS C. K., PELHAM.—You might be able to make an Æolian harp. It is made of thin boards with strings that vibrate in the wind. It was invented in the seventeenth century and named after Æolus, god of the winds. Kathlyn Williams is still with Morosco.



DIRECTOR (to actor playing tenderfoot rôle)—Ride him around the corral a couple of times, then let him throw you.

ACTOR—B-Better let him t-throw me r-right now, hadn't I?

LOUISE H., SAN DIEGO.—I'll be gentle this time. Elmer Clifton was Phil in "The Clansman." I dont know who that "pretty boy" was.

TOM TIMEHONK.—Earle Foxe is now with Pearl White. Yes to your second. Page Peters was drowned. It was a year ago the first of April that Pavlowa appeared at the Globe Theater in "The Dumb Girl of Portici."

MIDSHIPMAN, STEELTON; ISIDORE K.; MRS. F. A. M.; THEO. T.; BLANCHE B.; HARRY M.; ANNA B.; DOROTHY R.; LORETTA M.; KOOKO; RUTH G.; SCHOOL GIRL; LOTTIE J.; WINNIFRED M.; GERTRUDE C.; FLORENCE H.; THERESA L.; MRS. J. B.; EDWARD C.; EDNA H.; ANNA W.; VIRGINIA K.; EMILY U.; MRS. E. G.; LENA P. H.; ADOLPH A.; HI LARITY; LILLIAN M. C.—Sorry I cant give you a detailed answer, but your questions have been answered before.



FLORENCE E.—Read the chat with William Russell in March 1913 Magazine.

GEORGE S.—"Silas Marner" was produced by both Thanhouser and Edison. Norma Phillips was the Mutual girl. Mayme Kelso was Aunt.

CÆSAR, 99—Harry Morey is playing opposite Alice Joyce now. Evelyn Greeley's picture appeared on the June 1916 cover. Resolution without action is like trying to run your auto without gas. Lots of resolutions are made, but few fulfilled. Get me?

ADELE RAE.—I was glad to know your favorites. Blanche Sweet is a native of Chicago, but five winters in California have made her an ardent Californian. She was educated at Berkeley, Cal. She is about 21.

MARIETTA.—The cost of a photoplay complete may total from $500 to $15,000; the star will draw a salary of about $1,000 a week, and will be supported by a cast costing $2,000 in addition a week; director will receive anywhere from $200 to $1,200 a week; the camera-man $75 or $150 a week. It will take about five weeks to produce a large feature. When the film is complete the public will see 5,000 feet—a five-reel picture, but the producer no doubt took from 10,000 to 40,000 feet of negative, because many of the scenes were taken over and many omitted. That will give you some idea about the cost of a feature.

T. J. Q.—I dont know whether Henry Walthall discovered his own talent or whether somebody else discovered it for him. Anyway, it's there.

MARGARETTE K. T.—No, my dear, I do not go skating—on Broadway or on ice. Yes, Peggy Hyland in "The Chattel."

VIOLA M.—Figure it out for yourself. A man 50 years old has spent 6,000 days in sleep, worked 6,500 days, walked 800 days, enjoyed 4,000 days of amusement, spent 1,500 days in bed and was sick 500 days, eaten 17,000 pounds of bread, 16,000 pounds of meat, 4,600 pounds of vegetables, eggs and fish, and has drunk 7,000 gallons of liquid. Bessie Love is with Western Triangle. Your letter was a gem.

WALYM.—Speculation is sometimes O. K., but it too often begins with its second letter. Your letter was long and interesting. You want an interview with Charles Ray. President Wilson is having a job getting the belligerents together—or apart! It seemed impossible that such a war could start, and now it seems impossible that it can stop.

BERTHA E. G.—Last picture of Irving Cummings appeared in June, 1916. Little Bobby Connelly was born in Brooklyn, April 4, 1909. He has been playing since he was three years old. The ease and composure of this young actor is a never-diminishing topic of conversation among the members of the Vitagraph Company.

FRED H. A.—I am not a reader of dreams, hence cant tell you what your Bushman dream signifies. However, Mr. Bushman is never handicapped in his replies, for patience is a necessary and important ingredient of genius.

GERRY W.—Asking the age of ten photoplays is too much—much too much. *Excelsior* is a Latin word, meaning higher, the motto of New York State.

BELLA L.—John Bowers played opposite Mary Pickford in "Hulda from Holland." He also played with Louise Huff in "The Reward of Patience." Pierre La Rue is not on the cast in "The Crimson Stain." You forget that the Board of Review cannot censor for any particular audience. The same play goes to Maine, California and Texas, and it is seen by young and old, rich and poor, high-brow and low-brow.

PEARL WHITE ADMIRER.—No; the friendlier you are, the better. May you have more and more friends and need them less and less. Yes, pretty nice writing-paper you have.

GERRARD T. — Yes; Francis Morgan was John in "The Daring of Diana," and Frank Wupperman was Sir Richard in "The Suspect." Thanks for yours.

OLGA, 17.—So you think E. K. Lincoln is "too cute for words." Go wan! Of course I do. Are we soon to see the finish of the war, or the war to a finish?

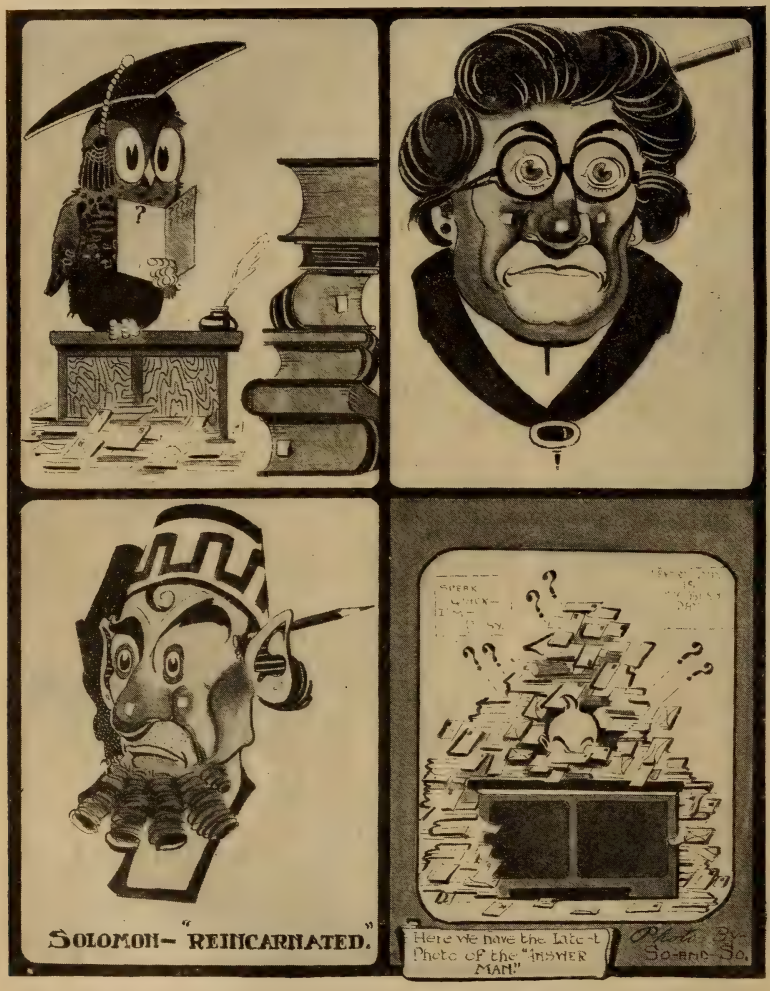


On the Moving Picture screen
The Movie Vampire I have seen;
Destruction shines from her dark eyes
And on her lips a false smile lies;
To wreck a home she now conspires,
This bewitching Queen of Vampires.

I saw her off the screen one day,
This Vampire of the Photoplay;
In her sweet eyes there lay no guile,
And innocence was in her smile;
To break men's hearts she'd no desire,
For she's not a real but a reel Vampire.

MRS. W. B., SEATTLE.—*Et tu, Brute!* I hardly think "Nan of Music Mountain" has been filmed. I dont think I read it.

MARJORIE E. M.—Mary MacLaren was Estelle, Phillips Smalley was Robert and Jack Holt was Jansen in "Saving the Family Name." Sleeping-cars were first used in 1858. Pullman's patent dates from 1864.



A FEW CONCEPTIONS OF THE "ANSWER MAN"

RUTH K.—Write direct to our Sales Manager for back numbers. So you are angry. Well, anger is a short-lived madness—a mental disorder that usually breaks out at the mouth, but more often at the writing-desk. I enjoyed your tirade of abuse hugely. When you get over your anger come in and have luncheon with me.

LOCKHARD, N. S. WALES.—Burton Temple was the President in "The Fighting Hope." Marshall Neilan was Capt. Love in "Mice and Men." Richard Bennett in "The Gilded Youth."

MABEL W.—Yours was pretty nearly a book. Your limericks weren't quite good enough. Try again.

PLUSIE; EDNA H.; E. LEINE; CLYDE L.; KAY H. T.; LILLA T.; MILDRED K.—Your questions have been answered before.

FLODELL R.—You can reach George Larkin, Kalem Co., Jacksonville, Fla. I'm sure he will be glad to hear from you.

OLGA, 17.—You say I wield a sword of wit which I never let grow rusty, and this shows that you are wittier than I am. *N'est-ce-pas?*

ALICIA L. S.—So you are from Cuba. Better write the players in care of the companies. May Allison was born in Georgia twenty-two years ago. She is a singer as well as a player.

EVERYWEEK.—Should have been Ann Luther. You are some movie fan, all right. Fifty-five reels in one week! Phew!

MELVA, PORTLAND.—Yes, I agree with you—I dont care about seeing pictures with players who have passed away — Arthur Hoops and Page Peters. So you liked Bara's "Juliet" better.

BILLIE F.—You want to see Warren Kerrigan in a big play. Wait and you will. An artesian well is made by boring into the earth. There is one in Missouri 4000 feet deep.

MISS E. S., MINNEAPOLIS.—Look up March, 1916, and Jan., 1917, about Creighton Hale.

BARA-FARNUM NUT.—Well, if you go around with a chip on your shoulder you are pretty sure to find somebody to knock it off. Frank Clark was Dextry and Jack McDonald was Slapjack in "Spoilers." Let me hear from you again also.

MARION T.—Some people are so energetic and ambitious that they climb up the ladder of success, while others always remain at the bottom because "the elevator aint running." Take to the stairs!



Don't try to cover up a poor complexion – clear it with Resinol Soap

Resinol Soap not only is exceptionally cleansing and refreshing, but its regular use reduces the tendency to blotches, relieves clogged, irritated pores, and gives *Nature* the chance she needs to make red, rough skins white and soft.

Bathe your face for several minutes with Resinol Soap and warm water, working the creamy lather into the skin gently with the finger-tips. Then wash off with more Resinol Soap and warm water. Finish with a dash of clear, cold water to close the pores.

Do this once or twice a day, and you will be delighted to see how quickly the healing Resinol medication soothes and cleanses the pores and makes the complexion clearer, fresher and more velvety.

The soothing, restoring influence that makes this possible is the *Resinol* which this soap contains and which physicians have prescribed, for over twenty years, in the care of skin affections.

Resinol Soap is sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For a sample cake, free, write to Dept. 13-F, Resinol Chem. Co., Baltimore, Md.

ANNA W.—Most of your questions are out of order. I believe in justice with a heart in it and in a backbone with a little rubber.

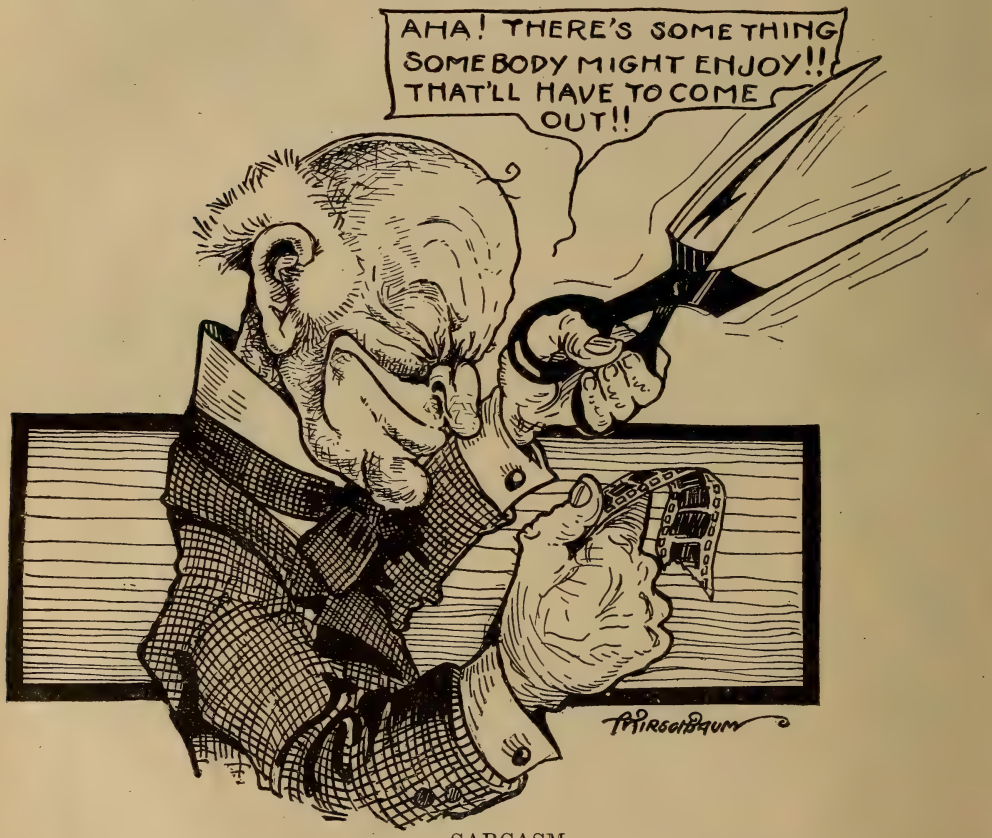
FLODELL, LINCOLN.—Thanks. You say your car is the smallest on the market. See above for George Larkin's address.

AMELIA H.—I have no card for Helen Keller. Yes, George Periolat and William Russell are still with American. Van Dyke Brooke is still directing for Vitagraph.

GIL B. OF VANCOUVER.—Watch your step! And be careful. I haven't the age of the players you mentioned. The more good advice you get, the less use you have for it.

JAMES was beheaded at Jerusalem; James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle of the Temple; Philip was hanged; Bartholomew was flayed alive; Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached to his persecutors till he died; Thomas was run thru the body; Jude was shot to death with arrows; Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded; Barnabas was stoned to death; Paul was beheaded at Rome by Nero. It didn't pay to be good in those days.

JIM H. D., SYDNEY.—Thanks for sending me the addressed envelope, but I haven't any pictures of myself to send. Very sorry.



SARCASM
The "Sense"-or the Censor, or just nonsense, sir?

JOAN F., AUSTRALIA.—Henry Walthall was born and educated in Alabama. Before he joined the Motion Pictures, Mr. Walthall was on the legitimate stage for seven years. He is a man of subtle expression, and in the display of emotion has few equals.

SAMSON.—What you say is very true, and dont forget that even Jesus had a hard time of it, and so did His Apostles. Matthew suffered martyrdom by the sword; Mark was dragged to death thru the streets of Alexandria; Luke was hanged on an olive-tree in Greece; John was put into a caldron of boiling oil; Peter was crucified at Rome;

PHOTO CRAFT SHOP.—Thanks for forwarding me the letter to Cleo Madison. It certainly was interesting, and I am sorry I cant publish it.

ALICITA.—Eddie Polo is with Universal, Universal City, Cal.

MARGY, MEMPHIS.—Your letter was sparkling, but I failed to find the questions.

MARYON M.—So they caught you, did they, and sold you some fake film stock? A fool and his money are soon spotted. There is no place where you can secure a pass to the Vitagraph studio. Charles Ray is with Triangle. Thanks.



The Things You Want Can Be Earned Easily the OLIVER Way

Don't wish for them. Get them. There's a way—an easy way—simplicity itself. Other men like yourself have wanted an automobile or a farm or a trip, but instead of wishing and waiting, they went out and got what they wanted.

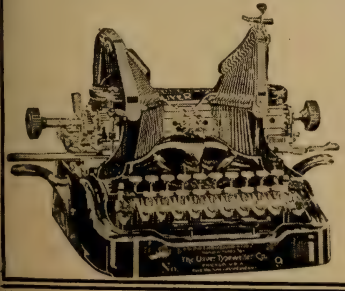
One agent writes: "My children are using a fine piano, paid for out of Oliver commissions. And my Oliver agency will pay for our trip to the Pacific Coast." He is in a town of 5012 population. Another writes: "I have sold more Olivers in this town of 1400 people than all other makes combined." We have thousands of such testimonials.

Whatever your business, you can make a success with an Oliver agency if you will follow our instructions. Sales experience is not necessary—we help you—lessons by mail—traveling representatives help your efforts. Storekeepers, office men, salesmen, lawyers, telegraphers, bankers, mechanics, physicians, all kinds of people have become successful Oliver agents.

We give exclusive territory—backed by wide-spread advertising. You get a commission on Oliver sales in your territory. Each agent is privileged to sell the new model Oliver "Nine" on our popular monthly payment plan—*17 cents a day!*

The Oliver "Nine" is famed for the lightest touch known and speediest, smoothest operation. The type prints down, just as you write. The double arm, arched type bar is the reason, and it also insures permanent alignment.

Even our previous models—famous in their day—are outclassed by this new model. Office experts admit it. Many of the biggest business institutions in the country use Olivers throughout their business.



Our money-making book entitled "Opportunity" gives the full details of our co-operative plan. We are awarding new and valuable agencies every day. Maybe yours is open now. Send today for precise details and get in touch with us before your territory is assigned. (566)

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Chicago, Ill.

The Oliver Typewriter Co.
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Chicago, Ill.

I want to know more about an Oliver agency, as I believe I could handle one successfully.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

City ..... *State* .....

OLGA, 17.—Well, the closer you get to some people, the more distant they are. So you have a pressing engagement with your tailor. Soft music here. Now you are inquiring about Conway Tearle, Creighton Hale and Crane Wilbur. Yes, I noticed the three C.'s. Answered all your kwestchuns?

ETHEL S. KEMPTON.—You should see Nazimova in "War Brides." Danger that is known is a guide-post to safety. Essanay produced "The Blindness of Virtue." Thanks muchly for sending me that picture. I am glad to have it.

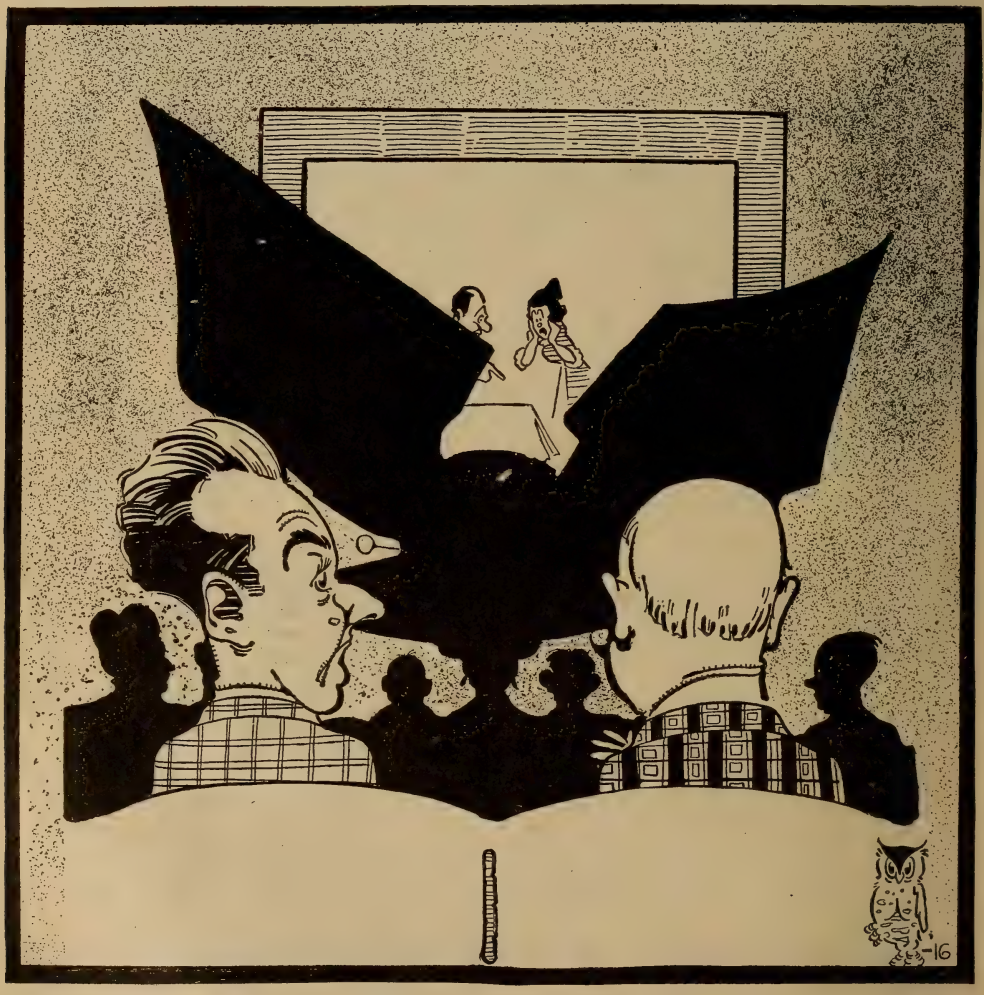
VERA L.—Thank you for the gum. Small favors thankfully received. Betty Nansen did not play in "The Kiss of Hate." Margarita Fischer in "The Butterfly Girl."

DOROTHY D., NAPIER.—I've just had the gastronomic pleasure (by mental suggestion) of having dined with Caruso, Laurette Taylor, Anita Stewart and a host of others. It all came about—my ravishing appetite—thru reading Mabel Rowland's "Celebrated Actor Folks' Cookerie," a beautifully illustrated and autographed recipe book, composed and dedicated by famous stage and movie stars to the Red Cross and the Actors' Fund. Yes, Jack Richardson is married to Louise Lester.

MINNIE, 15.—Matty Roubert was Jimmy in "The Big Sister" (Lasky). I'm afraid your drawing doesn't resemble Lillian Gish—it might be intended for any player. You dont show partiality with your drawings.

TOM KING.—No, it was on March 4th, 1916, that Charlie Chaplin signed his contract with Mutual calling for a salary of $670,000. Herbert Rawlinson with Universal.

BERTHA M.—Irene Boyle, formerly of Kalem, is not playing now.

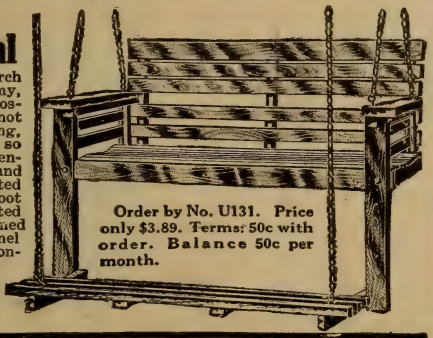


Now, doesn't it seem like this when a woman in front of you "forgets" to remove her hat during an exciting picture?

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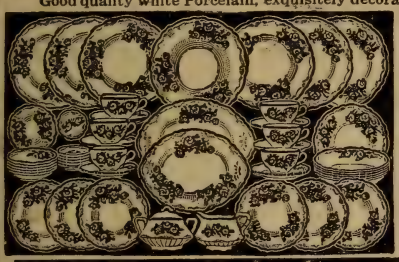
Here is a new idea in Porch Swings. A large, roomy, comfortable swing that possess patented features not found on any other swing, and is offered at a price so low that every home can enjoy its healthful rest and comfort. Swing is operated by slightest pressure of foot on foot rest. Is constructed of hardwood in popular fumed finish. Has attractive panel ends, equipped with non-rusting chains and ceiling hooks. Length 4 ft. Seat 16½ in. deep. Arms 21½ x3¾ in.; back 17½ in. high. Folds flat for shipment.



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Remarkable Sale of Dishes

Good quality white Porcelain, exquisitely decorated with latest rose floral pattern in many natural colors and gold. Six dinner plates, 9¼ in.; 6 breakfast plates, 7¼ in.; 6 cups; 6 saucers; 6 fruit dishes, 5¾ in.; 6 new style deep soup coupes; 6 butter plates; 1 deep open vegetable dish, 9¼ in.; 1 meat platter, 11½ in.; 1 meat platter, 9½ in.; 1 sugar bowl and cover, (2 pieces); 1 cream pitcher. Every piece guaranteed full size for family use. This 48-piece set is a wonderful value at our low price and easy terms.

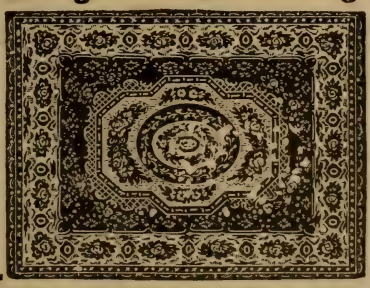


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A wonderful value. Woven of high grade yarns in handsome medallion design. Colors beautifully blended —tans, browns, reds, greens predominating. Harmonizes with all furniture, carpets and draperies. Your choice of four sizes—sent for only 50c and the coupon.

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Kitchen Cabinet Bargain

This handy Kitchen Cabinet embodies many features that can add to the convenience and lighten the work of the housewife's kitchen duties. Made of kiln dried solid oak with beautiful golden gloss finish. Hardware is of copper, latest design. Height 63 in.; base top 42x26 in. Contains 1 cutlery drawer; 1 bread drawer; large cupboard space for cooking utensils; closet with door which contains rolling pin and pan rack; 1 bread board, 18x20 in.; portable 40-lb. flour bin with sifter attached; 1 china closet with 2 panel and art glass doors; 1 7-lb. tilting sugar bin; 2 spice drawers. Drawer bottoms, back, etc., built of 3-ply non-warping lumber. Order by No. U126. Price only $14.85. Terms: 50c with order. Balance $1.45 per month.



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This small 50c deposit does not obligate you in any way, but is merely asked as an indication of good faith and to protect ourselves against irresponsible people ordering at random. You run absolutely no risk in sending in your order. Ours is a big, successful firm that is reputable, responsible and trustworthy in every way. And every article you order from us is backed by our legal binding guarantee which insures your absolute satisfaction. Send us your order today—only 50c and coupon for each item desired.

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Send for **Special Bargain Book** picturing and describing everything for the home—**at rock-bottom prices**—and on the most wonderfully liberal terms imaginable. **We will trust you for anything you want** on our liberal, easy-to-pay, credit plan.

UNIVERSAL MAIL ORDER CO.

145 W. 39th St. Dept. 185 Chicago



If only catalog is wanted put an X in this square, fill in name and address on lines below and mail coupon.

Universal Mail Order Co.
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Gentlemen: Enclosed find 50c for each item marked below. If satisfactory after 30 days examination I agree to pay the balance as per prices and terms printed in this advertisement. If not satisfactory I will return goods to you.

U131. Automote Swing. U127. 48-piece Dinner Set.
U135. Rug—Size..... U126. Kitchen Cabinet.

Name.....

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NOTE—Put line like this —— in front of items wanted

MARGOT.—Thank you for the card. You are a big child. You must see "Joan the Woman." So you saw "The Rink" twice. In spite of the buttermilk I take, my complexion is rather rusty.

RENA R.—So you thought Ruth Roland was the best-gowned player you have seen (in the audience) when you saw "Intolerance" at the Los Angeles Theater. You also want a picture of Montague Love.

VERONA M.—Surely, tell us what you like and what you dont like about our Magazine. That's the only way we can give you what you want, and you are the ones to be pleased, not us. Send it along.

OUIDA.—Why, Ouida's real name was Louise De la Ramée. She was born in Bury St. Edmunds, England, of French parentage. Herbert Hayes was opposite Theda Bara in "The Vixen."

D. MC.—Blanche Sweet, Earle Foxe and Tom Forman in "Public Opinion." You ask for my advice on your poem, but what you really want is my approbation—is it not so? Well, you have it.

QUEEN DOROTHY.—Robert Warwick is playing for Selznick. Your letter was very funny. I thought everybody knew that D.M. after a name means Doctor of Music.

FRED D. H.—Thank you so much for the pretty card from your city. Marguerite Clark is certainly not dead. This reminds me of the old days when it was reported every week or so that G. M. Anderson was dead, and he still lives.

ANNTONYO L.—Thanks for the foreign pieces. James Riley is not playing at present. There are about 100,000 Adventists, and they believe there will soon be a second coming of Christ.

PERILOUS PEARLS.—No, Lenore Ulrich and June Elvidge are not the same person. Well, you know there are several kinds of red hair. Acetylene gas is composed of carbon and hydrogen, and is used for search-lights.

BROOKLYNITE.—You ask what the salaries of Ruth Roland and Anita and Lucille Stewart are? That's not supposed to be known.

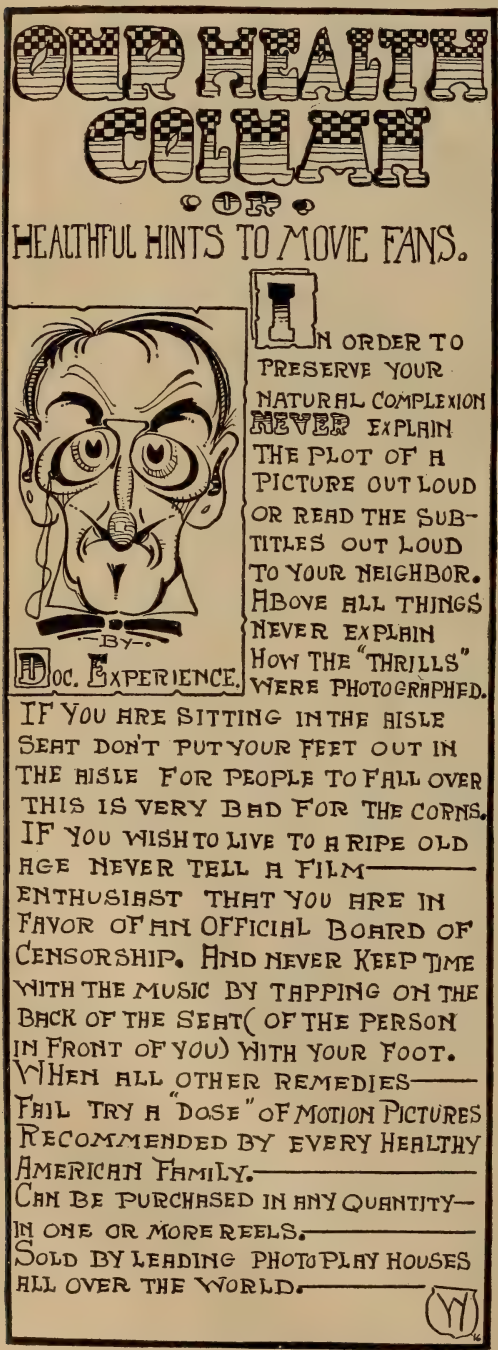
F. X. B. ADMIRER.—No, you better not ask whether May Allison eats fish on Friday, and I'll tell you no fish stories. You ask who is the best fighter, Francis X. Bushman or William Farnum. You cant prove it by me. Why not a prize-fight between them, proceeds to go to some worthy charity, such as buying me a new Ford car? Yours was a James Dandy. Very spicy.

MT. V. GIRL.—No pictures have been released as yet of Helen Gardner in her new company. You want to hear more about Carey Lee and Adelaide Woods. Complaint of ill luck is often an apology for laziness.

ELEANOR O'N.—Thanks; I dont know why I said that. They're not only wearing them higher in Hawaii, but in Brooklyn.

BILL N.—You refer to Jean Sothern in "The Two Orphans" as the blind girl. She played in a serial and is now with Art Drama Co. You want G. U. Stiff to take some of the starch out of his name. I do wish he would, and if he wont, perhaps you can do it—eh, what?

A. S. D., LOS ANGELES.—The British royal family is supported by the British people. There are about a dozen of them, and they are expensive luxuries, since it costs about $3,000,000 a year to support them.





CRANE WILBUR

Tells You the New Way He Presses His Trousers

Invention Mfg. & Sales Co.,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

Your Leahey Heatless Trouser Press is a wonderful combination, because as you advertise, it's a Presser, a Creaser, a Stretcher and a Hanger all combined in one.

My Pressers keep all the trousers in my wardrobe in immaculate condition.

You can use my endorsement for your Trouser Press, as it's a world-beater, a valet in the closet, always ready to work free of charge.

Sincerely yours
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Get Your Valet for Less Than a Penny a Month!

Don't send your Trousers to the tailor again. His pressing iron scorches the life out of the cloth, while the hot steam rots the fabric. Do as Crane Wilbur does, use

Leahey's HEATLESS Trouser Press

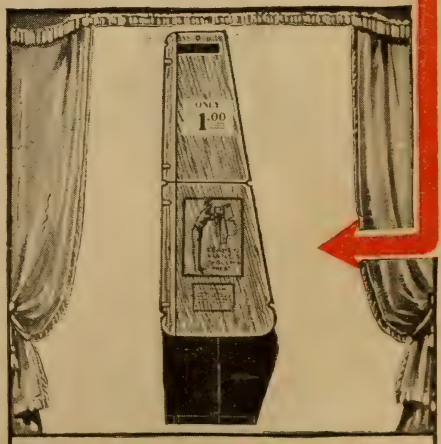
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It's a Presser, Creaser, Stretcher, and Hanger all combined in one. First cost is the last cost—no operating expense. You simply moisten the edges of your trousers, lay them smoothly in the press, snap on the steel clamps, hang them over chair or in closet—then forget it! In the morning your trousers are ready, perfect as a fashion plate, with a knife-like crease from belt to boot.

Saves the price in tailors' bills the first month. Made from the toughest, selected waterproofed fibre board, with highly tempered steel clamps, heavily nickel-plated. Costs only $1—lasts a lifetime.

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MONEY BACK COUPON GUARANTEE

AUTO VACUUM FREEZER CO.

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Enclosed find $1, for which please send me postpaid one Leahey's HEATLESS Trouser Press. If at the end of 10 days I do not wish to keep it, I will return it to you and you will return my dollar.

Name.....

Address.....

TEXAS JOE.—Of course I'm 75 now, and I thank all of you who sent me birthday cards. But I would not advise you to take up screen work.

LENORA K., NEWARK.—Yes, and Mabel is with Metro. Her dressing-room is decorated in white and rose. John Davidson was Navarette in "The Brand of Cowardice." Lillian Lorraine is with Equitable. So you want a picture of Arline Pretty. She is still with Vitagraph.



ILLUSTRATED FROM A CAMERA-MAN'S DIARY

The Somme Front, nearing Sailly Saillèsel. Nov. 18, 1916.

What an Irish recruit in the English army said when passing for the battle-line:

VOICE FROM THE RANKS—I say, me boy, if ye ever go to old Dublin-town, with me face in yer movie, be sure to tell me dear mother, who would give a whole blooming world to see what I look like once more!

CATHERINE H.—I dont know how you are going to tell whether you have a camera face or not. The only way would be to try it out.

WEE GEE.—Dont call me the Answer Lady, if you dont want to get hurted. I wont stand for being called a lady—understand? I am 75, and not a day older. I live in a hallroom, live on buttermilk and delicatessen food, and am no woman.

ELIZABETH P.—Thanks. You want a picture of Frank Mills.

CLARA M.—That's the idea—let's be universal, loving the rich as well as the poor, and the ignorant as well as the educated. Lottie Pickford has one child.

BETTY BELL.—Yes, I am pleased that you have chosen William S. Hart to take the place of Arthur Johnson. You will find a nice lay-out of him in Jan. 1917 Classic.

UNSIGNED.—Thanks for the thyroid glands information. You say they develop when thirteen or fourteen. That they take care of poisons in the body, and if for some reason they are diseased, they fail to do this and cause cardiac involvement. Dear me! I wonder if I have it. I hope not, for it sounds pretty bad.

MAE.—But you must sign your name in the future, please. What size shoe Marguerite Clark wears? Marguerite Clark is four feet tall, weighs ninety-four pounds, has brown hair and eyes. She is twenty-eight or thirty-two (take your choice), and sometimes looks ten. She never looks more than sixteen, on the screen or off.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE
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"WHAT to have for DESSERT and SALAD" is answered in a variety of ways by our beautifully illustrated recipe book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People."

In this book (sent you free) I have included some delightful surprises in recipes for easy-to-make Salads, Desserts and Candies that are most economical. Below is a recipe for a delicious and economical dessert.

Each package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine will make enough jelly to serve twenty people, or it is so easily measured that one can make an individual dish.

Mrs Charles B. Knox
President

KNOX ORANGE JELLY

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine. 1 cup sugar. 1 cup orange juice. ½ cup cold water. 2 cups boiling water. 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice. Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar and stir until dissolved; then add orange and lemon juice. Strain through cheese cloth into molds, first dipped in cold water, and chill.

NOTE—If desired, add fresh or canned fruit or chopped nuts when making. Serve with or without whipped cream.





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for your grocer's name. If you have never used Knox Gelatine, enclose 4c in stamps for pint sample.

CHAS. B. KNOX GELATINE CO., Inc.
473 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.

BEVERLY BAYNE ADMIRER.—Artcraft is the name of the company who produce the Mary Pickford plays. Mignon Anderson and Harris Gordon in "The Mill on the Floss."

GERTRUDE E.—Mary Miles Minter is with American. Louise Huff in "The Old Homestead." Charles Ray was Rex in "The Wolf-Woman." That's trick photography. Thanks.

BETTY OF MELROSE.—Yes, Jack Dean in "Witchcraft." Paul Lawrence was Sydney in "The Upheaval." Of course I approve the President's action. He simply asked if it was a private war, or if anybody could get in.

T. B.—You say that Germany made war on her own terms and now wants to make peace in the same way, and that the Kaiser bestowed 10,000 iron crosses and 5,000,000 wooden crosses. Shame on you, T. B.!

ANNA D.—Comfortably plump is right. Harry Northrup was in to see us today. He is with Metro at present. Marguerite Snow was the girl in "Zudora." President Wilson may yet succeed in getting peace. Noah's dove didn't accomplish much on its first trip!

INQUISITIVE DOTTY.—You ask the name of the tallest player. Will have them all measured and let you know later. Beauty is worse than wine—it intoxicates the holder and the beholder.

BILLIE, 19.—Thank you a thousand times. You are so good to me. Montague Love. Perhaps you haven't Olga's correct address. Paul Cappelani was the doctor, and Edward Langford was Derwent in "The Dark Silence." Yes; Edward Earle is quite popular with the ladies.

NELLIE L.—I never laugh at anybody's writing. Ethelmary Oakland was the girl in "The Woman and the World." Violet Davis was with Vitagraph.

SUSAN B.—Fayette Perry was the girl as the maid in "Silks and Satins." That's true, the good die young. That's why I live to a ripe old age. Douglas Fairbanks and Bessie Love in "Good Bad Man."

NEVA S.—You still have that chat with Lois Weber coming.

FRANCES F.—Yes; Russell Bassett played in "Less Than Dust."

E. R., HAMTRAMCK.—Nicholas Dunaew is with Universal. His picture was in the February 1915 Magazine. I think "The House of Rimmon" has not been screened.

MARIE A. G.—One of the most remarkable and far-reaching principles is retaliation. When a fly or mosquito disturbs our repose, the first impulse is to kill it. If a man treads on our toes in a crowded car, we are inclined to resent it with either an angry retort, insult or blow. When a person smites us on one cheek we do not "turn unto him also the other," but the inclination is to smite him back. If we are wounded by a sharp criticism that hits our pride, we feel like getting square with somebody, and if we cant get at the critic we take it out on anybody who happens to be around—the servant, the office-boy, the wife, or on anybody (however dear to us they may be) on the slightest provocation. This spirit of retaliation, or of revenge, also operates when anything we love is attacked, such as our dog, our child, our flag or our country.

MARGARET W.; JUNE W.; J. M. K.; DEMPLE McC.; CURLS; ALICE L.; FLORENCE H.; ELSA D.; L. C. P.; ANNIE M.; ETHEL T.; JOHN P.; ANNIE T.; EMMA B.; BERNICE L.; LENORE K.; MRS. R. A. H.; AUREA M., and THELMA M.—Your questions have all been answered before. Sorry I cant answer you individually.

HAPPY.—Thanks for them kind woids. Half our public effort seems to be to unbotch the botched. Dorothy Bernard is with the Art Drama.

BINGO, 18.—Glad to hear from you again. No, not all the women want to vote, or march in parades, or speak in conventions; but practically all of them want more liberty in dry goods stores. We published the story "April" in June 1916 Classic. Iva Shepard and Edgar Davenport in "The Salamander." Thanks for the programs.



SUCH IS THE LIFE OF A POPULAR MOVIE STAR

CHESTER A. M.—Seena Owen's baby is a girl—born in October, 1916, and is named Georgia Seena. In private life she is Mrs. George Walsh. Gertrude Bondhill was Nancy, and Wharton Jones was Richard in "The Unborn." I know of no studio in Oklahoma, except the Miller Bros.' ranch.

FLORENCE H.—See above. Gerda Holmes and Robert Warwick in "Friday the 13th."

Our 21 Jewel SMASHES PRICES



Look!

- 21 Ruby and Sapphire Jewels—
- Adjusted to the second—
- Adjusted to temperature—
- Adjusted to isochronism—
- Adjusted to positions—
- 25-year gold strata case—
- Genuine Montgomery Railroad Dial—
- New Ideas in Thin Cases.

Only $2.50 A Month

And all of this for $2.50—only $2.50 per month—a great reduction in watch prices—direct to you—positively the exact prices the wholesale dealer would have to pay. Think of the high-grade, guaranteed watch we offer here at such a remarkable price. And, if you wish, you may pay this price at the rate of $2.50 a month. Indeed, the days of exhorbitant watch prices have passed.

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You don't pay a cent to anybody until you see the watch. You don't buy a Burlington Watch without seeing it. Look at the splendid beauty of the watch itself. Thin model, handsomely shaped—aristocratic in every line. Then look at the works! There you will see the masterpiece of the watch makers' skill. A perfect timepiece adjusted to positions, temperature and isochronism.

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Please send me (without obligation and prepaid) your free book on watches with full explanation of your cash or $2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

Name.....

Address.....

Last chance at old prices—date prices go up will be announced—write at once for catalog.

ALEXINA B.—You say that "a typewriter is one who typewrites on the typewriter, and the typewriter is a machine on which the typewriter who typewrites on the typewriter typewrites; now, the typewriter who typewrites on the typewriter typewrites on the typewriter until there is no more typewriting to be typewritten by the typewriter on the typewriter on which the typewriter typewrites."

BUDDY.—Hart Hoxie was Boyle in "The Witch of the Dark House." I doubt whether those films are in circulation unless they are features. Yes, I liked "Wasted Years" fairly well. You like our pictures unadorned better in the Gallery. Beauty unadorned is adorned the most. Your letter, too, was very interesting. I always like to hear from you.

F. W., BRISTOL.—Guess we are in the same boat. You want to know "Who is married to whom, what is divorced from which, and how much it gets per week." Well, that's more than I can tell, but we have a surprise in store for you in our next issue. Yes, I do like Charles Ray, but I dont think I would give him all that you would. Your letter is mighty clever, and I wish I could print it all. Keep up the good work.

J. K. L.—Get in touch with our Sales Manager about subscriptions. We are offering 80 portraits with a year's subscription, and the portraits are splendid. *Homme d'esprit*, I dont know about that. Chat with Gladys Hulette. Editor please take notice.

LUCILLE H. P.—So you dont think our Greenroom Jottings are long enough. Every day the question is asked "What should we do?" I dont know, but I know what we will do: Go on as we are. The wise ones will remedy their little follies; the foolish ones will continue to clamor for some big change, and get nothing.



FARMER—That's the first sight of that kind I've ever witnessed in my life.
CAMERA-MAN—That's nothing! Yesterday he rode off the highest building in the city. Oh, I tell you these movies are marvelous!

LITTLE MAID.—Violet Wilkie was the sister in "The Children Pay." Helen Badgley is with Metro. Always glad to hear from you. It was on February 3, 1915, that Clara Kimball Young formed her own company.

NIG.—Zoe Bech is with Universal playing under the name of Zoe Du Rae. The first vampire of Biblical history is Mary Magdalen. The first vampire of screen history is Alice Hollister. And Alice Hollister played her first vampire rôle when she played Mary Magdalen in "From the Manger to the Cross."

CLIO.—The Original Clio! "Lonesome's" address is Henry A. Flein, 93 Pearl St., Chelsea, Mass. No; Olga Petrova is not going to abandon the screen. Vernon Steele with Famous Players last.

Typewriter Sensation



Free Trial

Use As You Pay

Only $2.50 a month until the low total price of $48.80 is paid, and the machine is yours.

This is absolutely the most generous typewriter offer ever made. Do not rent a machine when you can pay $2.50 a month and own one. Think of it—Buying a $100.00 machine for $48.80. Cash price, $45.45. Never before has anything like this been attempted.

Standard Visible L. C. Smith

Perfect machines, Standard size, Keyboard of Standard Universal arrangement writing 84 characters—universally used in teaching the touch system. The entire line of writing completely visible at all times, has the tabulator, the two-color ribbon, with automatic reverse, the back spacer, ball bearing type bars, ball bearing carriage action, ball bearing shift action, in fact every late style feature and modern operating convenience. Comes to you with everything complete; tools, cover, operating book and instructions, ribbon, practice paper—nothing extra to buy. You cannot imagine the perfection of this beautiful reconstructed typewriter until you have seen it. I have sold several thousand of these perfect latest style Model No. 2 machines at this bargain price and every one of these thousands of satisfied customers had this beautiful, strictly up to date machine on five days' free trial before deciding to buy it. I will send it to you F. O. B. Chicago for five days' free trial. It will sell itself, but if you are not satisfied that this is the greatest typewriter you ever saw, you can return it at my expense. You won't want to return it after you try it—you cannot equal this wonderful value anywhere.

You Take No Risk—Put In Your Order *Now*

When the typewriter arrives deposit with the express agent $8.80 and take the machine for five days' trial. If you are convinced that it is the best typewriter you ever saw, keep it and send me $2.50 a month until our bargain price of $48.80 is paid. If you don't want it, return it to the express agent, receive your $8.80 and return the machine to me. I will pay the return express charges. This machine is guaranteed just as if you paid $100.00 for it. It is standard. Over one hundred thousand people own and use these typewriters and think them the best ever manufactured.

The supply at this price is very limited, the price will probably be raised when my next advertisement appears, so don't delay. Fill in the coupon today—mail to me—the typewriter will be shipped promptly. There is no red tape. I employ no solicitors—no collectors—no chattel mortgage. It is simply understood that I retain title to the machine until the full $48.80 is paid. You cannot lose. It is the greatest typewriter opportunity you will ever have. **Do not send me one cent. Get the coupon in the mails today—sure.**

HARRY A. SMITH, 307, 231 N. Fifth Ave., CHICAGO

H. A. SMITH, 307, 231 N. Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Ship me a No. 2 L. C. Smith F. O. B. Chicago, as described in this advertisement. I will pay you the $40.00 balance of the SPECIAL $48.80 purchase price, at the rate of $2.50 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for. It is understood that I have five days in which to examine and try the typewriter. If I choose not to keep it I will carefully repack it and return it to the express agent. It is understood that you give the standard guarantee for one year.

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ADDRESS.....

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Typewrite The New Way



80 to 100 Words a Minute Guaranteed!

Learn at Home—10 Easy Lessons

A wonderful new method of acquiring skill on the typewriter has been discovered. Almost over night it has revolutionized the whole typewriting situation.

Already thousands of stenographers and other typewriter users who never exceeded thirty to forty words a minute, are writing 80 to 100 words with half the effort and with infinitely greater accuracy than they ever could before, and they're earning salaries increased in proportion.

Nothing Else Like It

Don't confuse this new way in typewriting with any system of the past. There has never been anything like it before. It is as different from the old touch systems as day is from night. Special **Gymnastic** Finger-Training Exercises bring results in **days** that ordinary methods will not produce in **months.** It is the greatest step in typewriting since the typewriter itself was invented—already its success has become nation-wide.

Doubles and Trebles Salaries

Among the thousands of operators who have taken up this system are hundreds of graduates of business colleges and special typewriting courses—many were so-called touch writers—yet there has not been a single one who hasn't doubled or trebled his or her speed and accuracy, and the salaries have been increased from $8 to $15 a week (their former salaries) to $25, $30 and even $40 weekly. And the new way is **amazingly easy** for anyone—there are only ten lessons and they can be quickly learned at home.

Valuable Book Free

We cannot describe here the secret principle of this new method. But we have prepared a book which tells all about it, in complete detail, which is free to those interested if 4c in stamps is enclosed to cover wrapping, mailing, etc. It is a big 32-page book, brimful of eye-opening ideas and valuable information. It explains how this unique new method will quickly make your fingers **strong and dextrous,** bring them under **perfect control,** make them **extremely rapid** in their movements—how in a few short weeks you can transform your typewriting and make it **easy, accurate** and **amazingly speedy**—all this and much more is told in detail. No instruction book ever written, no matter what its cost, ever told so plainly the real WHY and HOW of expert typewriting.

If you are ambitious to get ahead—if you want to make your work easier—if you want to put more money in your pay envelope—get this book at once. It will be a revelation to you as to the **speed** and **salary** that is possible to typists. Mail the coupon or a postal to-day—**Now.**

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The Tulloss School of Typewriting, 5123 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio

Please send me your Free Book about the New Way in Typewriting. This incurs no obligation whatever on my part. I enclose 4c in stamps to cover mailing, wrapping, etc.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Occupation.....

M. L. D., MONTREAL.—There may be a world rounder than this, a country better than this, a nation abler than this, a magazine finer than this—but where are they? You might write her; I think she will answer.

BLOSSOM F.—You have me wrong. I am not 35, but 75. Mae Murray, out in California, has a pet ostrich, given her by a fan. Mae is bringing it up by hand and is very proud of it. Grace Cunard is playing in "The Purple Mask."

C. G. M. T.—Jule Power was the girl in "Gloria's Romance" you refer to. Alice Joyce's baby is a little more than a year old (was born November 23, 1915), and is named for its mother, Alice Mary Moore.

L. C. W.—Formerly Photoplay Clearing House, but now Photoplay Service Bureau. I would advise you to get a copy of "Here Lies," 25c, for all beginners in photoplay writing. I appreciate your comments muchly, but I am not only 55.

EARL. — Dont be afraid; write as often as you like. A. Lumsden Hare was Stevens in "Friday the Thirteenth." George Beranger was Brace in "The Half-Breed." H. B. Warner played in "Beggar of Cawnpore" and "The Vagabond Prince." William Desmond was Dick, and Charles Miller was Robert in "The Payment." Yes; Billie Burke's baby's name is Florence Patricia Burke Ziegfeld, and Billie says that the baby is to be educated in England.



TRIALS OF A ONE-SHOW-TOWN OPERATOR

If she jumps outa frame, they stamp their feet; if it flickers (junk), the manager blows his horn; if she jumps off, they whistle and yell; and if the carbon burns down—h—ll!

M. M., ST. LOUIS.—No, the shorter are more popular. Really, it is most amusing to read the different opinions you readers have of me. Why, Wallace Reid is six feet two inches tall, weighs one hundred and ninety-seven pounds, has brown hair and brown eyes. He is married to Dorothy Davenport.

EDNA D.—Your toast, "To our wives and our sweethearts, may they never meet," is clever, but it does not apply to me, because I have neither. Vera Sisson with Metro.

DAN, 88.—I am glad you liked the picture of Douglas Fairbanks. Clara K. Young was interviewed in May, 1913.

THEDA BARA LOVER.—The Koran is the sacred book of the Mohammedans. Its doctrine is the unity of God and the existence of religion, with changeable ceremonies. Punishment for the bad and rewards for the good are presented and exemplified by stories taken from the Bible and other works. I know of no way you can reach the players personally. You will have to get in touch with them at the studio.

H. G. W.—Dustin Farnum's happy smile is known from ocean to ocean. He is a quarter-inch taller than his six-foot brother William, weighs 180 pounds and has dark hair and eyes. Mr. Farnum was born in New England, and is admired not only because he is handsome, but because of his charming personality and his pleasing, care-free manner.

R. G. T., PITTSBURGH.—Dorothy E. Gish was born in Dayton, O., March 11, 1898, and Lillian Gish was born in Springfield, O., October 14, 1896.

CUNARD ADMIRER.—Of course I was glad to know all your favorites. Why not sell your hammer and buy a horn? Mary Fuller will soon be playing. So you like "Gloria's Romance."

PABST.—I hope I shall often be fortunate enough to serve a friend, and noble enough to conceal it. So you want an interview with Mahlon Hamilton. Let me hear from you again.

LESTER C. Y.—So you saw Arthur Ashley in person. Harry Myers is with Vim. Maurice Costello with Consolidated last.

E. O. S. VAN NUYS.—Violet MacMillan is with Universal. Yes, "A Daughter of the Gods" and "Joan the Woman" are being shown in New York, but "Intolerance" is not. J. W. Johnston played in "Out of the Drifts." Dorothy Kelly did not play in "The Devil's Prize."

DULCIE C.—Really cant take on any more correspondents for personal letters. Sorry. I should like to write you a long letter, but there are hundreds of others waiting. Alice Taafe was the girl in "Not My Sister." No; I'm not married, and dont intend to be. Yes, I'm really 75.



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They give charm, expression, loveliness to the face, adding wonderfully to your beauty and attractiveness. Society women and actresses get them by using

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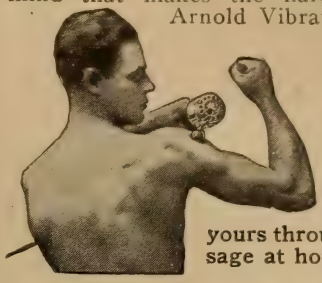
It promotes in a natural manner the growth of eyebrows and eyelashes, making them thick, long and silky, giving depth and soulful expression to the eyes. A **guaranteed pure** and **harmless** preparation. Two sizes—25c and 50c. Send coin and we'll mail LASH-BROW-INE and our FREE Beauty Booklet prepaid in plain sealed cover.

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Send us the coupon—now—and get our Ten Days' Free Trial Offer, 80-Page Book about Health and Beauty, and Special Reduced Prices—All Free—without the slightest obligations. **The Arnold is the original guaranteed vibrator.** It's the one you should ask for and demand. Remember the name **Arnold.**

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DJER TRIX.—You ask if Harry Hilliard is married. Theda Bara is five feet five and weighs one hundred and forty. She has dark-brown eyes and black hair. Is twenty-four years old.

CAPTAIN MOLLY.—Gladys Hulette is with Thanhouser. Thanks for sending me the programs. There is one advantage in being in love with yourself—you will have but few rivals.

$50 for a Good Story
$25 for Another Not Quite So Good
$10 for the Next Best
And $5 Each for the Next Ten

Have you a story to tell? Have you a story about yourself, or perhaps your family, or ancestors, or friends, or acquaintances? Surely you have, for there are few men or women in this world who have not some dramatic story to tell.

Think of some episode in your own life, in the life of another, or, if you possess the gift of imagination, write a story that is purely imaginative, but at the same time is TRUE TO LIFE, and send it in to us, to compete for one of the prizes set forth above. There is no entrance fee and anybody may compete. No manuscript will be returned unless it is accompanied with a stamped, addressed envelope. The scripts that win prizes will become our property.

We Demand Only One Condition:

Limit Your Story to Five Hundred Words

Millions attend the Motion Picture theaters nightly. To satisfy the ever-increasing demands of these millions of movie fans, the great producing companies must have stories. Several of these film corporations, who are exceedingly anxious to please the movie patrons, have acknowledged to us that they need stronger plots. We want to encourage the art of plot writing.

Absolutely No Technical Skill Needed

All the big studios now employ writers who work out the stories into scenes, and put them in proper shape for the screen. But there is a great dearth of *stories*. The companies must have new plots, new ideas, new incidents, and they are obliged to depend in a great measure upon the public. Moreover, the studios are now willing to pay big prices for plots alone. The price is constantly rising, and, at the present time,

From $50 to $1,000 is Being Paid For Plots Alone

Your story may be incomplete—lack dramatic interest, suspense, climax, surprise, novelty, characterization or any of the other elements that go to make up a salable dramatic story. If you think so you may submit it to us for criticism. For a fee of $1.00 we shall be happy to point out to you the defects in your work, indicating why certain things should not be done, and suggesting others that will materially improve your script. In other words, we shall be glad to collaborate with you in turning out a strong and appealing tale. This work will be done only by well-known scenario writers, who have had studio experience, including the editors of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and CLASSIC.

In addition to an honest, upbuilding criticism, we will mail you a list of producing companies, to whom you can submit your story in case you do not wish to enter it in this contest. You may enter your story whether or not it has been criticized, but under no conditions will we answer questions regarding the merits of stories. Thus we shall be treating all writers alike. CRITICISM OF YOUR STORY IS ENTIRELY OPTIONAL WITH YOURSELF.

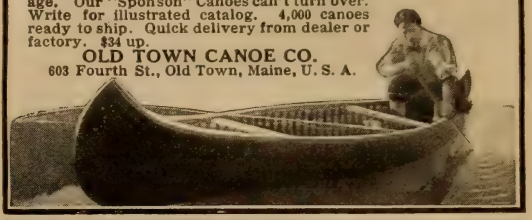
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at **Spring Valley, Rockland County, N. Y.**, consisting of 147 acres, including house, barn and other buildings, 2 apple orchards, 12 acres of woodland, with stream running through property.

Spring Valley is 32 miles from New York City, 7 miles west of Nyack and 7 miles east of Suffern, and is reached by the N. J. & N. Y. R. R. and a branch of the Erie R. R., affording 35 trains daily to and from New York. The railroad rates are, excursion $1.30, monthly tickets $9.45.

The atmosphere of Spring Valley is dry and invigorating, and persons affected with bronchial trouble obtain much relief in this part of the country.

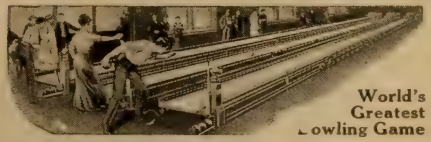
Spring Valley has a High School which is fully up to the standard in every respect, also National Bank, Churches of every denomination, Tennis Club, Athletic Association, Royal Arcanum, Odd Fellows, Masons, Red Men, and Foresters, etc.

Spring Valley entertains more summer boarders than any other town on the line of the N. J. & N. Y. R. R. and is becoming the choice over all other localities as a place of residence.

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Don't cut the cuticle. Cutting leaves a rough edge—makes hangnails. See how lovely Cutex makes them!

Why cutting ruins the cuticle

How you can keep it smooth and firm without cutting

ALL specialists say that in caring for the nails, one's whole effort should be to keep the cuticle *unbroken.* When the cuticle is trimmed or cut away, the skin about the base of the nails becomes dry and ragged. It constantly roughs up, forms hangnails, and makes the hand hideously unattractive.

It was to meet this need for a *harmless* cuticle remover that the Cutex formula was prepared.



This talented little motion picture star, Dorothy Gish, says: "I have Cutex to thank for a quick, beautiful manicure. Never before has my cuticle been so smooth and even, my nails so shapely."

Removes surplus cuticle without cutting

Cutex completely does away with cuticle cutting; leaves the skin at the base of the nail smooth and firm, unbroken. Send for your set today and try it.

In the Cutex package you will find orange stick and absorbent cotton. Apply Cutex to the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Almost at once you can wipe off the dead surplus skin. Rinse the hands in clear water.

Then a touch of Cutex Nail White removes all discolorations from underneath the nails.

Cutex Nail Cake gives your nails a delightful polish.

The first Cutex manicure makes a decided improvement

Until you use Cutex, you cannot realize what a great improvement even one application makes; you cannot know how attractive your nails can be made to look. Try it and see!

Cutex manicure preparations are sold in all high-class drug and department stores. Cutex Cuticle Remover comes in 50c and $1.00 bottles with an introductory size at 25c. Cutex Nail White is 25c. Cutex Nail Polish, in cake, powder or paste form, is 25c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is also 25c. If your favorite store has not yet been supplied with Cutex, order direct from us, giving your dealer's name, and we will fill your order promptly.

Send 14c today for this complete manicure set

Send 14c now—10c for the manicure set and 4c for postage and packing—and we will send you this Midget Manicure Set, containing all four Cutex products, complete with cotton, orange sticks and emery boards. Enough for six "manicures." Send today. Address

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9 W. Broadway N.Y. City

If you live in Canada, write MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Ltd., Dept. 401, 489 St. Paul St., West Montreal, for prices.



This complete manicure set sent for 14c

Our Cover Girl—Violet Mersereau

((*Continued from page* 123)

dazed, I paused, blinked, and then looked up—to discover that what I had mistaken for light was merely the smile of a slim little girl in a blue pinafore, who stood in the doorway of a room before me and smiled and smiled.

"Do come in," she said, gaily, when I had recovered my presence of mind and introduced myself.

I followed her into the room, was introduced to sister Claire, and to Mrs. Mersereau, a dear, motherly lady to whom I instantly lost my heart. When we were all seated comfortably, I noticed that Violet, adorably serious and as much engrossed in her task as if the fate of nations depended upon it, was lighting the little lamp of a tea-service on a table beside her.

With her straight brows puckered in an earnest attempt at a frown, she measured, watched and waited. And the result was quite worthy of her deep attention. For Violet Mersereau, I discovered, is almost as good a cook as she is an actress.

Over the tea-cups—fascinating place for gossip—I discovered several things about her: that she is nineteen years old, having been born on the 2d of October, 1897; that the place was New York, and that she is French and English—a wonderful *entente* just now. She has hair like ripe wheat in the sun, and her eyes are warmly, deeply blue. And her smile—it reminds one of the roses and sunlight, and springtime and love's young dream. In it are blended the joys of all the world and the sorrow of one small girl. There's just a hint of wistfulness about her smile that is very fetching.

She made her formal stage début as a star in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Kate Douglas Wiggins, the author, was in the manager's office when Violet Mersereau applied for a part. The author and the manager were discussing the cast for "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and there was some difficulty about the girl for the title part. But when Violet came in, with her shy, but charming smile, Mrs.

Wiggins smiled back, involuntarily, and said quickly:

"Here's our Rebecca! We need look no farther."

The manager disagreed; then Violet smiled at him, pleadingly—and he was lost. Almost any man would be!

So the little girl was allowed to try out the part, and I'd like to tell you that she was immediately engaged, at a tremendous salary, to be starred on Broadway—to have her name outside in electric lights and all like that. But that wouldn't be true, and an interview, above all things, *must* tell the truth! So I shall have to admit that her extreme youth interfered with her playing the seventeen-year-old Rebecca in the last act. But she was signed to understudy the star, and a year later, when she was sixteen, she was given the star-part and electric lights on Broadway.

The smile did it, of course!

Life hasn't been all sunshine and roses for this brave little girl with her sunny, golden smile. When she was a kiddy of nine her father died, and she and her seven-year-old sister, Claire, went on the stage as bread-winners. Claire went with Maxine Elliott, while Violet went with Margaret Anglin. Claire's destinies took her to London, and her mother went with her to look after her. The mother of another little girl in Miss Anglin's company "looked after Violet."

Of course she is a star now and may demand her "rig'.ts," as some stars have a way of doing. But it isn't due to the God of Good Luck, or Chance—it's due to hard work and that indomitably brave little smile.

So when we look at Violet Mersereau, the Star, let us remember Violet Mersereau, the Girl, and appreciate her at her true value.

REALISTIC

It was a Western scene. The movie half-breed was in the act of stealing a horse. "He cant get away with it," said an old-timer in the audience, as he drew a forty-five and emptied it at the thief, who, nevertheless, rode swiftly on down a film ravine. "Well, I'll be jiggered!" muttered the would-be executive of unwritten law; "that's the first time I ever missed five in a row, an' I could've swore I had a bead on 'im!"



AS a means of heading off a fresh cold, relieving the throat and stopping a "hacking" cough, I have found **Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops** worth many times their small cost.

During my studio work, when a cough means ruin to a picture, I wouldn't dare be without the soothing relief they afford.

Mary Fuller.

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JAPZILK

comes in White and Ecru--sizes 1, 3, 5, 10, 15, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 100. Also in all leading colors--sizes 5, 30 and 50. All designs in this book are shown in full page illustrations--easy to copy. Send for this free book TODAY! **Collingbourne Mills, Dept. 3741, Elgin, Ill.** (37)

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The boss can't take chances. When he has a responsible job to fill, he picks a man *trained to hold it.* He's watching *you* right now, hoping you'll be ready when the opportunity comes.

The thing for you to do is to start today and train yourself to do some one thing better than others. You can do it in spare time through the International Correspondence Schools. Over 5000 men reported advancement last year as a result of their I. C. S. training.

The first step these men took was to mark and mail this coupon. Make your start the same way—and make it right now.

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Answer Department

(*Continued from page* 150)

KAY.—Dustin Farnum in "The Son of Erin." Elmar Linden in "Carmen." Montague Love in "Bought and Paid For."

MARY C.—Mary, please dont ask me if I think there is a chance for you in pictures. I have answered this question so many times. One girl wrote me that she had a face that only a mother could love and wanted to know if I thought she had a chance. How do I know?

F. R. M. HOLLISTER; MRS. H. B.; JOSEPHINE A.; MRS. M. G.; E. S. P.; TEXAS TWINS; MARIAN M.; HARRY S.; EVA M.; MARJORIE W.; ANNA N.; FLOYD D.; OSCAR D. G.; D. D. S.; WILLIAM MCK.; MARY K.; HAROLD LOCKWOOD ADMIRER; V. K., BERKELEY; MAWVINE S. —Your questions have been answered before.

Photoplay Reviews

(*Continued from page* 15)

less are—faults to be found, criticisms to be made; but the writer did not see them! "Joan the Woman" is, in the writer's own mind, the biggest treat on Broadway!

R. B. C.

"Joan the Woman."—I concur in about all R. B. C. says, but I would add a dissenting note regarding the interpretation of Miss Farrar, for I think she was miscast. There was nothing of the visionary, the spirituelle, the naiveté, in her interpretation, and she was rather the cool, calculating, designing, masterful woman, which is not at all the kind of person I understand Joan to have been. I also think that Wallace Reid did not quite measure up to his heroic part, and that Hobart Bosworth looked and acted the warrior so superbly as to make Mr. Reid look like a matinée soldier by comparison.

J.

STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

Hippodrome.—"The Big Show." A tremendous spectacle of dazzling scenery, music, ballet, dancing, skating, and fanciful acts that will offend nobody and delight everybody. A veritable circus, drama, opera and comedy combined, in which there are a hundred novelties and a thousand people.

Playhouse.—"The Man Who Came Back." A strong, gripping drama that holds the interest from beginning to end; superbly acted by Henry Hull and Mary Nash.

Century.—"The Century Girl." The biggest musical show New York ever saw, and in its most beautiful theater. The talk of the town.

Gaiety.—"Turn to the Right." One of the big hits of the season. Review later.

Punch and Judy.—"Treasure Island." If you like fairy stories (with fierce pirates as fairies) and the sea, and picturesque settings—including a real ship—and Stevenson's sea yarns, dont miss this elaborate production. It is exceedingly amusing. The young folks will be held spellbound, and the old folks will have a hearty laugh. It is handsomely and wonderfully done.

Booth.—"Getting Married." A Bernard Shaw play that sparkles with wit and Shaw philosophy, capably played by an unusually strong cast which includes William Faversham, Henrietta Crosman, Charles Cherry and Hilda Spong.

Cohan's.—"Come Out of the Kitchen." Ruth Chatterton is always charming, but her opportunities in this Southern play are not as winsome as those in "Daddy Longlegs," even with Bruce McRae to assist her.

Lyric.—"A Daughter of the Gods." Fox's "Picture Beautiful" with Annette Kellermann as the star submersible and dancing Venus. A very elaborate spectacle.

Longacre.—"Nothing But the Truth." A clever farce which William Collier makes uproariously funny from curtain to curtain.

Eltinge.—"Cheating Cheaters." A thrilling crook-play, full of suspense, surprises and a few good laughs. Marjorie Rambeau and entire company are fine.

Broadway.—"Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." See Photoplay Reviews.

44th Street Theater.—"Joan the Woman." See Photoplay Reviews.

48th Street.—"The Thirteenth Chair." A weird but gripping drama written around a "spiritualist" and her séances. Margaret Wycherly scores heavily as the star, and the play is one of the best in New York. By author of "Within the Law"—Bayard Vellier.

Astor.—"Her Soldier Boy." A fine, tuneful musical comedy with Clifton Crawford, Adele Rowland and other stars.

Belasco.—"Little Lady in Blue." Frances Starr in a charming, romantic comedy.

Winter Garden.—"The Show of Wonders." A delightful conglomeration of a little of everything for everybody, mostly music.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Program changes every week.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

SUCCESSFUL PLAYS NOW ON THE ROAD

"Object Matrimony." Another "Potash and Perlmutter" and "Abe and Mawrus" comedy. Immensely pleasing to those who like this style of humor.

"The Flame." A remarkably beautiful spectacular drama satirizing President Wilson's Mexican policy. Disjointed construction, and plot is not strong; but, nevertheless, it stands out as a clever, artistic and entertaining play.

(*Continued on page* 157)



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A Child of Fortune

(*Continued from page 97*)

. . . Sweet Norma Talmadge has the most wonderful eyes in the world . . ." And so forth and so on. It was all very pleasant, very refreshing, and equally enlightening! Also, I would chronicle it here that not once, when seemingly hundreds of personalities were discussed, did Miss Murray say a single unpleasant or unkind word of any one—"Goodness, but Cecil DeMille is a wonder!"

Obviously, Miss Murray is correct in her belief that she is a favorite daughter of the gods, for few girls have had more golden opportunities than she. Almost at the very beginning of her stage career, in "The Follies of 1908," she became famous overnight thru her archly fascinating portrayal of the Nell Brinkley Girl—"and I had my salary raised from twenty-five to seventy-five the very first week," she announced proudly. Later she made a hit in a dramatic part in "Her Little Highness," with Mitzi Hajos—"about the only real part I played before the footlights; and once, during the Boston engagement, I played the title rôle, owing to the star's illness. My! that was a happy experience," and her whole expression plainly showed that it was. She afterward was one of the pioneers in the modern dances, set amid a cabaret background, lending a refinement and dignity little known previously to the professional restaurant dancer. After that, during the phenomenally successful run of "Watch Your Step," at the New Amsterdam Theater, she was selected, above all other terpsichorean artists, to temporarily replace Mrs. Vernon Castle during that star's illness, and this upon only a few hours' notice, too! Then came her unlooked-for hit in "The Follies of 1915," and after that Lasky screen stardom.

Oh, my, yes; Mae Murray is right. She is certainly a child of fortune!

When Marguerite Bertsch, Vitagraph's woman director, was looking for a scene of Hades in her new play, "The Devil's Prize," she heard that E. H. Sothern was working in a set that might do. She hurried to him, and questioned him. "Do you think we could use this for a hell?" she asked, and E. H. Sothern, who had worked hard all one hot day in that set, knew. "I can recommend it," he answered emphatically.

(*Continued from page* 155)

"Under Sentence." A strong, gripping drama which has been hailed as another "Lion and the Mouse." It should enjoy a long run.

"Rich Man, Poor Man." One of the most engrossing dramas that George Broadhurst ever wrote, and one of the popular plays of the season.

"Mr. Antonio." A drama full of heart interest, in which the inimitable Otis Skinner plays the part of a picturesque organ-grinder splendidly, supported by Eleanor Woodruff and a good company.

"The Boomerang." One of the most popular comedies of recent years. Entertaining and laughable thruout, exquisitely acted and wonderfully produced—it runs along like the works of a fine watch.

"Paganini." George Arliss in a very clever characterization. A high-class comedy on the order of "Beau Brummell," "Garrick" and "Mr. Lazarus."

"His Bridal Night." A farce in which the Dolly Sisters, famous dancers, get so mixed up that the bridegroom cannot tell them apart. Result, several highly interesting situations, as you can easily imagine.

"Somebody's Luggage." A farce that is different, in that James T. Powers plays a "low comedy" part. He seems a trifle out of place at first, but when one gets used to him he wins a roar of laughter. In this particular line he has no superiors.

"The Silent Witness." A virile drama on the order of "The House of Glass" and "The Co-Respondent," and quite as good, containing some tense and thrilling moments. A play that holds the interest from start to finish, giving a fine cast some excellent opportunities.

"Sybil." One of the hits of last season. A very pleasing musical comedy with Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian and Joseph Cawthorn.

"Our Little Wife." A fairly good farce, with lots of laughs, but Margaret Illington is rather miscast.

"Seven Chances." A bashful young man has seven chances to marry and inherit $12,000,000. His efforts to get a wife are excruciatingly funny. An excellent cast, with Carroll McComas, makes this a bright farce well worth while.

"Pollyanna." A glad play after the order of "Daddy Long-legs," "Peg o' My Heart" and "The Cinderella Man"; intensely interesting and beautifully done. A big hit.

PATTER FROM THE PACIFIC

By DICK MELBOURNE

Chester Conklin, the inimitable "Mr. Walrus" of the Keystone forces, has just completed a two-reel comedy entitled "Double Trouble," in which he plays both the proprietor of a millinery store and his wicked twin brother. Chester thought of the idea for the story and assisted in the directing of the picture in conjunction with Harry Williams. Then he played two parts in the comedy. He sure is some versatile boy.

Speaking of Keystone, Juanita Hansen, the "beautiful blonde," is now appearing in some "polite" comedies at this plant for a change. Juanita says that she doesn't know what to make of it. She hasn't been slammed in the face with a blackberry pie, or hit on the head with a stuffed brick, for two whole months, and things don't seem a bit natural without this informality being accomplished.

"The Eyes of the World," which is running in Los Angeles at Clune's Auditorium, has made quite a hit here, but especially so the acting of Monroe Salisbury in this ten-reel feature. He appears in the opening and closing scenes, and is the main figure in the pictured story of the well-known Harold Bell Wright.

(*Continued on page* 161)



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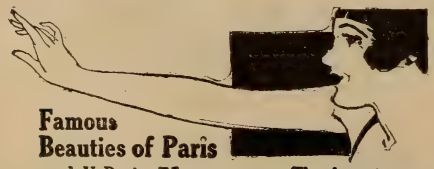
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Breaking Into the Movies in California

(*Continued from page 94*)

She snapped: "You cant see him." I asked about an engagement. "Engagement!" she shrieked; "why, we have over a hundred on our list now!" I turned to leave; one of the little puppies tripped me and I sprawled on the floor, bumping my head. Well, if I didn't get an engagement, I did a souvenir, at Kalem Company's.

There are quite a few studios a little further out on Sunset Boulevard, but they were further than I expected. Must have walked two miles before I came to Nestor Film Company (Christie Comedies). And such a shock! A great sign adorned the door, which read: "KEEP OUT—NO ENGAGEMENTS. IF YOU WERE A THOUSAND TIMES GREATER THAN MARY PICKFORD OR CHARLIE CHAPLIN WE COULD NOT USE YOU." Well, I have always been noted for my nerve, but after reading that sign I felt like a hungry tramp passing a farmhouse where freshly baked pies reposed on the window-sill, with a great, furious-looking dog sitting underneath. Across the street I went to the L-Ko Company. They also had a sign on the office door: "KEEP OUT—NO ENGAGEMENTS." It was getting late, so I started back to town. On the corners newsboys were loudly yelling: "Extra! Extra! Suicide of movie queen!" I hastily bought a paper. Marie Landis, from Cincinnati, an extra girl employed at Griffith's Reliance, had drunk carbolic acid near Bimmiany's Baths. She came to Los Angeles a year ago, hoping to become a great movie star, was not a success, and, out of funds, she chose the crooked path. When she was deserted, death seemed the only way out. Oh! why isn't there some way to keep girls away from Los Angeles and the movies! Little diary, I hope girls all over the U. S. will read and heed you. Am getting a little discouraged; still, I believe I'll land something yet, and maybe next year by this time I'll laugh over my experiences breaking into the movies in California.

(*To be continued*)



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ACTING ON THE STREET

(*Continued from page* 69)

company; when Beban stopped and bartered with a fruit peddler over the price of an apple, the wagon also stopped. For inside of it was a Motion Picture camera with its all-seeing eye glued faithfully to a knot-hole in the wagon's side and its operator peering thru specially arranged slats, "shooting" as realistic a big city scene as has ever been taken.

The same method of taking advantage of an unsuspecting public was utilized in "The Girl Who Had a Soul," a Universal feature. In one of its scenes Mary Fuller, as the heroine who had a predilection for picking pockets, was followed up Fifth Avenue by a camera-wagon that, to all outward appearances, seemed to be an express truck. The avenue was crowded with a stylish assortment of promenaders at the time, who little thought that they were playing for the pictures as they walked. An amusing sequel of this particular episode was that, at Forty-sixth Street, when Miss Fuller, according to the action of the scene, attempted to pick the pocket of a fellow-actress, she was observed by an innocent passer-by, who, being unaware of the *raison d'être,* set up a great cry. A huge crowd collected, and Miss Fuller was actually arrested by the traffic officer who ran from his post. Meanwhile, the indomitable camera whirred away the whole delightful scene. The scenario had to be altered somewhat, but—ye gods!—this *was* realism!

THE PHOTODRAMA

(*Continued from page* 92)

ignores the matter of *presentation.* It may be likened to an unkempt tramp who is refused admittance even at the back door, while a neat-appearing person with good manners is invited in the front door without question.

It is a natural assumption that the writer who expresses his ideas in a careless and slipshod manner is ignorant, and therefore unworthy of serious consideration.

Here is a point, then, that is well worth the aspiring and successful playwright's earnest and untiring practice.

(*Continued in the April issue*)

(*Continued from page* 157)

Lamar Johnstone has returned from his trip to South America, where he supported Tyrone Power in "The Planter." Lamar has many interesting tales to relate of his experiences there. He declares that he learnt much there as to the causes of revolutions, and other interesting topics, but that when it comes down to a choice there isn't any comparison between the good old United States and a southern republic.

The two Farnum boys, Dustin and William, are both working at the Fox studios on the Coast. William Farnum is working in "A Tale of Two Cities," which is nearing completion under the direction of Frank Lloyd, who is proving a very capable pilot of William's emotions. William Desmond Taylor, who directed Dustin with the Pallas Company, is directing him with Fox, and as they know each other thoroly they get along splendidly.

Ben Turpin of the Vogue forces, and Hank Mann, chief funmaker of the Fox Company, had an argument while dining together in Levy's Café the other night, and in which the banged-up Ben is said to have come out on top. Both comedians owe much of their funny business to their eyes: Hank with that shifting pair of optics, and Ben with the one straight and one crossed eye. "I'm funnier than you, and you know it," said Mann, grinning over at Ben. "You are not!" retorted Ben. "You have to act in order to be funny. I can't help it. I was born this way!"

Edward Sloman, the American director, is busy on another production with William Russell as his star. "My Fighting Gentleman" is the name of the new feature, and it is said that Russell is doing the best work of his career under Sloman's able direction. Francelia Billington is supporting Russell in this feature.

Little Mary Sunshine, the tiny Balboa star, is a very temperamental young lady, but very fond of her director, Henry King. When she learnt that she was going to play in another picture in which she had to have a papa, she told the Horkheimer brothers that Henry King must play the part. "He's a awful good actor," she said; "honest he is!"

George Periolat, the make-up king of the American Company, gets quite peeved when he sees some of the make-ups that are flashed on the screen. He insists that a good make-up is essential, and always spends a great amount of time on each of his many characterizations that he is called upon to portray. He gets photographs from real life, and plans his make-up accordingly.

Charles Ray, the Ince-Triangle star, is hard at work at the Culver City studios once more. After he signed his new agreement, which calls for him to be starred alone, Charlie was given a two-week vacation as an appreciation of his earnest work during the past year.

(*Continued on page* 163)



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Thousands have successfully used this formula to remove traces of age, illness or worry: 1 oz. of pure

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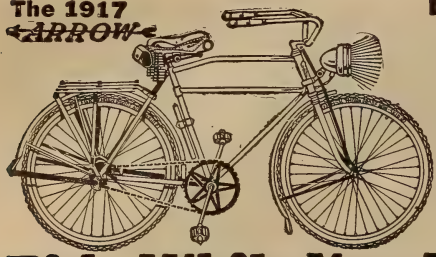
dissolved in ½ pt. witch hazel; use as a face wash. The effect is almost magical. Deepest wrinkles crow's feet, as well as finest lines, completely and quickly vanish Face becomes firm, smooth fresh, and you look years younger. No harm to tenderest skin. Get genuine Saxolite (powdered) at any drug store.

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An old lady, 72 years of age who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance 3 weeks. We have successfully treated more than 25,000 cases the past 15 years.

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We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.



Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate thoroughly. Price within reach of all.

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(Exclusive controllers Genuine Mexican Diamonds)

The Boy Who Couldn't Keep a Job

(*Continued from page 74*)

to gain an insight into the real silent drama, I acted for the Pathé Company.

"Thereafter I joined the Edison players as leading man. The photoplays that I most enjoyed, as I remember them, and in which I think I did myself the most injustice, were 'Ranson's Folly,' with Mabel Trunnelle; 'The Working of a Miracle,' with Gladys Hulette, and 'The Innocence of Ruth,' with Viola Dana.

"Last spring," resumed Edward Earle, "Viola Dana went to the Metro Company, and, as I considered that she was my ideal opposite, I decided to follow her thither. So," he concluded, with a flourish of the spoon above the dimpling rarebit, "there we are now, and we have appeared together in 'The Light of Happiness' and 'The Gates of Eden.' In passing, I might mention that between Miss Dana and myself there is no jealousy, no desire to 'hog the camera,' and that we get along beautifully together. She has both the trained technique of the professional and the charm and enthusiasm of the beginner.

"There isn't much more to say," he laughed. "The little boy who couldn't keep a job has at last found his heaven on earth, I guess. I have some outside pleasures—tennis, motoring and reading good romances, such as my friends, Stevenson and O. Henry. Then, too, I take apparently trivial things in pictures quite seriously. As soon as I receive a new scenario to study, I make a costume plot of each scene and set to work to apply appropriate costumes to each."

I inquiringly glanced at a tumbled pile of letters.

"Oh, as for those," laughed my host, "my correspondents hail from all over the world, and I number each and every one a friend. That is one of my little hobbies, too," he confided, "to sit down and write nice, frank answers to them."

"Writing as a fine art?" I queried.

"Hardly that," he smiled, until his dimples were cut in like intaglios; "but I have had a struggle and a big pull all my life, you understand, and if there is anything I can say to cheer other little boys and girls, I am going to say it."

(*Continued from page* 161)

Harry McCoy and Hugh Fay are both busy directing their respective companies at the Keystone plant. Strangely enough, both were promoted to their present rank after "She Loved a Sailor," in which both were featured. Mack Sennett appreciates talent, and his reward to Harry and Hugh is the result of their faithful service.

Grace Cunard and Francis Ford are astonishing the populace at Hollywood these days, by the big sets and scenes they are staging for the "Purple Mask" serial, in which they are starred together. They are working at their own studio, the stages of which were built especially for their extra large sets, and the other day fourteen hundred extras crowded right on at one time, and a section of the stage gave way, causing the filming of the scene to be held up for three hours while the carpenters labored to repair the damage.

Bessie Barriscale is soon to be seen in some more strong dramatic subjects such as "The Payment," "The Cup of Life," "The Devil," and "The Green Swamp," which will give her more opportunity to display her wonderful emotional talents.

Margarita Fischer hopped into Los Angeles last week from her San Diego studio just to look about the shops. Husband Harry Pollard came along, and showed us an empty check-book to show that Margarita had made good use of her eyesight. "Gosh, but clothes cost a lot!" he told us confidentially. Now who would have thought it?

Cleo Madison is delighted with the location of her studio on Boyle Heights, and declares it to be an ideal plant to work in. She insists that it is situated way above the fog that settles over the others every once in awhile, and thinks she will save a lot of time because of this fact.

Helen Holmes and her company of players have returned from a long trip to Bear Valley, where they filmed quite a number of scenes for "A Lass of the Lumberlands" serial. Helen says that she had to sleep out in tents all the time of their stay. She took her little adopted daughter along with her, as she could not bear to be away from her for such a long time. Besides, Dorothy Holmes McGowan is playing an important part in the story, and had to be taken along for that reason alone, if for no other. Some actress, too!

Bobby Harron is now starring for the Fine Arts at the studios on Sunset Boulevard. Some happy boy, too!

The players are just flooding themselves with new cars, and there seems to be a landslide of orders with the different auto agents here. Harry McCoy has a new Mercer raceabout, as have Blanche Sweet and Marshall Neilan. Wally Reid is roving about in a Roamer, and Clarence Kolb has a peach of a Fiat racer. Charlie Ray caught the fever, and purchased for himself a Stutz "Bear Cat"[5] and a Mercer six-passenger, while Harold Lockwood is tickled with his Mar-

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Cut out the coupon below and send today to Union Laboratory, 5 Third St., Union, N. Y.

UNION LABORATORY, 5 Third St., Union, N. Y.
Please find enclosed 10 cents to help pay the distribution expenses. Kindly send me at once your Calvacura No. 1 and your booklet, "The Triumph of Science Over Baldness."
(Enclose this coupon in your letter.)

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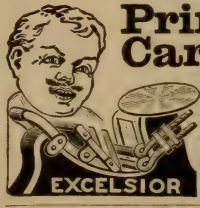
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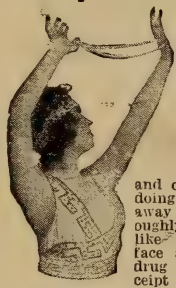
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Find out where and how Mary Pickford spends her mountainous salary;

Have a most delightfully intimate talk with Douglas Fairbanks;

Romp with all the dear cuddlesome children of the screen;

Be a holiday guest at Bushmanor, the home of Francis X. Bushman;

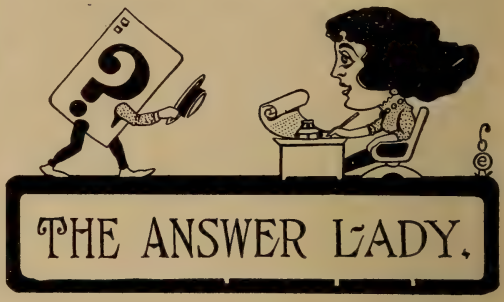
Receive a dozen heart-thrills from a bevy of screen loves and lovers;

And slip into a wardrobe-trunk full of stunning gowns—as worn by your favorites;

Besides conning beautiful portraits galore, gathering all the latest studio chatter and forgetting yourself (for an hour) in some throbbing short stories—

Would you not risk it all on the **March Motion Picture Classic?** Enough said—the news-stands will tell you the rest on February 15th.

mon that arrived here recently. Dorothy Dalton has purchased for herself a Buick sedan, and Barney Oldfield is busy tuning up his new Delage racing creation.



By ROSE TAPLEY

EDITORIAL NOTE: Letters for this department should be addressed to Miss Rose Tapley, care of Vitagraph Co., Brooklyn, N. Y. Miss Tapley will answer by mail if an addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed. While the articles entitled "How to Get In" are running, Miss Tapley will not answer letters on that subject, nor will she answer any questions in the Magazine that are not of general interest, nor any that properly belong to the Department of The Answer Man.

MELVIN H.—Sometimes they do and sometimes they dont.

HARRY N. FROM HONOLULU.—I am glad if I was able to do anything to make your trip to America more interesting. Indeed, I shall be glad to hear from you again. You have my best wishes for a safe voyage home and a happy reunion with your friends and family when you reach there.

DEAR DOROTHEA.—I want to thank you for your kind letter. I am trying to arrange to make a tour of the country this winter and to meet a few of my friends in that way, as I feel that I want to know them personally. I had a wonderful visit in Chicago at the Exposition. Thank you for offering to help me in the contest, but I dont believe my name has been in the running at all.

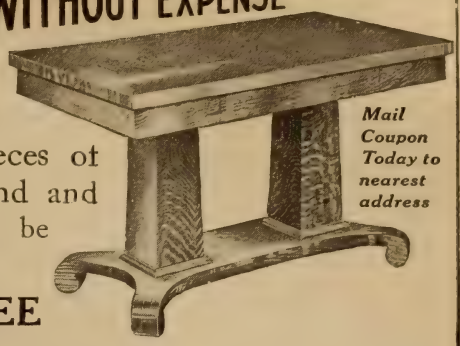
DEAR LENA.—Creighton Hale played Laughing Mask, I believe. Address Miss White care of Pathé.

DEAR IDA R. FROM PITTSBURGH.—I shall show your letter to Mr. Brewster. I am sure there is some mistake or some very good reason for not printing the letter mentioned, as Mr. Brewster is exceedingly kind and just. I am very fond of Norma. Why not write to the Scenario Service Bureau which is connected with the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and they will give you a great deal of help with your scenario? My birthday, dear, was June 30th.

REX BOY.—I am sure that I am delighted whenever I get a letter from any of my boys, big or little, so write as often as you like, provided you dont insist upon a prompt reply, as my mail is very heavy. I wish you much success with your scenario. Good luck, dear.

(*Continued on page* 167)

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Are They Married? If So, To Whom?

The Much-dreaded Question—the Bane of Players and Answer Man—Answered at Last!

Is he married? Is she married? These crisp and poignant questions are asked a million times a day. The Answer Man receives scores of the tabooed questions in every mail; the players themselves are haunted with the fatal interrogation; and then there is the unspoken query, "Is he married?—Is she married?" that pops into the head of thousands in the audience nightly and refuses to be either uttered out loud or answered.

The Matrimonial Sphinx Has at Last Consented to Speak!

In the April number of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE the bars will be let down (with a bang) and a selected list of one hundred famous players will be led into the corral, there to be branded as "Married" or "Unmarried." Where we know the happy, but previously undiscovered husband or wife, their names, too, will ornament the list. It is the most complete marital registry ever recorded on one big page! And, one thing more: the Sphinx is in a loquacious mood. Along with the marriage records he promises to give the honest-to-goodness age of each and every one on the big list.

Watch for the April number, out March 1st, and quench for all time the burning questions, **"Is he married? Is she married?"**



You Have a Beautiful Face—But Your Nose?

IN this day and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your *"looks,"* therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. **Permit no one to see you looking otherwise;** it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life—which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new Nose-Shaper "TRADOS" (Model 22) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.



Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory.

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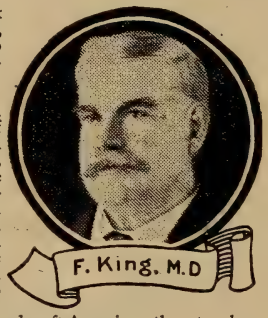
City Physicians Explain Why They Prescribe Nuxated Iron to Make Beautiful, Healthy Women, and Strong, Vigorous Men

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Quickly transforms the flabby flesh, toneless tissues, and pallid cheeks of weak, anæmic men and women into a perfect glow of health and beauty — often increases the strength of delicate, nervous, run-down folks 200 per cent in two weeks' time

It is conservatively estimated that over three million people annually in this country alone are taking Nuxated Iron. Such astonishing results have been reported from its use both by doctors and laymen, that a number of well-known physicians in various parts of the country have been asked to explain why they prescribe it so extensively, and why it apparently produces so much better results than were obtained from the old forms of inorganic iron.

Extracts from some of the letters received are given below:



Dr. King, a New York physician and author, says: "There can be no vigorous iron-men without iron.

Pallor means anaemia.

Anaemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anaemic men and women is pale, the flesh flabby, the muscles lack tone, the brain fags and the memory fails and they often become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste-pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked is responsible for another grave iron loss.

Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."



Dr. Sauer, a Boston physician who has studied both in this country and in great European Medical Institutions, says: "As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only throw away patent medicines and nauseous concoctions and take simple Nuxated Iron, I am convinced that the lives of thousands of persons might be saved, who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, consumption, kidney, liver and heart troubles, etc. The real and true cause which started their diseases was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood.

Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with a blood pressure of a boy of 20 and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact, a young man he really was, notwithstanding his age. The secret, he said, was taking iron—nuxated iron had filled him with renewed life. At 30 he was in bad health; at 46 he was care-worn and nearly all in—now at 50, after taking Nuxated Iron, a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth.

Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly-looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron.

If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time, simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate, or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her children is, alas! not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete and prize-fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray; while many another has gone down in inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron."



Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, another New York physician, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

NOTE.—Nuxated Iron is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy, in nearly all forms of indigestion, as well as for nervous run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron and increase their strength 200 per cent, or over in four weeks time provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

(*Continued from page* 164)

DEAR MARION.—Yes, I know Norma Talmadge very well and she is just as pretty and sweet as you think her. Thank you; I shall be delighted to have your picture, altho I may not be able to send you one in return just now. Best love, dear child.

DEAR DOROTHY.—If you will write for a copy of the Motion Picture Studio Directory, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City, you will find a very interesting book of information there and will have all your questions answered. Creighton Hale is the one you mean, I think. Cant send you a photo, as I haven't one to send.

DEAR GIRL FROM CHICAGO WHO LOVES LITTLE CHILDREN.—I was delighted to receive your nice letter and to learn that you are taking up a special course in nursing. I do hope that we will meet again.

DEAR GIRL FROM LAWTON.—I should be so glad to help you get into pictures if I could, but, dear, I simply cannot. Life is sometimes very difficult for a girl, particularly if she has no mother, but, Honey, a brave smiling face and a willing spirit to help others will do much to make life more worth the living. Be of good cheer, dear, and fear only evil.

Echoes from the Popular Player Contest

Bushmanor, Riderwood,
Green Spring Valley, Md.,
Dec. 26, 1916.

MY DEAR MR. BREWSTER:

My Christmas was indeed a happy one. I just crammed the old fireplace full of logs at Bushmanor, wedged my way in among the dogs on the big lounge, sat back and meditated.

You know, it was not so much winning the contest—it was the knowledge that you had such loyal, staunch friends who believed in you, and wanted you to win—wanted you to hold the place of honor.

You know, I believe my dogs knew about it, for they certainly raised an extra row when I arrived.

I envy no emperor nor king. To reign in the hearts of my friends is a sacred privilege gold cannot buy, nor promise of preferment.

Wont you, thru the columns of your wonderful MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and CLASSIC, convey to each and every one who was kind enough to vote for me, my sincerest thanks?

May the coming year grant me opportunities to prove my gratitude.

To the photoplayers' greatest friend, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, I am heartily grateful for this opportunity, and for many evidences of keen sympathy manifested for the players in the past. Yours for a happy, prosperous New Year.

Sincerely,

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN.

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Liquid Silmerine

is perfectly harmless. Easily applied with brush. Hair is nice and fluffy when combed out. Silmerine is also a splendid dressing. Keeps hair fine and glossy. Directions with bottle. At your druggists'

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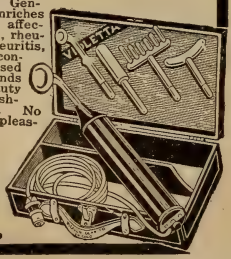


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First there are the players. You see them on the screen night after night. You grow to like them, but what do you know about their real selves? In the April **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE** you will:

Travel to the country home of Billie Burke and become her intimate guest—

Attend a bachelor dinner at Carlyle Blackwell's rooms and share his favorite courses—

Hold a star-divining séance with Marguerite Snow and Charlie Chaplin and learn all about their inner selves—

Spend a morning with Nell Craig, the golden girl of the Middle West—

Help Theda Bara draw the veil of mystery closer about her — her strange ancestry, the prophecy of her birth, what she thinks of herself and the oddities of her new contract—

Doze off and have the sweetest little dream about William S. Hart—

Hold forth in the make-up room with a dozen famous players—

Pay a visit of inspection to the catteries, kennels, dens and lairs of stars who are cultivating pets, freakish and otherwise—

And try on four pages of the most beautiful and up-to-date gowns that the stars are appearing in—besides a peep at their personal wardrobe.

Then come home tired, but still deep-breathing, from your excursion, and in the easy-chair by the firelight read a pair of pulsing romances from coming screen plays. Pooh! That isn't all. You'll stay up later than usual, devouring "Are They Married? If So, To Whom?" and some other midnight surprises. You think you know us and every angle of the plays and players. Better get acquainted all over again in the April number, which makes its bow to you on March 1st.



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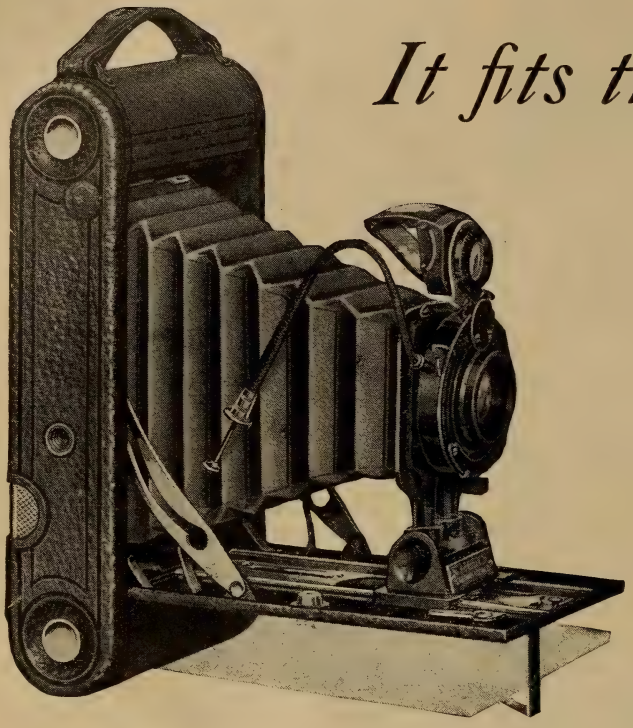
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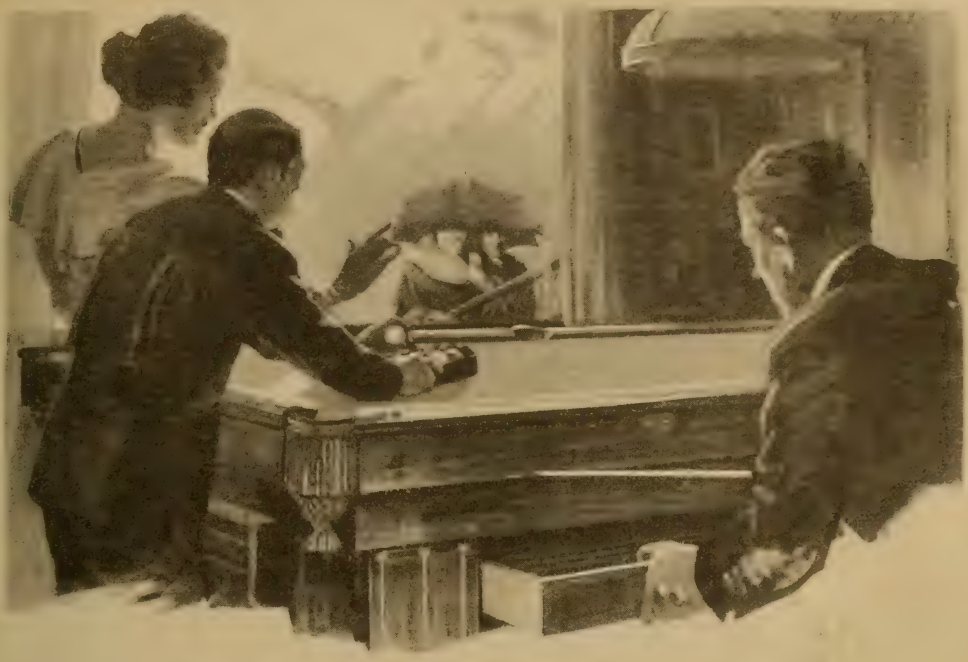
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Influenza or LaGrippe

It is quite refreshing these days to read of a clearly defined treatment for Influenza or La Grippe. In an article in the "Lancet-Clinic," Dr. James Bell of New York City, says he is convinced that too much medication is both unnecessary and injurious.

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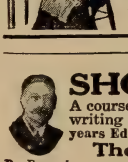
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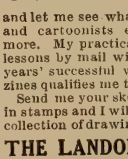
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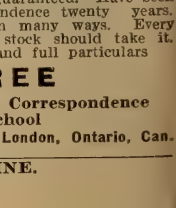


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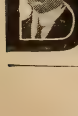


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PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"The Secret of the Swamp" (Bluebird).—A slumberous, Southern, bucolic photoplay, not only guilty of a tame plot, but criminally uninteresting. Nevertheless, the players, including buxom Myrtle Gonzalez and Val Paul, are well chosen, and the locations are atmospherically well chosen. H. S. N.

"The Man of Mystery" (Greater Vitagraph).—Wherein Sothern—or Mr. E. H. Sothern, if you will—is indeed great. Here is a play for discriminating audiences. "The Man of Mystery" is an unloved personage of vast intellect but hideous exterior. During a voyage he is caught in a Vesuvian eruption and accounted dead. He recovers, however, rendered perfect in form from the heat. The way he returns home, and under an assumed name regains his old position and the love of his wife, is a dramatic bit of unflagging wonder. In this picture Mr. Sothern is "The Great Lover." Charlotte Ives, his leading woman, is an exquisite, ideal type of womanhood. H. S. N.

"Patria" (International).—This new wonder-serial holds forth a great promise. So far, the story, concerning the plotting of Japanese and Mexican agents against the last of the Channings, owners of large munition plants, is opportune, thrilling, and, most important of all, believable. The settings are attractive. Mrs. Vernon Castle, the much-heralded star, reminds us painfully of a dressmaker's manikin; nevertheless, personality is hers, and when she has anything definite to do, she does it with vim and vigor. It is only in the subtle moments that she is somewhat self-conscious. The supporting cast, including Warner Oland, George Majeroni and Milton Sills, is excellent. H. S. N.

"A Lass of the Lumberlands" (Signal).—Another serial—not shredded wheat, but Helen Holmes. In the beginning you will say, "Just like all her others," but in the end you'll sit up and take notice. She is still our "Hazardous Helen." H. S. N.

"The Happiness of Three Women" (Morosco).—Here is a photoplay that merits unstinted praise because of its splendid direction. Circumstantial evidence brings unhappiness to three women, but, upon being cleared away, restores the man of her heart to each of the three. The photography is little short of marvelous, different times of day being represented by different shading. A distinct achievement. Myrtle Stedman and House Peters are the head-liners. H. S. N.

"Paula Blackton's Country Life Stories" (Vitagraph).—Five two-reel plays, named "The Little Strategist," "Satin and Calico," "The Collie Market," "A Spring Idyl" and "The Fairy Godfather," featuring Paula Blackton, her clever children, Violet and Charles, her sister, Jewell Hunt, and all of the Blackton animals on the Blackton estate at Oyster Bay. Something new. They are dainty, picturesque, beautiful and sparkling

with gentle humor, yet slight of plot, which proves that high-class art does not require sensationalism and spectacular extravagance to assist it. Mrs. Blackton has a style all her own, and most of the screen stars can learn much from a study of the unique and original way in which she registers the emotions. Her support is of high order, including Charles Kent, Marc MacDermott, Charles Richman, Arthur Cozine, James Morrison and Gordon Gray. Commodore J. Stuart Blackton personally directed these pictures, and they are carefully and artistically done in every detail. In fact, these pictures are so unique that they can almost be said to be epoch-making. J.

"Broken Chains" (World).—A Southern setting, a young man falsely accused and convicted of murder, queer Southern politics and superstitious negroes make this somewhat out of the ordinary and intensely interesting. Ethel Clayton is a star who grows more attractive with every release. H. S. N.

"The Great Secret" (Metro).—The Bushman-Bayne serial. Unfortunately based on improbabilities and trick thrillers. There is an air of cheapness to the production. We are painfully aware that the rooms are wallboard scenery. Francis Bushman himself is in a very happy and pleasing mood. H. S. N.

"Luke's Trolley Troubles" (Pathé).—A street-car full of silliness, but you will laugh, just the same. H. S. N.

"The Weaker Sex" (Ince-Triangle).—A photoplay from the pen of Alice C. Brown. Noteworthy for two reasons. In it Dorothy Dalton proves herself an actress capable of big things. Here is a girl who is not a one-part actress. On the other hand, the play itself has an important thought back of it. That is, that women are capable mentally of excelling men at their own business—in this case, law. The cast includes such notables as Charles Ray, Louise Glaum and Robert McKim. H. S. N.

"The Diary of a Puppy" (Vitagraph).—Merely a reel of puppy pictures, but one of the funniest and most interesting that I have seen for many a moon. J.

"Easy Street" (Mutual).—If you ever doubted Charlie Chaplin's ability as a comedian, see "Easy Street" and be reformed. Here he is incomparable, a master of pantomime, with a laugh in every gesture. He is beautifully aided by Edna Purviance, as usual. H. S. N.

"The Princess of Patches" (Selig).—An interestingly produced photoplay from the Mark Twain story. The real heiress to a huge cotton plantation is stolen when a baby, and the many difficulties she has to surmount before she learns and establishes her identity constitute quite a melodrama. Vivian Reed is the star, but the little girl who takes the part of "Patches" as a child, and whose name is given simply as Violet, is unusually lovely to look upon. H. S. N.

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keen satire on the persistency of would-be photoplay writers, by C. Gardner Sullivan. And, if looked at from the other point of view, an equally keen satire on the way genius is kept locked outside the studio gates. William Desmond is pleasing in the lead. H. S. N.

"A Girl Like That" (Famous Players).—The sweet simplicity of this picture will warm your heart. It is a story of plain country folk, whose faith and love reform the daughter of a crook. Owen Moore, as the big-hearted, awkward bank cashier, gives us a fine characterization, a bit of acting that is great in its simplicity, in its consistency. Irene Fenwick is attractive as the girl. H. S. N.

"The Courage of Silence" (Vitagraph).—Here is a plot that does not resort to what is often the bane of the screen—a physical climax. No sinking steamers, burning bridges, nor railroad smash-ups are needed to unfold the crises in the life of Bradley, as portrayed by Harry Morey, and Mercedes, as portrayed by Alice Joyce. It's the tale of a man who conquers his own worst enemy, himself, and a woman "who pays" by a fine bit of self-sacrifice. With natural emotions, natural climaxes and natural acting, the screen is progressing, and "The Courage of Silence" is a standard-bearer of the newer and infinitely better art. E. M. L.

"The Female of the Species" (Ince-Triangle).—One of the month's most impressive five-reelers, because of its magnificent production, appealing cast and splendid photography. Dorothy Dalton is splendidly, sensuously beautiful as a worldly wise artiste who tries by hook or crook to keep the love of a man who, in turn, loves only a sweet, innocently simple girl impersonated by Enid Markey. The last flicker leaves one with a sad feeling for the losing woman, perhaps a subtle proof of the pudding—in other words, its realistic appeal. H. S. N.

"His Wife's Relations" (Nestor).—Instead of the perennial mother-in-law joke, here is a whole family of bothersome "in-laws," with Eddie Lyons and Edith Roberts as the persecuted newly-weds. A good, big laugh from A to Z. H. S. N.

"North and South" (Florence Rose-Pathé).—A novelty. The use of a clever little story for the purpose of exhibiting fascinating fashions. H. S. N.

"The Man Who Forgot" (World).—The splendid acting of Robert Warwick, the forcefulness of Gerda Holmes' impersonation, the prettiness of Doris Kenyon and really wonderful Congressional scenes lure us into forgetting how flimsy is the foundation—in other words, the plot. H. S. N.

"War Brides" (Selznick).—This is Marion Craig Wentworth's vaudeville sketch made into a lengthy photodrama. There is a wealth of painstaking detail, good acting, splendid trench and pastoral scenes. Olga Nazimova, the star, possesses a wild, sinuous grace together with a depth of feeling that is as apparent on the screen as on the stage. In its way, a masterly production, but it seems to me that its preachment

would have been more effective were the action snappier, more rapid-firing.

H. S. N.

"House Built Upon Sand" (Griffith-Triangle).—A luxury-loving girl's husband abducts her and forces her to live the simple life. Here is a decidedly life-like vehicle in which to display the bird-like charms of Lillian Gish. H. S. N.

"On Dangerous Ground" (World).—Gail Kane and Carlyle Blackwell in a story of the present war. The girl is a French spy, who persuades an American doctor to help her thru the German lines. The situations are dramatic, well acted and at times thrilling. H. S. N.

"The White Raven" (Metro).—Ethel Barrymore is starred in this five-reel photoplay. The story is one of the best that has ever come from the Metro studio. A dance-hall girl in an Alaskan dance-hall, known as "Nightingale Nan," the "White Raven," realizes that her voice is too good to be wasted in the wilds. She offers herself to the gambler drawing the best poker-hand. "The Stranger" enters the game and wins the girl with a pair of deuces. Frightened, she pleads to be released from the agreement. He does so, stipulating that, at the moment of her greatest triumph, he will send for her, and she must heed. The climax is well worked out, the whole play a most enjoyable one. The leading man is especially good.

R. B. C.

"Her Obsession" (Metro).—One of the funniest comedies the Drews have done in a long time. It will appeal particularly to those who have an idea that they are too "stout" and that they'd like to "reduce." Mrs. Marsh (played, of course, by Mrs. Drew) is continually asking her husband, "Am I as fat as she is?" Henry (Mr. Drew) adopts a scheme to make her believe she is growing thin, and the whole story works up to a very amusing climax. R. B. C.

"The Victim" (Fox).—One of the worst pictures that the bizarre Valeska has ever done. The story is weak and melodramatic, with everything working out in the most approved manner of all scenario-writers. One can hear the clink as one piece of the story fits into another. Miss Suratt wears some weird and elaborate gowns, and occasionally looks very beautiful. But the support is inadequate; Claire Whitney looks sweet and does nothing else. It's a pity that such pictures have to be released. R. B. C.

"The Bride of Hate" (Triangle).—Frank Keenan's name, now, is sufficient to draw a packed house at any time, but in this last play he has outdone himself. The story is a weird but intensely interesting one, of a Southern colonel who, to avenge a wrong done him in his youth, adopts a child with negro blood in its veins, brings her up as his own daughter, giving her every advantage, in order to marry her off to the son of his old enemy, making the lovely young girl an unconscious pawn on the cheess-board of revenge. Margery Wilson, as the girl, is



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captivating. Jerome Story is an acceptable hero, but Frank Keenan dominates the entire five reels. R. B. C.

"The Butterfly Girl" (Pollard Pictures).—This picture is chiefly acceptable because it brings back to us lovely Margarita Fischer, more lovely than ever. Miss Fischer, in the white-and-silver costume of the Butterfly Girl, is very winning. Little Georgia French makes a very lovable little sister. The whole production is well handled, the story acceptable and the support good. R. B. C.

"Cave Man's Buff" (Metro).—The Drews again, in a very funny little comedy all about a bachelor who was too bashful to propose, of a girl who didn't mind helping him to propose, and his susceptible, impressionable boss, who takes lessons in the art of being a "cave man" from the bachelor. A clean, amusing little comedy. R. B. C.

"Living Book of Nature" (Ditmars).—One doesn't realize the sagacity and cleverness of animals until revealed in some such manner. The reel has to do with the beaver and his preparations for the coming winter. He is shown busily carrying logs and building his winter home, bringing food to it, submerging tender branches and boughs, so that when winter comes and the lake freezes over he will be snugly housed, with plenty of food. Then the lake is shown, ice-locked, with just a slight rise where the warm home of the beaver is, far below the surface of the frozen lake. A very interesting picture. R. B. C.

"The Years of the Locust" (Lasky).—With all due respect (and some that, perhaps, isn't due yet) to Miss Ward, feminine fans are going to like this latest Fannie Ward picture, because it gives the fair star another opportunity to wear stunning gowns, and to look like the smartly gowned, clever actress who was, for five years, judged the best-dressed actress in London. Jack Dean is the hero, and Walter Long makes a properly devilish and wicked villain. That seems to be Walter's specialty. The support is very good and the story acceptable. R. B. C.

PATTER FROM THE PACIFIC

By DICK MELBOURNE

Gail Kane has arrived out on the Coast, and gone to Santa Barbara, where she will work at the American studios under Rollin S. Sturgeon.

Wallace Reid is keeping his auto business up to schedule. He has just traded in his "Roamer" for a McFarlan. It seems to be Wally's ambition to own every car on the market. The only other actor to come anywhere near his standard is Charlie Ray, who has just traded in his boat for a red Mercer.

Little Mary Sunshine has left Balboa and gone to New York. Henry King will direct and play with Kathleen Clifford.

Margaret Illington is working at the Lasky studios under the direction of Frank Reicher, making "The Inner Shrine."

Bessie Love is enjoying herself immensely at the Fine Arts studio. She has mastered the art of playing the ukelele, and whenever she is waiting between scenes she amuses the rest of the bunch with her playing and singing. Bessie has a mighty sweet voice, too.

William Stowell is a strong favorite out at the Universal. He went out there to work in several features, after leaving the American Company. The Universal liked his work so well that they refused to let Bill get away until he had signed a contract with them.

William D. Taylor took his star, Dustin Farnum, and supporting company, up to Truckee recently for some snow-scenes. Dustin offered a lot of prizes for skiing, skating and other sports, but did not have to give them when the contests were all over—he won them all himself!

Tom Ince tells us that he is being flooded with stories these days for Bill Hart and Charles Ray. He declares that all the amateur and professional writers seem to choose these two stars to build a story around. Dorothy Dalton is also coming in for quite a shower of scenarios.

Myrtle Stedman has been loaned to the Lasky Company by Morosco, and is being co-starred in a photoplay with Wallace Reid.

Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran have been feeling very tired in the mornings lately. These two boys are very popular, and a great many of their friends have been giving them parties one right after the other. Eddie and Lee both declare that being popular isn't so bad, after all—except when you have to be to work early in the morn.

Monroe Salisbury has returned from San Diego, where he has been in chief support of Margarita Fischer in "The Devil's Assistant," and has gone down to his ranch to get acquainted with all his live stock again. When he retires from the screen, Monroe intends to devote all his time to his ranch.

Director Joe de Grasse has just finished "The Flashlight Girl," at the Universal plant, with William Stowell, Dorothy Phillips and Lon Chaney as the principals. It is a five-reel mountain drama and is said to contain some new and novel effects.

Speaking of novel effects, J. P. MacGowan is certainly getting some beautiful night stuff in the new serial he is producing for the Mutual, with Helen Holmes as star. Of course, it is a railroad story, but the night lighting he has in this series' first part, on which he is working at present, surpasses anything I have seen in this line.

Dainty Ora Carew, the Keystone belle, is a prime favorite with every one at the studio, and is a very jolly little girl indeed. She has a new pet name with the other members of the studio forces, which now number nineteen companies. They call her "Little Miss Happiness."

Lois Weber is producing another play that promises to be quite a thriller. It is known now as "Even as You and I."

(*Continued on page* 151)



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Gallery of Picture Players



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WILLIAM RUSSELL
(Mutual)



ELMER CLIFTON (Fine Arts)



DOROTHY DALTON (Triangle)



WILLIAM DESMOND (Triangle)



EDITH STOREY (Vitagraph)



ANTONIO MORENO (Vitagraph)



Photo by Cele brity

CRAWFORD KENT (Famous Players)



HELENE ROSSON (American)



RUSSELL BASSETT (Artcraft)



SESSUE HAYAKAWA (Lasky)



Photo by Campbell

PAULINE FREDERICK (Famous Players)



CONSTANCE TALMADGE (Triangle)



MAX LINDER
(Essanay)

Screen Fashion

By PEAR



FANNIE WARD

TIME was when "any old thing" would do for a screen play. Those were the days when an actress from the speaking stage, unable to get a stage engagement, accepted, albeit reluctantly, offers to "pose" for a Moving Picture. Saving her stage gowns, concealing her identity because ashamed of "stooping" to pictures, her evening gowns for pictures were usually composed of a portière curtain and a bureau-scarf.

But those days are gone. Nowadays, my lady of the screen must spend the greater part of her salary on wonderful gowns that will charm the most captious critic in the audience. And there must be lots of them, too.

Fannie Ward draws an enormous salary from the Lasky Company; but Fannie pleads that her clothes cost so much that she's afraid she's going to have to give up her new home and move to the poorhouse, with Husband Jack Dean, unless the price of silks and satins takes a slump! Fannie is shown here wearing a gown that explains why some women leave home to go into the pictures. There is a delightfully youthful air about the frock, which is composed of pale pink taffeta and silver lace. The taffeta skirt is draped attractively, being caught here and there with bunches of pastel-shaded hand-made roses. The skirt is caught up in front, to reveal a double-decked petticoat of silver lace, over silver taffeta, and the mere apology for a bodice is of the same fragile lace. A half-wreath of the shaded roses acts as a sleeve over one shoulder. With this costume, the little Lasky star wears silver-embroidered stockings, and silver slippers adorned with a saucy pink rose.



GLORIA SWANSON

Of course, when one thinks of an evening frock, the next thought is for a wrap to shield its frail beauty from cold night-winds, carelessly slammed limousine doors and the like. Gloria Swanson, tiny little Keystone maid, created quite a sensation recently when she appeared at a "first night" in Los Angeles wearing the wrap pictured here.

To begin with, this coat measured nine



KATHLYN WILLIAMS

Plates and Fashions

GADDIS

yards around the bottom, and it is a Ville de Paris importation. The color is raspberry, the material panne velvet. The flaring skirt is fastened to a deep yoke and falls in ripples almost to the bottom of the dress. The bottom of the coat is elaborately trimmed with marabou, in the natural color—a delightfully soft and clingy trimming for the soft velvet. The marabou is in deep scallops, to follow the flare of the rippling coat, and extends in a wide collar about the throat and down the front length of the coat. Deep cuffs of marabou and an outline of shirring at the bottom of the sleeve, with a cord about the yoke, form attractive features of the coat—which, by the way, is an adaptation of a style from the Louis Quinze period.

Then there's Kathlyn Williams in an unusually pretty afternoon frock of heavy, embroidered net over blue taffeta. The front of the bodice, the deep, shaped cuffs, and a broad band about the bottom, are also of blue, and a little, knife-plaited frill of a deeper shade of blue adds to the beauty of the little frock. Skirts are much longer this season, and many of the most skilful designers have obtained this effect by a petticoat-like frill of lace which comes below the ankles. An attractive example of this quaint conceit is given in this frock of Miss Williams. A small black velvet Tam hat, and a pink chiffon parasol, with white kid boots, finish a stunning outfit. And this proves that Kathlyn Williams has other accomplishments besides the comparatively simple one of making the wildest of animals purr like a tame house-cat—she can wear clothes that look like a million dollars, and she does it with an air that would do credit to Mrs. Astor Richfeller, with a Fifth Avenue mansion, a Newport villa, and a shooting-box in Scotland!

Speaking of society maids and matrons, here's a charming example of how a well-bred débutante should (but doesn't) look in her début gown. Anita Stewart is the débutante, and she designed the frock, that is the essence of springtime and young love and girlhood. It (the dress, not Anita!) is composed of pale yellow chiffon over yellow tulle. The overdress is adorned with five bands of flowered ribbon, while the underskirt of yellow tulle has loops of pale yellow satin ribbon. The bodice is of the yellow

ANITA STEWART





VALENTINE GRANT

DOROTHY DALTON



chiffon, with a wreath of soft satin roses over one shoulder. A girdle of pale gold tissue completes the costume—unless you count the crownless hat of pale gold lace, with a wreath of tiny yellow roses.

From the sublimely adorable fragility of a yellow chiffon evening frock to the stunning "practicality" of a limousine coat and accessories. Here's Dorothy Dalton, looking like Miss Fifth Avenue on a shopping tour, wearing a hat of Tête de Negre basket-weave velvet-and-gold cloth, showing the Chinese influence in an ornament of tinsel, topped with fur. The coat is of black velvet, very soft and fine, full flare model, with bell-shaped sleeves. The very large cape collar is of squirrel fur, and a narrow band of the same fur adorns the sleeves.

Never has there been a season when so many evening frocks, dance frocks, and the like, roamed at large. The movie maids have gone dance-frock mad. (The distinction between a dance and dinner, or evening, frock is that the former is usually ankle-length, or shorter, while the latter has a train! Simple, isn't it?) According to that, Valentine Grant is shown wearing a dinner dress, designed by T. J. Simpson, of black satin. The dress is skilfully draped, and the only adornment is the black jet straps or bands over the shoulders and the full, black chiffon sleeves. The designer has very wisely depended solely on the draping and the long, oddly shaped train for his effect, rather than with a lot of trimming. With the dress, Miss Grant carries a large ostrich feather fan of black with an ebony handle.



Photo by Carpenter

MARGARET THOMPSON



Photo by Parke Bros.

LUCILLE LEE STEWART

Black has been recognized as one of the best possible colors for picture purposes—or black and white, skilfully combined. Miss Virginia Pearson has evolved a street costume that is decidedly striking, as well as very beautiful. With a street dress of black satin, with full lace sleeves, she wears high white boots, a stunning set of ermine furs, and a black hat. Even her bag carries out the black-and-white idea, for it is of black velvet embroidered in white.

But Margaret Thompson, of Triangle, who specializes, as it were, in ingénue leads, realizes the value of white in portraying youth and beauty. And she exhibits a good-looking street frock of ivory-white broadcloth. It is built on long, straight lines, and depends for distinctiveness on a loose, high belt, cloth-covered buttons and patch pockets—not to mention the charm of the wearer.



An inserted yoke of white Georgette crêpe and a collar of the same material relieve the gown of its severity. She doesn't believe in the all-white costume, so she relieves the monotony of the color by a blue fox fur, and a hat of gray Georgette crêpe and braid, having a knot of delicate pink roses at the front edge of the brim.

Then, the fur craze has roamed over the country, having attacked some of the players to the extent of many thousands of dollars. Lucille Lee Stewart, of Vitagraph, proudly exhibits a gorgeous coat of chinchilla, which she proudly asserts cost the sum of nine thousand dollars. (Which sounds like truth, for if she had been fibbing, she'd have "gone another thousand" and called it ten thousand dollars!) With the coat she wears a big black velvet hat with a brim that is gracefully shaped.

Of course, you know that little June Caprice is going to help teach the young American miss how to dress well. If they follow the idea of June's frock here, it's a settled affair that they *will* be well gowned! It is of ivory-white taffeta draped over lace that is embroidered in crystals. The skirt of taffeta hangs in four points, each of which is weighted with a yellow rose. A broad band of silver sequins composes the bodice and is finished with a corsage of yellow satin roses. Golden slippers, with rhinestone buckles, complete the costume.

In a very famous Broadway hotel, Alice Brady appeared at dinner one evening wearing a frock of dark-gray panne velvet combined with silver lace. The bodice was in surplice style, with a band of silver lace completed with a diamond buckle. The three-quarter-length sleeves, very wide and loose, were also of the silver lace. With this gown (which was of the dinner variety, and swept close to the pretty heels of the wearer) was worn a broad black velvet hat trimmed with birds of paradise. A magnificent stole of kolinsky was also a most attractive feature. And, of course, Alice created quite a sensation at the dinner tables thruout the room!

Dorothy Kelly is fond of a frock of white net over white taffeta. The overskirt, of net, is trimmed with alternating ruffles and tucks, going around, while the taffeta underskirt has strips of ribbon "running up and down."



Photo by Apeda

DOROTHY KELLY



Photo by White

ALICE BRADY

Marie Doro and the

It is a good voice that tickles one's ear over the telephone. Marie Doro is one of those rare girls who have such voices. Over the wire that crackled and sang with a ruthless vigor that seemed to symbolize the bustle and noise of a busy metropolis, Miss Doro's simple words sounded restful, cool and colorful, as she granted the request for an interview. Only a few calm phrases; but I hung up the receiver and rubbed my ear in gleeful satisfaction. But there was more than mere music in her tones. There was character—her whole character. And I said to myself, as I rubbed my ear, "It's silly to ask to see this girl; her voice tells everything." For it was a steady voice, delicate but direct, and softly determined; a cultured, candid, meditative voice—the voice of an experienced, unaffected woman, sincere and self-possessed, always poiseful, above all serene.



And she proved to be all the voice had presaged. She

Cold Eye at the Camera

By ARTHUR POLLOCK



had just finished the film version of Sardou's "Diplomacy" for Famous Players, and was leaving almost immediately for the Lasky studios in Hollywood with Elliott Dexter, who, by one of those curious coincidences, had played the part of her husband in the stage production of "Diplomacy," had played it again in the screen version, and has, for some six or seven months now, enacted the rôle in real life. All day, preparatory to her departure, she had scurried about the city, busy with a thousand unavoidable or diverting devoirs. Now there was but a brief moment to spare.

"Yes," she said calmly, in answer to

my question, "acting for a cold-eyed camera is, of course, quite different from playing before a responsive, applauding audience. At first it seemed like performing in an empty room or responding to a photographer's 'Look pleasant, please,' or making expressive faces for a few friends who stood about, stolid and unimpressionable. I missed the exhilaration, the emotional stimulus, the spur one receives from the responsive, eager spectators."

I managed to stop thinking of her voice in time to ask, "Is it, then, more difficult to work up to the proper emotional pitch in the studio than on the stage?"

"Well, the studio has its compensations. It soon became apparent to me that the camera, tho it seemed cold and inscrutable, was at the same time a bit forbidding and absolutely uncompromising. I mean by that that it glares at one as if to say, 'I see everything you do; the least insincerity, the slightest carelessness I will record. Be thoro!' To the conscientious actor that is significant. The spur of the camera replaces the stimulus of the audience's enthusiasm.

"After I had seen my own films exhibited before an average audience, I could not help but get the spirit of the thing. And now it is easy, while playing to an unemotional lens, to imagine the impressionable spectators sitting enraptured on the ends of their seats, anxious to smile or sigh, to gasp or gulp down tears. It is a simple matter to play to such people thru the camera."

Tho I realized that she was talking wisely with regard to the Moving Picture actor's psychology, I found myself taking in her words and letting them soothe me as sounds rather than enlighten me as sense, treating them as music only and trying to interpret her thru the music of her voice. Over the telephone her tones had hinted at sincerity, poise, serenity. I compared her with her voice, as she sat there talking so calmly. In her quiet, dark eyes—those dusky, long-lashed eyes that have set so many writers rhapsodizing—there was a placid glow. Under a thick cloud of deep brown hair—of the same hue, almost, as the eyes—her face, with its piquant lines and delicately accentuated cheekbones, showed none of the effects of the day's confusion. Her hands lay motionless in her lap—no fluttering, affectedly feminine fingers slyly patted her back hair or smoothed out the folds of the dainty gown that here and there gave out an unobtrusive note of brown, thereby subtly emphasizing the rich color of eyes and hair. She did not gush; she emitted no girlish gurgles, performed none of the cute or silly tricks of the practiced ingénue. There was in her demeanor no semblance of that I'll-dazzle-this-wight-with-a-devastating-smile-and-make-him-turn-a-handspring manner that so many actresses employ with interviewers. Sincere, serene, poiseful—her voice had said it.

Then she told me about herself. At sixteen she left Miss Brown's school in New York to take an engagement in stock in St. Paul that had been offered her by a manager who had seen her act in amateur theatricals at school. After that she came back to New York and had a part in "The Billionaire," and soon after she was out in San Francisco with Augustin Daly. From the first she played big parts, but her first great fame she gained in "The Girl from Kays." Thereafter she appeared in "Friquet" and "Mary Ann," under Mr. Frohman's management, and later, with William Gillette, in "Clarice," the delightful "Morals of Marcus," and, latterly, "Diplomacy." Her interpretation of "Oliver Twist," of course, is well known. In the films she had done several of her stage successes, and will be remembered in a long list of features, including "The White Pearl," "Common Ground," "The Heart of Nora Flynn" and, more recently, "The Lash."

Perhaps it is because she is a trained musician that her voice has in it so many pleasing cadences. She sang the principal rôle, not long ago, in "Patience." A number of musical compositions bear her name. Her "Bagdad" and "The Clarice Waltzes" have been popular in Paris and elsewhere on the Continent as well as in America; her "Little Doggie in Our Yard" helped Hattie Williams make a hit in musical comedy.

(*Continued on page* 160)

Our Screen Stars ~and~ ~Their Stars~

by Johnson Briscoe

How the Heavenly Stars Have Endowed Our Screen Favorites
The Solar Biologies of Some of Our Well-known Players

(While it is indisputably true that heredity, environment and association have a great influence upon one's character, in the present series an endeavor will be made to show the specific planetary influences which have governed many of our screen stars.)

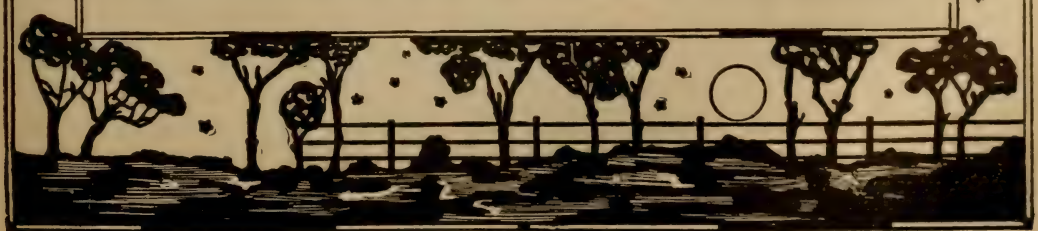
MARGUERITE SNOW, Born September 9, 1891

(Read these articles carefully, because if you were born on these dates, the facts may apply to you as well as to Marguerite Snow and Charles Chaplin)

THE Stellar Constellation at this time—Virgo—saw the Moon in Sagittarius, with Mercury in Pisces, and Venus influenced, only slightly, by Virgo.

You may rely absolutely upon it that Marguerite Snow is going to accomplish great things ere she has finished with this earthly sphere. That which she has already achieved, and she has been far more successful than most in filmdom, is as nothing when compared with the goal which she has set for herself. When you find Virgo with the Moon in Sagittarius, there is sure to be a tremendous intensity, an overwhelming power for dominance and leadership. Nothing is more distasteful or more galling to these people than a secondary position, to be a marcher in the ranks, and not to be up and doing and constantly forging ahead is the very epitome of their unhappiness. They are the most zealous, tireless workers, too, able and energetic, and they will spare neither themselves nor those around them in their efforts to achieve their ends.

Miss Snow's success upon both the screen and stage may be largely attributed to her faith in herself—the sure, personal knowledge of one's own self which brooks no defeat. She knows thoroly what she can do, of what she is capable, and she will go about it in a sane, sensible way to accomplish any undertaking. And, like all Virgo people, she has no illusions about her capabilities. These are the people who make sort of mental inventories



of their capabilities and seek to bring about their higher development. You rarely, if ever, hear them crying out for the moon, and they do not waste their time and talents in following professions for which they are unsuited. The Virgo born, quite early in life, find themselves, so to speak, and they are nearly always numbered among the successful people in the world. Personal failure is almost a thing unknown to them, and if they ever taste of defeat it is generally thru no fault of their own.

And they rebound so splendidly from disaster! A hard knock or two is merely an incentive to put forth more effort. They arise smiling and serene from troubled waters, and plunge in again, more determined than ever to grasp the god success. You may be sure that Miss Snow, if unhappy or dissatisfied over the results of some of her screen work, will not sit about and brood over the effect, attempting to explain or excuse it all, but she will simply resolve to make all the more effort the next time. Therein lies much of the story of her screen triumphs, her tireless efforts to do bigger and better work.



Photo by Bangs

MARGUERITE SNOW (IVAN)

And, believe me, it would be the same thing if she were a cook or a grand opera prima donna!

It is more than probable that a great many of Miss Snow's friends will tell you that she has a propensity for advice giving, directing and suggesting and advising those around her. This, incidentally, is a never-failing Virgo characteristic. These people never lose an opportunity to air their views and express their opinions—this as relative to the conduct of those around them—and they often convey the impression of meddling in other people's affairs unnecessarily. Should you ever overhear such a chance phrase as, "I'm telling you all this, my dear, for your own good," it is safe to assume that it is a Virgo child speaking. But they should be dealt with kindly for this apparent weakness because of their absolute sincerity and well-meaning. They give advice only where they feel advice is necessary. At that, mind you, too, it is just as well to pay some attention to any Virgo suggestion or advice. With their observant, analytical minds, plus unusual powers of concentration, these people are far often in the right, and tho they frequently speak the truth as they see it, and it may hurt the recipient's feelings, it is rarely ever done in a spirit of malice or unkindness.

Miss Snow is a great lover of all things beautiful, especially as relating to nature. She can sit for hours upon a mountain-top and feast upon the view around her, and a walk along a country road or lane will refresh and delight her as nothing else. She is probably apt to expend her nervous energy, to throw herself too thoroly into her work at times, to be prodigal with her restless vitality, and she is always sure to pay for her recklessness, her overtaxing of nature. But all Virgo people quickly rebound from any mental or physical collapse and always plunge into the game with as much zeal as ever.

They are among the leaders in the world, in anything where sympathy, tact and understanding are important factors, and it is not surprising to find among Virgo children such well-known directors as Francis Ford, Sidney Drew, Harry C. Myers, Richard Ridgely, John Ince and Tefft Johnson. All in all, especially with their critical faculties held in abeyance, the Virgo folk are a pretty fine set of people. And you may be sure that Marguerite Snow is among the very finest.



CHARLES CHAPLIN, Born April 16, 1889

The Stellar Constellation at this time—the Aries-Taurus Cusp—saw the Moon in Scorpio, with Mercury in Aries, and Venus influenced, only slightly, by Scorpio.

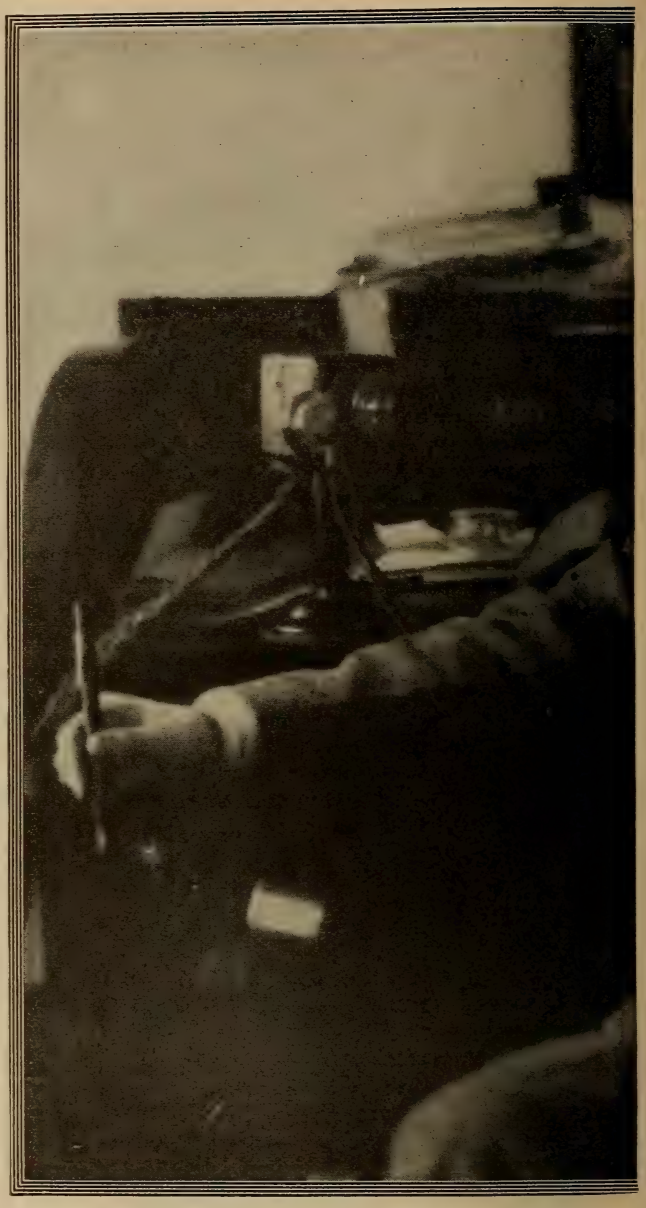
We hear many pathetic stories of Charles Chaplin's childhood, of the poverty and unhappiness which he knew, and the general gray tone of his early life. But it was a foregone conclusion, his early unhappy years notwithstanding, that he would soon make his way in the world; find an environment wholly to his liking. For this quiet, modest-bearing young fellow—and we are speaking of Chaplin the man, not the screen cut-up—would have fought his way in the world, no matter what barriers or obstacles he had to overcome. He is admirably qualified to look after himself, firm, strong and resolute, with an executive ability of the best, and it is just as well to give him ample room when his temper is aroused—it is such a bully good temper! He can put up the best sort of fight, be it physical or verbal, and it takes him a long, long time to cool off, once his antagonism is aroused.

Mr. Chaplin has probably had to work very hard, and put up with a great deal in order to reach his supremacy in filmdom, all of which has merely been an incentive for greater effort. He has a fine streak of combativeness in his make-up, and you will have to be pretty keenly alert to best him in any venture or undertaking. It is not surprising that he has practically created a screen art of his own, for he possesses much originality and an energetically progressive spirit.

Nothing is more distasteful to him than stagnation, and, be assured of this, when his hour shall strike to abdicate from practical screen leadership he himself will be the first to know it, and he will accept the inevitable with a gracious spirit. He will probably by that time, in any case, have hit upon a new field of expression, have found some other outlet for his talent, and he will give free rein to it. His originality and progressiveness are the sign-posts which will guide him into safe waters in any undertaking.

A word of warning might be given Mr. Chaplin to conserve his powers, to be less prodigal with his nervous energy and force. All Aries-Taurus people, with their temper, determination, and often utter disregard for accepted standards, are such fine plungers and colossal workers, hustling along superlatively, all too often at the expense of their peace of mind and state of health. They spare neither themselves nor others! If they can keep up a steady pressure for twenty-four hours, everybody else can do likewise, is very frequently their favorite argument. And the worst of it—at least for the rest of us poor mortals—these people get results more often than not. Their very recklessness, plus their unquestioned capability, seems to direct them in just the paths they would follow.

The resourcefulness of the Aries-Taurus born is ofttimes amazing. Strange to say, Charles Chaplin would have been as great a success as a business man as he is in his chosen artistic field. This ability to swing from the artistic to the commercial and to temper one with the other is a gift peculiar to the mid-April born. Environment, hard luck, stress of circumstances, will often obscure the fortunes of the Aries-Taurus child, but in the end he or she can be counted on to win out and to overcome what would appear to be an insuperable difficulty.



CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S LUCKY STAR MUST HAVE BEEN TAKEN, BECAUSE THIS IS WHEN HE SIGNED THAT

It was an absolutely certain thing that Mr. Chaplin would find a peculiar and unique position upon the screen. A nature such as his must have a free expression, must strike out for itself and find a field of virgin soil. He chafes under the conventional, and a sense of leadership is as much a part of him



SHINING BRIGHTLY WHEN THIS PICTURE WAS CONTRACT FOR $670,000 A YEAR, A YEAR AGO

as his arms and legs. Without a doubt many interesting tales could be told of his old Keystone days and the difficulties experienced in trying to have him accept direction at the hands of others. And it must often have been a strenuous job to get him to do something he did not wish to do. From the very first he surely wanted to do things in his own way, to express himself in a wholly individual style, and the result must often have been considerably more than a tempest in a tea-pot.

You may be sure of one thing which cannot brook contradiction, and that is that Mr. Chaplin has any number of most loyal and devoted friends, those who believe in him and stand by him thru everything. He has built up his circle of warm friendships thru his own faith and confidence in those upon whom he bestows his affections. A Chaplin friend can do no wrong. He will absolutely believe no evil of his chosen ones, and it would be a brave person, not to say unkind one, who would seek to shake his faith in any of his circle.

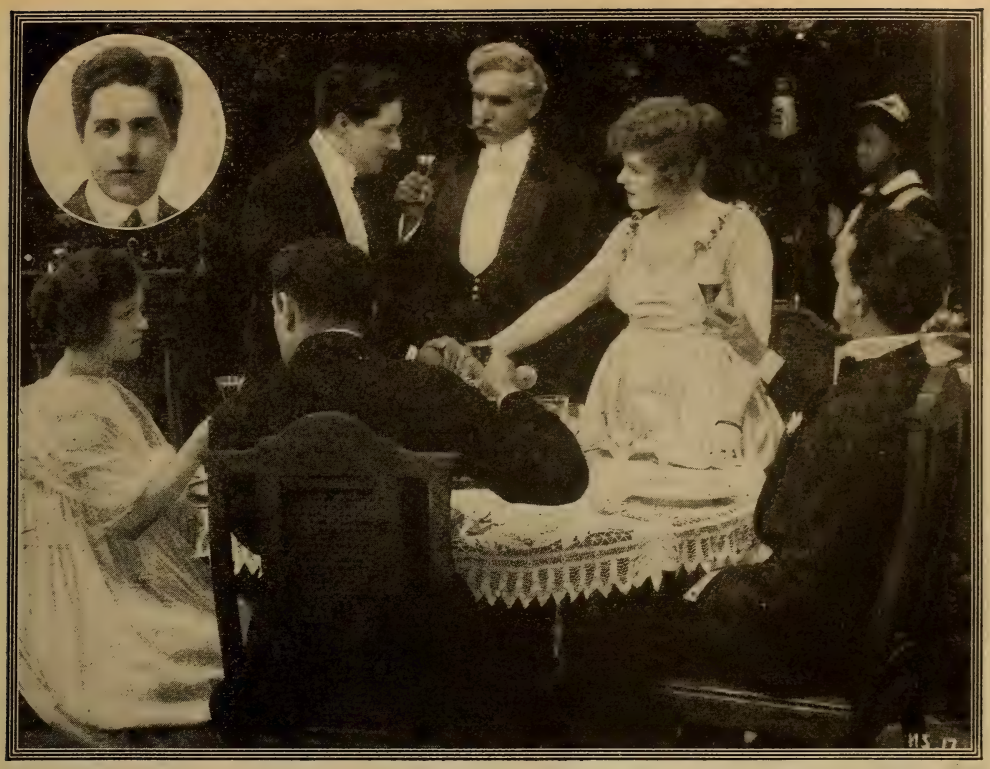
Pride is a characteristic of the Aries-Taurus progeny—pride of race, pride of accomplishment, pride of self, but not such a pride as will develop into inordinate vanity or self-worship. When Mr. Chaplin sets out to do a thing, he wants to do it right or not at all, and it is his sense of pride, as well as his thoroness and orderliness, that holds him to his course. His pride is no selfish creature, and in his desire for accomplishment his pride extends to all those who work with him to do their level best.

A fitting final tribute may be paid him for his persevering industry. Once started upon a task he will allow nothing to swerve him from its successful consummation; he will work and apply himself early and late; nothing can daunt or discourage him; and he applies himself to every new undertaking with the zeal of the born enthusiast, with the delight in his task of the worker who works for work's sake.

And therein, I am sure, lies much of the secret of Charles Chaplin's well-merited success.



Sai O San, from far Japan,
Is a dear little, queer little Japanese fan.
"I like the honorable movies so,"
She says, "'most every night I go
To see the nice American girls,
With their funny dresses and pretty curls;
But most of all I love to see
The Japanese scenes so dear to me."
Thus spoke quaint little Sai O San,
A dainty Japanese movie fan.



Carlyle Blackwell as a Host

By LILLIAN MAY

"Of course I give bachelor dinners," said Carlyle Blackwell, the Moving Picture star, whom the matinée girl has christened "The Prince of Popularity."

"I have to, under the circumstances," he continued. He didn't volunteer any information as to what the circumstances were, and I inferred from his expression that it was some hidden secret, and did not attempt to pry into the stronghold of memory's chamber.

But I did ask him to describe one of his favorite dinners, and he responded in a way that made me wish I was a bachelor—that I might have an invitation to some one of those functions.

"First," he said, "I make it a point to ask only men who I know are congenial. Not necessarily well acquainted, but men whose tastes and interests run along the same line somewhat. Otherwise, they are likely to bore each other frightfully. I have plenty of good cigars and cigarets of different brands in evidence when they arrive. It helps to tide over the space before dinner is announced, which is a critical time. Of course, all men dont smoke before dinner; but then, some do.

"Next comes the dinner; 'and if I do say it as shouldn't,' I know when a table is properly set, and how to serve a dinner.

"On four sides of the table, which must be clad with immaculate damask, I place four crystal dishes for radishes, celery, salted nuts and olives.

"I serve the soup at the table from a tureen, and I usually omit the fish course.

"Next comes a saddle of lamb, with peas and new potatoes, and a side-dish of macaroni au gratin.

"I usually mix the salad at the table, tho at times I have it put on the individual plates and served from the kitchen. Hearts of lettuce and asparagus-tips is

my favorite, I think. I have the lettuce very crisp, and the asparagus-tips very cold. I always mix the dressing myself at the table. Just a simple French dressing from oil, vinegar, salt and pepper and a dash of paprika.

"For dessert, an ice is convenient, and men always like them. In season I like to serve cantaloupes cut in halves, the sections filled with pistachio cream or pineapple ice. And I serve two kinds of cheese, crackers, and last, coffee. That completes the meal and is elaborate enough for anybody.

"And," he laughed, "do you know I can run around the corner to one of the big stores, or to a restaurant half-way down the block, and serve that dinner with half an hour's notice, if necessary —and no fuss in the kitchen, and no cross maid who thinks she is overworked.

"I do a lot of cooking, however, for my friends, especially chafing-dish suppers, with Welsh rarebits and creamed oysters and things of that sort. However, that is another story. But—I absolutely refuse to wash the dishes. I have been known to wipe them when some one particularly charming rolled up her sleeves and washed them. However," he added with a sigh, "those occasions are getting very rare—and, anyhow, 'that kind' wouldn't be present at a bachelor dinner, so that, too, is another story.

"Dont use this for an interview," he said; "I dont feel talkative. Just tell them about the dinner, and some day I'll have a dinner where ladies are admitted, and you can come and see for yourself whether I know what I am talking about."

Which would be very nice, indeed. (And, of course, the ladies would be invited to wash the dishes!)

MENU

Clear Soup
Saddle of Lamb—Green Peas—New Potatoes—Macaroni au Gratin
Lettuce and Asparagus Salad
Radishes—Celery—Salted Nuts—Olives
Ices—Cheese—Coffee

Maxims of Methuselah

Translated by HARVEY PEAKE

My daughter, when thou goest to the picture show, do not stand about for a long time in the aisles looking for a choice seat, lest some one who is trying to see the picture thou art blotting out rise and smite thee to the earth.

And remember, O flower of my old age! that very few if any people have gone to the picture playhouse to hear thee describe, to thy companion, the dance of last night, but rather to sit in restful silence and gaze upon the wonders on the screen.

Tear not thy hair because the thoughtless woman in front of thee has two long, thick quills upon her hat that obstruct thy view, but rather get out the scissors thou hast brought for such emergencies and cut the offending obstacle from out thy sight.

Consider the ant, thou sluggard, and learn wisdom of her. She maketh much speed. Yet thou art so slow in getting to the playhouse that it is necessary for thee to stand thru three-fourths of the program, when a little haste would have provided thee a seat in the body of the house.

Take not a grouch with thee to the picture show, and make not a declaration to the effect that everything is decayed; but, rather, put thyself under the spell of the pictures and come away with a serene mind and a happy heart.

And lastly, O daughter of mine! look not with disdain upon an invitation to go with thy "steady" to the motion play, instead of the grand opera, for it may haply be that thine enjoyment and understanding may be much greater at the former than at the latter. Yea, verily. Selah!



"I WAS NOT MEANT FOR RURALTON, NEW JERSEY," SAID MARY BAKER

A Girl's Folly

(Paragon)

By GLADYS HALL

MARY BAKER, of Ruralton, New Jersey, was precisely like about nine-tenths of the other young things of her wholly delectable age and sex. She was not a whit better, not a whit worse; she was very romantic, very foolish, and very, very pretty—pretty in a luscious, peach-bloomy sort of a way—irresistibly pretty, and poutily well aware of it. Also, she had the prevailing and characteristic fault of her particular type—she could perceive no beauty in the things at hand, no virtues in her own people. Always and ever her brain sought far visions, dreamed and moaned over extravagant lovers, top-loftical plans—people of gilt in a tinsel world—unrealities that are sweetmeats to untried youth, but make poor bread for the long, stern way of life.

She had opened her eyes to the world in Ruralton, New Jersey; she had gone to Ruralton's very rural school, danced and played with Ruralton's young people. In odd moments she had read sensational best-sellers and the cheaper magazines, and of late she had mostly fretted and lamented, loudly and unflatteringly, the

horrid undesirability of her home, her parents, her friends, and her lover.

For the first, it was a small, neat, commonplace dwelling, midway between a suburban house and a farm. For the second, they were much like the place that housed them—neat and somewhat commonplace. They had married late in life, had never been very successful, nor, as a matter of fact, very ambitious, and had had this one beautiful, phenomenal, incomprehensible girl-child. To the mother, who had herself dreamed dreams long and long ago, the girl was those dreams—those baffling, chameleon dreams come true—just that. She was the whole tint—the bright and fairy and lovely tint—of her life's dull texture. She worshiped her altogether, and prayed for her, and worked like a drudge for her, and spoilt her, and poured the distilled libation of her soul over her, and didn't understand her in the least. And really, there was surprisingly little to understand, once one got beyond the mystifyingly beautiful hue and flesh of her. But Mother Baker couldn't very well. Here was she, gnarled, and sort of bent, and grayish, and wispy, and wholly unlovely; and here was Ezekiel very much the same, if not worse; and here—and here was Mary, stuff of rainbows, and dew, and June mornings, and moondrift, and all. "Perhaps," thought Mother Baker, not without whimsy and pathos, "perhaps my soul is better'n my body, and Mary is child of my soul."

But then again, there wasn't much soul to Mary—not in these fretful days, anyway. She was quite grossly and absorbedly the hedonist—the materialist. She wanted gorgeous, and probably very garish, clothes for her slender, beautiful body. She wanted marvelous motors to convey that same body about. She wanted a lover, dressed as the knights of old, or as royalty of today, to make most passionate love to her. She wanted all these things—hungrily—with the abandoned hunger that is the core of the heart of youth.

As for the friends and the lover—the former were products of Ruralton, New Jersey. The latter was also a product, set apart just now, by a very desperation of love for Mary. She had exalted him; her beauty had raised him above the plane he moved on and set strange yearnings in his soul, strange longings in his heart. Outside of that, and just for himself, he was very clean, and honest, and church-going, and exceedingly ambitious. Already he had planned a garage in Ruralton, New Jersey, of which he, John Taxminister Applebloom, was to be the sole proprietor. All of this—all of himself, and his hopes, and his God, and his love—he had laid, awkwardly, blushingly, rustically, at Mary Baker's slippered, disdainful feet. And, it had seemed to him, those dainty feet trod right upon his heart, and crushed it and bruised it—it hurt him so.

"I must see the world, John," Mary would answer him firmly and—as it seemed to her befitted the occasion—a little sadly; "I was not meant for Ruralton, New Jersey." And then she would catch herself thinking that he smelled horridly of gasoline, and that his hair was cut awfully funny, and that his hands *could* be clean, and that his tie fought loudly with his shirt; in fact, she saw all the many defects of Johnny Applebloom, and forgot, as—God forgive us! —wiser than she have done, that ever he had a soul.

It was on the day that discontent reached its zenith in Mary's tormented spirit that the great adventure came. All morning long she had been reading "The Mad, Mad Marriage of Efluvia Floox," or some such thing, in the hammock on the porch. She had consumed at least a pound of very bad caramels, donated by Johnny Applebloom. She was harrowed of soul and sick of body. She came from a world of diamonds and motors, steam yachts and Japanese butlers, golden table service and priceless wines, to Mother Baker, flurried and perspiring; to Father Baker, shirt-sleeved and equipped with a pipe; to a plain deal table, and soup in earthen bowls. Mary wept tears into the soup. Mother Baker followed distraught suit; Father Baker's pipe went out. Mary left the table, and gloom, like a pall, descended.

"She must be real sick," sniffled Mother Baker.

"Must be," grunted father. Then they stared at one another blankly. Upstairs,

in the room, all sweet with lavender and crisp with Swiss curtains, Mary preened before the small mirror, donned her picturesquest hat, and bolted down the stairs, slamming the door rudely to after her. She hadn't the least idea where she was going. She didn't suppose there was anywhere *to* go. If she couldn't do anything else, she could go to the enlarged shed that was John's embryo garage, and torment the thoroly tormentable John. He always, and fearfully, believed in all her bombastic threats. He would not have been in the least surprised to see her take to herself wings and fly away. To him she was so rare, so sacred, so beautiful a thing.



JOHNNY APPLEBLOOM COULD HAVE HAD THEM ALL GOING

Mary flounced down Ruralton's main street. "Oh, I *hate* you!" she hissed at the inoffensive sidewalk; "I *hate* you! Why—*why* was I ever born!"

Hard upon this vehement and, alas! unoriginal query, there followed an astounding thing. To Mary Baker it was always, all her life, the *most* astounding thing in it. Down Ruralton's despised main street came an amazing procession —gloriously beautiful ladies on milk-white steeds—ladies with really true picture-book curls and really true picture-book eyes; absurdly handsome men, in vari-colored satin and velvet knickers, coats of glistening mail—a motley, mystical, marvelous picture-book troupe.

Mary Baker stood still, stock-still. "My dreams," she whispered to her beating heart, "my dreams—have come to life! Oh, am I dreaming, or are these people *real?* Is—is *he* real?"

"He" was the most gorgeously caparisoned of all, and he rode a really splendid steed as black as coal. "He" was "built like a Greek god," thought Mary, and he was fair and handsome beyond belief. When Mary looked at him a mist swam before her eyes—all her little world rocked in its little orbit. It was one thing to dream dreams, but another

—oh, quite another!—to have the nearest, dearest of all dreams come true—come true on a coal-black steed—fair and godlike, and flesh and blood.

Mary did not stand stock-still long. She was possessed of the curious boldness of the small-towner. And, besides, she was inherently practical. She could not let this great, this sole adventure, go. Never, *never* must the godlike one pass her by! Somehow, Mary knew he would not come again.

She approached him, somewhat cautiously. "There aren't any locations around here," she heard him say, a trifle wearily, to the most uninteresting-looking man in the procession. "I think, Harrigan, you're all off on your exteriors."

Mary looked puzzled. Then she walked straight to the horse's side, and spoke up at him. "Are you a real true knight, or a lord, or a *what?*" she asked, with a sort of desperate boldness. She didn't—that inherent practicality in her—didn't actually *believe* that he was, but she had to begin conversation *somehow,* and she could not think of anything else to ask.

Kenneth Driscoll, Imperial Filums' "lead," world-popular, woman-popular, suddenly wealthy, unaccountably ennuied and especially fagged today, looked down. He looked down into ridiculously big, limpid, tender, colorful eyes, on cheeks like the actual glow of the rose, on lips like blood, and hair that shone sun-gold under the tree-filtered sun. He had been, weeks without end, looking down into grease-paint, and powder, and jetted eye-lashes, and peroxided tresses, and wigs and artificialities. In particular, he had been looking down into *one* face guilty of all these things, and a soul into which, he suspected, some of these things had leaked. He was unaccountably thrilled, unaccountably freshened and revived. All at once he felt no longer jaded and a bit weary and more than a bit disgusted. All at once he forgave Harrigan for being so "off" on his exteriors.

"I'm neither of those things, I regret," he told her, with that smile and that subtle hint of pathos that had won more than one heart for him. "Since you ask—and seem to expect it—I would to God that I were!"

He said the last in rather a declamatory fashion. It was a way he had—born of a naturally theatric manner and fostered by the necessity for much of such stuff, on the screen and off. But Mary Baker didn't suspect that. She only knew that he talked just as he had talked in the dreams she had dreamed—just as all the "he's" talked in the books she read. Her eyes shone like impossible stars. Her crimson mouth seemed to bloom like a flower. She was quite the most beautiful thing Kenneth Driscoll had ever seen. He dismounted, told the "rest of the bunch" to walk along a bit, and straightway and elaborately told her so.

Under such a stimulus Mary Baker became, not Mary Baker of Ruralton, N. J., but a creature of her dreams and the fiction she had read. She told him, in return, of her loneliness, her warped and narrowed life, her heart-burnings and soul-yearnings. She gave him to understand, in language largely borrowed, that she was a soul in prison, hemmed in by tyranny, injustice and poverty. Because she seemed very beautiful to him, he believed her. Because of that same reason, he advised her, against his better judgment, to come to the city and try her luck at the movies. "You'll get all the thrills you want," he promised her, "and travel, and fame, and money. You'll out-Pickford Mary Pickford—you'll set the world afire. Just you come and try. Here's the name and address of one of the best men in the business. Go to him and tell him Ken Driscoll sent you. Tell him to give you a try-out. And when you get there, 'phone me at the Imperial studios, and we'll have dinner together."

Mary Baker left for the city the next day. She didn't consider it incumbent on her to explain her summary leave-taking to Mother and Father Baker. It did not dawn upon her that their years of patient, anxious care warranted any particular farewell. She shed them as one sheds a couple of old coats, rather relievedly than otherwise.

Arrived in the city, she followed Driscoll's parting instructions, took a taxi,

gave the chauffeur the address of the studio and clambered in. Arrived in the studio, she gave Driscoll's card, with her name penciled on it, and was ushered into a smoky, untidy den and confronted by Mr. Bennett, director of most of the Star Bright Films. Mr. Bennett lived on a diet of pretty faces; he was satiate with them—replete. They crossed his dulled vision, an endless chain; they were his business, the money in his pocket, raw stock—nothing more. He beheld nothing particularly limpid nor arresting in Mary Baker. Nevertheless, he was under obligations to Driscoll, obligations that could not be gainsaid. It was a plagued nuisance, but he'd have to try the girl out. He scribbled something on a card. "Go up and have a test made," he grunted.

Mary went. She thought him very uncivil, and the studio excessively grimy and dirty. There seemed to be considerable shouting, and grinding, strange lights, strange costumes, great confusion and astonishing profanity.

An unimpressed and certainly unimpressive individual "made a test," in a bored manner, and in a bored manner dismissed her.

Mary departed from the studio, dazedly, and 'phoned Kenneth. She was frightened, she said, and lonely and homesick. Kenneth was deliciously unused to anything feminine that could possibly be frightened or would dream of being homesick. He took her to dinner. After dinner he took her to an eminently respectable boarding-place and told her he would await her message on the morrow, when the great Bennett would doubtless give his verdict in her favor.

When the operator ran the few feet of Mary Baker's test on the morrow, the great Bennett raved. "Oh, Gawd!"



DRISCOLL TOOK HER IN HIS ARMS—IT WAS THE FIRST TIME

he adjured, "Gawd! Wooden—*wooden*—brittle—china—porcelain——"

He said a great deal more in the same and in even a more unflattering vein. Indignant, Mary Baker didn't wait to hear. She departed the studio, leaving Bennett still informing whatever gods there be that she was anything and everything but live flesh and blood. The last words that fell upon her scarlet and offended ear were, "Mechanical toy, s'help me Gawd!"

"The rude, nasty pig!" thought Mary Baker.

Driscoll was consolatory. He told her she mustn't expect to be a Duse all in a day. Mary hadn't the least idea what a Duse was. She hoped Kenneth wasn't waxing profane, too. He reassured her by giving her the directions to get to his studio, and telling her he could use her himself as an extra in one of his scenes.

Kenneth was attired, more or less realistically, as a cowboy when Mary, very pink and distressed and delectable, arrived. She thought he was too handsome for words. He thought she looked good enough to eat à la carte.

She was directed to a tier of tiny rooms above the vast and humming studio, and there hustled into an indescribable costume.

When Driscoll beheld her follow the director's bellowed instructions, he felt the justice in Bennett. But he felt personally and terribly sorry for her. And she had completely charmed him. She was the very epitome of youth and love and innocence, and yet she was, Driscoll knew, an unutterable little fool. He would not be despoiling anything very noble or fine or worth-while if he took her into his care. He would only be doing what, if he didn't do it, some one else would, and that very soon. And,



"I BROUGHT SOME CAKE 'N' THINGS, HONEY. DONT

besides, after she had lived a bit and learnt — perhaps suffered a bit — she could be made pliable, screenable. The wooden gaucherie of Ruralton might limber up. By a rather involved process



KNOW'S I BLAME YOU FOR WANTIN' TO STAY"

of reasoning Driscoll at last arrived at the conclusion that he would be doing Mary Baker a kindness, an unadulterated kindness, if he adopted her.

He took her to dinner again that night, and there unfolded his plan. It included a sumptuous apartment, silken raiment, and—himself, smiling into her eyes, handsome beyond belief.

Mary Baker was an unutterable little fool. And she was infatuated by the only man she had ever met outside of Johnny Applebloom and Johnny's very similar confrères. She looked a bit frightened, a bit perplexed and bewildered, but she nodded assent. Driscoll leaned across the table. His blue eyes blazed with a strange fire. He squeezed her little, cold fingers with his very hot ones. "You darling!" he rasped; "by gad—you beautiful darling!"

For an unreal week they bought—bought endlessly—clothes and furniture and jewels, and a duck of a Stutz bearcat for Mary's own use, and many other extravagances, and at last it was all complete—the apartment on the Drive, with its warm richness of rose Du Barry, its low lights and breathless roses, its slant-eyed, attentive Jap, its perfume, its soft, thick rugs. Mary stood within it, enthroned, the mistress of it all. Her little, undeveloped brain struggled to comprehend. She was dazed by it all. She felt as tho presently she must awake—to the stiff, awkward Swiss curtains, flapping starchily at her windows; to the trim, shiny matting under her shrinking feet; to the chill water in the chill white basin on her washstand. Those things were realities; these things—why, *these*—these were—well, what *were* they?

Upon the night they took possession

they gave a party. "I want my friends to know you," Kenneth said, as they stood together within its portals for the first time. "And I want *you* to know them."

A deft and somewhat solicitous maid dressed Mary's waving, golden hair and slipped a white cobweb of a dress over her shoulders. Mary thought the girl looked sorry for her. She did not know why, yet she felt that it was quite right she was to be felt sorry for. When she went into the living-room Kenneth, in evening dress, was giving some last instructions to the Jap. When he saw Mary that strange fire lit his eyes again. This time it was even stronger. Mary felt a little bit frightened. She had the silliest, *babiest* wish for Johnny Appleblooom—dear, safe Johnny Applebloom! Safe! That was it, she thought crazily; oh, so safe!

Driscoll took her in his arms. It was the first time. Somehow or other, it wasn't half so ecstatic as the books made it—half as heavenly as those departed Ruralton dreams. And something thudded against her unresponsive breast —crazily, wildly. She pulled away. And then the party arrived.

Two hours later Mary was having quite the most hilarious time of her whole life. They had supper, and there had been much, *very* much champagne. Prior to that there had been cocktails. Driscoll and the slant-eyed Jap had been most assiduous in their attentions to her glass. She had been dazedly conscious of much jesting among "the bunch" about herself and about Driscoll and about a mysterious Vivian, "who will probably knife you, Ken," as one young creature facetiously exclaimed.

There were lots of jokes that Mary but vaguely understood. Things were waxing fast and furious. "The bunch" were cutting up astonishing antics. Most of them, thought Mary, were very, very fond of one another. Driscoll was looking at her all the time now, steadily, flamingly. "The party is getting sloppy," laughed some one, stridently. Mary laughed, too, foolishly. She thought the term "sloppy" so witty, so singularly appropriate.

Then, all at once, amidst the raucous, desultory songs, the spilling wine the occasional breaking of a glass, the clash of voices, there came a lull. The slant-eyed Jap had drawn aside the portières. There stood, framed between them, a shrinking, incongruous figure—a wispy, bewildered figure—a figure slightly bent, slightly tremulous, with gnarled, overworked hands grasping an ungainly basket. In the next room some one had started the victrola. The high-pitched voice sounded clearly in the silence:

M is for the million things she gave me,
O means only that she's growing old——

Some one gave a sob—a big, hard, sudden sob. It was Mary—Mary Baker, in her cobweb gown and the wine staining either cheek. "I brought you some cake 'n' things, honey," came from the slight figure, happily. "Soon's your postal came I said to Papa, 'I know Mary 'll starve on that city food; I'll just make her up some things and trot them in. My! I didn't know you could board so nice, tho. It's r'il pretty, honey. I dont know's I blame you for wantin' to stay."

The little woman spoke, all unself-consciously, her faded eyes, her glowing thoughts only on her heart's darling.

T is for the tears she shed to save me,
H is for her heart of purest gold——

Mary sobbed again. And, as she sobbed, her soul burst its chrysalis, and lived, for the first time. Little and lean and fearful it was, but a soul, nevertheless—a soul that gave her her vision at last, that gave her understanding. Things rushed over her tumultuously—the many, many nights of her childhood that patient figure had kept sick-room vigil; the many bumps those gnarled, old hands had soothed; the many bumps in later life that "heart of purest gold" had taken for her; the stitches, the endless stitches those rheumatic, uncomplaining fingers had taken; the plans and the thoughts and the ambitions and the pride that had been all the stuff of that white life—for her. And for all this, she would go back, a life all stained and marred and shamed, a thing of disgrace, a blot, a blur—

E is for her eyes with love-light shining——

Mary knocked over her wine-glass. She knocked into Driscoll—into the youth who had called the party "sloppy."

"I want to go *home!*" Mary Baker was wailing. "Please let me—I want—to go—ho-ome!"

Kenneth Driscoll passed his hand over his eyes. It came away wet. Somehow he had never thought of any one save Mary. He had forgotten there might be a woman who had borne her, and who her mother closed the door after them. "It was a r'il pretty boarding-house," Mrs. Baker was saying, "tho a mite small for all those folks, Mary." Then, as their voices receded down the hall toward the elevator, "Johnny'll be tickled silly to see you, honey."

"Yes, and I'll be just as glad to see him, mother dear—Ruralton is not so bad a place, after all!" murmured Mary.

"Vivian," observed Kenneth Driscoll,



HE LEANED ACROSS THE TABLE AND TOOK HER OVER-RINGED HANDS

bore her anew in her soul with every moment of life. Looking at the transfiguration of the homely face bending over Mary Baker's golden head, he learnt, all at once, that beauty may be a thing apart from tint or lure of flesh—a thing of the body, yet curiously and distinctly apart from it. He felt an overwhelming, an overbearing desire that Mary Baker's mother should not stop smiling. He swept the crowd with a glance. "Good-by, Miss Baker," he said; "we must all get to our rooms now. Good-by."

Ten minutes later Mary Baker and the following evening, as they sat across from one another at his library table, "Broadway and Ruralton dont mix." He leaned across the table and took her manicured, over-ringed hands. "But you and I, Viv," he went on, "we're—we're——"

"Yes, Ken," she said, and the penciled rims of her eyes were blurred by tears. "We're pals for keeps now. You have had your little fling, and it made me wild, but I knew you'd come back to me."

"Yes, and for keeps, Viv!"



Peggy Burke, Thinker

By G. T. BINDBEUTEL

EVERY young lady has thoughts. Peggy Burke has hers. But it's different with Peggy because she has been a Thanhouser leading woman. After a career as a leading woman in photo-dramas, a young lady's mental gymnastics are no longer merely a procession of thoughts, but have become a pageant of interpretive visualizations.

For instance, Peggy says that every thought that comes to her has its application to some deep phase of life, illuminating the phase with a calcium flood, making it perfectly fathomable, as all proper phases should be.

Peggy came shyly into the Thanhouser Publicity Bureau recently and admitted that she had had a thought at twenty-eight minutes past four o'clock of the afternoon of the previous day.

We fortified ourselves with a bristling array of pencils and a breastwork of memorandum pads. A nod as signal started Peggy.

"My thought has to do with the modern country girl," began Peggy, at first nervous, but quickly steadying under the grandfatherly shine in our eyes. "Coupons have made Miss Rustic a cigaret smoker and cocktail consumer. Big business has altered her from a backward gawk to a brazen, modish little know-it-all. Now, why not a drama?"

We held up a detaining traffic-cop's hand.

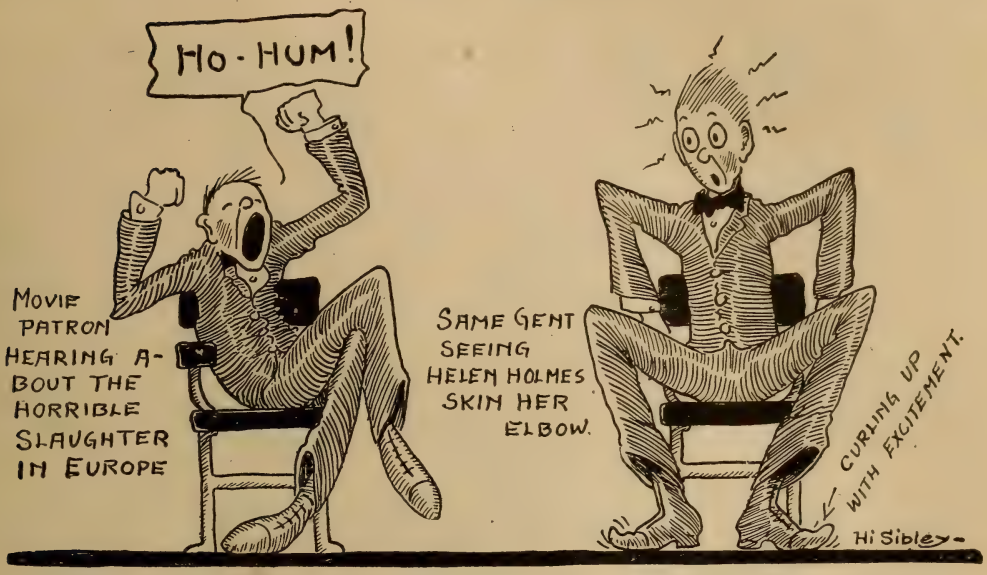
"No, Peg. Let's lead up to the drama by an interpretive camera study. That'll start the photodramatic genius on the scent. Lemme see. Can you be in costume at ten twenty-three? S'good! With all props? Bully! I'll have the fotog there and please dont keep us waiting."

Of course, that's the only way for a press-agent to deal with these long-lashed leading ladies, or they would be in the office every few minutes with some "clerk, make-a-note" command. Show 'em their place, even if they are as interesting as Thanhouser Peggy. *Right!*

Peggy was on time, and we stage-managed the picture. It ought to be on the page with this, and Peggy says to call it "Just Before Milking Time."

Shell Fright vs. Screen Fright

By HI SIBLEY



It's one thing to stand up before a big gun battery in action, and it's another thing to stand up before a Motion Picture audience. I've tried both, but between the two I'll take the battery every time. And that isn't such an alluring pastime, either; but there is something impersonal about a fifteen-inch shell coming your way. If you happen to be directly in its path, of course it will hit you, and with disastrous results to your general appearance; but it does not seek you out. As far as it is personally concerned, it would just as soon hit a mule, or a box-car, or a cornfield.

But a Motion Picture audience (shivers!)—a Motion Picture audience, figuratively speaking, is out for blood. It will bore right into you, and right where you live, too. There is no armor to protect you from an audience, and no weapon with which to fight back. You are impaled on a thousand piercing stares, and you must stand there and endure the suffering.

You see, having tackled both these ordeals, I know whereof I speak. Recently returned from a very skeery experience with the American Ambulance squad in Flanders, where big shells dropped uncomfortably close and at the most inopportune times, a friend suggested I give some war-talks in the Motion Picture theaters. "It will go big!" said he. I am looking for that alleged friend yet.

Well, the proposition was put before a booking agent, who was skeptical. "You may have had plenty of hair-raising thrills all right enough," he said, "but that doesn't mean anything to a Motion Picture audience. They come to see what is actually happening; they dont care to hear about it second-hand." Finally, however, after looking over my "stills"—and there were some mighty live snaps among them, taken right on the lines—he told me to have fifty slides made, get up a fifteen-minute talk, and he would try me out.

Up to this time I had never appeared before the public, but I had boundless confidence. "Poof for the audience!" thought I. With my battle-stained uniform and graphic recital of hairbreadth escapes from complete annihilation, I could compete with any film showing. The house was going to be lifted right out of its collective seat.

Then came the début in a picture-house in the outskirts of Chicago. The house was lifted out of its seat, after a



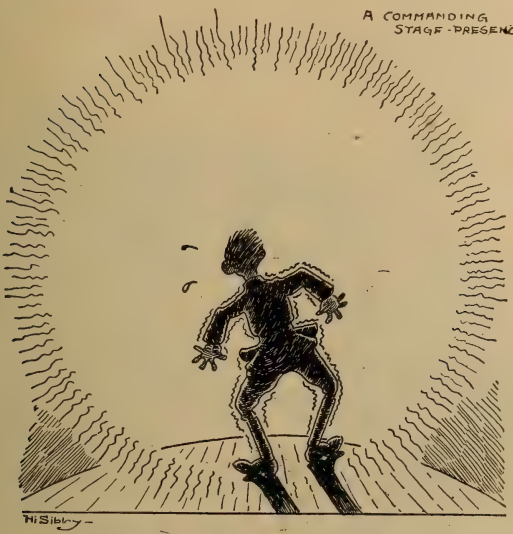
BEHIND THE FRONT IN FLANDERS

fashion, including the manager. I suspect that had he given rein to primitive instincts, he would have lifted me right off the stage, employing a broad toe for that purpose. The talk didn't go over just as I had planned. It was unique, however, in that nothing like it had ever been put over before.

When I stepped upon the stage, in the glare of the spotlight, which blinded everything from view, I completely forgot why I had come. My head was hot,

my tongue froze to my palate, and my knees shook frightfully. Moreover, they were encased in snug-fitting knickers and puttees, which made their antics very evident to the audience.

After an age of agony I became vaguely conscious that one of my pictures was



THE WAY AN AUDIENCE LOOKS IN THE SPOTLIGHT

thrown on the screen, and something must be said about it. With a supreme effort, I managed to mumble something, and presently got under way with more assurance. I was describing the bombardment of Dunkirk, when I made a discovery. There were the very pictures portraying the horror of that day, and there was I, who had been thru it all, telling that house just what I had seen, but (making allowances for amateur delivery) my listeners were only respectfully attentive. Yes, over at one side a man was yawning prodigiously and the intermittent coughing all over the house was disconcerting.

Later I realized that those people were indifferent because they couldn't actually see the bombardment of Dunkirk. A second-hand account of it had no thrills for them. An eye-witness's description of the sickening slaughter on the battle-lines had but a mild interest, but the man who had yawned would get up on his hind legs at the spectacle of one individual, like the indestructible Helen Holmes, jumping off a bridge. And there was the whole situation in a film cartridge.

At last, my last slide having been shown, I slunk off the stage, a very crestfallen and very raw amateur.

Applause followed my exit. The manager came back to view that strange apparition which had desecrated his stage a moment before. He said nothing, but regarded me with a coldly impersonal stare, as tho I were a mere stage prop. It was very embarrassing, so, to relieve the tension, I said:

"Well, they gave me a good hand, anyway."

"Gave you a good hand—gave you a—— Why, say, my boy, that was for a Chaplin picture we just announced."

Give Us, O Ye Gods, Give Us—

By MABEL BROWN SHERARD

The Actor who *doesn't* give his head a mournful swish over the deeds of the wicked one.

Some Star-Bright who lives with her husband, and *not* with her mother.

A Fillum Lady who *isn't* sweet on some particular color.

A Screen Benedict who can leave the room *without* kissing his frau.

A Ray o' Fame who *hasn't* a magnificent, new automobile.

(And, incidentally, One who has *never* been pinched for speeding.)

The Primmer Donner (!) who *doesn't* support a valuable, pet dog.

The Adorable One who *isn't* his mother's hourly shrine.

The Artist who *likes* to be interviewed.

The Poor Outcast who receives *less* than 200 mash-notes a day.

The Leading Woman who is twenty-five and *admits* it.

The Director who *lets* you waggle your teaspoonful of imagination.

The Golden Girl

A Morning Spent with Nell Craig

by Hazel Simpson Naylor

Do you remember the fairy story of the young prince who wished to have the most beautiful princess in the world for his bride? No? Well, he consulted a famous sorceress, who gave him three magic oranges. When he cut the first and an enchanted maiden stepped forth, she so bedazzled him that he forgot to say the proper magic words; whereupon she vanished. The same thing happened with the second; but when he cut the third orange, and the most beautiful princess in the world appeared, he grasped her, tremblingly, and succeeded in mumbling the words that were to keep her on earth to be his bride.

That is exactly the trouble I had in capturing Nell Craig for an interview. The first time I just missed her at the studio; the second time she had just left her artistic apartment; but the third time I succeeded in capturing the most beautiful princess in the world.



For Nell Craig is beautiful—much more so in reality than in pictures. As she came forward to greet me, I noticed that warm, golden glints shone in her soft, brown eyes. There were golden shimmerings in her dark, dark hair, and she was clad in a taffeta sport-skirt of broad yellow-and-white stripes, a golden-yellow, silk sweater and a broad sport-hat with a yellow band.



I wish I could describe to you the vitality of her rounded, young face, the creaminess of her complexion, the perfect curve of her lips, but I must hasten on and report the words of wisdom which fell from the mouth of this wise, young Diana.

Firstly, she said she was so sorry that she had missed me twice before. Then she continued, "It's so frightfully hot in here, we might just as well go out in my machine and get a breath of air. Here, boy, call up and see if my car is ready, and tell them to bring it in front of the office."

Turning to me again, "Yes, I think it would be better to go out; you know, I've been dieting, and I dont feel any too well.

Yes, I am getting pretty stout, and let me tell you"—her youthful face became serious—"altho fat is scarcely a pleasant topic of conversation, it's a wise picture-actress who keeps thin. Why, some of the very greatest have been ruined by fat, that's all."

Here an energetic young man burst in with, "Miss Craig, your car is at the door."

Whereupon Nell Craig beamed upon me and said, "You dont mind, do you?"

I assured her I was delighted, so we passed out together by benches filled with envious-eyed aspirants for movie honors.

As we climbed into the car, an enormous, olive-green, Marmon touring-car, Nell Craig heaved a sigh of relief. "There; now I'm sure you feel better, dont you?"

Again I nodded and begged, "Wont you tell me something of yourself, Miss Craig?"

"Well," she said, "my home is in Philadelphia, and I started in stock there. Then I spent a year with Lubin; from there I did second business with Pathé, and now I am doing feature leads for Essanay."

"And what rôles do you prefer?" I questioned perseveringly, in spite of the fact that I had about as much chance to use my pen, at the pace we were going, as a rabbit.

Enthusiasm lit up Nell Craig's lovable countenance. "I prefer emotional parts, not simpering ingénue parts. I wasn't made for them, and, do you know, seriously, Miss Naylor, I think that being cast properly is the secret of many successes. Every time you find a great success you will discover that that man and woman are always under the same director, who thoroly understands their capabilities and weaknesses and always casts them in suitable parts. Oh, I tell you, careless casting is the greatest mistake in the movie world. I think a director should have his regular leading man and woman—that would do away with jealousy; and then, naturally, trying first one director and then another is bound to affect one's work."

"All this is very interesting, Miss Craig," I said, "but tell me more about yourself."

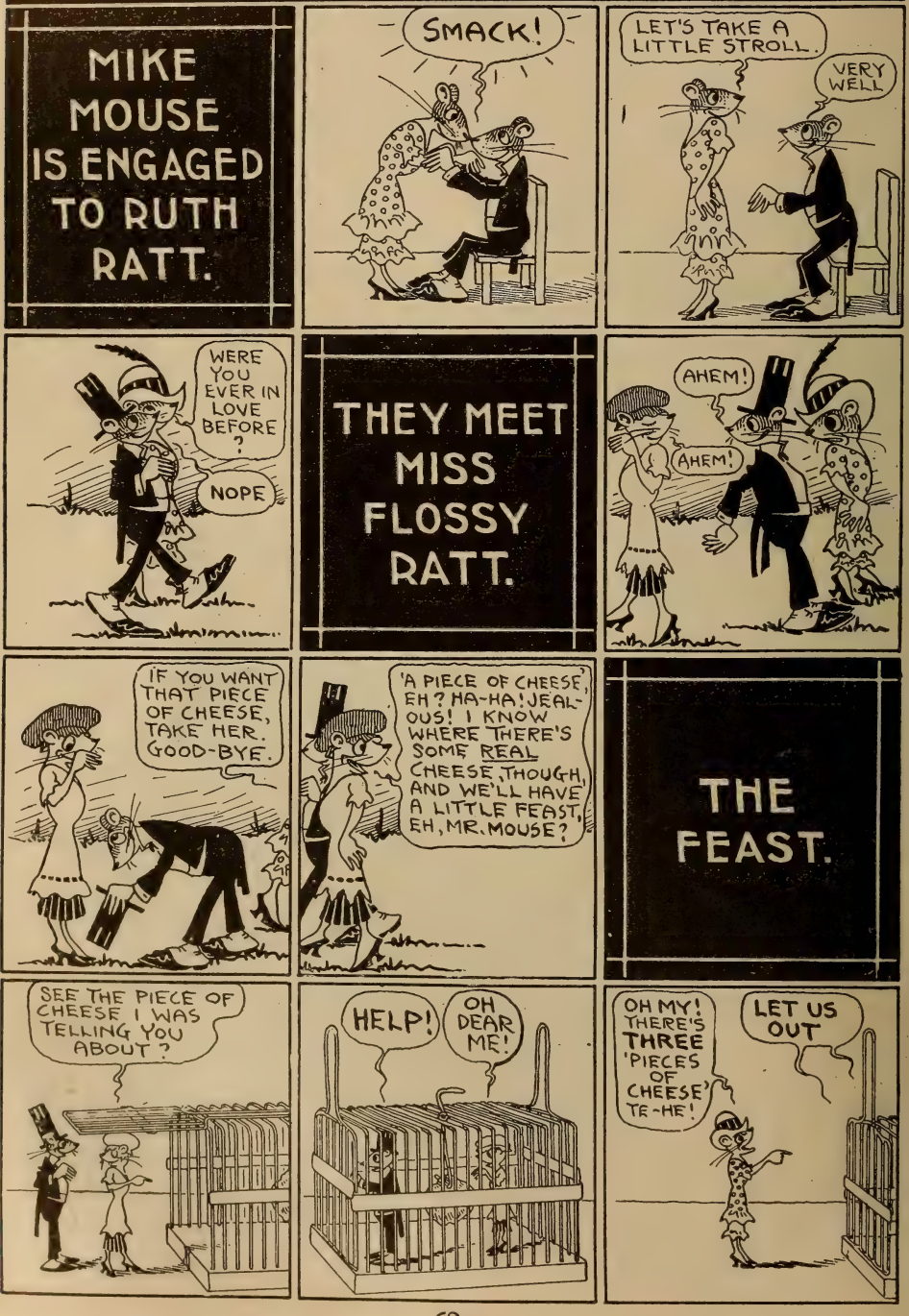
"There's nothing to tell," she smiled. "I'm just plain Nell Craig, and, no matter how successful I become, my hat will still fit on."

"Just plain Nell Craig!" An almost

(*Continued on page* 160)

JUST MICE A MOVIE

BY WALTER WELLMAN



When My Lady Smiles

~by~ Carol Lee ~ ~

A Boquet of Lovely Laughter, Culled from Filmland's Rosebud Garden of Girls

A LOVELY smile, or laugh, is one of the rarest, and greatest, of Nature's gifts. Very often, the prettiest girl has a smile, or laugh, that isn't a bit attractive. Here's a galaxy of feminine pulchritude, that is just as pulchritudinous when it smiles—or more so—as when sedate.

Here's May Allison "registering joy" with every expressive bit of her rose-and-gold-and-white beauty. If girls were flowers, May would be an exquisite bit of fragrant yellow jasmine from her own native Southland.



BILLIE BURKE

When she smiles—which is often, for she's a cheerful, happy-hearted bit of girlhood—one can readily understand her mother's love-name for her, which is "Sunny." And so is May! Like her name-month—suggesting spring-time, and flower-time, and love-time.

MARGUERITE CLARK



Photo by Photoplayers Studio

LOIS WILSON



Photo by Hill

MABEL NORMAND

Marguerite Clark—darling little Peter Pan-thing—has a most fetching smile. At any rate.



MARGARITA FISCHER

Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
If she smiles at me, I'll lose my head?

One of Marguerite's fellow-players at the Famous Players studio said recently, "She's adorable—never too tired to smile, never too blue to cheer a fellow up; she is, and always will be, a darling kiddie playing grown-up." And Marguerite's smile has that same elusive, elfin quality that is half her charm.

And Caprice, too, smiles and smiles and smiles, like a bit of June sunshine. Perhaps she smiles because she is happy; because she is a new little star; because she has had a letter from home, or her salary raised. Perhaps it's because she has perfect teeth, and a kissable mouth—but it might have been because the photographer told her to. Anyway, we are not much concerned with the cause—it's the effect that is so pleasing. June's most appropriate flower seems the blue forget-me-not.

Lois Wilson, a bit of loveliness incarnate, smiles happily because she was the lucky girl who was selected as one of the most beautiful girls in the South; because, after one picture, she was given the enviable position of leading woman to Jack Warren Kerrigan, the Jack o' Hearts of Universal City—and lots of other cities, too! 'Tis said—this is merely



MAY ALLISON



JUNE CAPRICE

DOROTHY KELLY

MARY MILES MINTER

a bit of rumor's delightful nonense, and it's truth isn't vouched for—but it's a pretty story, and one *likes* to believe pretty stories!—'tis said that Lois' smile won her the position, for she danced with Mr. Kerrigan at the big ball in honor of the American Beauties, at Universal City—and he straightway asked that she be made his leading lady! And My Lady smiled and continues to smile! Lois is a fragile, pink, Killarney rosebud.

Why does Mary Miles Minter smile? Because she has perfect teeth, blue eyes that crinkle with merriment, and is only fifteen years old? Well, isn't that enough to make any one smile? I dont believe that that is the reason, tho. Perhaps the camera-man who took this picture had a starving child and seven sick wives—beg pardon, a sick wife and seven starving children—and he asked Miss Minter, as a personal favor, to smile into his machine, so that he could "can" the "smile" and "realize" on it! Mary is a daisy—no slang intended—a lovable white-and-yellow daisy.

Mabel Normand, who is next in line, having not only beauty but a charming smile, demonstrates quite charmingly that it is easy to smile and be happy. Mabel has big brown eyes that, in spite of her merriment, never lose their little air of wistfulness, and just lots of black curls. So Mabel smiles and smiles, remembering the Mabel Normand Feature Film Company, and that she doesn't have to bother with making any more slapstick comedies, and be hit over the head with bricks dropped out of aeroplanes, and be ducked in the ocean. Mabel, be it known, is a velvety red dahlia, that queen of the August garden who flaunts her charms so gaily when the other flowers have wilted and faded. Even in the hot sun of slapstick, Mabel was fresh and blooming, and radiantly pretty. Therefore the dahlia title!

Dorothy Kelly is a recent honeymooner, and "Dot" has lots of reason to smile. Why should she worry over such mundane things as rent, when her brand-new husband owns acres and acres of real estate and bungalows? "Dot's" a happy-go-lucky soul, anyway, and few things bother her. Which is probably the reason her smile is so cheerfully infectious. "Dot" is a pink azalea—coolly pink and sweet.

Margarita Fischer smiles because her pink taffeta and lace frock is so pretty; because the "only man in the world" sent her white violets, and because she wanted to smile, anyway. That's the kind of girl Margarita is. She always believes in smiling, not only when there's a good reason why she should, but also when there isn't a very good reason for it—as long as there is no hard-and-fast reason for sorrow, Margarita believes in laughter. Margarita, by the way, is a California poppy.

And Billie Burke smiles because Baby Gloria has red hair and blue eyes, and because she is a remarkably fine baby—even the doctor admits it. Billie Burke, the "Gloria" of Moving Pictures and the joy and delight of stageland, is lovely—but Billie Burke, the mother, is exquisite. Billie is a queen rose—stately and exquisite.

There are many lovely smiles thruout the world; but, at any rate, these few captured here have helped to create many, many more. Their smiles are sort of "endless chains," because their one smile begets a hundred; which, in turn, win others, and so on thru the endless chain. They are all wild pansies, the flower whose nickname is "kiss-me"!

The Camera's Eye

By R. H. DYER

Crystal optic ever blinking,
Senseless eye of glass,
Much I marvel that your powers
Do my own surpass.
Sunken deep in sable socket—
Gem of luster pure—
Nothing is unto thy vision
Hidden or obscure.

Action swift or movement subtle
Is to thee revealed,
Not a change of line or muscle
From thy sight concealed.
And these lightning-like impressions
Are not caught in vain,
For each wizard glimpse is pictured
On thy filmy brain.

Deep emotions, fierce and tender,
Outwardly expressed,
Tragical gesticulations,
Demonstrated jest,
All are witnessed and recorded,
Faithfully and true,
By this orb that searches ever
Something strange and new.



"Sweet Anita"

By MARJORIE GLEYRE LACHMUND

SHE came out of her dressing-room clutching a can of cocoa. Does it not seem prosaic for the world-famed Anita Stewart to be on speaking terms with a can of cocoa? After greeting us most cordially, she laughingly explained that the cocoa was to make her fat—by doctor's orders.

"I dont like thin people," she complained, "and I simply must take on weight." Then she invited us into her dressing-room and seemed just a little annoyed to find it in the possession of a number of gentlemen, seated comfortably in a circle, in deep discussion. We wandered around, admiring her large and comfortable quarters, until the unbidden guests had departed, whereupon Anita skipped to the door and shut it gleefully, declaring that men were a bore and that she liked privacy.

"Now, what shall I tell you?" she asked obligingly.

"Oh, let's just talk, please," I suggested, tentatively.

"I'd much prefer that," she assented, picking up a box of crackers from the table. "I haven't had any breakfast," she explained, offering us some, "and I hope you will excuse me if I eat. We've just moved into my new house and have no help yet, and I had barely time to catch my eight-o'clock train.

"I'm so pleased with the house," she continued, enthusiastically. "Of course I helped plan it as much as I was able, but after that I didn't see it until it was finished. Mother wanted to surprise me with the decorations and furnishings. It's just like a doll-house and perfectly adorable.

"I've named it 'The Wood Violet,' after my first really star part. I did love that play so. But I consider 'The Suspect,' which Mr. S. Rankin Drew directed, my greatest dramatic production. I liked 'The Goddess' very much, too. It was novel and interesting, and I was out in the air so much.

"Yes, I like to act with Mr. Williams; he is very nice. But I am *not* engaged to him and have no intentions of becoming so."

Here we were interrupted by Mr. Bacon, of the News Service Department. He had come to see if Miss Stewart had time to pose for some photographs. But she begged off prettily, as she had to get the wardrobe for her next picture in order and read over the script. Another interruption, in the way of a tedious, long-distance telephone call, left us alone with Mr. Bacon.

"Miss Stewart is splendid as a villainess," he confided, and called our attention to a drawing on the wall in which it was hard to recognize the Anita Stewart to whom we had been talking. It was a typical villainess—earrings and all. Upon the walls are a number of drawings and paintings from various admirers. Miss Stewart told us she had had her walls literally papered with photographs of herself, but there had been such a demand for them that now, as we saw, only a paltry few remained. But a new supply was scattered over the table, and such a variety of beautiful pictures I have never before seen. And the wonderful part of it is that Miss Anita is far prettier than any of them; she fairly radiates beauty. Her hair is lighter than one would expect after seeing her only on the screen; and the much-discussed eyes are that dark, lustrous brown termed black. And her eye-brows—well, they are beautifully penciled by Dame Nature.

Miss Stewart looks much younger off the screen. Away from her work she is nothing but a merry, generous and very beautiful child.

"I'm only nineteen," she pouted,



A SMILE WHEN SHE AWAKES, AND IT NEVER COMES OFF

"and they *will* call me twenty-one. But, of course, it's partly my own fault," and the frown turned to a mischievous smile as she explained. "I wanted to play in 'A Million Bid,' but I was too young; so I told them I was eighteen instead of sixteen, and they let me do it! I didn't mind, then; but now I'm getting older, and I *do* mind. The surest proof that I'm not twenty-one yet is the fact that my house and everything is in my mother's name and not in mine."

Remarking upon her own-self being so much prettier than her shadow-self, I asked if she was not sometimes disappointed when seeing her screen plays.

"Oh, I dont like to see myself at all," she cried. "I always wish I were different."

Another interruption, in the way of a box of hats from the milliner's, occurred. Then followed a gay time trying them on. A charming little rose-hat was decided by all of us to be the most becoming.

"*You* try it on now," coaxed the little star. But after having seen how bewitching she looked in it, no appeal could move me.

Seeing us cast glances at her table of photographs, she explained that they had just come, and her mother, who keeps count of them for her, had not even seen them.

"I'm not very generous," she confessed, "but it's no wonder, after seeing them disappear from my walls. But I'll let you have one, anyway," she relented. "This is my favorite"—with which declaration she held up one which was, like all the rest, adorable, but I did not think it looked so much like her as some of the others, and so I said.

"Well, that must be why I like it," was her ingenuous rejoinder.

My! how we hated to terminate our enjoyable visit! But all good things must end, so, with mutual expressions of good-will, we parted.

I, for my part, have the memory of a more-than-pretty, talented and totally unspoiled girl to cherish.



HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

The Photodrama

A Department of Expert Advice, Criticism, Timely Hints, Plot Construction and Market Places

Conducted by HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Staff Contributor of the Edison Company, formerly with Pathé Frères; Lecturer and Instructor of Photoplay Writing in The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay" and many Current Plays on the Screen, etc.

Close Views and Inserts

But how can you, the passing Reader of these articles, become the polished Writer of Photoplays?

You have all, at one time or another, heard the alluring cry from the other shore to "Come in; the water's fine!" And you may have ventured in—up to your ankles—or heard of some susceptible friend who did so, only to find the waters icy, and to hurry quickly out again to shiver doubtfully on shore.

In the first place, let me emphasize the fact that the Photodrama is no mountain current that will sparkle in the sunlight of popular approval during the springtime of their fancy and then dry up in the midsummer of fruition because the sun of quality was too hot for the passing snowfall that gave it existence.

The Photodrama is one of the Seven Seas—or Arts—and is as broad as the human mind, as high as heaven, and as deep as the human heart and soul. Remember that about its great depth, when I tell you that you cannot enter this sea ankle-deep and expect to reap the benefits thereof. No, Sir—or Madam—you have got to take a mighty plunge, head first, be particular about this detail, and immerse yourself in it until you have made it your element just as Annette Kellermann has made a smaller sea hers.

Only beasts and fools and fish are born amphibious, so why should you expect to swim when you have only wet your toes in the pool of fancy, or puddled about in a dish-pan of domestic emotions, or been ducked in some torrent of passion?

You have got to learn to swim, or, like our prototype, you will find the waters extremely cold—or drown, which is slightly worse.

Translated into plain English, it is something like this:

Whoever heard of a man calling himself a master carpenter because he could use a hammer and nail? What sort of a house would he build? Would his crude effort be a credit to carpentry? What right has he to pull a Carpenter down to a bungler's level?

Speaking of that sort of "carpenter" inevitably turns our minds to a very common type of photoplay aspirant. His entire stock in trade is a pen and ink. "He takes his pen in hand." He may announce that he wrote a photoplay. But alas, regardless of the reams of innocent paper he inked, all we can conscientiously say is that "he took his pen in hand."

Therefore let us remind you gently that Photodrama is an Art.

But dont let that frighten you. For I can honestly say that it is one of the most learnable of the Arts. The difficulty before the craft today lies in the fact that most aspirants will not acknowledge it as an Art—and write accordingly. Naturally their product is not artistic.

Art means merely two things: (First) Deception by agreement; in that the writer says, "This is a slice of Life," and the audience agrees to try to see it in that light. (Second) Gratifying perfection; in that the writer starts something he knows how to finish—both to the credit of the subject matter and the gratification of the audience.

The pitiful part of this Photoplay game does not lie in the fact that thousands enter the ranks of those who would play

it, but in the collateral fact that not one per cent. of them all has any idea what he is about.

If you think you can write a story—and I mean every one of the thousands who read this Magazine—why then, enter the field of learning how to write that story. Mind you, I haven't said Write it before you know how to express yourself.

Having stories under our skin is a very common asset; getting them under the other fellow's skin is an art. Perhaps you cant do it—but then again, perhaps *you can.* I lean to the latter theory first. If you can write, you will never regret having learnt how; and if you cant write you will be benefited all thru life by the knowledge you gained in trying to learn. So that it is worth trying, from every point of view.

And let me say, confidentially, that those who learn the Art of Photoplay-writing now will quickly leave far in the rear the thousands of those who are writing blindly today.

Other articles to follow up the premise of the foregoing will be:

Methods of Teaching Photoplay Writing—Are They Fakes or Facts?

The Opportunities That Lie in Writing Photoplays—Are They Fanciful?

The Rewards from Writing Photoplays—Actual Facts and Figures.

Plotting the Photoplay

Stories are born, not made. Of Plots, the very reverse is true—they are made to order.

There are writers who will tell you that when they are ready to write a play, they just sit down and write it. A single character pops up in their minds, like a fairy prince, and bids them to follow. Pen in hand, they scratch along after the magic guide, without the faintest idea where the next movement of the pen will bring them—and so on, to the end of the story.

This is Romance, in a double sense, that is worth while avoiding.

Suffice it to say that the acceptable Photoplay admits of no such helter-skelter treatment. There must be a pre-conceived Plot. Furthermore, the playwright must, if possible, foreshadow the end of his tale from the very first word. How can he carry out this policy at all, if the events to follow in the next scene are unknown to him?

Not that the playwright should disclose the end—that would be fatal to his power of holding the audience's interest within his grasp until the end of the play—but his first word and scene must have cumulative value, which shall be subconsciously borne in mind by the audience and shall contribute its share of gratification in the conclusion of the play.

Screenings from Current Plays

Whatever you do, dont quote me as saying that I do not believe that the Famous Players Company did not distribute $100,000 among 100 needy authors in exchange for plays at $1,000 each.

However, the facts remain that I have never met an author who knew a writer who drew a paltry thousand in that lottery. And must I tell you that a successful writer's weakness manifests itself in the strength of his lungs when he receives a check of this denomination for a photoplay?

A review of the past few months' Famous Players' production reveals several stage-plays and novels denuded, and many titles only, denuded of authors. The latter we suspect were staff-made.

But what we would like to know is, Why in the name of Shakespeare does the Famous Players-Lasky-Morosco let loose some of the things they do when they have a hundred thousand-dollar plays in cold storage?

And why are we always finding the name of some Director or Chief Scenario Editor as author of so many of the plays? Did a hundred authors sell their ideas-minus-their-names for a mess of pottage? Or did the Paramount find the hundred lucky authors within their fold and argue that charity begins at home?

Take "Destiny's Toy," for instance. Here we have about as bad a photoplay as a director could possibly write. Here is a case where the greedy director would have been better off not to have grabbed the authorship of a play.

(*Continued on page* 159)

Quotation Fancies à la Movie

By LILLIAN BLACKSTONE

Author of "Frozen Echoes," "Saladae Moviae," etc.



Lillian Gish. Fairer than a lily is Lillian Gish, and a more lovable girl could not be found. She is not merely an actress, but a person of everlasting charm and loveliness.

Beauty is an exquisite flower, and its perfume is virtue.

Bertha Kalich might well be called a queen if that title depended wholly on grace and regal carriage. And she has more than that; she is gracious, refined, well educated, and an artist in the true sense of the word. Truly there is none just like her—she stands high on a pedestal alone.

She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen.





May Allison. Picture a young girl with all the charms that can be endowed on a person, and at the same time bear in mind that she is to be kept sweet and unspoiled. You now have May Allison.

Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other women are.



Mary Pickford, peerless queen of the pictures—none can resist her. With her wealth of golden curls, her sweet face, her great beauty, and her talented acting she is loved by all. Always lovable and never disappointing, she has captured the hearts of old and young. A truer actress could not be found.

Beauty is power· a smile its sword.



Valeska Suratt. Such original and unique ideas could not grow in the brains of another. And people may laugh, but those who scorn first are the very ones who attempt to copy this artiste's designs. What a pity that one cannot remain alone in his glory without being besieged on all sides with imitations!

The secret of fashion is to surprise and never to disappoint.



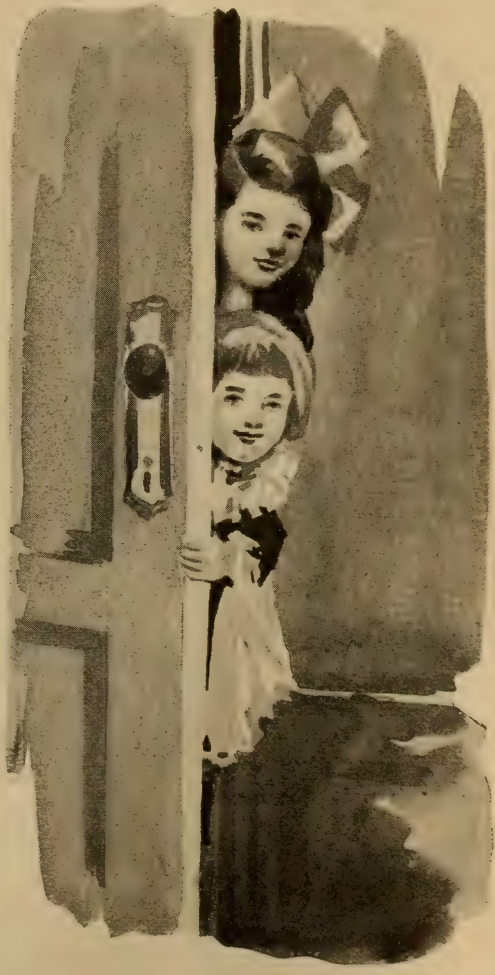
Fine Arts' Kiddies. Aren't they the dearest, cleverest children in the world! May they never quite grow up!

Living jewels dropped unstained from heaven.



Geraldine Farrar has long been America's favorite child, but this distinction has not spoiled her, and she has remained the same unspoiled person she was when she first began to sing. Farrar's name is known and loved in every household, and it will be a long time before she is forgotten by any one.

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night as a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.



Louise Fazenda is a true comédienne. She delights all with her daring deeds and clever acting. Every one laughs, and in creating the comedy rôles Louise loses none of her girlishness or beauty.

A good laugh is sunshine in the home.

(*To be continued*)

Max Linder Comes

By EDWIN M.

WHEN a gentleman has a fine apartment just off the Place de L'Opéra; is blessed with a skilled chauffeur and an immaculate valet; has plenty of money, and knows where to spend it—why should the strange fancy come over him to visit America? There is a well-defined tradition that a Parisian never plans an invasion of foreign shores unless he is flat broke or is about to engage in commerce. Max Linder was neither the one nor desired the other. Yet he and his bosom friend, Victor Maupain, had made the unheard-of decision.

It was the eve of their departure. Max reclined at ease, either hand held in the soft embrace of a pretty manicurist. His wardrobe—fifty pairs of shoes, a hundred cambric shirts, and every pastel shade of waistcoat—was stacked in trunks near the door.

At present he was reading the evening newspaper. His hands trembled slightly in their soft prisons, and he disengaged them to wipe the moisture from his forehead.

"*Parbleu!*" he exclaimed, "this is terrible! Another passenger steamer sent to the bottom by the boches' submarines!"

He fell to biting one of his pink, polished finger-nails. "Armand," he called, "you may unpack the trunks; I have decided not to make



Across (Essanay)

LA ROCHE



the trip."

At almost the same instant, Camarade Victor was close to a fainting spell in his own snug apartment. He, too, had read the fatal news. His first impulse was to seize the telephone and to scream his resignation into Max's ears. Then he thought of a wiser plan. He could not be thought a coward in the eyes of his bosom friend. He would step around and see that Max, too, read the direful news.

Their meeting was somewhat constrained. Ordinarily, a violent kiss on the

cheek would have signalized such an adventure.

"Have you read the papers?" asked Victor, in a matter-of-fact way.

"Mais, oui," said Max; "you mean about the submarines?"

"Surely you are not going now?" queried Victor.

The two looked at each other guardedly, each trying to read the other's thoughts.

"Certainly," said Max, with a slight yawn, and the tail of his eye trailed around to where his valet was hurriedly unpacking the trunks.

"Ah!" cried Victor, seizing both of Max's hands and planting a rapid-fire kiss on his cheeks, "as soon as I read the news I was afraid that you might be alarmed—might not go—I, your protector!"

"It is magnificent of you to show so much courage!" cried Max, returning the kiss with compound interest. *"Allons,* I must see to my packing."

While Victor stood drawn up to his full height, with his eyes closed from a well-directed kiss, Max sidled over to his valet. "Start packing again, you fool!" he hissed. "Cant you see that I have changed my plans?"



MAX IS VERY MUCH AT SEA

Presently Victor assumed an easier attitude, and his voice became less agitated. "We go," he said, "and your calmness in the face of danger doubles my courage as your protector." Upon re-entering his rooms, Victor swallowed three glasses of cognac in rapid sucession, and telephoned to the steamship company.



WHERE *MAL DE MER* IS CONCERNED, IT BROOKS NO RIVALS

"Has Monsieur Max Linder cancelled his stateroom reservation?" he inquired.

"Let me see," the clerk answered. "There have been a lot of cancellations. No; Monsieur Linder is still on the list."

Victor hastily rang off. "I cannot believe it of my best friend," he said, in a stifled voice, sinking into a chair—"after all these years to treat me so. *Mais, oui,* I feel sure that he will be suddenly taken sick before morning."

Max sighed heavily as each gay garment found its way back into the trunks. "Victor," he mused—"such a lion, so fond of me, but I cannot help feeling that he will sprain his ankle during the course of the evening."

The morning dawned, and the ominous telephone had failed to ring in either of the friends' apartments. Very pale, muffled to the ears in his silk scarf, Max set out for the pier, convoyed by his fleet of trunks.

"I wont go to my stateroom," he thought. "It is good for Victor that he suffer a little in trying to find out if I am really on board."

Max slipped up the gang-plank, unnoticed, thru the crush of people on the pier. He noticed, with many misgivings, that the crowd on the pier, crying "Bon voyage!" and kissing their finger-tips to those on the steamer, outnumbered the sailing list ten to one.

"Hélas!" he sighed from behind the shelter of a lifeboat, "what fools we all are! I am making this terrible trip to deceive dear Victor into believing I am not a coward; and as for him, noble fellow, he is doing the same thing!"

Heavy breathing and agitated footfalls cut short his soliloquy. He drew back behind his shelter, as Victor passed by, making a panicky search of the steamer for him.

"Poor ami!" breathed Max, "he is looking for me to protect me, or to jump ashore if he cannot find me."

Thereupon he stepped out gaily and rushed, with outstretched arms, to Victor, who kist him rapturously and averred that now he would never leave Max's side until the ship docked or foundered.

They got along pretty well together after that—a case of misery loving company—and Victor even insisted on giving up his stateroom and on sharing Max's with him, in case his dear camarade should be stricken with sudden *mal de mer.*

"It is a terrible sickness," he explained, "this one of the sea, and one's dear friend cannot have too great sympathy."

They promenaded the decks a good deal and spied upon suspicious-looking objects thru their binoculars. The other passengers came to consider them the eyes of the steamer and took comfort from their severe vigilance.

There was the usual choppy sea in the Channel, and one by one the voyagers took to their berths or were laid out, like corpses, in deck-chairs.

Max and Victor increased their rapid pace around the decks. "'Tis the exercise!" cried Victor—"it will keep off the *mal de mer!"*

Max urged his flagging legs to increased vigor. "What then!" he exclaimed. "This plague of the sea has got to have very long legs to catch up with us."

Other passengers began to promenade, also, and among them was a slip of a brown-haired American girl, in a tam-o'-shanter, who merrily outdistanced the best of them.

Max resolved to show her his remarkable pedestrian skill, and stepped into a passageway until she had just passed by him. Taking a mighty breath and pumping his legs like piston-rods, he caught up with the girl and passed her by. As soon as he was far enough ahead to drop out safely, he repeated his former tactics.

On his catching up with her a second time, the girl laughed merrily. "Monsieur is a wonderful walker," she said. "Why, you are going just twice as fast as I am!"

Max raised his cap and slowed down beside her. "I am fast about everything," he explained—"walking, swimming, making up my mind, getting acquainted."

He was true to the latter part of his word, at least, for they struck up one of those sudden steamer intimacies that come and go with the freedom of the winds.

Victor was left alone to keep pace with his thoughts, which dwelt alarmingly on sea-sickness. "I can never let my dear

friend have the suffering to see me succumb," he thought gallantly, and, full of new courage and divers "shots" of cognac, he threw out his chest and made a most stunning and reassuring figure.

The call to dinner was not well responded to and found a good half of the dining-salon empty. Max found a reasonable pretext to have the steward change his seat to the young girl's table, and Victor, on entering, found them side by side.



MAX REACHED OUT TO STRIKE THE LITTLE NOTE, *CON PASSIONE*

"Permit me to introduce," said Max, "my dear friend and protector, Monsieur Maupain, who has never had to fight the terrible *mal de mer.*"

Victor bowed low over the doubtful compliment. Even at that moment his stomach was showing an unholy enthusiasm in trying to climb the walls of the rocking salon.

He dawdled with the soup, worried down a bit of fish, and arose, with fixed eyes, to seek the deck.

It can be said of Victor that he seldom lost his presence of mind. In the agony of his first communion with the sea, the thought was ever present: "I must not let Max know of this; he would suffer worse than his protector."

Staggering to his stateroom, he pressed the button and flung himself upon the berth.

"Steward," he said faintly to that dignitary, "take great care to wake me up at six o'clock, and dont hesitate to drag me on deck if I resist."

Where *mal de mer* is concerned, it brooks no rivals. Max's heart-interest began growing gradually weaker as the twinges from below became imperative.

In answer to the charmer's challenge to promenade in the moonlight, he pleaded the loneliness of his friend.

"He does not mix with girls," he confided; "he is on his honeymoon."

"Christian science?" asked the puzzled girl.

"Mais, non!" explained Max. "But, you see, she is waiting for him on the pier. Ah, such devotion!" He swallowed his palate so feelingly, and walked off so quickly, that the girl thought his sentiment beautiful.

Victor, in the upper berth, listened to

his dear friend's distress with more or less complacency.

"Poor fellow," he mused, "he does not know how it cheers me to know that he can now sympathize with me, but I will not give him the satisfaction!"

At the virginal hour of six A. M. the door was opened violently, and the steward, accompanied by a husky deck-hand, entered the stateroom.

Max was brought back to consciousness by the laying of four strong hands upon him, followed by a none too gentle levitation from his berth.

Max's fighting blood was aroused, and he resisted his violators agilely, but all to no purpose. He was hustled into a pair of Victor's voluminous trousers, an ulster slipped around him, and, crowned with a top-hat, was dragged up to the deck.

Once deposited in a deck-chair, the deck-hand stood guard over him and, unfeelingly, laid him back at ease each time he attempted flight. At last Max abandoned his militant defense and decided to "play possum."

The deck-hand started away, turned suddenly once or twice to see if his patron was shamming, then went below to the comforts of a warm forecastle.

The inanimate figure in the top-hat and ulster instantly came to life. In one wild dash he capered along the decks, bounded down a side staircase and whipped into his stateroom.

A chorus of screams greeted his entrance, followed by a fiendish roar. Max raised his right foot hurriedly from the stomach of a stout gentleman who had been sleeping on the floor. From the lower berth his fair lady was reaching forth with an umbrella and making some remarkable shots at the top-hat.

"Parbleu!" cried Max. "I kiss you both. I am what you say in the wrong flat," and making a fawn-like leap over the prostrate fat man, he regained the passageway.

With somewhat more deliberation, Max set out to find his own stateroom, and, upon entering, turned a long and searching gaze upon the sleeping Victor. The questions at issue were: Did he know of the violation of their sanctuary? Was he a party to it? Had it given him pleasure?

Max was in two minds about wakening his protector violently, sitting on his chest and putting the question to him. But in the end he slipped out of the sagging trousers quietly, deposited the battered hat on a hook, and turned in. His day of reckoning would come.

Upon signs of wakefulness in the upper berth, some hours later, Max was instantly on the *qui vive,* but the big, brown eyes of Victor, as they met his, were fallow with innocence.

"The ship!" he cried joyously—"she does not dance any more. It is not necessary for you, dear friend, to fight the *mal de mer* longer!"

Max felt the tears starting in his eyes, at his protector's solicitude. He was on the point of confessing his dreadful suffering in the night and of the brutal way in which the ship officials treated cases of sea-sickness.

"But there is just the little doubt," he thought, "that Victor may have had a finger in the *pâtisserie.*"

With the sun mirroring the flat sea thru their porthole, and the ship bowling along as steady as a church, the voyagers decked themselves in their neatest turnouts and sought the deck, arm in arm.

Victor had never been in better spirits. He sang snatches of popular chansons in a rich, baritone voice; he paced the deck like a conquering soldier, and even bowed gallantly to Max's vis-à-vis of the night before, as well as making "sheep's eyes" at her.

"I may as well stick close to him," thought Max; "as long as I have him on his honeymoon she wont flirt with him."

In the afternoon Victor disappeared for a few moments, and Max tasted the joys of a few stolen words with his sea-flame. But presently Victor, quite carried away, rushed toward them and kist Max loudly on both cheeks.

"What do you think!" he cried—"the captain heard my voice this morning, and I have been chosen to sing at the Charity Concert tonight." And forthwith he locked arms with Max, his sympathetic accompanist, and dragged him away to rehearse.

With the coming of night, and the assembling in fashionable evening attire of the passengers, nothing remained to fill

the friends' cup of bliss. A gathering wraith of a cloud on the sky-line was passed by as of no consequence, and it was indeed a dramatic moment when Victor and Max stepped upon the tiny stage amid the salvos of chaste white gloves.

Max seated himself at the baby grand piano and played the opening bars of the song. As luck would have it, his charmer



MAX TASTED THE JOYS OF STOLEN WORDS WITH HIS SEA-FLAME



"SEA-FLAME" IS AN EARLY RISER—

was seated in the first row of chairs, and Max could see, with half an eye, that Victor was laying himself out to stun her with the pathos of "Love's Young Romance," rendered *con passione*. Victor cleared his throat expansively, and gave birth to a long, liquid note. The little cloud outside inquisitively approached the steamer, bringing a huge nurse of a wave with it.

"Plop!" The wave hit the vessel square on the nose, causing it to stagger backwards. Max's piano slid several inches across the stage, and his fingers came down suddenly on empty air. Victor's rich note, *con passione*, ended in a snort. Big Wave I wallowed along the sides of the steamer, calling up a second one. Wave II certainly earned its title. Just as Max had drawn up to the piano again, and Victor was reaching for his crescendo climax, the vessel seemed to rear on end and try to do a handspring.

A chorus of shrieks arose from the



WHEN THE STEAMER HITS SOMETHING

audience, and their chairs overturned, or skidded about the salon in crazy fashion. As for the interpreters of "Love's Young Romance," they both had fallen flat, borne down by the careening piano. Victor's last note squeezed itself into a squeak so ridiculous that even Max had to reach out and strike the silly little, treble note that mated it on the piano.

Holding on to the walls, nursing their bruises, the audience broke up in confusion. Max, seated on the prostrate piano, was highly elated. Victor's grand vocal attack, *con passione,* on his flame, had been squelched dismally—dying with a squeak. Yet the reckoning was not complete. Some big event—a test of supreme courage—must decide between Victor and himself.

Suddenly Max sprang up and invaded the decks in search of the captain.

"Kind captain," he accosted, "is it that there is great danger?"

"Pooh, pooh!" said the captain—"only for cowards."

"Then," said Max, "I am afraid my dear friend Victor is in great danger. Perhaps you do not know that he is par excellence the greatest, the grandest bag of wind and coward in the whole world."

Having gained the captain's attention, Max begged his assistance in a little joke to test the brand of Victor's nerve. It was nothing more nor less than a feigned shipwreck.



"THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A LITTLE MUSIC TO STOP A PANIC"

"At eleven o'clock," the captain promised, "a sailor will be stationed outside your friend's door. In his hand he will hold a huge bucket of water. When you cry 'The ship is sinking!' and dash out, the water will be for your friend."

Max chuckled at the image of the terrorized Victor, and retired to his room, where his dear friend had long since preceded him. He glanced at his watch. It was approaching eleven, and he sat up in his berth, in readiness. On the heaving breast of the ocean, one of those strange dramas was taking place that

quickly turns a farce into a tragedy. A deeply laden schooner, her lights hooded in the mist, was wallowing in the path of the steamer.

Suddenly the monster vessel loomed above the small craft, bore down upon her, and crashed bow on into the schooner's stern. To those in the steamer's berths it felt like the vibration of distant, heavy artillery.

But the collision meant nothing to Max. His mind was attuned only to the joking test of Victor's courage. Watch in hand, he leaned over his dear friend's berth and gave the fatal warning.

True to form, Victor sprang from his berth, and, climbing into an ulster, threw himself upon the door and dashed out. He was instantly met by a wall of flying sea-water that carried him off his feet.

Max stood in the doorway and watched Victor's mad antics at swimming in a dismal puddle. *"A moi, camerade—a moi!"* burst from his pent lungs. Max slammed the door and shook with laughter. Surely Victor could never face him after this; the coward was exposed at last.

A rush of frenzied feet sounded in the passageway and the calls of frightened voices. "It has stirred them all up a bit," thought Max.

(*Continued on page* 156)



"I'M GOING TO BE KIST—*RIGHT NOW!*"



VIEW OF BILLIE BURKE'S HOME, SHOWING DRIVEWAY AND TENNIS-COURT

Billie Burke At Home

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT

EVER since I first met Billie Burke, which was a long, long time ago—all of three years it must have been—when I was a very serious, earnest-eyed dramatic "cricket" on my home-town paper, and Billie Burke was star of "Jerry," I have been her humble slave. "Peggy" chained me to her chariot-wheels more firmly than ever, and the links of the chain have been strengthened by "Gloria's Romance."

One afternoon, in her lovely dressing-room, which is a veritable bower of roses, Miss Burke was bemoaning the fact that she had to spend the lovely, lazy days of early spring beneath the green-white Cooper-Hewitt lights instead of the warm, golden rays of friend Sol. She spoke longingly of her porch, where she could read all the newest magazines and be delightfully snug and happy, and of her dogs and how she would love a romp with them.

"It doesn't seem like spring a bit, unless I'm at home," she cried mutinously. "I always spend my summers there, and I miss it more and more every day."

I didn't know what to say, so I said nothing. Miss Burke, in a Chinese-blue negligée, gorgeous with golden dragons and cherry blossoms, sat silent for a moment. Then, with the light of battle in her blue eyes, she turned to her maid, who was laying out the frock and its accessories for the next scene.

"What time is it, Susan?" she demanded. (I dont really think the maid's name was Susan, but Miss Burke calls her that a great deal. The maid doesn't *look* like a "Susan," and one can never tell what Miss Burke is liable to call one.)

"Five minutes to three, ma'am," returned the maid, adding a gauzy blue fan and gauzy blue silk stockings to the dream of a frock that lay across a chintz-covered chair.

Suddenly, Miss Burke began twisting up her wonderful red hair.

"I wont need that frock," she said decisively. "Give me that dark-blue street dress and my motor-coat."

"But, ma'am," protested the maid, "the next scene——"

"The next scene," retorted Miss Burke, in a "hear-me-wench-and-heed" voice, "takes place in a motor-car, and the next location is to be Hastings-on-the-Hudson. Hurry before that director comes back."

And in less time than it takes to chronicle the fact, Billie Burke was out of her Chinese negligée and into a stunning dark-blue taffeta street frock. Her red-gold hair was tucked under a fascinating little blue fluff of a hat, and over all

was a long, white motor-coat. She slipped to the door, opened it a tiny crack and peeped out. Then she sighed with satisfaction and motioned to me.

"He's busy," she said with enjoyment. "The director is very busy with another scene, and if we scurry across this way he'll never see us in the world."

And, like a pair of naughty children, we "scurried across this way" and out of the door of the Kleine studio. A big Rolles-Royce car, colored a beautiful "Hungarian blue" and upholstered in soft gray, stood at the curb. A monogram, "B B," small and excessively "correct,"



LIVING-ROOM OF BILLIE BURKE'S HOME, THE FAIR OWNER BUSY AT HER DESK

on the door, told me that this was the beautiful car which the Kleine Company had offered Miss Burke as an extra inducement to sign a contract with them for twenty-three weeks at four thousand dollars per week. Into this car we hurried; a chauffeur in dark-blue and gray livery received Miss Burke's order and took the wheel. Off we dashed, and Miss Burke settled back, chuckling.

"Of course I could have told Mr. Edwin, the director, that I had a headache, or something, and was going home for the afternoon," she explained, "but it was more fun to run away like this."

"No doubt; but where are we running to?" I mustered up courage to ask.

"Hastings-on-the-Hudson is our destination," returned Miss Burke, sweetly. "Never mind; I'll see that you get back to town in time to keep that engagement at eight."

I was well content at "our destination," for I'd heard so much about Miss Burke's lovely country home, that is within easy motoring distance of the studio, that I was very keen to see it. In the cool rush of air, and the lovely scenery along the way, it seemed only five minutes before the car swung from the road into a broad, well-kept drive that swept up to where a beautiful house, two and a half stories high, built of native stone and set at the top of a gentle slope against a background of noble trees, shone like a jewel against the afternoon sun. I dont know just how many acres there are in the lawn and gardens of this estate, but one can stand on the porch and can barely see where the lawn ends and the road begins.

Great care has been taken not to destroy nature in a mad pursuit of artificial beauty. The lawn is dotted with trees, big spreading oaks and similar forest monarchs. Hedges of blooming shrubbery outline the narrow path that curves thru the lawn from a splendid tennis-court to a pretty little summer-house perched among the limbs of a sturdy, gnarled old tree. In the center of the



Photos copyrighted by Geo. Kleine

BILLIE BURKE IN HER BOUDOIR

lawn, back of the house, where it slopes away towards the Hudson, is a big, square, artificial lake, cemented, in the center of which sprays a tiny, gurgly, self-important fountain. One side of the fountain is hedged by a bed of brightly blooming flowers—petunias, pansies, larkspur and the like. The other three sides boast of tall stone urns bearing flowering plants, or small shrubs well disposed.

As we turned back from the little lake towards the house, we heard an excited barking, and an



THE VERANDA OF BILLIE BURKE'S HOME, HERSELF IN THE FOREGROUND. DO YOU BLAME HER FOR RUNNING AWAY FROM THE STUDIO TO A HOME LIKE THIS?

instant later a stream of dogs catapulted towards us, flinging themselves madly upon Miss Burke, barking and yelping with joy. Gravely, she introduced them to me by name. I've forgotten the names, but I remember the breeds—a Pekinese, two Maltese poodles, a huge English bulldog, a Boston bull, an Airedale and two West Highland terriers. Their love for their mistress is a pretty thing, and never again will I be willing to hear people say that dogs do not love their owners.

She romped with her friends, the dogs, and I sat on the grass and watched them. She plays with the dogs as she does everything—with her whole soul. Her eyes were glowing, her cheeks were like twin rose-petals, and her ruddy hair was tumbling about her shoulders when she dropped on the grass beside me, laughing happily.

"Do you wonder that life at the studio gets unbearable when I have this to think about?" she laughed. And I assured her that I certainly didn't. How could any one bear to be cooped up in a stuffy, electric-lighted studio thru these lovely warm days when one had a home like Hastings-on-the-Hudson?

"Let's go up to the house and have some tea," she suggested, after we had wandered about the place—I exclaiming with joy at the beauty of the place, Miss Burke explaining and accepting my admiration beamingly.

We walked up the graveled, curving path to the house. From the porch, glass-enclosed, one steps into a small, square reception-hall, daintily and prettily furnished. At the right of the hall is the staircase; at the left the living-room, with its shining, hardwood floor, its soft gray papering and enameled woodwork, with its book-filled corner and, beneath the quaint, high-built window, Miss Burke's piano. At the other side of the room are a long, "comfy" window-seat piled high with pillows, and Billie Burke's desk with its hand-painted panels. Opening from the living-room

(*Continued on page* 158)

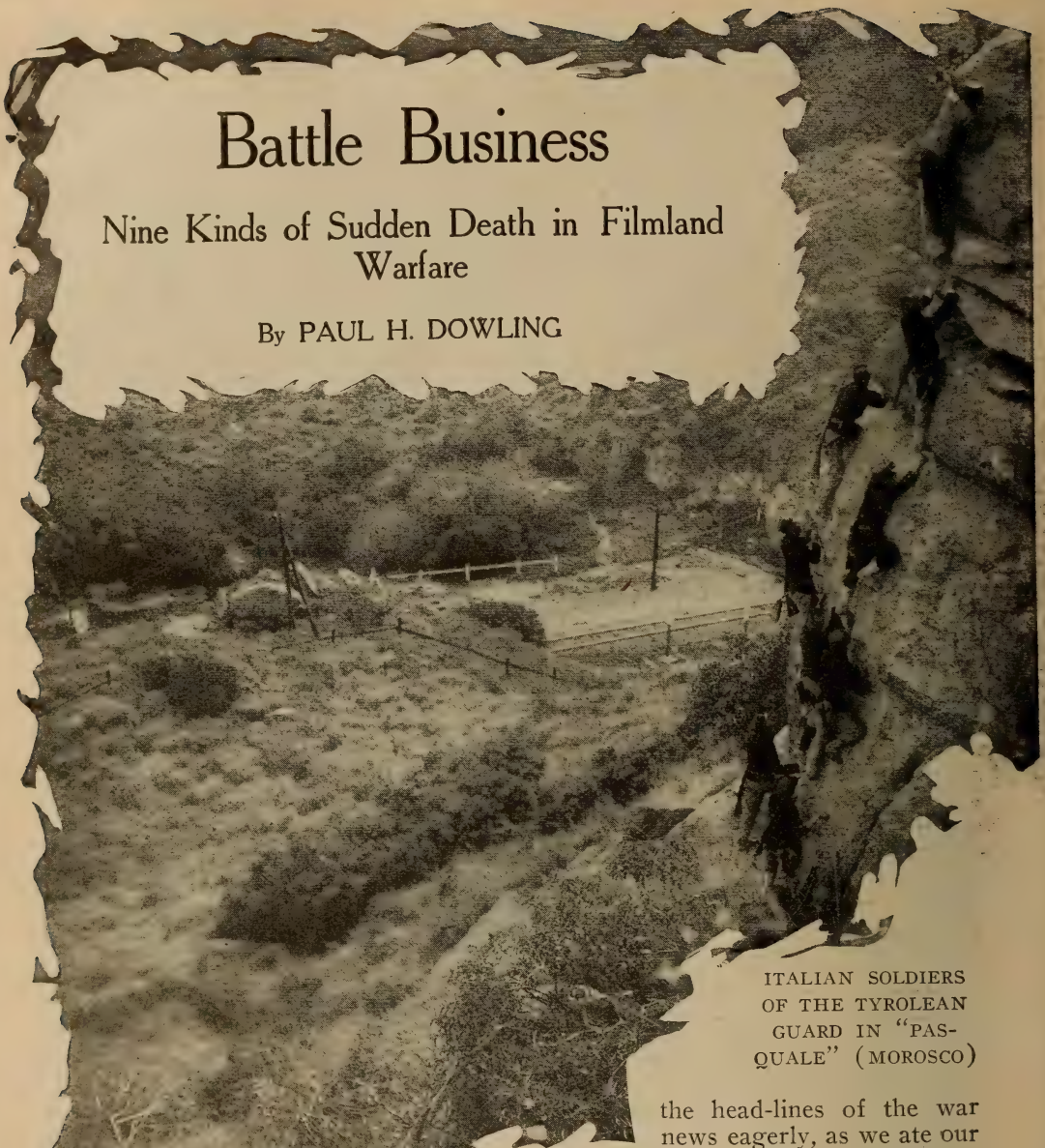


A Pen-and-Ink Shadow Drawing of the Talented Goldwyn Player

Battle Business

Nine Kinds of Sudden Death in Filmland Warfare

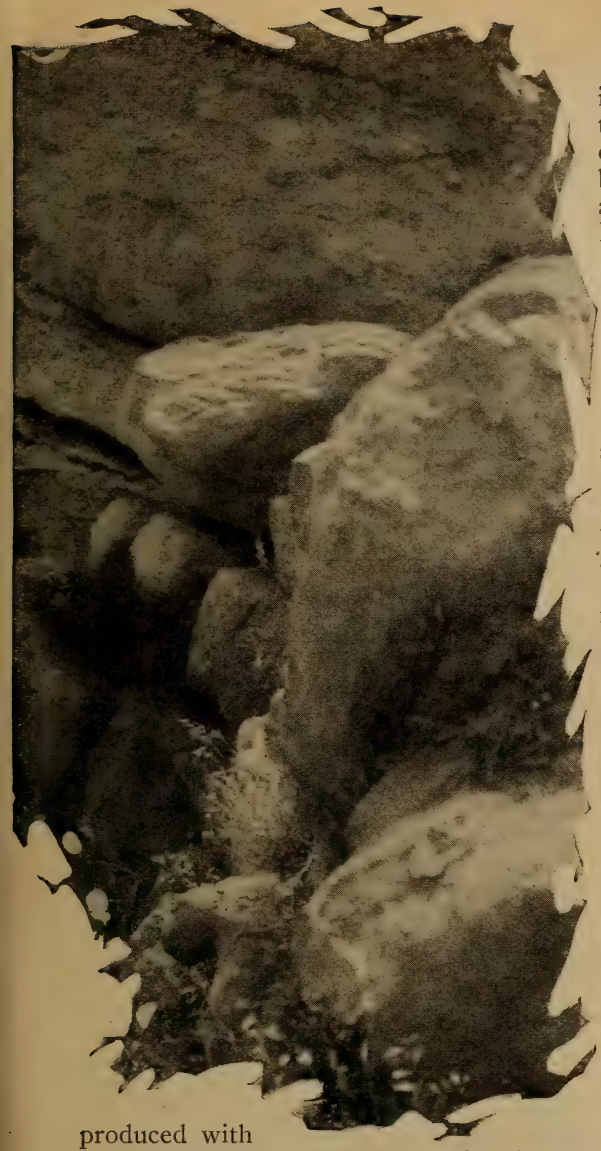
By PAUL H. DOWLING



ITALIAN SOLDIERS OF THE TYROLEAN GUARD IN "PASQUALE" (MOROSCO)

Two or three years ago, if we are to believe the newspapers, some one across the pond pushed a button, and immediately were flashed, from the offices of one government to another, a number of telegrams which started several millions of men marching hither and yon, from turnpike to trench, and fighting to the grim death. For a time we scanned the head-lines of the war news eagerly, as we ate our toast and sipped our coffee in the mornings; then we read diligently and painstakingly thru the long columns and pages of news from the front. Now we scarcely glance at the head-lines; war news and the horrors of war grip us no longer.

About the same time, in America—the fall of bitter and blood-soaked 1914—a man, who is now a famous producer of Motion Pictures, began marshalling his armies, drilling soldiers, and putting in pictures one of the war stories of our nation. We had had war stories in the films before, but they were meagerly



produced with a sort of makeshift army of a few hundred soldiers and with conspicuous absence of scenic effect.

Following the first great drama of war on the screen, we were fairly bombarded with "war stuff" and "battle business" in the films. Each company, it seemed, vied with the others in producing the utmost in spectacles of war. The movie soldiers in the Motion Picture camps and studios were numbered by the thousands, and many were the casualties registered on the celluloid. At the first great exhibition of the kind we were thrilled. Our hearts were stirred. Our very nerves vibrated, as we sat in our seats and imagined we heard the distant cannonading, and as we followed, with eager eyes, the movements of the troops, the gallant charges, the heroic sacrifices, and the bitter deaths. We saw many such films, and we still observe them with interest. But the "war stuff" thrills us no more. It is just like the newspaper head-lines of the real conflict. At first they stirred up every emotion within us. Later they merely aroused our curiosity. Now we have become blasé and bored with warfare. It requires a slaughter of hundreds of thousands and the sinking of squadrons of ships to cause a quiver of the eyelash. So, in the films, "battle stuff" has to be just about the ultimate thing in the spectacular, or we will look at our programs and wish the operator would turn on the Chaplins or the animated cartoons.

There is no doubt that battle-scenes will always play a prominent part in many productions for an indefinite time to come, despite our apparently blasé feeling with regard to them and irrespective of the length of time the present war in Europe will continue. There will always be picturized battles, because there is so vast a portion of the dramatic which has to do with warfare and which is inseparable from it. And, melodramatic as it may be, sudden death in any form, and especially in battles, will always hold for us a great fascination.

Perhaps the reason we have so much battle-stuff on the screen, in spite of the fact that it is expensive to produce, lies in the abundance of material which the photoplaywright has at his command in centering a plot around political intrigue and war. It is comparatively easy to write a story around a Mexican, or a "Graustarkian" general, who is the proud possessor of two beautiful daughters, a few state documents which can be stolen, and a handful or a hundred thousand soldiers, as the case may be. The spectacular and the melodramatic is there at the finger-tips. The thrills will come, not particularly in the story, but in the production. We may see, therefore, in the Moving Picture centers, the "movie army" almost any day lolling around in uniform and arms under the shade of the studio buildings, riding in squadrons of



SCENE FROM "CIVILIZATION." THE SOLDIERS ARE LAUGHING, AS THEY SHOOT AND FALL, BUT THE FILM LOOKS LIKE GRIM REALITY

motor-trucks out to location, or tramping up and down the sand-lots, running down steep hills with guns and cannon, in the filming of "big battle stuff."

And "battle business" will never lose its thrill or its fun for those who make the films. By that I do not mean the director or the camera-man, or the fellow higher up, who sits in his office in New York, pays the bills, and takes in the money when the picture is released. I mean the one-, two- and three-dollar-a-day man, who carries the gun, or the five-dollar man, who rides the fiery horse and does a fall or two for another five-spot. Those are the men who laugh and josh each other, as they bayonet the ribs of their fellow soldiers; who shout (altho they know the screen will never register their cries) and swear at each other in a friendly *cameraderie* as they charge up and down hills, storm trenches, scale walls, or fall with a death-wriggle on the sod.

And the riders! Tough-muscled, firm-boned, and just a bit "rough-neck" are these horsemen of the filmland warfare. A front line in the cavalry, when the director is calling for speed, and more speed, and still more speed, is no place for the soft-handed extra who walks with a mincing step and talks in familiar terms of perfumes and such, and who has been put in with the riders by some unmitigated gall of his own, or an unusual dearth of riding material, or just a plain mistake of the assisting director. They are men of the cowpuncher type who ride in the battles of the films—men who dont mind wearing their chaps and spurs into town after work. When the horses are galloping and the lines are drawn closer together, a man must be muscular of forearm and iron of nerve to stand his own with these rough-and-readies, who jostle and jockey and give blow for blow. Real action, by the way, is what makes a battle-scene. It doesn't matter, except in a close-up, whether the soldiers grin or weep, so they put the demanded life and snap into their charging and firing. For one soldier to stop shooting his gun and turn around to look at the camera, be he ever so inconspicuous, is a crime, inasmuch as the scene will have to be retaken, to the great annoyance of the director and the expense of the company.

Judging by the number of men required to film a big battle-scene, and by the time and amount of preparation required to teach the soldiers how to march, carry guns and fight, it is just about as big a job to handle a Motion Picture army as it is a division of the troops of the United States of America. Directors have, indeed, found it advisable to call in regular army officers to assist them when handling a large number of untrained men and in a few weeks to drill the recruits from the employment bureau into shape, so that they could hold their own with regular veterans of service. In making the battle-scenes of Mr. Thomas Dixon's latest drama, for instance, a thousand men were quartered in tents outside the city of Los Angeles and drilled for two weeks in the rudiments of warfare before the picture was produced.

In "The Birth of a Nation," likewise, Mr. D. W. Griffith made use of modern army equipment to secure greater facility in handling the large number of men used in making scenes laid in the period of 1861. The battlefield stretched for a distance of two miles. At the end of the line a hundred-foot tower was erected,

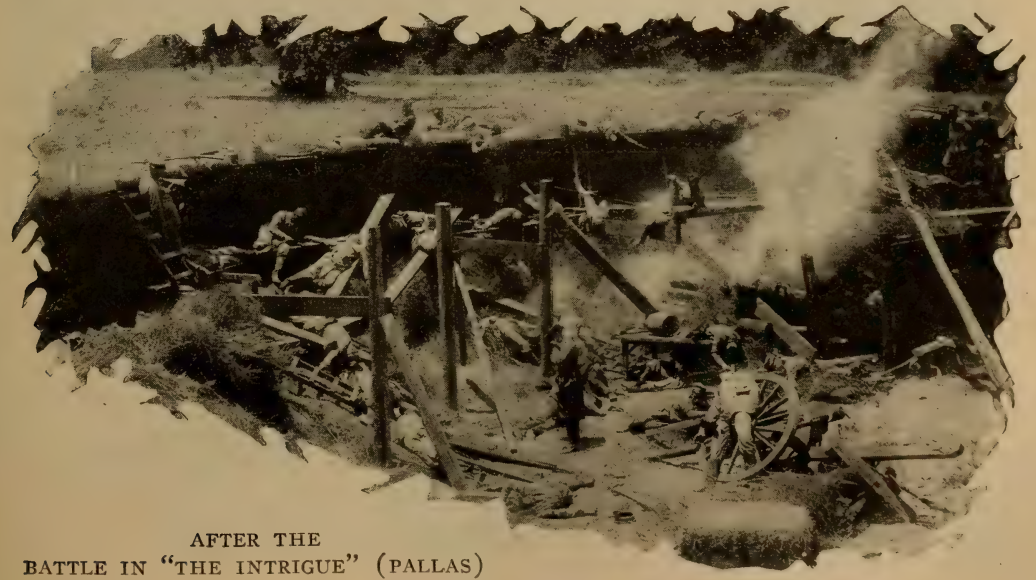


A SCENE FROM "MACBETH"
MACBETH SHOULD HAVE BEEN PROUD, IF HIS WARRIORS LOOKED AS BOLD AS THESE

from which the director moved his troops. At the rear of both armies were strung telephone-wires, with an operator, stationed at points fifty yards apart, taking messages with a receiver strapped over his ears. The wires were connected with the tower, where, at the side of the director, an army officer ordered the infantry to advance or fall back, the cavalry to charge, or the artillery to shell a certain position. The messages were flashed to the operators, who in turn gave them to officers stationed at those points, with the result that the orders were carried out within a few seconds' time, the armies marching before the camera in movements which were accurately timed to produce the proper effect on the lay-out of the land.

There are very few devices of present-day warfare which do not at some time find their way into the pictures. Aeroplanes, submarines, all manner of electrical equipment, reproductions of the great mortars and long-range guns, such as are being used at the front today, all have their place in the films, for the pictures must keep abreast of modern military tactics and equipment, and possibly, in scenes depicting events placed in the future, a little in advance. An interesting feature of one of the battles in "The Intrigue," a Pallas picture, is a scene in which groups of soldiers meet their death as a result of a terrific electrical discharge from a huge energy gun, a purely imaginary contrivance, but one which, nevertheless, adds greatly to the element of interest in modern invention.

Battle business makes lots of work for the wardrobe and property departments, especially when scenes of ancient warfare are being staged. For fighting towers and ramparts must be erected and nets



AFTER THE
BATTLE IN "THE INTRIGUE" (PALLAS)

stretched to catch the men who must jump from the burning castles; swords, spears and chariots must be made, and a thousand and one implements of ancient fighting must be planned from historical treatises and constructed in accurate detail. The armor of the middle ages, too, is very costly and difficult to make, and, when durability and rough wear is required, will not bear shoddy construction of tin instead of steel. When steel armor is called for, it has to be steel, and the individual who is cast to wear it may growl all he likes about cramping his limbs and wearing blisters on his arms and legs.

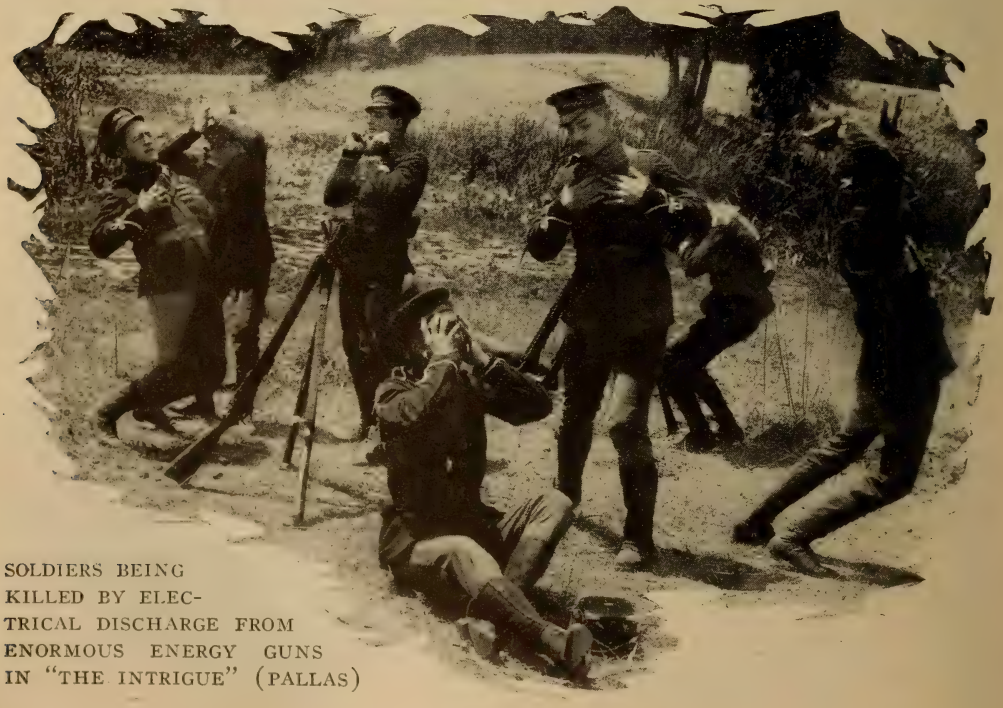
A hundred extras who took part recently in a big spectacle as men-at-arms, burdened down every day from eight till five with a hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds of armor, will testify that it is no sport to be a member of the army of France of a few hundred years ago.

"Confound this stuff!" disgustedly grunted a warrior in two hundred pounds of real mail, "how do they expect me to git up and down on one knee and kowtow to that kink up there with this bunch of junk hangin' on to me?"

"Wait till tomorrow, when they have you ridin' in the battle-scenes," evilly chuckled a fellow extra.

"Huh-huh, not me, boy! I'm goin' to cash all my pay-checks tonight. Here's one boy that isn't ridin' a wild horse with the likes of a dozen stoves hangin' onto his shoulders and legs. Fall in that stuff? I guess not!" But the next day a hundred of them did ride, and some made their falls, with the result that one unlucky soldier hit the ground headforemost, sticking his helmeted head into ten inches of sand and kicking painfully with his one free, armored foot until help arrived to extricate him and patch up his three broken ribs and damaged shin-bone. More were injured that day by falls in armor than the press department of that studio would admit. Insurance, of course, covers the actual care of the injured person, but compensation funds seldom compensate for physical pain.

An amusing feature of film fighting was illustrated one day out on the "Big U" ranch, where a troop of soldiers, at the director's orders, charged ferociously down a hill, leveling their guns at the same time and firing at the enemy, who was located somewhere back of the



SOLDIERS BEING KILLED BY ELECTRICAL DISCHARGE FROM ENORMOUS ENERGY GUNS IN "THE INTRIGUE" (PALLAS)



THE AMERICAN ARMY BEING DRIVEN FROM THEIR TRENCHES BY THE ENEMY IN A SCENE FROM "WOMANHOOD" (FORMERLY NAMED "THE BATTLE CRY OF WAR"), THE VITAGRAPH SUPER-FEATURE

camera. Now it happened that the director picked out for the scene a hill abounding in large quantities of very slippery grass. Immediately upon the first charge of the soldiers, dozens of them slipped and went head-over-heels on the grass, not in death-falls, but in those of the icy-pavement kind.

"Hey! stand on your feet, you blankety-blank fools!" raged the director. "You dont die on that hill. Stand up and charge."

At this point a trooper limped down toward the camera and flung his gun on the ground. "Take yer bloomin' gun an' see if you can stand up on that hill—will ye? I cant fight battles on a shoot-the-chutes, an' I wont do it fer anybody fer two and a half a day!"

Whereupon the director and cameraman hunted up another hill, where devil-grass was less profuse and where realism would not be impaired by inopportune comedy tumbles on the turf.

The Heavy

By JEWELL PARISH

Some girls think the hero
Is so fine;
They rave about his acting—
Not for mine!
When the music starts to quiver,
Then I hold my hands and shiver;
I am waiting for the villain—
He's divine!

The hulking, skulking villain—
There's the part;
The winning, grinning villain—
That is art!
The peering, leering villain,
The jeering, sneering villain,
The dark-appearing villain
Thrills my heart!



Here are some characteristic poses of True Boardman in "Stingaree," a new series, written by E. W. Hornung, now being produced by the Kalem Company, a sequel to the earlier series

Adventures of A Cub

(Related in Letters to the Folks Back Home)

By MARTHA GROVES McKELVIE

HOWDY, Folks!

Want to know why you haven't heard from me lately? Well, I'll tell you.

I've been having an awful attack of vacationitis. It's chronic with me. It arrives every spring, just like hay fever, and I cant get rid of it without a change of altitude.

"Martha," sez I to mesilf, "you'll never be able to work here feeling as you do! If you're sensible, you'll take your pencil and scratch paper (and the editor's address), and haste to the tall uncut. There, O temperamental one, you can do creative thinking and, surrounded by Nature at her best, send the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE real masterpieces."

I agreed with myself and encouraged the attack. I didn't get much done in the way of masterpieces. You see, a lot of other folks, suffering with the same complaint, invaded my retreat, and, being a congenial bunch, we were kept mighty busy doing stunts for the Real Life Movies.

We had weenie roasts on mountain-tops at midnight. We had wonderful long tramps and rides, and—say, Dad, what does a porcupine look like?

One night we were joy-riding. You know how rabbits will jump into the road and race down the ray thrown by your car-lights? Well, we had been having great fun watching them do this. Suddenly another little animal jumped into the Fordlight. The man at the wheel said, "Oh, there's a porcupine! Let's run him down!"

A lady in the rear seat began to scream, and quite monopolized the conversation for a few moments.

"Stop! Stop, I tell you! That's no porcupine! A porcupine doesn't have a white stripe down its back! If you're going to chase that thing, you let me out right here!" she yelled.

Of course, I'm tender-hearted myself, and didn't want to run the little thing down, but I do think a woman should be a good sport on such an occasion! If the rest of a crowd you're with want to get close enough to an animal to see what it is, I think it's mighty poor taste for one woman to stop the whole show. Things like that make a person very unpopular. I mentioned this in no uncertain tone to the lady in question.

She was real sarcastic, Dad! Said that her unpopularity with us was small compared to what our unpopularity with the whole camp would be if we continued the "porcupine chase." Rather than fuss about it we let her have her way.

She said, when we parted for the night, that while she regretted incurring our displeasure, she had had the supreme satisfaction of returning to camp "quietly."

When conscience began to get the best of vacationitis, and vacationitis began to get the best of my purse, I headed for the little old hallroom and Peggy. And here I is—back into the movie spirit! I've been on a regular movie jag ever since I landed in this great, wicked city.

Peggy and I went to see Mr. Bill Hart in "The Devil's Double," last week. I've always been strong for William as a Westerner and as "Just William." After I saw "The Devil's Double" I was equally strong for him as a gambler. Honest, Dad, he's a good gambler.

When we got home I kept Peggy awake raving about him, and declared I *would* interview him if it took years and years to do it.

Peggy, old crape-hanger, yawned in my face, and stayed awake just long enough to say, "Dont be silly, Martha! You've haven't enough money in your pocket to buy a new pencil, much less take you way out West on a wild-goose chase!"

She didn't mean to call Mr. Bill a "wild goose," Dad; she really dont think he's so flighty.

Well, Peggy dont know any more about interviews than I know about porcupines, and I refused to let her throw cold water on my enthusiasm.

She had hardly entered the portals of Sleepytown before I, traveling on a blazed trail of my own, found myself in a little town right on the edge of a most extensive desert. Goodness, folks, there *was* an awful lot of it! It was just spread all over.

I found, after careful search, a man with press-agent earmarks, who gave me the cheerful information that Mr. Bill and his company were on a desert location taking a few scenes.

"But," he press-agented, "you needn't bother about following them. I know more about Bill Hart than he knows about himself! I can tell you all about his being born in New York of English parents, and about his moving West when he was a baby. (His folks helped him move, of course.) I know all about his ambition to be an army officer at fifteen, and his switch to footlight ambitions at sixteen. (Deep breath.) Say, lady, Bill Hart was playing big parts with Modjeska when he was just twenty-four and he originated the part of 'Cash Hawkins' in 'The Squaw Man' on Broadway. Did you see him with Charlotte Walker in 'The Trail of the Lonesome Pine'? Fine, wasn't it! Since joining the Triangle-Kaybee Motion Picture Company he has added to his laurels with 'The Disciple,' 'Hell's Hinges,' 'The Captive God' and——"

"Say," I broke in, "I know all this, and so does every one else. I think you're a nice Mr. Press Agent, but I sacrificed a brand-new pencil to make this trip, and sure 'tis the man *hisself* I would be seeing!"

Deeply offended, the encyclopedia pointed hazily to the desert and murmured sadly, "He's out there."

The expression "out there" may well be classed as indefinite when applied to a desert; but, nothing daunted, I started for the "out there."

I know now what the fellow meant who wrote "Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold-d." I'll bet he had the same summery location for an interview, that I now had, just before he wrote it.

It's not much fun plodding over a desert looking for a man, and finally I sat down on a convenient but nervous sand-dune and gave up.

Not far from the dune a giant cactus cast the only shade on earth (on all the earth I could see). Now, it's some stunt to crawl under a cactus to get in the shade—one of the few real stunts that has, so far, escaped the directors. I was just contemplating the desperate deed, when a whirring overhead attracted me.

I looked up to see a great American eagle volplaning to earth. It looked as if he had chosen my dune for a hangar; but, much to my relief, he passed me by and lighted on the cactus.

"Poor fellow," I said aloud, "he's after the shade too."

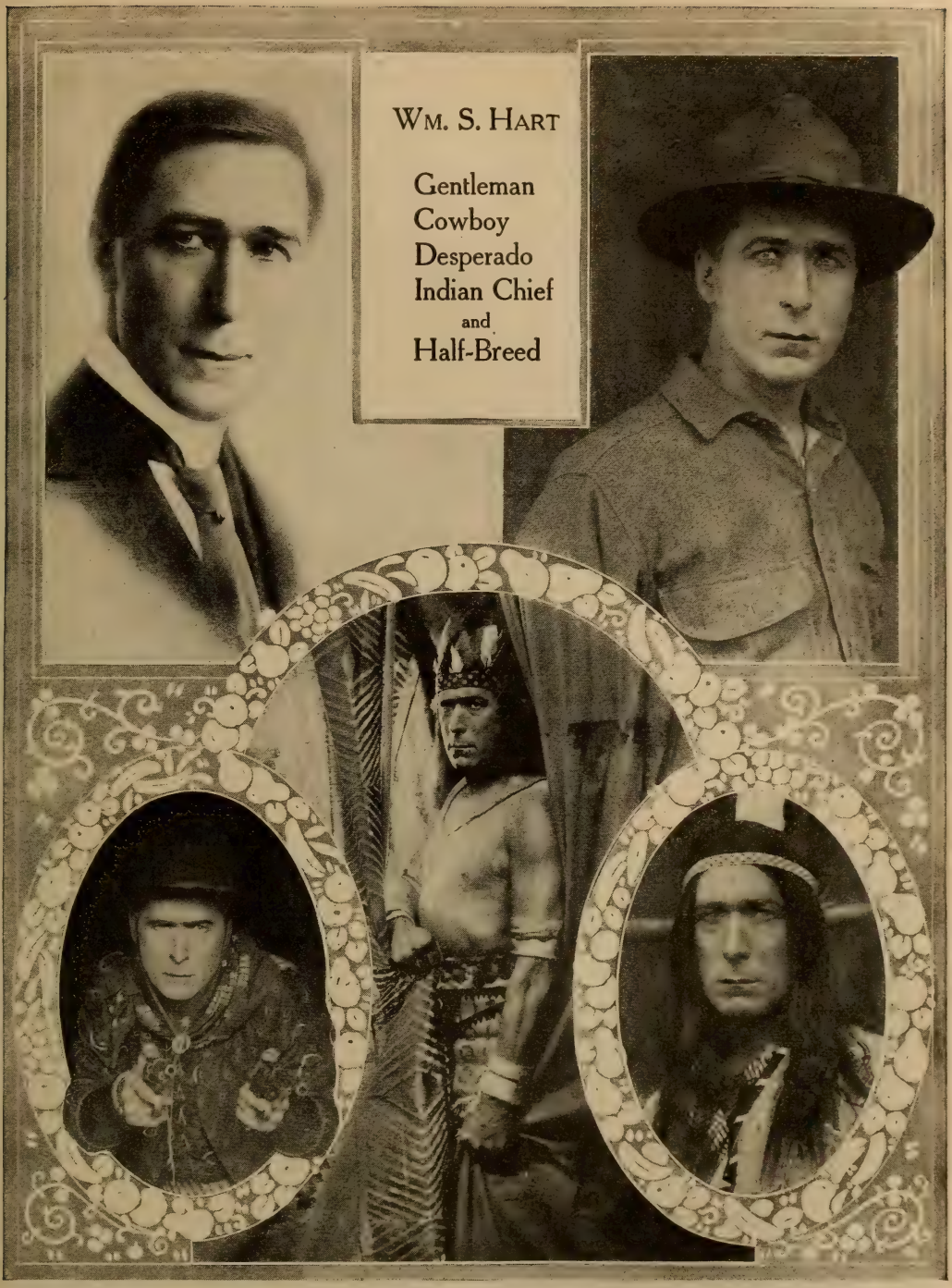
"Nothing of the sort!" boomed a big voice back of me. "He's after that hunk of cheese the property man dropped there."

I came back to location with a thud and turned, after my heart had refused to be swallowed, to face the God who was supposed to be Captive.

I must say that Captive Gods seem to wear sensible clothes. The desert was feeling quite warm, thank you!

"Dont tell me that any sensible American eagle would pause on this hot location for a mere hunk of cheese!" I exclaimed.

"Sure thing!" said Mr. Captive, "and let me tell you, if patience is a virtue, I deserve a rich reward for it! You see," he explained, "the author, Monte Katterjohn, described the opening scene in this Aztec play in this way: 'Iris in close-up of American eagle perched on giant cactus.' We have



tried to kidnap an eagle ever since we landed here, but the eagle has refused to appear. Scouts have watched day and night for a glimpse of the bird. Nothing doing! All of the other scenes for the play had been taken and I had just begun to feel impatient. Now, see what has happened. About an hour ago a property man got careless and extravagant and threw a hunk of cheese at that cactus. Notice the result! Gee, I'll bet our camera-man

'panoramed' like blazes and got fifty feet of that bird!"

This isn't exactly true, folks. I saw that bird go back to a place where air-pockets are said to exist. Besides, an eagle hasn't fifty feet. Guess Bill meant feathers.

"Mr. Captive God," I asked, "would you mind telling me something about yourself?"

"Well," he replied, "there's little to tell. I am a Castilian (no, I dont belong to the soap family!). I was shipwrecked in the early part of the sixteenth century, and from recent developments I think that shipwrecking in the sixteenth century was much more comfortable than anything in the shipwrecking line at present.

"I was rescued and adopted by the people of the Tehuan and made their leader.

"Ah, them was the good old days."

Until the sun's glorious red reminded me of approaching night, he told of the wonderful battles fought by the Tehuans and Aztecs.

Startled by the passing of time, I was forced to remind him that I had come for an interview. A wail, as of many voices in the distance, interrupted me. A rapt look crossed the face of the Captive God. "'Tis the voice of my people wailing — wailing for their leader who has returned not. I go— to my people!" and he vanished.

"Say, dont rush away," I was calling after him, when the sand-dune upon which I was sitting stirred till I feared a repetition of the San Francisco disaster. I became dimly conscious of a muffled but angry voice saying:

"For Heaven's sake, Martha, quit sitting on me! Whadu think I am?"

And I answered, as I crawled back to my own side of the bed, "A sand-dune, Peggy. A nice-e war-r-m sa-n-d——"

So, you see, Dad, there are more ways than one of getting an interview. While I am not exactly prospering, family mine, I am still a mighty happy cub. After all, who can say that the word "wealth" means material possession? I am rich in happiness, and in my simple riches find content.

It's funny to think that maybe there are people on earth blessed with all things material, who would stake it all against the wealth of—

THE CUB.



HENRY WALTHALL ADDRESSES THE ASSEMBLED EXHIBITORS IN COSTUME, JUST BEFORE CHARGING THE CANNON'S MOUTH IN AN ESSANAY PICTURE

Lilly Lissum in the Lingerie

-by-
Fritzie Remont

"WOE is me, kiddo! You know my love uvtha moovies, but I sure have got to growl a bit when I think of the brand o' talk they're paddin' 'em with. Been feedin' me meat? Not on your life. I s'pose it *is* wiser to keep an eye on Percy Printzalbert when the mercury's flirtin' around 95° than fussinover wotcha dont like.

"My word! who's talkin' to Percy now? Sure as you live, it's Mrs. Shad O. Fucloze. Waitaminnit, I gotta wait on her.

"No, mahm, we're out uvvem. Our regular ribbonruns are $1.69 now. Yes, mahm, we did havvem for $1.39, but there's a strike in New York and—oh, *no,* mahm, no trouble a-tall.

"Well, Cutie, didja see the dog she carries? She told me all about him one day. She calls him a toy Spitz, but he sure does look as if he was bred up from a feather-duster and a caterpillar, now, dont he? After he's had his daily bath they put him thru blue-water soze he'll look nice and white, and then they plant him in the oven uvtha gas-range on a board covered with a blanket, and he nibbles on a chicken-bone while he's dryin' off. I just wish our Tige could see him, he'd just about be dessert for a real *dawg!*

"Oh, yes, I was talkin' about the moovies, wasn't I? You know me, darlin', I've been a phillumphan ever since I landed in Low Sanjelus. And wouldn't it getcher angora the way the drekters always stickta one line o' talk? Jevernotus how many lonesome mothers they put into the photodrammers, and how, when the only son comes in, there's just one thing the lady can say: 'My boy! my boy-hoy!'



"MY BOY; MY BOY-HOY!"

"But that has nothin' on the ahnjanoo, for bein' younger, I s'pose her drekter thinks she ought to be seen and not heard. So when her lover asts her, 'Do ya love me?' all Curlilox can do is to pull his coat-button out by the roots and murmur, 'Yes.'

"But nowadays they're puttin' all the Mary Pickford imitations into plots tellin' how the city guy marries the Meadowblossom and takes her off to town. When he's gotter trained soze she can navigate in high heels, and begin on the right side uvver kit o' dinner tools without havin' the Neptune fork left over for the puddin', he gets tired of teachin' Blue Eyes and neglects her. Home she goes in the cloze she came in, leavin' a reproachful note to Friend Husban', together with her new fox furs, on the lonely bed.

"Then he gets sad an' lonesome and follers her, and when he sees her and the baby, he looks at her as if he'd been

born in a monastery, and raised by a hermit, and after he's sure the kid's hands are manicured, he turns around to her sad-eyed folks and sez: 'Mine?' You'd think a drekter wouldn't try pullin' off that unsophisticated stuff for a wise audience.

"Doncha love Percy Printzalbert? I think he's the grandest floor-walker ever we had in the lahnjeray. The other nite I was ridin' out in the jitney with Percy and Bob, the packer downstairs, and they was talkin' about queer guys they had met. Bob sez to Percy, 'When I was rus'lin' trunks over to the Elite Express before I come to work for Sales Brothers here, there wuz a feller over there that



"HOME SHE GOES IN THE CLOZE SHE CAME IN"

went by the name of Slow Pete. He had a face like a Chinese puzzle; honest to God, he did. And his teeth wuz set like a circular saw. That feller kept thinkin' he wuz the whole diggin's, and one day he come nosin' around me and makin' some remarks very partikler which wuzn't intended fer compliments, neither. I sez to 'im, 'See that there lamp-post? It and you's goin' to get acquainted pretty soon, ef you dont keep about ten feet away from my tootsies,' and I kinda rolled my sleeves up a bit. He sez to me, 'Wuz you intendin' that remark fer yours truly?' and I sez, 'Oh, no, I wuz jes' talkin' in my sleep to that feller half a block away, see 'im?' He began grindin' his teeth like he wuz settin' a saw and sez, 'Well, I'm goin' to send you to hell right off, and there ain't goin' to be no referee, neither, see?'

"Percy laft and said to him, 'Slow Pete mustagiven you a round-trip ticket, didn't he? Did he clean you up, Bob?'

"But Bob just turned up his sweater collar and squared his shoulders and sniffed, 'I'm here, ain't I?'

"Now, why dont they put somethin' lively in the moovies, like the kinda conversation you hear on the jitneys? More like the familiar conversation we hear in biz or at home. You jes' notice at the next moovies you see, how when a business man fails, all he's allowed to do is to pound the table and say, 'My Gahd, my Gahd!' I guess a drekter thinks that's about as appropriate as the Hallelujah Chorus around the 25th of December—wotchu steppin' on my pumps for, Cutie? O-oh, good-mornin', Mr. Sales; yes, we've been awful bizzy this mornin'. No, sir, I wont forget, I've been dustin' 'em *all* over.

"I jes' wonder why a boss hates to see a couple o' girls talkin'? I never could stand marryin' a boss; me for the floor-walker if he's kind and considerate, every time.

"Another thing makes me laff is the way the hero acts when he gets an idea explodin' in his sky-piece. He's gotta stare at either a bit of paper or a table, and then chase emotions acrost his face like storm-clouds, while all the drekter lets him say is, "I'll do it!' Gee! I wish they'd invent a couple o' new words.

"But you dont have to go to the moovies to hear some words they use exclusive for villains! The drekter just has 'em make a face like crackin' a nut while they mutter, 'Damn it!' What's the use of payin' ten cents to look at what you can find home for nothin'?

"Wotkari? Jes' this much. If I was a man like Karnaygee, I'd print a book on moovie-talk and pass it out free gracious to the studios, ubetcha.

"Where's me shammy soze I can powder? Land's sakes, Percy Printzalbert's lampin' us and I gotta get rid o' this shine. Lend me a bit o' gum, will you, hon? Me lunch hour; s'long, sweetness!"

Tommy Speaks

By HARVEY PEAKE



I'm always glad when Saturday comes round,
'Cause Mother takes us to the Children's Show;
She told our Pa that she had surely found
That such things help the youngsters' brains to grow.



En' we see Foreign Lands and People too,
That teacher tells us all about in school;
Big elephants en' giraffes from the Zoo,
En' polar bears that live up where it's cool.



En' how the birds build nests en' raise their young,
En' Fairy Stories—these are my delight!
En' Comic Drawings—once a hornet stung
A tramp until he was an awful sight!



Oh, I can hardly wait for Saturdays;
There isn't anything I'd rather do
Than see the Children's Motion Picture Plays—
I think they teach you heaps of things, dont you?

As In Ye Olden Days



WHEN FAIR MAIDENS WERE IMPRISONED BY WICKED GIANTS



AND WHEN BRAVE KNIGHTS CAME AND FOUGHT



AND FROM THEIR CAPTORS RESCUED THEM.

Thirteenth-Hour Greenroom Jottings

Little Whisperings from Playerdom Never Heard Before

By ALVIN T. LIPPHARD, M.D.

The rapid rise to stardom of Harry Horsecollar is noted with interest. He began life as a milkman. For ten years he was chief bundle-clerk in a bank where he was discovered thirteen years ago by the manager of the Feeble-Minded Players Company.

The Idiotic Company is advertising for 7,892 people and 87 children for a rush-hour scene at the Brooklyn Bridge.

The Malaria Feature Film Company is making an educational film of the inside workings of a leading Hoboken brewery, entitled "From Manufacturer to Consumer." They are looking for a star to create the difficult rôle of consumer.

Miss Mona Mania, the popular emotional actress, will appear at a local theater in person this week, during the release of her latest feature, "Why Is the Soup So Cold Tonight?" For the benefit of those who have never seen her, she will give a demonstration of fits, spasms, strangle-holds and half-Nelson's at each performance.

Mr. E. Skoosh, president of the Bunion Company, announced yesterday that they had abandoned the elaborate scenic production of "The Life of Methuselah." He stated that thus far thirty-seven reels had been consumed, and that Methuselah was still a youth of two hundred summers.

After spending thousands of dollars on cablegrams, the Bunion Company has at last succeeded in securing a contract with the celebrated Russian artist, Mr. Finnan Haddie. His first appearance will be in the screen version of "When the Pallbearer Slipped," under the direction of Oswald Gezinta, Bunion's peerless director.

Mrs. Hazel Nut, the noted authoress, is preparing a screen adaptation of her successful novel, "Fearless Mary, the Piano-Mover."

The wedding of Beatrice Bleachwell and Claude Calcium, favorite screen stars of the Bunion Company, will occur on the night of December 10th, at the home of the bride's grandmother or somebody. A picture will be taken of the wedding-cake. After the ceremony the couple will leave for the groom's bungalow in Hoboken.

Miss Tootsie Roll, of the Feeble-Minded Players Company, has just bought a ranch in Alaska, where she spends most of her time when not at the studio. Her favorite diversion is beating carpets. "I believe every ambitious player should have some hobby," says Miss Roll; "I can think of nothing better than beating carpets. It is thoroly relaxing besides adding to one's poise."

The Idiotic Company has added another camera to its equipment. It now has two.

Mr. Nicholas Pickolas, president of the Penniless Film Company, announced recently that he had just completed negotiations for the production rights of the classic tragedy, "The Lost Corkscrew." The company is now rehearsing in a New Jersey undertaking parlor.

The newly organized Asparagus Company has opened a studio in the basement of a delicatessen store. Present indications bid fair for a successful career. They already have three chairs, one interior set, two arc-lights, one scenario and an actor. Arrangements have been completed for a temporary loan of the Penniless Company's camera.

The Bijou Theater has at length yielded to popular demand and installed a piano in its spacious auditorium—also a pianist.

Miss Stella Hysteria is suing the Feeble-Minded Players Company for $87.94 damages, claiming that in a recent barroom scene she was compelled to drink a quart of hair-oil, which the new property-man had substituted for iced tea. These things will happen.

While attending the banquet of the Amalgamated Association of Retired Studio Sweepers, at a local lunchroom last week, J. Frederick Van Dyke, chief sweeper of the Malaria studio, lost a valuable seven-act scenario which he had just completed. A reward is offered.

Miss Vera Vacuum, who is perhaps best known to lovers of the silent drama for her work in "The Clam Fritter," has left the Malaria Feature Film Company to fill a two-year contract with the Bunion Company.

Mr. Rufus Scribo, of Oshkosh, claims to be the most prolific scenario writer in the country. His annual output is 798 scenarios, of which 798 are annually rejected. Before taking up scenario writing as a vocation, Mr. Scribo was a prominent plumber in Milwaukee.

A scenario contest is announced by the Feeble-Minded Players Company. It will close at midnight of Dec. 31, 1920. Scenarios submitted must be at least one reel in length, should be written on paper and in English. Preference will be given to subjects dealing with life among the coal-heavers of Sweden. First prize will be $8; second prize, a silver mounted can-opener.



The Doll Lady

Disclosing the Peter Pan-ishness of Mary Fuller

By H. H. VAN LOAN

DOLLS mean a heap to a girl. To her they are real, living, breathing creatures, and there is never a doubt in her mind that there is a heart hidden away under the sawdust, or that they—better than grown-ups—understand her joys and sorrows.

But girls are unlike dolls in one way—they grow up, and sometimes they dont want to. It is nice, in a way, to lengthen her skirts and put up her hair, but mother says that playing with dolls and wearing long skirts and "put-up hair" is not consistent, and, besides, her brother would laugh at her! So she reluctantly lays them aside, and, while new interests crowd her life, she never forgets the days when she lived in an imaginary world, with her family about her.

But "once upon a time" there was a little girl who didn't agree when her mother said it was time to put her dolls away; she lengthened her dresses, and put up her hair, to be sure, but put away her dolls—never! They had been her dear good pals—the rag doll, the clown doll, the beauty doll; to her they were human, for they always understood. She did compromise with mother to the extent of setting them side by side in the attic, but whenever she had a chance she would steal away and hold sweet communion with her little family.

Mother Nature was unusually generous to Mary Fuller, giving her beautiful, long, brown hair, big, brown eyes, and a charming personality. She also gave her a small but very determined mouth, and when she decided that she would never, never part with her dolls, it was understood that this decision must be respected.

"I began acting," she said, "when I was a very little girl. I lived in a land of make-believe, tho I had never been to the theater and hardly knew there was such a thing. I used to make dolls out of handkerchiefs, put them in grape-baskets, and drag them about. In my eyes these grimy, shapeless doll-people were real beings. I loved fairy-tales, and when I could find no one to tell



me stories, I made them up myself. My handkerchief dolls were princesses, giants, dwarfs, kings, queens—everything. From moment to moment they changed character. They played more parts than I ever hope to. The grape-baskets, in which they scraped over the ground, were royal coaches, railway trains and automobiles.

"I got the other little girls and boys with whom I played to play 'make-believe' also. Those who didn't have what I considered 'talent' I placed in the audience and charged them two pins each. I made up each play on the spur of the moment, and I have seen some picture-plays that were scarcely less improbable than those productions of my childish imagination.

"I grew up, finished school, and came to New York, with all my dollies packed in my trunk, to carry out my ambitions. I didn't know the name of a single manager. It was hard, discouraging work getting a start. I worked early and late. I wrote for the newpapers, and I wrote plays, most of which I rejected before any one else had a chance to. I studied and finally found a place in drama; and while I was never a star, I did play leading parts in several productions. Then, deciding I would perfect myself in the art of expression, I went into Motion Pictures.

"Most girls lay aside their dolls when they begin to grow up, but I just couldn't part with mine, even when mother said I was too big to be seen playing with such little people. I owe a great deal to these little creatures, for it was while playing with them that I discovered my talent for 'make-believe,' and whatever progress I have made in my profession I owe to the doll family tucked away in my trunk.

"And sometimes, when I feel just a little lonely, my thoughts go back to the days when they were part of my daily life, and I quietly sneak away to the top of the house, take them out of my trunk, and recall every one of the dear, past days I spent with them. It may be foolish—it probably is. But I do it, anyhow!"

Lovers of Filmland

By ELLA RANDALL PEARCE

Across the screen they wend their way,
A company both bold and gay.

Sometimes, in Roman robes or Greek,
He poses, youthfully, antique;
Again, He wears the frills of France,
A blithe Pierrot with roguish glance;
Or in plain homespun He may roam,
Thatched cot or timbered hut his home.
He may be curate, college boy,
A pagan's god, a Circe's toy;
But where He dominates the reels,
Romance steps lightly at his heels.

And She—the She of all these pairs;
What boots the name or garb She wears?
Princess or peasant, waif or ward;
Won by the song or by the sword;
Queen of the court; sprite of the sea;
Wrapped in the desert's mystery;
A creature made of snow or fire—
Whatever else, she's Heart's Desire.

Across the screen they wend their way,
A company both bold and gay.
They love and are beloved—ah me!
Life holds no sweeter history.



PEN-AND-INK IMPRESSIONS, CAUGHT BY OUR ARTIST, OF EARLE WILLIAMS IN CHARACTERISTIC POSES WHILE ADVENTURING IN "THE SCARLET RUNNER." THE "INDOMITABLE CHAUFFEUR" ALSO CONSENTED TO POSE AU NATURAL FOR US—IN EVENING CLOTHES AND IN ORDINARY STREET TOGS. EARLE WILLIAMS' PRIVATE WARDROBE IS, BY THE WAY, THE ENVY OF EVERY OTHER BROADWAY BEAU BRUMMEL

Breaking Into the Movies in California

A Diary

By SUZETTE BOOTH

(This series began in the January number, and this is the fourth instalment)

NOTE: To the many girl readers all over the United States whose one ambition in life is California and the movies, I dedicate this diary. It is not the great stars that can give advice. When they broke in, it was very easy; but the girl of today, that comes here alone and unaided and tries to get in, is the one that can relate the hard, cold facts.

MARCH 15, 1916.—The hotel where I am stopping gave their annual dance last night. Met Mr. White, who is well acquainted in Los Angeles and the movies. Told him my experience, and he said: "Well, it does take pluck to go after a position, I'll admit, but a little cleverness will land you one. You come with me tomorrow (in my car) to the Balboa studio at Long Beach; write Essanay, Chicago, on your calling-card, and I'll pretend I am your manager, and just see how quickly you will get a position."

MARCH 16, 1916.—Motored out to Long Beach this morning; arrived at noon. After lunch we started out to find the studio, which is about two miles out of town. Down a dusty road we finally came to it, a little village in itself. The studio occupies one side of the road, the offices and dressing-rooms the other. Our beautiful car attracted a great deal of attention as we drove up to the studio. My friend went in and presented my card to the stenographer. He returned shortly, saying Mr. Horkheimer would see me. The latter was very pleasant and engaged me on the spot at $25.00 per week for two weeks. If I made good, I could name my own salary. "Leading women were very scarce," he said. Escorting me across the road to the studio, he introduced me to all the directors as Balboa's new star; said I should come out tomorrow and he would find me a suitable hotel.

MARCH 17, 1916.—Out to Long Beach again today, which is 50 cents round trip, on the Pacific Electric, then a jitney to the studio. At the latter Mr. H. M. Horkheimer introduced me to his brother, E. D. Horkheimer, who said sarcastically, "You are too fat (I weigh 128), and you will have to get rid of that double chin." My face burned in indignation. What a girl must stand to get into the movies! Mr. H. M. Horkheimer 'phoned the Hotel Schuyler and engaged a room for me.

MARCH 18, 1916.—Moved to Long Beach today, to the Hotel Schuyler—Schuyler by the Western Sea it is called, and faces the ocean. Summer is here in full blast; the beach is crowded with bathers. On the boardwalks, gaily attired women in summer garb, gaudy-colored bathing-suits and parasols vie with each other against the brilliant sun. Strolling down the "Pike," looking into the curio-shop windows, then passing the famous Hotel Virginia, I came to the dearest little bungalow court, built right out into the ocean. Looked like a little doll-house. "I'll have me one if I make good at Balboa," I thought. I asked the price of a dear old lady; told her proudly I was engaged at Balboa. Tears came to her eyes, and, taking my hand, she said: "I am so sorry; hope you wont be disappointed, so many girls have been. It seems they delight in engaging girls, having them go to the expense of moving out here, then never cast them." Well, I wish I had not seen those dear little bungalows. Wonder if I, too, will be disappointed.

MARCH 19, 1916.—Sunday. Sat down on the beach all morning, watching the wonderful ocean and feeding the sea-gulls.

MARCH 20, 1916.—Monday. Arose at 6 A. M., dressed hurriedly, ate breakfast at a beach cafeteria, then the jitney to the studio. Was just 8:00 when I registered my name and time. A very pleasant young lady approached me, saying, "I heard you were starting today, and the manager said we could have the same dressing-room if you wish." So we were shown across the street to our dressing-room. The outside resembled a barn. Inside, it had a little, narrow stair, barely wide enough to climb,

and tier upon tier of dressing-rooms. The inside of ours was bare and dusty; a wooden shelf sufficed for a dressing-table and a few rusty nails for our wardrobe. It was hot and stifling and so dark we could hardly see. We were told to make up. It was my acquaintance's first experience, and I had to teach her how. She was married, a graduate of one of Washington's (D. C.) fashionable boarding-schools, and had a dreadful case of "movieitis." So she gave up her beautiful home and her indulgent husband and had to come all the way from Los Angeles each evening. Her husband had great hopes that she could be cured. Made up, we started over to the studio, and oh! picking live chickens was naught to the way we were picked upon that day. Movie people are the most envious (especially stars) in the world; they dread a newcomer. Each came in, looked us over, and passed remarks. One said to me: "How much you resemble Clara Kimball Young, but such a pity you have not her sweet disposition!" I smiled and said, "Meow! Meow! Here, kitty, kitty!" And so my friend and I strolled around like the "Two Orphans." At noon we ate a little lunch at the Balboa lunchroom, to kill a little time. The afternoon was a repetition of the morning. At 3 o'clock we were dismissed for the day.

March 24, 1916.—Friday. We are still wallflowers, and as important to Balboa as the little black kitten that scampers in and out of the sets.

March 25, 1916.—I am discouraged. Mr. King, a director, called us this morning and said: "Girls, make up in evening clothes at once, eat your lunch, and be ready for me at 12:30." We were delighted. Hastily dressed, lunched, then waited our call. Suddenly our dressing-room door was thrust open, and Miss Maude Barry (a Pike dancer) rushed in. She held up two dainty little costumes "à la Gertrude Hoffman," made out of a few inches of cheese-cloth, with a garland of roses sufficing for the waist. She said commandingly: "Girls, you will have to put these on and dance a barefoot dance with me." "I guess not," I said decisively. "I was not hired for a 'Salome dancer' nor to ridicule poor Gertrude!" My friend, so anxious was she to keep her position, would have consented to do 'most any stunt, but I was obdurate, so the dancer went back to report the occurrence to the manager. Finally we heard some one tearing up the stairs, and the manager burst into the dressing-room. Ranting in a very elocutionary way, he said: "Miss Booth, either put on that costume or go to the office and get your money." Big tears ran down my cheeks, making deep rivulets in my make-up, as I ran over to the studio to see Mr. H. M. Horkheimer. "Would you do it for more money?" he asked. I was indignant, so he continued, "When a girl becomes a Motion Picture actress she should be willing to do anything that is asked of her." I said: "Thanks, Mr. Horkheimer, for the information. I guess I am too much of a mule to work for you; I'll admit I certainly balk at doing everything that is asked of me." Going over to the office for my check, they refused to pay me in full. So, leaving the studio, I walked back to my hotel, a distance of two miles. When I reached the ocean I strolled away out on the pier and sat down on a fishing-stump. And then I thought how people censure girls for straying from the narrow path. What would I do, I thought, if tonight I had no money to get back to town? Mr. Horkheimer knew I was a stranger in California, but never even inquired about my financial condition. California people dont seem to be kind-hearted. As I was sitting pondering, big tears rolling down my cheeks, my face resembled an unsweetened rhubarb pie. I happened to glance up, and there stood a big policeman. I had to laugh, as I said to him, "I suppose you think I am going to give the fishes a chicken dinner?" So this ended my career at Balboa, and I moved back to Los Angeles.

March 26, 1916.—Have not tried D. W. Griffith yet. Most likely I'll get a position out there, as Gristy Cabanne, one of their directors, is a St. Louisian. He will give me help, I am sure. It was about 3 o'clock when I applied at Griffith's Fine Arts studio for Mr. Cabanne. Was told he was directing Lillian Gish in "Sold for Marriage" and was somewhere on the lot. I managed to find him, however, and I said: "Mr. Cabanne, I am Miss Booth, from St. Louis." He said: "You gave me a shock; I thought



SUZETTE BOOTH, THE GIRL WHO TRIED TO BREAK INTO THE MOVIES IN CALIFORNIA

you were my sister. You are a good type, and, if you wait until I am thru, I will have a talk with you." I sat down on a pile of lumber close by and waited. Finally, calling Miss Gish and bestowing on me a glance, he left the scene. I waited nearly an hour and then inquired at the office. "Why, he has gone home," they told me. So this is how important a movie aspirant is!

APRIL 3, 1916.—Have resolved to try Cabanne again. He was in the night studio, they told me, when I inquired for him, so I went in. Quite a few people were standing about. Mr. Cabanne was talking to a little girl, and at sight of me he raised his hand quickly and said: "Cant see you today, Miss Booth; come around next June." My face flushed dreadfully. A well-dressed gentleman standing near remarked: "That's a nice way to address a lady. Come with me; I'll take you over to see D. W. Griffith. He is a dear friend of mine." So we

crossed the road to the big lot where "Intolerance" was being directed. As we crawled under the canvas fence a great sight met our eyes. Had we been in ancient Babylon, it could not have been more real. Warriors on horseback dashed by; women driving chariots making great clouds of dust. Further down on the lot a court scene was being filmed. Fully a hundred girls were in the dancing scene, perfectly nude with the exception of a tiger-skin wrapped around their bodies. (As the tigers had died in their infancy, they were shivering with the cold.) Mr. Griffith was dreadfully busy, and my friend lost his nerve. However, before we left, one of Mr. Griffith's assistants came over. He said: "If you have the nerve, you might see Mr. Woods tomorrow. He is called 'Woods the Ogre' and 'Woods the Terrible.' We all think Mr. Griffith has him to scare the movie aspirants away—and he succeeds."

April 5, 1916.—Have decided to take a chance and see this dreadful man who scares all the little girls who want to be movie queens. At the studio, Mr. Beerbohm Tree passed with Constance Collier, and said "Good-afternoon" so pleasantly. Following them was Miss Collier's colcred maid, carrying her pet monkey. I stopped and shook hands with the monkey for luck. At Mr. Woods' office I opened the door. His stenographer smiled sweetly, saying: "Awfully sorry, but Mr. Woods refuses to see any one looking for a position." Then, seeing how disappointed I looked, she added: "Well, maybe I can fix it up; just wait a moment." She stayed quite a while, and, returning, she brought Mr. Woods' assistant with her. He said: "I'll take you in to see him; that is all I can do for you." Mr. Woods was seated at a desk when I entered. I said: "I am Miss Booth from the——" Showing his teeth à la Teddy, he shrieked it so loud it shook the tiny office: "We dont want anybody!" Oh! I was so frightened my heart stopped beating. As I passed out into the yard a crowd of "extra" boys made remarks—"Isn't she the brave little girl!" and "You had better see if you are all there, kiddo!" They evidently had seen Woods also. As I crossed the road to the car I became hysterical, and had to go into a little oil station before I could go back to town. On the way back I resolved that "push" and "pull" are the two and only essentials in making a movie queen. You might be as beautiful as Cavalieri or as wonderful as Bernhardt, but without these you have no chance.

(*To be continued in our next number*)



BALBOA HAS INSTALLED A DEER-PARK, AND IT IS RUTH ROLAND'S PASSION TO CLIMB OUT OF BED AT DAYBREAK, SNEAK ACROSS LOTS IN HER OVERALLS AND SERVE BREAKFAST TO HER NEWLY ADOPTED FAMILY

At Sea in an Open Boat!

The Limerick Deluge Makes Wet Weather for the Editor—Keep on Dripping, the Plumbing's Rotten!

ANY one who can make headway against the above heading is some head-line sailor! The reason is (be reasonable, contribs) that the Limerick Editor appears to be swamped on a sea of Limericks. (Be merciful again—he kept on calling for them to be fed up.) Anyway, he's laboring with a weather helm against seven oceans of typed and penned jingling verse.

Let's get down on our worn knees (they once were dimpled) and plead forgiveness. The sensations after reading thru five thousand Limericks (with a snigger for each snappy one and a sob of sympathy for each sad one) first grip the Editor with an iron-clamped headache. Bits of loose type, broken lines and urgent rhymes dance impishly thru his brain (or the attic where it ought to be—right?). "There wont be any more prizes, or fun, or Limerick pages," he mutters thickly; "I'm all in!"

The faint memories of a night he once spent in a Far West fishing-lodge come to him. Lumber was scarce in those parts, and the bedroom partitions ran only halfway up to the ceiling (if it was for modesty's sake, it was a rank failure). First a pair of heavy boots hit the floor in our communal room, with a thud that pried open one of my tired eyes; then a conversation started, followed by a chorus of snores. I will never forget that night—its memory is a babel of inchoate sounds—and in the morning (at sun-up) I massaged the imprint of the bed-cords (Springs? Not in that hostelry!) off my numb body and sadly went back to lobster- and caviar-fishing along Broadway. To make matters worse, the proprietor tried to distract me by telling

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A TOOTHSOME LITTLE DISH!

MR. HANNIBAL NUT, of Decatur,
Often goes to the movie theatur;
"I dreamed," observed Hannibal,
"That I was a cannibal,
And captured Anita an' ate hur!"

J. S. HAIGHT.
230 S. 1st Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

THOSE MINUS EVENING-GOWNS.

I WENT to the movies last night,
And had a most terrible fright;
I saw Theda barer
Than Geraldine Farrar,
But oh! what a rapturous sight!

JOYCE BARRIE.
15 Oak St., Inwood, N. Y.

SHE'D BE FOOLISH TO ACCEPT!

SAID he to his wife: "My dear pet,
I'll buy you a Ford if you'll let
Me alone in my dreams,
And stop your wild screams
When I go to see Gladys Hulette!"

P. H. SPERLING.
415 Dorchester St., West, Montreal, P. Q., Canada.



ANITA STEWART

me (poor fish!) that his waitresses were all cow-girls, who served dinner in the open on horseback, and that they could clear a three-rail fence with a tray of cocktails in one hand and a plate of soup in the other—*without spilling a drop!*

But why hack at sticks in the wood-box of memory? The Limerick's the thing! Just 'cause I'm red-headed (at present), with a dark-brown taste (unearned), doesn't disprove the joy of chaperoning the Limerick column. So clear away the confession (on my bended knees), and shoot them in merrier than ever. And dont forget that we have prizes—$5, $3 and four $1 shots each month. And while I'm perking up let's award them. Step up, boys and girls! The lucky jinglers this month are: Frank M. Wollen, Fred Ziemer, F. Samuels, Wilna Wilde and Joyce Barrie, in the order named.



NORMA TALMADGE

AND KEEP ON HOLDING!

My poor heart has never been calm
Since the first time I saw Louise Glaum;
Tho in pictures she vamps,
When I look at her lamps
She can hold my young life in her palm!

FRANK M. WOLLEN.
1641 Marshall Ave., St. Paul, Minn.



LOUISE GLAUM

QUEEN NORMA I OF FILMIANA!

The most wonderful vision I've seen
In reel life, the photoplay screen,
Is a face wondrous fair,
Wonder eyes, wonder hair—
Norma Talmadge, the celluloid queen!

FRANK M. WOLLEN.
1641 Marshall Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

IS MORENO A DREAMO?

I love Mr. Tony Moreno,
He is my Castilian bambino;
When he comes on the screen
You'll agree he's a dream,
And with Edith they make a fine teamo.

WILNA WILDE.
15 Oak St., Inwood, N. Y.

HE KEEPS US ALL SWAYING!

H. Walthall frightens me so,
When he's "seeing things," like Poe;
But I'd lay my last jit
For a seat in the pit
When he's raving o'er Edna Mayo!

PAULINE WATKINS.
Waxahachie, Tex.



HENRY WALTHALL



HELEN HOLMES

PASS HIM ALONG, VERA!

A sweet little actress named Sisson
In a love-scene got most of the kissin';
She never seemed bored,
And, when asked, said, "Oh, Lord!
You dont seem to know what you're missin'!"

Fred Ziemer.
111 College St., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE TERRIBLE-TEMPERED BILL FARNUM!

When Bill leaves us all, by-and-by,
Old Satan will say, with a sigh:
"He's getting too near;
I'll beat it from here,
For I dont want no truck with that guy!"

M. Lee Stevens.
1394 O'Farrell St., San Francisco, Cal.

SHE DISTURBED HIS SLEEP.

You owe me a bill, Helen Holmes,
And the neighbors still talk of my groans,
For I dreamt I was you,
And your stunts tried to do,
And I broke several valuable bones!

F. Samuels.
172 Hillside St., Asheville, N. C.

SHE'S STRONG ON THE LEAN STUFF!

That handsome young actor, Lou-Tellegen,
So tall and slim like the pelican,
Lets wife Geraldine
On Wally Reid lean—
I dont see how in helican!

A. W. Kay.
2217 Ohio Ave., Cincinnati, O.



WILLIAM FARNUM

HER TRAGIC END!

When the beautiful Beverly Bayne
Expired in Malaria, Mayne,
The scene was so bleak
That my wife cried a week—
I hope she dont do it agayne!

Boyron de Barras.
411 Chamber Commerce, Atlanta, Ga.

THOSE RETIRING INGENUES!

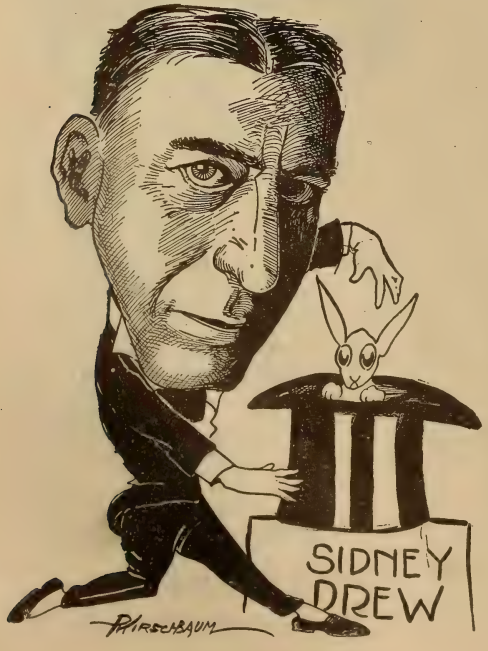
Blanche Sweet, and Louise Lovely, too,
Thought their genuine names wouldn't do,
So retiring and shy
Were they both; that is why
They chose Lovely and Sweet in their lieu!

Len Ketchum.
439 E. 46th St., N., Portland, Ore.

NOT ABOVE A WHISPER!

I've heard those directors are darin',
And emphasize orders with swearin',
But I dont think that's true;
Just imagine—could you
Cuss at beautiful Mary MacLaren?

Miss I. Alexander.
75 West End Ave., Atlanta, Ga.





BEVERLY BAYNE

PRODIGAL WITH THE WAIST-LINE!

Valeska, Valeska Suratt,
'Tis surely a most stunning hat;
Your gowns are bizarre,
They certainly are,
But the back of your waist, WHERE IS THAT???

Louise D. Smith.
438 E. Colfax, Apt. 6, Denver, Colo.

IT'S CRUEL TO LET ACTORS MARRY!

A pretty brunette fan named Sue
Went nightly to see Sidney Drew;
We despair of her life
Since she learnt of his wife—
And we dare not hope she'll pull thru.

M. C. Moloney.
1227 E. 44th Place, Chicago, Ill.

Are They Married? And, If So, To Whom?

Compiled by Thomas W. Gilmer, from Information Obtained at the Studios and Elsewhere

Name of Star	Age in 1916	Matrimonial Status
May Allison	21	Not married
G. M. Anderson	37	Married
Mary Anderson	19	Married
Roscoe Arbuckle (Fatty)	30	Married to Minta Durfee
King Baggot	37	Married
Theda Bara	26	Not married
Bessie Barriscale	25	Married to Howard Hickman
Ethel Barrymore	36	Married to Russell Colt
Lionel Barrymore	34	Married to Doris Rankin
Beverly Bayne	22	Not married
Harry Benham	32	Married to Ethel Cooke
Dorothy Bernard	25	Married to A. H. Van Buren
Sarah Bernhardt	72	Married
Carlyle Blackwell	30	Married
Hobart Bosworth	49	Married to Adele Farrington
Billie Burke	30	Married to Florenz Ziegfeld
Francis X. Bushman	31	Married
Charles Chaplin	27	Not married
Marguerite Clark	29	Not married
Ethel Clayton	26	Married to Joseph Kaufman
Maurice Costello	39	Married
Marguerite Courtot	19	Not married
Edward Coxen	28	Married to Edith Borella
James Cruze	32	Married to Marguerite Snow
Irving Cummings	28	Not married
Grace Cunard	25	Married to Joseph Moore
Marie Dressler	47	Married
Sidney Drew	47	Married to Lucille McVey (Jane Morrow)
Douglas Fairbanks	33	Married
William Faversham	48	Married to Julie Opp
Dustin Farnum	40	Married
William Farnum	41	Not married
Geraldine Farrar	34	Married to Lou-Tellegen
Earle Foxe	29	Married
Mary Fuller	23	Not married
William Garwood	30	Not married
Dorothy Gish	18	Not married
Lillian Gish	20	Not married
Ethel Grandin	22	Married to Ray Smallwood (a director)
Winifred Greenwood	24	Married to Geo. Field
Allen Hale	27	Married to Gretchen Hartman
Donald Hall	37	Married to Frankie Mann
Ella Hall	20	Not married
Genevieve Hamper	24	Married to Robert Mantell
Robert Harron	22	Not married
William S. Hart	46	Not married
Raymond Hitchcock	46	Married to Flora Zabelle
Helen Holmes	23	Married to J. P. MacGowan
De Wolf Hopper	54	Married
Edna Wallace Hopper	42	Married to A. O. Brown
May Hotely	34	Married to Arthur Hotaling
Louise Huff	21	Married to Edgar Jones
Irene Hunt	24	Married to Lester Scott
May Irwin	54	Married
William Jefferson (son of Joe)	35	Married to Vivian Martin
Alice Joyce	27	Married to Tom Moore
Annette Kellermann	27	Married

Thus it will be seen that, as a general rule, the hero and heroine are *not* married to each other. And you never can tell whether an actress is really in love or only *"registering."*

(*To be continued in the May issue*)

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

With the completion of "Pearl of the Army" this month, Ralph Kellard will round out his contract as a Pathé star. He will take a well-earned rest before announcing future studio plans.

"Yankee Doodle" George Cohan, to say nothing of Mrs. Cohan and Baby Cohan, are in Jacksonville, Fla., after a pleasant sea-voyage from New York. "I'm in the inner celluloid circle now," says George, "and am dippy about putting 'Broadway Jones' into film."

Hail to another actor-producer-manager! "Dynamo" Douglas Fairbanks has formed his own picture company, which will distribute thru Artcraft. John Emerson will be his director, and little Anita Loos will juggle his plots.

Now that "Little Mary" has completed "A Poor Little Rich Girl," she is packing up for a transcontinental flyer to Los Angeles, the scene of her next picture. The problem of transporting all her pets is a brain-racking one—there's "Hulda," the domesticated duck; "McTavish," the quarrelsome parrot; "Sneeze," the white rat; "Fritz," her witchy black cat; "Jack" and "Jill," just onery pups—and goodness knows what else. Poor "Adam," her moth-eaten camel, has been denied the trip.



LILLIAN WALKER

Theda Bara has harkened to the lure of the desert, Palm Beach, Fla., being the nearest sand-lot, and is down there, sporting in the balmy surf and doing a picture as well.

Uncle Sam's latest adopted daughter, the Danish West Indies, will be put on the film map by Virginia Pearson, who is now en route to St. Thomas. At San Juan, Porto Rico, Virginia and company will stop off and gather in a few scenes.

Nothing shows better the growth in dignity and importance of Motion Picture players than the personnel of prominent actors in charge of the Actors' Fund Bazaar, to be held at Grand Central Palace, New York, May 12 to 21. The list of supporters reads like a studio cast-sheet.

Madge Kennedy, the star of those howling Broadway successes, "Twin Beds" and "Fair and Warmer," has joined hands with Goldwyn Pictures. On the eve of her decision, Miss Kennedy was led to the altar by Harold Bolster, business manager of the Vitagraph Company. The film and the veil are "fair and warmer," to say nothing of "twin beds," for one day's adventures.

The Edison Company, who are fast coming to life, has engaged Joe Burke, a premier character actor of the "legit." Among Edison's important coming releases are 'Kidnapped," from Robert Louis Stevenson's novel, and "For the Honor of the School," by Ralph Henry Barbour.

The Balboa Company will soon wage brilliant film warfare and has already captured the following players, to produce Knickerbocker Star Features: Winifred Greenwood, Vola Vale, Louis Sothern, Kathleen Kirkman and Mignon Le Brun. Among the men players are Arthur Shirley, Clifford Gray, Melvin Mayo, Cullen Landis, Lewis King and James Warner.

Douglas Fairbanks gave a surprise party to Mary Pickford, at the Algonquin Hotel, New York, in honor of her au revoir to Broadway. "Little Mary" was not "surprised," however, and wore a charming new frock for the occasion.

Dear Friend Mr. Brewster—I'm awfully sorry I didn't come in the first ten contestants in the Popular Players Contest, but feel very proud and happy for all the kind support given me by my admirers. It is impossible for me to reach every one personally that voted for me, so I am asking you for your help, thru the Motion Picture Magazine, just to print a line for me of thanks to all my boosters and friends that helped me so faithfully. I hope I am not asking too much, but you have always been so lovely, always shown me so many favors, that I just had an idea you would help me. Just loads of thanks for your kindness, and, with all my best wishes, believe me,

Most sincerely yours,

Studio, Jan. 30, 1917. Ruth Roland.

Our old and tried friend, James Young, who will direct the screen destinies of Henry Walthall hereafter, dropped in upon us t'other day and invited ye Greenroom Editor to a bite at the Lambs Club. S'much obliged for the bite, also for a chance to wring Jimmy's hand. The scarcity of good actor-folk in Chicago brought him on to round up a few for coming productions.

No more will "Dimples" Walker heave away at the high, emotional "drammer." Cut-up comedy made her famous, and she also helped to make screen comedy more tolerable. At any rate, Miss Walker announces a series of two-reel Vitagraph comedies, the first one being "Dimple's Baby."

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

"Hazards of Helen" Gibson is back on the job again with a brand-new serial, "A Daughter of Daring," in which she will "loco" the locomotive and "jump the freight" with her accustomed sang-froid. The reason Helen is such a success in Fast-Freight Tongueless Drama is because she cant express herself. Oh, la, la!

Here we are, discovering another Moore and another marriage! Joseph is his name, the youngest brother of Tom, Matt and Owen, and whom do you think he took in wedlock? Three guesses. Grace Cunard is the lady, and Joseph courted her right under the basilisk eyes of Francis Ford.

If you miss your favorites, it's 'cause you haven't got their new addresses. Here's some for your note-book: Viola Dana is moving from Metro to Art Drama; Hal Clements, Edythe Sterling and Barney Furey have joined Kalem; James Cruze has shifted to Fox, and Katherine Kaelred, Zena Keefe, Ruby De Remer, Arthur Donaldson, Marie Shotwell and James Morrison have all taken quarters in the Enlightment Photoplay Company.

Marie Doro has just "hit" New York from Los Angeles, and has been transferred to the Famous Players studio, where she will begin work in "Forget-Me-Not." The last time Marie came East, by the way, was on her honeymoon trip with Elliott Dexter.

Mary Charleson, Henry Walthall's leading woman in "Burning the Candle," has recently returned from New Orleans, where some admirers presented her with a coal-black lambkin. Which reminds us that:

Mary had a coal-black lamb,
Down in Baton Rouge;
When Mary left to skip back home,
The lamb died of the *blues!*

Our blue-ribbon Chatter, Roberta Courtlandt, is now in Jacksonville, Fla., rubbing elbows with a crush of screen gentility. She promises write-ups and "close-ups" of George Cohan, Marguerite Snow, Mabel Taliaferro, Viola Dana, Victor Moore and all the other stars who promenade in the lobbies of the Hotel Mason.

Wallace Reid has taken unto himself a new bride—for picture purposes only. In "The Golden Fetter," Anita King will be his new co-star.

Another old-time favorite is about to be "rediscovered" in pictures. Guy Coombs, the hero of countless Kalem military romances, has joined the Ivan Company, and his first presentation will be the rôle of a navy lieutenant.



PAULINE FREDERICK

Lou-Tellegen and Mary Fuller, who are co-starring in the making of "The Long Trail," have just returned from Saranac Lake, N. Y., where they gathered in snow-scenes galore. Both of them did some real fancy skating, too, between scenes.

The fact that Pauline Frederick is in the last throes of "Sapho" will give her audiences a chance to see one of literature's greatest vampires — great because Sapho is a type all too true to life. Fanny Legrand, properly presented and properly viewed, is one of the world's most powerful and vivid sermons.

The screen has invaded grand opera again, and this time has led off Mary Garden a captive bound. It is probable that "Salome" will be her first production for the Goldwyn Company.

During March and April you can look forward to seeing Blanche Sweet in "Those Without Sin"; Marie Doro in "Castles for Two"; Wallace Reid and Myrtle Stedman in "The Prison Without Walls"; George Beban in "The Bond Between"; Fannie Ward in "The School for Husbands"; Marguerite Clark in "The Valentine Girl"; and Lou-Tellegen and Mary Fuller in "The Long Trail."

Word has just come to us that Edith Storey, after finishing her latest picture, "The Long Fight," will no longer remain with Vitagraph. Miss Storey does not announce future plans, altho it may be taken for granted that she will still shine as a picture star. A little bird whispers also that the versatile Edith is engaged to her co-star, Antonio Moreno. They have not denied the rumor.

Anna Luther, who has been playing opposite George Walsh, has left the Fox Western studio. She has been succeeded by Doris Pawn as leading woman to George Walsh.

The first film version of "Faust" has gone on the rocks. After completing seven reels, the California Motion Picture Corporation found a man's-size strike on its hands. Beatriz Michelena, the Marguerite, "walked out," followed by the entire cast. Even Mephistopheles quit — quite unusual for him. Now the film is in the scrap-heap, and law-suits are flying thick and fast.

Bessie Love sprang a decided surprise on her admirers recently when she appeared in grand opera in Los Angeles and sang a leading rôle in support of Constantino, the famous tenor. Singers and audience agreed that the little picture star was a distinct "find" in the musical world.

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

This is not the day of Moving Pictures, but rather of moving stars. Glance at the list of those seeking new firmaments: Howard Estabrook has joined Morosco, and Doris Kenyon, of World, has been chosen to play opposite Henry Walthall for the Essanay Company; Juanita Hansen has forsaken Keystone for Unity, and Dorothy Bernard has allied with the Sherrill Company; Ann Murdock has moved from McClure to Mutual, and Anna Little from American to Selznick. Also Frank Lanning is now camping out with Fox and Rudolph Cameron is the latest juvenile lead to play opposite Anita Stewart.

Mae Marsh has induced her younger sister, Marguerite, to join her, and the two flesh-and-blood sisters will soon appear as screen sisters in their première Goldwyn picture.

A recent Jacksonville, Fla., wedding is that of Dell Boone to Niles Welch, respectively leading lady and leading man of the Technicolor Company. The proper Motion Picture flavor was given to the ceremony by the attendance of Grace Darmond as maid of honor, and W. B. Davidson, Ethel Barrymore's leading man, as best man.

The report that Ethel Clayton is about to leave the World Company is without foundation. Miss Clayton is under contract for fifteen months more.

Thomas Meighan is searching the classics for a story in which the heroine is carried about in the hero's arms. Having toted Pauline Frederick thru a good part of "The Slave Market" and up and down three flights of stairs in "Sapho," Tom has caught the human taxicab habit.

Sylvia Bremer, who recently made a hit in the stage-play, "Major Barbara," by Bernard Shaw, has been engaged to play opposite Charles Ray.

Gail Kane is the latest star to join American, and has just selected her Santa Barbara bungalow. Another American acquisition is Lucille Younge, who played Mary Magdalene in "Intolerance."

Another batch of important flights among the stars are: Winifred Greenwood has joined Balboa, and Thomas Jefferson returns to Fine Arts; Edna Goodrich has cancelled a vaudeville tour to go with Mutual, while Enid Markey leaves Triangle to hasten to Corona; Seena Owen is back in the Triangle ranks, and Cleo Madison has allied with the new Stern Company; and, finally, Walter Hitchcock and Anna Nilsson are lining up with Erbograph



GRACE CUNARD

William Duncan, Vitagraph, is about to be featured in a new serial, "Hearts of Flame." Mr. Duncan will direct his own screen portrayals, and assures us that, while they are virile stories of the West, they are not "Wild Western yellowdrama."

Alice Brady's new Russian play is to be entitled "The Dancer's Peril," instead of "The Snowbird," as originally announced. In it appears Alexis Kosloff, with his entire Russian *corps du ballet*.

During March you can locate prominent stars as follows: Carlyle Blackwell in "The Social Leper"; Robert Warwick and Doris Kenyon in "A Girl's Folly"; Kitty Gordon in "Forget-Me-Not"; Ethel Clayton in "The Web of Desire"; Jack Pickford in "The Dummy"; Sessue Hayakawa in "The Bottle Imp"; and Mary Miles Minter in "Liz."

Edward Coxen has had to postpone his screen portrayals indefinitely, due to a painful accident. While at work in a recent Selig picture, his horse slipped on an ice-covered bridge, throwing Mr. Coxen under him and spraining his ankle.

Anent the make-up box, Clara Kimball Young is one of the few actresses to use make-up with "reverse English." Her orbs are so large that she has to make them up to appear smaller than they really are.

Vitagraph's big spectacle, featuring Harry Morey, Alice Joyce, Naomi Childers, James Morrison, Peggy Hyland and other stars, is at last ready for presentation. Official Vitagraphville is still in doubt about a name for the picture. First it was "The Battle Cry of War," then "Womanhood," and now "Womanhood, or The Glory of a Nation." Can anybody help them christen this overgrown "baby" feature?

Excessive night work and continued rains have been too much for Helen Holmes. The daring railroader is confined to her room with an attack of tonsilitis, but expects to be up and doing at an early date.

Francis X. Bushman is ringing the changes of make-up and characterization rapidly in "The Great Secret." From Chinaman to longshoreman to Italian to East Side tough is his record for the first few episodes.

Extra! Extra! George Walsh has trimmed his locks, Anna Luther has given up ginghams and taken to silk pajamas, and Theda Bara has taken up revolver-shooting instead of spearing men's hearts. Wot's the world coming to, anyway?



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

IDA M. H.—Thanks for your very fine letter. I haven't heard of any of the people you mentioned, and I doubt if any of them were ever in pictures. Thanks for the fee. Yea, verily, Germany certainly took the rest out of Bucharest.

LESTER C. W.—Now, now! dont get rambunctious. I will pass your verses along to Doc Limerick. Crane Wilbur is playing in "Morals of Men," a series of six pictures. Your letter was a gem.

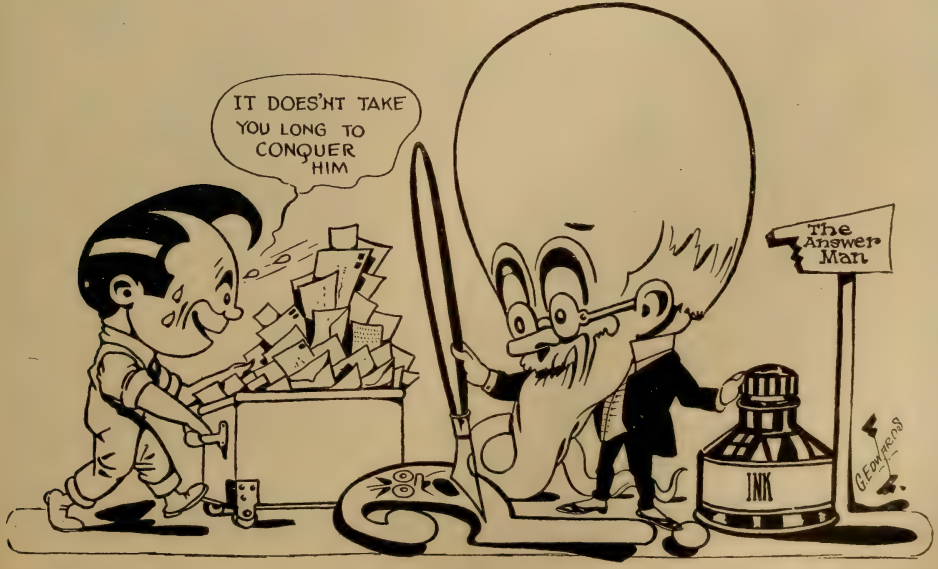
OCTAVIA P. R.—Yes, the photographs that are given with subscriptions are quite attractive. Why dont you subscribe and see for yourself? Jack Standing is playing with Gladys Brockwell for Fox. The octopus in "Shielding Shadow" was alive. It is about fifteen feet long. The picture was taken in the studio tank. The octopus was shipped in a glass case to the studio and then put in the tank. The director had to be very careful to have the water in the tank at a certain temperature, as the octopus has lived in warm water since a baby. The owner of the devil-fish was at hand at all times. I have no preference—blondes, brunettes, peroxides or black-heads.

EVERY WEEK.—Welcome! You have been skipping—rather, jumping. Very sorry to hear of your misfortune. Hope you are better now. You write like a professional film critic. The coal situation is "hard" for some and "soft" for others, but it is harder on *others* than on *some*. Poor nut! But dont egg me on this way.

SPKLYMCQZ.—And I hope the printers dont make a mistake with your name. I dont know how you can get in touch with Olga. I hope you dont want to "touch" her. You bet! Debt is the inexhaustible fountain of dishonesty. Some may be too proud to fight, but some are too proud to stop.

IDA L., TORONTO.—Glad to hear that you got your wish. Yes, drop in some time and drop up—I'm on the third floor. By my truth, we who have good wits have much to answer for! *N'est-ce pas?*

EVA, VICTORIA, B. C.—Yes; Elliott Dexter was Warren in "The Lash." The Alberg tunnel under the Alps is six and three-fourths miles long. The Gunnison tunnel in Colorado is only six. I know a film company that has undertaken too much, and they now need an undertaker.



B. B. PATRICK.—Dorothy Bernard is playing in "The Rainbow" for the Art Drama. Wait until you see Earle Williams in "Apartment 29." You ask, "Why are Germans like quinine and gentian?" Because they are two tonics (Teutonics). Wonderful!

GEO. L. M., PANAMA.—Theda Bara did not play in "The Fall of a Nation." Harry MacCoy is with Keystone. Glad you like our Magazine. Well, let us hope that goodness will prevail when beauty fails.

ROY C.—You say there are such a lot of nice girls in the movies that it would give a beauty critic the nightmare in the daytime to try and place such players as Mary Pickford, Juanita Hansen, etc. You will see Earle Metcalfe and Jean Sothern in "Her Good Name."

CHARLES R. K.—Sidney Mason opposite Valentine Grant in "Daughter of MacGregor." You just bet she is some Scotch dancer!

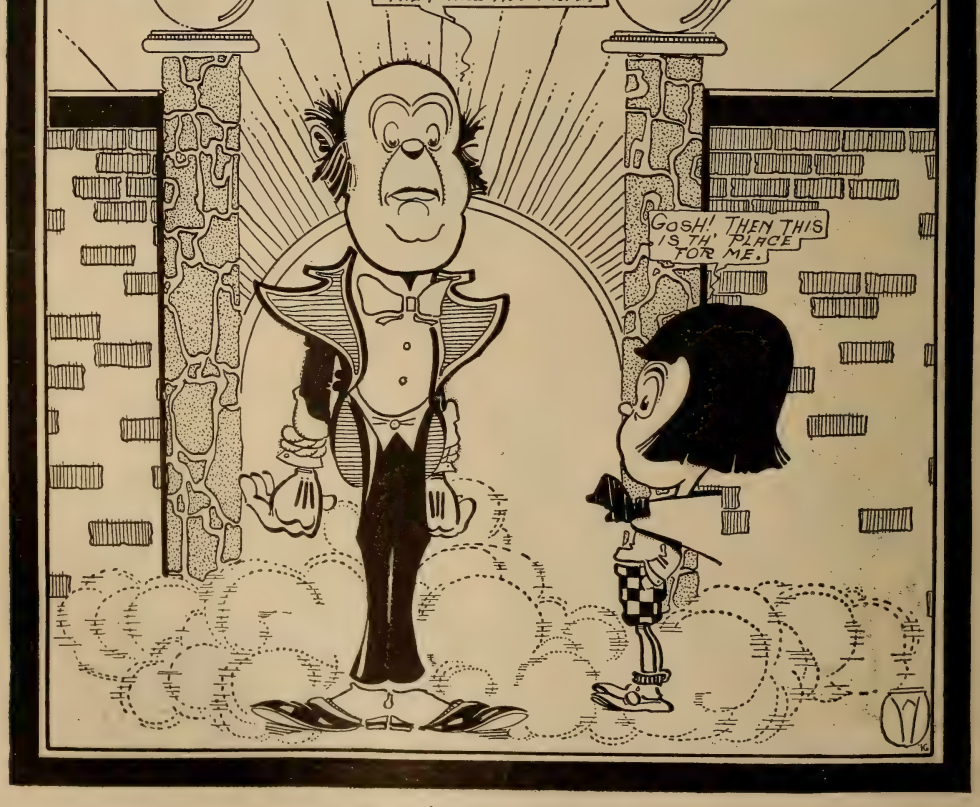
RUBY R., PHŒNIX.—Cinema is from cinematics, or kinematics, the science of mechanics that treats of motion; hence cinema —motion machine or motion theater. Properly, tho not popularly, pronounced kin-e-ma. Perhaps the high cost of paper is due to President Wilson's notes.

PEGGY OF THE SOUTH.—Florence Reed is with Selznick, playing in "The Eternal Sin." Howard Estabrook will direct Vivian Martin for Morosco. Gail Kane is with American. Joseph Kaufman will direct George M. Cohan and Marguerite Snow for Artcraft. Let me hear from you again.

INEZ.—Yes, we have several here. No, the other magazine is no relation to us whatever. Maxine Elliott joins Goldwyn. Charlotte Ives and E. H. Sothern in "The Man of Mystery."

JOHN TUI.—Thanks for yours. Howard Estabrook will play opposite Vivian Martin in "The Wax Model." The *Savannah* was the first steamship to cross the Atlantic, and she made it in twenty-six days, and was first launched in 1818. I, too, admire "Gioconda," particularly the dance of the hours. Thanks.

FRANCYE R.—So you think Mary Pickford is the greatest screen star. Elsie Ferguson has joined the Cardinal Company, same as Geraldine Farrar. It was reported, without foundation, that Lillian Walker had left Vitagraph.



IF BILLIE'S DREAM CAME TRUE

GERTRUDE T. S.—Welcome to America! There are several diet squads in America, and it is reported that one of them gained in weight when it quit worrying about the high cost of living.

ANNAPOLIS H.—Henry Walthall is still with Essanay. Harry Northrup is with Metro. Harry Millarde is with Universal. Fritzi Brunette is with Universal. Mary Pickford announces, "Our women carry too many burdens." And yet they want to vote!

GLADYS V. M.—Look up January, 1917, for Alice Brady's picture. Charles J. Guiteau shot President Garfield in Washington, July 2, 1881. Leon Czolgosz shot President McKinley at Buffalo, N. Y., September 6, 1901. Yes; I like the "Ham and Bud" comedies. If Ham had children, I suppose they would be called Hamlets.

GLORIA.—Creighton Hale has joined a musical comedy company. Ned Finley is back with Metro. Margaret Illington has signed a long-time contract with Lasky. She will play in "The Inner Shrine."

CHARLIE Q.—I enjoyed your letter, son, but the writing was pretty bad. What grade are you in?

LADY BALTIMORE.—Mary Charleson was Claudia in "The Prince Chap." Tom Mix was a major of the famous Rough Riders during the Spanish-American War, having won his title by his bravery in the dash up San Juan hill. Tom is also a personal friend of the former President and cherishes mementoes of their war-time associations.

ARKANSAS TRAVELER.—I dont think "When a Man's a Man" has been done in pictures. Kalem are producing "Ham and Bud" comedies. Glad to hear from you once more.

K. C. B.—You show a very wise head on very young shoulders. That's all scandal about Pearl White. Dont know.

S. H. S., WEST SOMERVILLE.—I shall pass the program along. Yes, but a philosopher is one who says simple things finely and fine things simply. Howsomever, I would rather go from bad to worse than let well enough alone.

SINOR V.—Thanks for the verses. They are splendid. A little stealing is a dangerous part, but stealing largely is a noble art. 'Tis mean to rob a hen-roost or a hen, but stealing thousands of eggs makes us gentlemen.

SHAKESMORE.—I shall be right up there. Haven't noticed that Mary Pickford is getting thin. Thanks for them kind woids. Your French means, "The first sigh of love is the last sigh of wisdom."



THE SUNDAY MORNING BIBLE CLASS

SHIRLEY G., CRIPPLE CREEK.—Your first is forbidden. You mean "Habit of Happiness," "Flirting with Fate" and "Matrimaniac."

G. U. STIFF.—No, they are not related. Mrs. Mary Maurice is just as lovely in the autumn as she was in the spring of her career. You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will, but the scent of the roses will hang round it still!

J. R. D., SOMERSWORTH.—Thanks muchly for the generous fee. Stuart Holmes was Leon in "A Tortured Heart" (Fox). Edna Hunter was Rita in "The Common Law." So you want May Allison's picture on the cover soon. Thanks very much for yours.

LILLIAN B.—Alas! to think how people's creeds are contradicted by people's deeds! It was April 1, 1915, that the National Board of Censorship changed its name to National Board of Review.

SYLVIA D.—Gordon Griffith was Blake in "Gloriana." Henry King is with Equitable. Dont flare up that way.

CAPTAIN B., LADONA.—See last month's issue for a list of the different clubs with their addresses. That's true, but sometimes we may learn more from a man's errors than from his virtues. Roberta Courtlandt, Pearl Gaddis and Carol Lee are now in Florida for us—will return soon.

INEZ, ST. JOHNS.—Yes, but she can act. Harry Carey is with Universal. You say English people are not idiots any more than American people are ignoramuses. Who said they were? Jesus Christ failed to bring peace to the world—how do you expect Wilson to do it?

MARIE.—You refer to Walter Edwards as Frederick and Robert McKim as Paul in "Love's Altar." Jeanne Iver was Opal in "One Day." Margaret Edwards was the girl in "Naked Truth." Tom Forman was Phillip in "Public Opinion." Wilfred Lucas was Jack in "The Lily and the Rose."

MOVIE NUTS, BRONX.—But haven't I told you never to argue with a man who talks loudly, for you couldn't convince him, anyway? John Reinhard was Jules in "The Mischief-Maker" (Fox). Welcome, I am sure. So you sing "Fairy Pipers," by Brewer. Yes, it is very catchy.

DOTTIE D.—Doc Limerick says you should try again. Study the knack and wit of the published ones.



BILL BIRD—What's ya crying about, Johnny?

JOHNNY GIRAFFE—Aw! They wont leave me in the show. They say I'd spoil the picture!

JACK, PORTSMOUTH.—Yes, there is too much drinking in the films, but there is also too much drinking out of the films. We Americans (present company excepted) drink everything. The Frenchman loves his native wine, the German loves his beer; the Englishman loves his 'alf and 'alf because it brings good cheer. The Irishman loves his whisky straight because it gives him dizziness; the American has no choice at all, so he drinks the whole darned business.

JENKIE.—Sheldon Lewis and Nell Craig in "The Coward" (Essanay). Charles Ray and Marguerite Gibson in Kay-Bee's "The Coward," and Paul Panzer in Pathé's "The Coward." You say your favorite flower is cabbage. Yes, I admire your taste. You also say your "hair is brown, my eyes dark blue, I've a 'puffickly chawming' smile, 'tis true!"

JACK, NEW ZEALAND.—I shall hand your effusion to the Editor.

G. HILTON, AUSTRALIA.—Cleo Madison comes from Chicago. She played her first part, which was the lead in "Captain Swift," when she was twenty-one years old. Since then she has built up for herself enviable fame and popularity. Miss Madison is very beautiful and versatile, and so talented that the admiration she receives is only just. She recently married Adonerian Peake.

J. FREDERICK S.—Thank you for the Huyler's. Two n's in that name. German, you know. Of course Helen Gibson does all those stunts herself. You are pardoned. Come again.

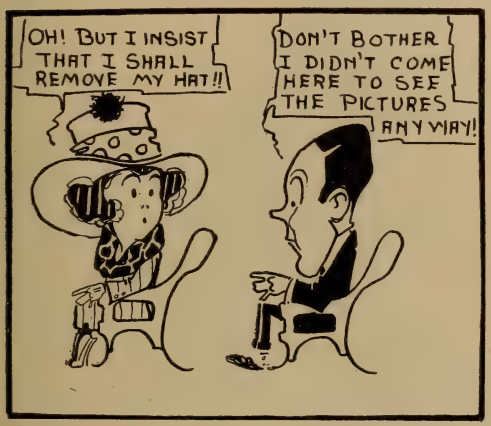
JANE NOVAK ADMIRER.—No, never had a picture of Miss Novak. You can reach her at Universal. Also Violet Mersereau, Universal Co., 1600 Broadway, New York City. Joyce Fair is with Essanay.

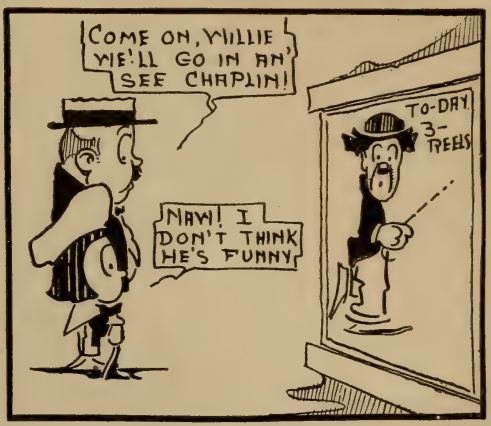
OLGA, 17.—Yes, but isn't kissing just shaking hands with the lips? If so, where's the harm? But I agree that too many films end with prolonged, a-lip-tickle contacts.

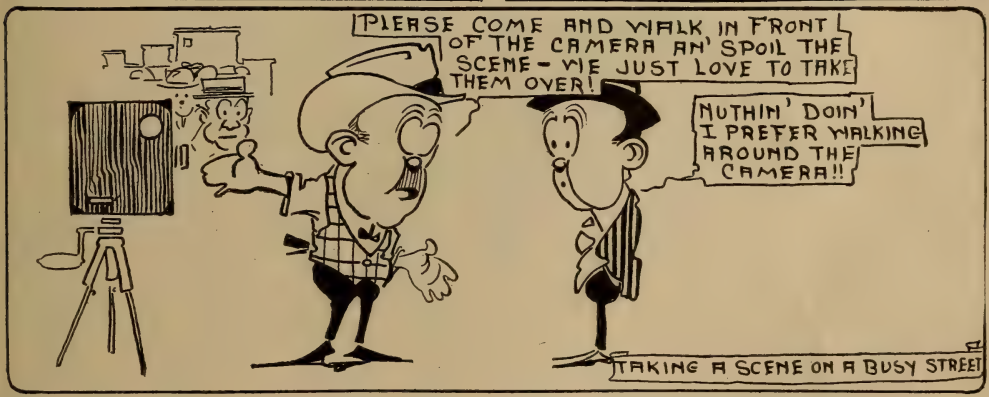
DR. HENRY R.—Thanks for your bright letter, but you have me stumped. Grass-widows are called such, you know, because they let no grass grow under their feet.

JERRY.—Yes, do. Courtney Foote is playing "Upstairs and Down." Mary Moore is stopping in New York now. Have you not read "The Houseboat on the Styx"? You ought to.

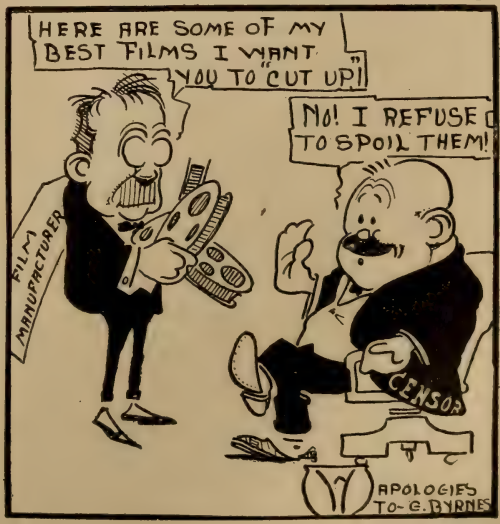
Things that never happen!











AGNES P.—Talk is cheap, but food is as high as ever, and even higher. I have mailed the letter you sent me. Alice Brady is still with World. Charles M. Schwab says: "I have yet to hear of an instance where misfortune hit a man because he worked overtime." Think that over.

L. C. W.—Thanks for this: "Your Answer Department is surely a revelation. The fact that your identity is so veiled in mystery of course adds to your charm, but the underlying spirit of camaraderie, your boundless patience and painstaking answers to queries of merit form the bulwark of your permanency as our chum and entertainer." You pay me a high compliment, I am sure. I shall have to get a new hat now.

AMO, WINNIPEG.—Much gratitude for the liberal fee. You certainly must have a fine time tobogganing and snow-shoeing. So you think Marguerite Clark will always look 14. And you dont approve of the contract that Theda Bara signed?

OCEAN SHORES, 13.—Yes, I noticed your simplified spelling. We use it some, but not extensively. Your list of favorites is pretty well selected.

SUNSHINE, ST. LOUIS.—So glad to hear from you again. Thanks for sending me the paper. I enjoyed it very much. That was all a joke about Anthony joining the movies. The dates on which the Farnum boys were born is a puzzle. Lawrence Payton was the lead in "Martin Eden." Thanks again.



PUTTING IT UP TO HIM

ELIZABETH C.—I dont remember your letter now. Ask the questions over again, please. Long Beach is a residential suburb of Los Angeles and is on San Pedro Bay.

LILY E. L., STRANDTOWN.—So you would like to see scenic pictures of America. Yes, the Transatlantic Co. is the same as the Universal. And now you are accusing Francis Ford's hair of looking like a convulsed door-mat. Dont you know that such is a mark of genius?

M. S. L., BOSTON.—Look above *in re* the octopus. Jack Sherrill was Arnold, and Marie Edith Wells was Dorothy in "Builder of Bridges." Stop in again some time.

J. B. R., MONROE.—Why, I saw G. M. Anderson on Broadway the other day. He is interested in theatricals now. Lucille Hammill was Virginia's sister in "The Battle Cry of Peace." Cleo Madison in the Universal, and Norma Phillips in "Runaway June." L. Rogers Lytton was the spy. Why do you want to call me "The Laughing Mask"?

JOHN O'D.—Thanks for your letter. Billy Mason's hobby is collecting old coins. The only way in which he differs from his many screen colleagues is in saying that he wants *old* coins—most actors dont care whether they are old or new.

WEMISSER.—So you want to hear more about Naomi Childers. She hasn't connected as yet. Syd Chaplin's hobby is golf—and aviation. Charlie's is athletics, to keep in trim for the heavy labor of lugging his weekly salary to the bank. The Rialto Theater in New York opened April 21, 1916.

ELIZABETH M.—Alaska is the only territory of the United States, and has an area of over 590,000 square miles and a population of 65,000. It is cold enough up there to freeze the hairs off a brass monkey. Yes; I do think Niles Welch is good-looking, but, alas! he is married now. Florence Marten was Alice, and Maud Turner Gordon was Alice's mother in "Miss George Washington."

EDNA P., BRISTOL.—June Caprice was born in Boston 17 years ago. Harold Lockwood in "Wildflower," and Mahlon Hamilton in "Molly Make-Believe." Jane Lee in "The Ragged Princess." Louise Lovely was born in Sydney, Australia, but her real name is Louise Carbasse. She changed it to "Lovely" because people could pronounce it better, she says, naïvely.

GUINIVERE, LOCKNEY.—You ask, as a whole, are movie stars "loquatious"? I never saw them all together. But you shouldn't write what you dare not sign. Some words hurt worse than swords.

BILLY, 1919.—Yes, surely, Ruth Bryan and George Spencer in "The Wolf" (Lubin). E. K. Lincoln, Edith Storey and Gladden James in "The Call" (Vitagraph). Yes, Billy, you are my friend, and I do like jelly. I can eat anything.

MRS. T. B.—I said it, and I cannot recall it, alas, alack! Is there then no death to a word once spoken? Was never a deed but left its token on tables of stone that cannot be broken? And you, too, are a Bushman fan. There are 17,017,393 miles of telephone wire in the United States, and only 3,121,000 in Germany.

MURRY, 15.—Viola Barry was the girl in "The Sea-Wolf." Lois Wilson was Joan, and Maud George was the Countess in "A Son of the Immortals." Wallace MacDonald was Harry in "Youth's Endearing Charms." Pearl White has green eyes and red hair (she said so herself). An attractive combination, however it may sound.

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CYRIL C. H.—Your request shall be granted by the Editor. Mary Miles Minter on the next Classic cover. Watch for it—it's a dream!

MRS. WILLIAM B.—Thanks for yours. Do come again. Dont be afraid. You say, "When is sugar like a pig's tooth? When in a hog's head." Water, please, quick!

RITA M.—You want to know if Mary Pickford is going to interpret the characters of all nations. Wheeler Oakman is with Mabel Normand Co. No; I dont mind pencil. You have to push a pen, but a pencil must be lead.

FRANK R., GRANDISLAND.—Places on the coast usually have a warmer climate than those far removed from it, except in summer, when the cool breezes from the ocean give an apparent coolness which does not exist inland. You say there is an Answer Man who reminds you of Billie Ritchie trying to imitate Chaplin, in the way he tries to imitate me. *Ne exeat.*

LADY BALTIMORE.—You say that in all factory scenes in pictures, they are always run by foot-power rather than the up-to-date machinery. You also noticed that players wipe their noses rather than their eyes when crying. I guess they are afraid of wiping the paint off their eye-lashes. Besides some people find it more convenient to cry from their noses.

UNA A. M.—No, "The Great Divide" was done by Lubin. Yes, to your second. Why not join the club?

REIDE R., BEAVER SPRINGS.—How'dy, old top! Is this what you meant: "A kiss is an amorous act of exceptional brevity, induced by a transitory derangement of the equilibrium in the comportment of each particeps criminis, assuming an inexplicable tenderness; the two lips are placed with commendable intrepidity and extreme scrupulosity upon preferably the similarly closed lips of a member of the opposite sex, pressing with the most perfect equity and impartiality and suddenly parting them. The impression on the sensorium consequent thereto usually culminates in a sense of rapture delectable and felicitous in the extreme."

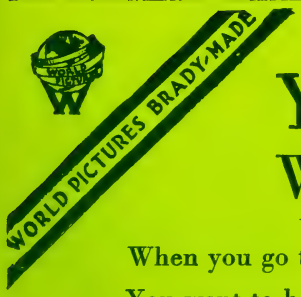
ELEANOR G.—Lionel Barrymore and Millicent Evans in "The Seats of the Mighty." Elmar Linden was Don José in "Carmen."

UNKNOWN.—It would be impossible to make a scenario out of that story. Plot has been used before. I must decline hereafter to give information of this kind.



THE BEST CURE

Billy Block and his sister Belle
Have learnt to dance; but, strange to tell,
No matter how these two prepare,
A round dance always comes out square.
This makes them mad, and so they go,
To forget it all, to a Picture Show.



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TILLIE WAKES UP—One long, roaring laugh. The funniest motion picture of all time. MARIE DRESSLER.

THE HUNGRY HEART—Filmed from the famous play "Frou Frou." Wonderful gowns, marvellous acting, and a thrilling story. ALICE BRADY.

THE RED WOMAN—A throbbing story of a white man's love for the prettiest Indian maiden ever seen on the screen. GAIL KANE.

A SQUARE DEAL—Life in the famous Bohemian colony of New York where many of the noted authors and artists live. Remarkable scene in a fashionable New York bath. CARLYLE BLACKWELL, June Elvidge. Cast including Henry Hull and Muriel Ostriche.

THE WEB OF DESIRE—High finance and high society life with a stunning climax. ETHEL CLAYTON, supported by Rockliffe Fellowes.

THE DANCER'S PERIL—Gorgeous dance scenes participated in by the entire Russian ballet. A story of tremendous power with acting that is magnificent. ALICE BRADY, with Alexis Kosloff of the Russian Imperial Ballet.

THE SOCIAL LEPER—Intense story of society life as it is. CARLYLE BLACKWELL, June Elvidge, Arthur Ashley, Evelyn Greeley and Muriel Ostriche.

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M. J. B., LOUISVILLE.—You have the wrong title on that L-Ko. My motto is, If you would have your readers merry with cheer, be so yourself, or at least appear. Chicago has a larger population than Berlin, and London has more than the two put together.

ELFIE E. J.—You say, "I am fifteen years old, rather tall and stout, blond hair and violet-blue eyes. Do you think there is a good future for me?" My dear child, futures aren't guided by figures; at least, personal figures. Since there are probably 10,000 other girls who have all that you have, you have about one chance in 10,000.

ADELAIDE LAM.—Yours were all against the rules. Scrutinize the paragraph at the head of this department, please.

RUSSELL S., AKRON.—The Gish girls are still with Fine Arts. Shall tell the Editor of your wants.

MARTHA T.—You had better send your picture to the different manufacturers. Send for a list of film manufacturers.

LYDIA S.—I am sorry for you, truly. But, my dear, you must wait until you grow up. Try to love your stepmother, even tho she doesn't care for you. Write to me whenever you want to. You refer to Constance Talmadge. Dolores Costello is about 12 now.

IDA.—You want me to meet you at the train. No; I have only been skating once this year. Your letter was a surprise and a joy. Pleasure that comes unlooked for is thrice welcome.

EDITH N.—No, none of the players refuse to receive praise of their work, but they do detest mushy notes from young girls.

ARKANSAS TRAVELER.—Now Theda Bara is studying birds in her efforts to properly portray her screen rôles. And what animal should I study? The bear? Romaine Fielding has nothing to do with the Pansy Club now. You think we ought to print pictures of some inquirers. How many favor this?

PET N. B.—Conway Tearle was with Selznick last. No; I am not quite a father to the public, but an offspring of my readers.

BILLY S., STAUNTON.—Carlyle Blackwell was born in Syracuse. Your second is for you to decide. No; just right.

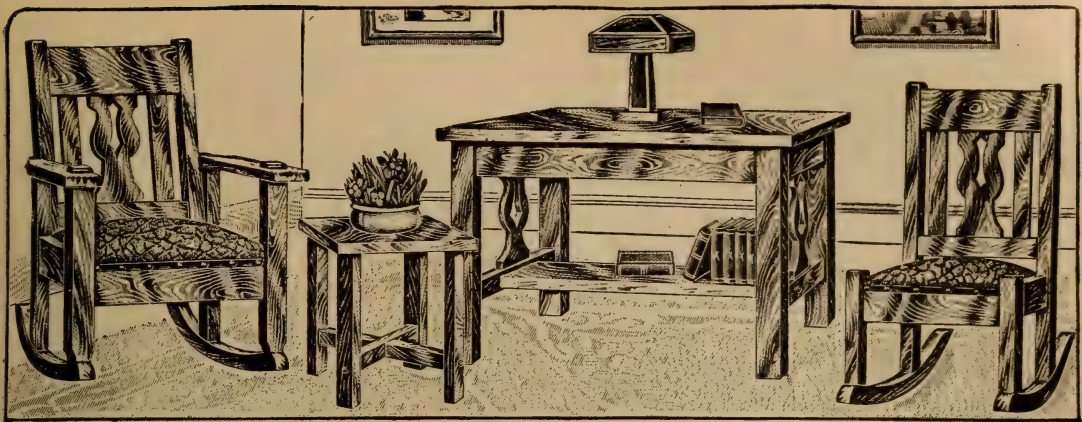
KATHLEEN M.—You say you were shocked with the indecency of "Melody of Love." And you are surprised that Warren Kerrigan should play in it. Geography is the study of the earth's surface; geology, of the earth's crust. "The Christian" is being reissued.

TYLE, BROOKLYN.—No; I haven't been to the Plaza as yet. So you think "The Love Thief" is one of the best Fox pictures you have seen. Let me hear from you soon.

INQUISITIVE.—You seem to have an awful crush on Niles Welch. Well, he has played for Vitagraph, then Kalem, then Metro. You were too late for March.



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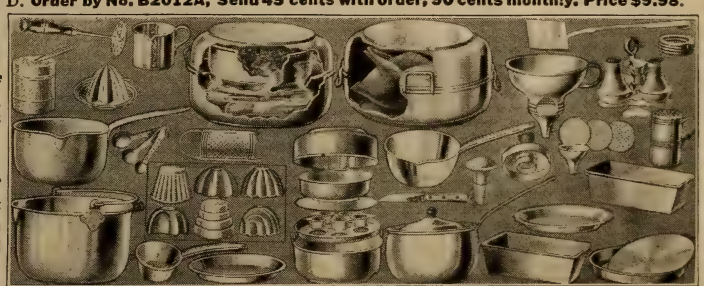
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If you only want the Catalog put X here ☐

MISS LIONEL.—Yes, it is a pretty name. You say your English friend spells it, "Hel-hi-ho-hen-he-hel." George Kuwa was the Chinaman in "Yellow Pawn" (Lasky). Mary Fuller is with Lasky. No.

MOLLY-O.—No, no; Lewis Selznick is no player. He is the head of Selznick pictures, of which Clara K. Young is a member. Vernon Steele opposite Clara Young in "Hearts in Exile." Pleased to meet you.

HARRY CAREY FAN.—Yes; Harry Carey was with Biograph some time ago. We had a chat with him in September, 1915. But stage questions are out of my line.

JUST LILLIAN, MICH.—Zena Keefe was Sadie in "Little Miss Happiness." Louise Glaum is still with Kay-Bee. Marjorie Daw and Theodore Roberts in "The Secret Orchard." You ask what to do to keep you from biting your finger-nails. Put a little cayenne pepper on the tips. Or, dip them in iodine! What next?

ORPHA.—I doubt whether they were. I dont recognize you as a female, from that Hawaiian name. Thanks for the invitation. You certainly write a clever letter.

JUSTIN C. B.—Jule Power was Lois in "Gloria's Romance." I dont think Miriam Nesbitt is playing now. Edna Mayo is still with Essanay. Her hobby is humanitarian work among the slums of Chicago. She also has a warm spot in her heart for homeless cats, dogs and horses.

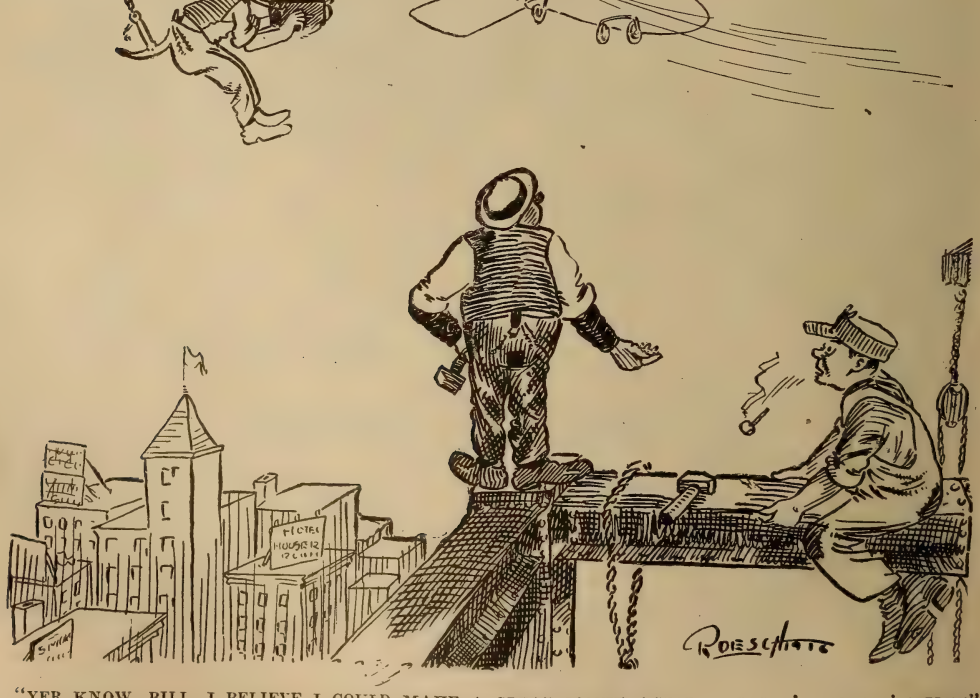
RAYMOND B. W.—Edward Brennan was Lord Braislin in "The Black Butterfly" (Metro). Like "Metropolitan." Ingénue is pronounced *on-jen-oo*. Pat O'Mally was with Lubin last I heard of him.

ELIZABETH P. C.—Guy Oliver, Wheeler Oakman, Bessie Eyton and Eugenie Besserer in "Me an' Bill." I doubt if Jack Pickford ever played in "The Eagle's Mate." Yes, "Joan the Woman" was released by the Cardinal Film Co.

VIOLET MERSEREAU FAN.—I dont know how old Freemasonry is, but it is said that the workers upon Solomon's Temple were masons. Masonry was introduced into America in 1730. Millicent Evans is with Mutual. Yes, we sell "still pictures" from scenes. Thomas Holding opposite Pauline Frederick in "Sold." Lester Stowe was George in "Autumn." You're welcome.

MISS BARBARA J.—What dandy cards you have! You can obtain the photographs you want direct from us.

SYLVIA.—So you are a House Peters admirer, yet dont know whether the lines of his face express strength of character or dissipation, and you think that he has lately been unfortunate in the selection of parts. That is his misfortune, but not his fault.



"YER KNOW, BILL, I BELIEVE I COULD MAKE A GREAT MOVIE ACTOR IF I JES' HAD TH' NERVE"

Gymnastic Finger Training That Doubles Typewriting Speed

A wonderful new method of acquiring speed and accuracy in typewriting; 80 to 100 words a minute now easy for anyone; how it has doubled and trebled stenographers' Salaries

By FRANK J. SIMMONS

IN Europe, and in America for many years it has been a regular part of every musician's training to take special gymnastic finger exercises. Teachers would no more expect their pupils to become good pianists without special finger exercises, than they would expect them to play without first learning to read notes.

Now for the first time has this principle of gymnastic finger training been applied to typewriting. Its necessity is proved by the fact that the one great difficulty which handicaps ninety-nine out of every hundred stenographers is their inability to gain full control of their *finger movements.*



Strengthening the finger muscles

The average stenographer typewrites thirty to forty words a minute. A "trained finger" operator can typewrite eighty to one hundred words a minute, without errors and with amazing ease. There you have the reason for the difference in salaries paid to stenographers. A fifty-word-a-minute gain in typewriting speed must mean a vast increase in the amount of *finished work* turned out in a given time.

And since employers pay for nothing in the world except quantity and quality of work produced, it is obvious that no matter how good a stenographer may be at shorthand, he or she can never expect much increase in pay until *speed, real speed and accuracy* on the typewriter are acquired.



Simple exercises practised away from machine, that double typewriting speed

The New Way in Typewriting



Making each finger independent

The trouble in the past, from the stenographer's standpoint, has been that there was no successful method of training the fingers to secure high speed and accuracy in typewriting. Piano exercises were useless for typewriting needs —they were designed to secure a different kind of result—and they were too hard—took too much time and required too much effort.

It remained for R. E. Tulloss, who is known the country over as among the greatest typewriting authorities of the present day, to invent a marvelous system of finger exercises which can be learned in only ten remarkable easy lessons and which with amazing quickness bring this wonderful flexibility, speed and control of the fingers.

Already thousands have adopted the new method with results bordering almost on the miraculous. Many of them were so-called "touch writers," others, after years of fruitless effort, had practically given up hope of ever attaining more than merely average typewriting ability, many had taken other courses, with no marked increase in speed—yet, by the New Way practically without exception, they all have developed the remarkable speed of eighty to one hundred words a minute.

Raising Stenographers' Salaries

That this New Way in Typewriting raises salaries of stenographers is shown by actual figures given in the letters written to Mr. Tulloss by hundreds of stenographers. For example, Mr. John H. Marquette of Smith's Falls, Ont., never averaged more than forty to forty-five words per minute until he began to typewrite the New Way. His speed quickly increased and soon he was typewriting at the phenomenal speed of 85 to 90 words a minute from shorthand notes and as a result of this increased speed in typewriting, his salary was raised 20 per cent and within a few months 20 per cent more. As Mr. Marquette says, he is now earning about twice as much as any of the other 14 stenographers in his office.



In a few days you notice the difference

Then there is the story of Miss Anna S. Cubbinson of Harrisburg, Pa., who writes —"I am today filling the position of Chief Clerk to the Department of Parks in this city, my salary being exactly double what it was when I took up the study of the New Way in Typewriting."

A. H. Gardiner of Madison, Wis., was getting $70 per month when he began the study of New Way Typewriting. In a remarkably short space of time he increased his speed from 50 words a minute to 80 words and his salary jumped to $150 a month—*more than double what it was.*

I could go on and give hundreds of other instances of the remarkable results achieved through the speed and accuracy acquired by typewriting the New Way. But the school has prepared a remarkable book, for free distribution, which goes into detail and reproduces many other letters which bear out the claims made for Mr. Tulloss' system.

Amazing Book Free

This interesting book is brimful of eye-opening ideas and valuable information. It explains how this unique new method will quickly make your fingers *strong and dextrous,* bring them under *perfect control,* make them extremely rapid in their movements — how in a few short weeks you can transform your typewriting and make it *easy, accurate* and *amazingly speedy.*



For speed in Striking the keys

If you are ambitious to get ahead — if you want to make your work easier—if you want to get more money in your pay envelope—don't wait a single moment before sending for this book of information and proof.

This new method is bringing such marvelous results to others —is proving itself to be so sure a means of quickly increasing salaries—that you will be doing yourself a big injustice if you fail to write for it *at once.* Just send a request *now* to The Tulloss School, 5124 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio, enclosing 4c in stamps to cover wrapping, mailing, etc., and your copy will be sent by return mail without cost or obligation. Do this now, before you turn this page.

LELICIA L.; ELIZABETH L. F.; REITA M. H.; DON F. N.; FLORENCE A.; MARGARET I. H.; MILDRED; JOE J.; BEATRICE H.; ISABELLA C.; FRANCES B.; ANTHONY M.; D. N. D.; W. C., SANDUSKY; HELEN L. A.; JEANNETTE L.; W. E. C.; ROSALIND W.; and VIRGINIA L.—See above. Sorry I couldn't answer you all separately.

VERA NUTTI.—So you think "The Law Decides" the best thing Vitagraph has done in a year. I admit that it was fine, but I can name a dozen other good ones I have seen within the last month or so. Perhaps you dont see the good ones.

HENRY R., BATTLE CREEK.—You say you are a "full-fledged Past Master of the Arts, and then some. Possibly you will argue that to be a Bachelor, you will have to be a Past Master of all the wiles and ways and snares, otherwise called Fine Arts, of the subtler sex, but I dare you to say so in naked print." You see, I accept your dare!

FERN.—Glad to get your card, and am sorry for your troubles, but I am sure you will be rewarded in the end. Cheer up! Life's one d—— thing after another, anyway.

LILLIAN M.—You say you cant decide which is the better-looking, Douglas Fairbanks or Charles Ray. Neither can I. Yes; Gordon Gray in "The Inner Glow." You think he is handsome. Quite so. Yes, you ask, "What was Joan of Arc made of?" She was "Maid of Orleans."

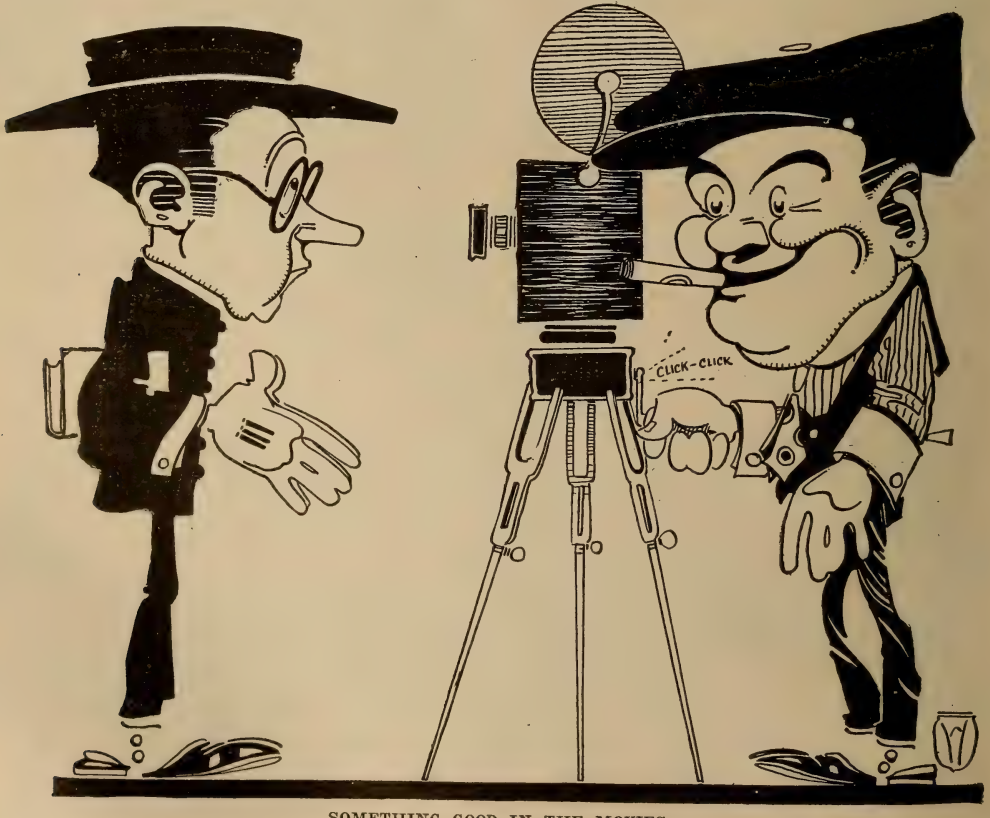
M. C. S. F.—Ralph Kellard has been on the stage. Yes, send 25 cents, and I am sure she will send you her picture. Alimony is the cost of an affinity.

BATTERY D.—It's pretty hard to tell whether Marguerite Clark was on that boat at the time. Yes; Paul Panzer played in "White Lie." Miriam Cooper is still with Fox. Glad to hear from the border.

CRICKET, ATLANTA.—That was some sketch of me you sent in. What did I ever do to you? You say my eyes look like Ford wheels. "The Sleep-Walker" was released February 5th by Klever Komedies, with Victor Moore.

LEE H., JR.—I'm indeed sorry, but I dont know the address of a young lady who is lonesome. I shall be glad to print your address if you like.

GERALDINE P.—Actors frequently make up with a gray wig and black beard, and it is perfectly proper. Remember that the hair on the head is about twenty years older than the hair on the face, but it is sometimes reversed—white beard and black hair—due to the fact that the person has worked his jaw more than his brain. Mabel Wright and Richard Neill in "A Wall Street Tragedy."



SOMETHING GOOD IN THE MOVIES



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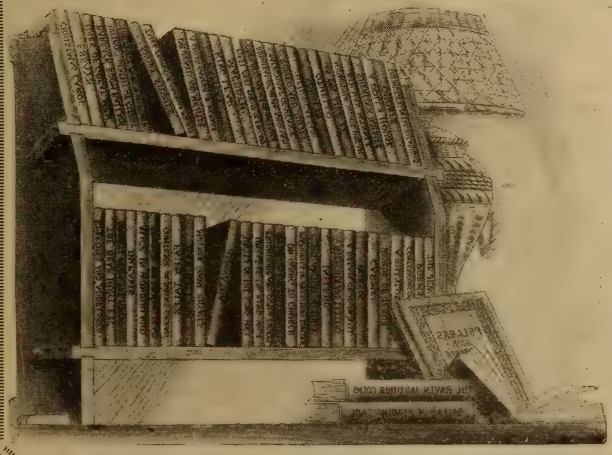
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The Finest Story in the World	*Kipling*	The Murders in the Rue Morgue	*Edgar Allan Poe*	Idylls of the King, Vol. 2	*Tennyson*
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Without Benefit of Clergy	"	Ballad of Reading Gaol	*Wilde*	Memories, Lincoln	*Whitman*
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Midsummer Night's Dream					
Rip Van Winkle	*Irving*				

L. W. H.—Thanks for the program. Write to Lasky for the picture of Ann Pennington. So you are writing to all the players, asking for pictures. Be sure to include the compensation for the mailing thereof.

HEDLEY S. W.—No; I dont recommend any course in acting. It's got to be in you; but, of course, coaching helps. Address all players in care of the studio. Flora Finch is releasing some of her plays now. Marin Sais will be featured in "The American Girl" series by Kalem. Guy Coombs is no longer with Kalem. He has joined Ivan.

ULSTER GIRL.—"Quo Vadis?" was produced by Cines. You ask, "What plunder did Anna Pavlowa scoff for appearing in 'Dumb Girl of Portici'?" $4,000 a week plus a commission. Oh no! the companies produce all year round here. Your letter was very bright.

OCTAVIA P. R.—You think Antonio Moreno is "a peach," and you want to see him on the cover. He was born in Spain. Send the souvenirs along. Grace Cunard is soon to play in a new feature company. Yes, the war has made everything go up, particularly certain sections of New Jersey.

GERMAN H.—I think something must have been wrong with you when you wrote that letter. Nothing seems to please you. Marshall Neilan is directing Jack Pickford and Vivian Martin for Morosco. Paramount now alternate directors and players in nearly every picture.

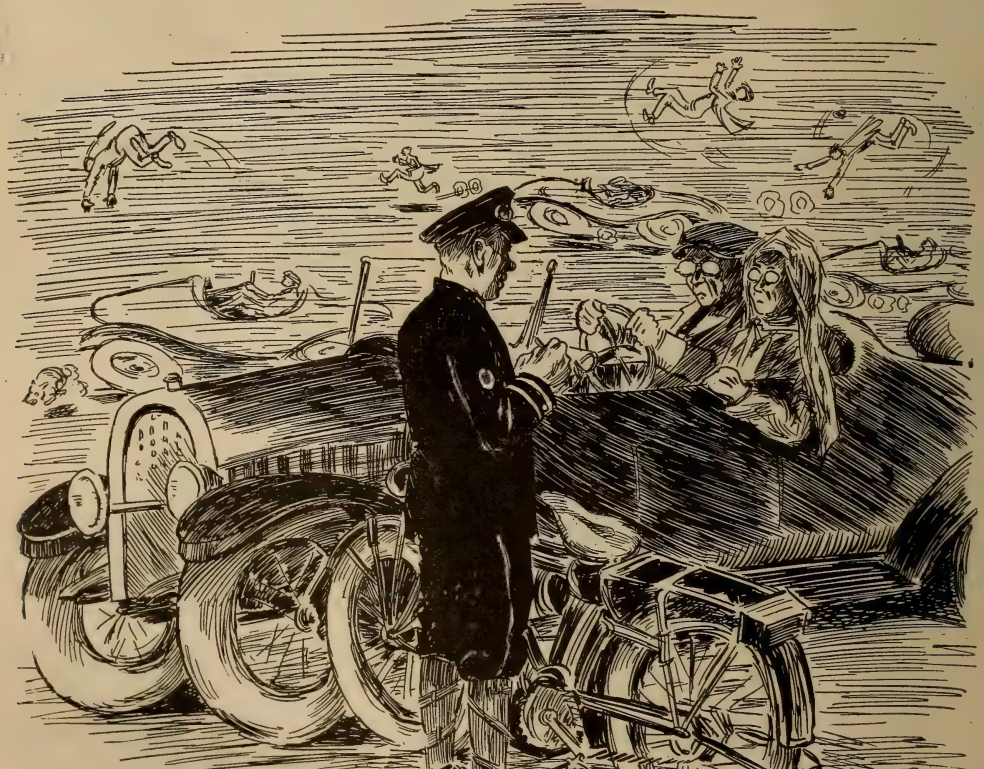
GEORGE C.—Thanks. I shall make your wants known to the Editor.

LITTLE FLO.—But that isn't sufficient. Full name and address, please.

MUSHIE.—And now you want to know if Charles Ray wears pajamas. What do you think he wears—nightgowns? Use your brains, if you have any. If you haven't, you cant expect any of mine, because I have none to spare. Josephine Crowell was Mrs. Cameron in "Birth of a Nation."

BILLIE H.—Dont get discouraged, Billie. Better times a-coming. Never give up the ship. Lee Moran is with Nestor.

SOMEBODY.—Thanks for the pretty letterhead. You are very bright to do such nice work. Want of care does more harm and is more common than want of knowledge. E. K. Lincoln is with Monmouth.



"I say, officer! Why do you arrest us for speeding, and allow those other people to drive so recklessly?"

"Oh, they're just producing a new Freestone comedy!"



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A PARAMOUNT FAN.—Nina Byron was Daisy in "Truthful Tulliver." Dorothy Cumming was the queen in "Snow White." Thanks for your good wishes. Grace Cunard was never married to Francis Ford. She recently married Joe Moore, of Los Angeles.

TOGO.—The noises to which you refer are probably caused by some distant explosions—mining, railroad blasting, or are perhaps from a Government proving-ground. The Blue Ridge Mountains are not in the seismic or earthquake area, as reported by the United States Geodetic and other scientific bureaus. Suggest that you write to Bureau of Mines, Washington, D. C., and no doubt the local disturbance will be explained. Our New York subway and ammunition explosions keep us on the hop, skip and jump.

JUST CURIOUS.—I didn't see that picture. I am sure you could make one man happy, but if you entered movies I'm not so sure how many you would then make happy. Thanks for the pictures.

JULIUS DE L.—I guess your description of time is pretty near right. All the world's a stage, but many of us are badly cast.

A. M. S., PRINCETON.—Walter Lang was Jamie in "Daphne and the Pirate."

G. E. S.—No; I dont know whether he is the same Harry Fox. You certainly hit the high spots. Yes; I would like to see a different photo of Jack Sherrill also.

MARGARET D.—Melvin Mayo and Helen Eddy were the leads in "Jim West, Gambler." A large number of birds fly around lighthouses until exhausted, but a special apparatus on which they may rest has been devised and has given good results on the Frisian coast.

MARY C. M.—So William Hart wrote to you. I'm gladder than you be. I note that we do not now see so many films that are inane, wearisome, excessively crude and containing a disproportionate amount of violence as we did last year. The road to Photoplay Perfection is paved with rotten films.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE FAN.—And why do you address your letter to Mr. Brewster? You have the wrong title on that Vogue. Eleanor Dunn was Ione in "The Evangelist." "A Million Bid" is soon to be reissued.

VICTOR G. B.—Some time next summer you will see the exhibition. As a rule, we suffer no more than we inflict. Blanche Sweet, who was born in Chicago, June 18, 1896, went on the stage when she was only three years old. Miss Sweet has only one hobby, her work, and two desires, to keep her youth and enthusiasm and to make the world happy. Her invaluable characteristic of naturalness before the camera has helped to make her the favorite she is. Lasky is trying hard to get her back again.

ETHEL V. H.—So you are sure you have solved the question—a man I am. Have it your way. You refer to Walter McGrail. You say you are going to produce a writ of *habeas corpus* demanding her presence.

TOGO.—You here again? Montague Love opposite Alice Brady in "Bought and Paid For." David Powell opposite Mary Pickford in "Less Than the Dust." Winifred Kingston was the girl.

RHAPSODE ADMIRER.—Elmer Clifton was Rhapsode in "Intolerance." Films can be kept for some time, but if they are shown every night they last about three months.



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Name.....

Address.....

WINIFRED Y.—Send for a list of magazines that Wallace Reid's pictures appeared in. It would take up too much room here. You forget that drama is in its very essence a portrayal of moral struggle, and is bound to contain crime or wrongdoing or temptation.

M. M. M.—Loyola O'Connor was the second wife in "The Children Pay." Veda McEvers was Mrs. Strong in "The Dupe." Ernest Joy was Mr. Strong. Mary Fuller is with Lasky now. Vitagraph will reissue "Captain Alvarez."

JAMES N.—There are said to be 3,424 distinct languages or dialects in the world, of which 1,600 are spoken in America. Alas! I can speak only one of them, and that not as well as I would like. While there are about 600,000 words in our dictionaries, half of them are either technical or obsolete, and only about 2,000 are required in ordinary conversation. Marie Walcamp is with International.

UNA E. M.—You're so good to me! Thanks. You say Harry Stone, Bridge House, Hunslet, Leeds, Yorks, England, wants to correspond with some Americans. Why not join one of the clubs?

LILLY OF THE VALLEY.—Thanks for yours. Zoe Du Bech, "The Universal Baby," is one of the most talented child players in the Motion Pictures. At the age of six years she shows remarkable ability, and her baby form is so beautifully moulded that her mother has had numerous offers from sculptors to have little Zoe pose for them, all of which have been refused.

MARGARET D.—Sorry, but that child is not cast. Thanks for yours. Most films seem to me to contain a little sighing, a little crying, a little dying and a whole lot of lying. Rupert Julian was opposite Pavlowa in "The Dumb Girl of Portici."

MAY DAY.—That was an Edison play with Viola Dana. She is now with Metro. Well, there must be something good in that which pleases the majority. If you cant see it, you should overhaul your works.

HELEN B.—Yes, that was Bessie Barriscale in "Honor's Altar" (Triangle). You have the wrong title on that Edison. Look up the last Classic for "Screen Loves and Lovers." I'm sure you will enjoy it.

CONRAD T. S.—We had an interview with Lillian Gish in October, 1916. Her picture appeared in November, 1916. You should state at the top of your letter whether you want to be answered in the Magazine or Classic.

MOVIE FIEND.—There are three correspondence clubs—Pansy Correspondence Club, Queena Kaliba, Box 227, Corning, N. Y.; Reel Correspondence Club, John Chase, 416 E. 11th St., Los Angeles, Cal., and the Scroll Club, Grace Kramer, 3009 North Vandeventer Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Thelma Salter was the little girl in "Wasted Years."

KATHERINE B.—As you say, I may write a clever thing once in a while, but this trying to be clever all the time is as tiresome as walking on tiptoe. Your letter was a scream, but your questions were out of the question line. Sorry.



A SHIP WE WOULD ALL LIKE TO SEE GO UNDER

Former United States Senator Mason

Pioneer in Pure Food and Drugs Legislation, Father of Rural Free Delivery System

Takes Nuxated Iron

to obtain renewed strength, power and endurance after the hardest fought political campaign of his life in which he was elected Congressman from the State of Illinois. The results he obtained from taking Nuxated Iron were so surprising that

SENATOR MASON NOW SAYS

Nuxated Iron should be made known to every nervous, run-down, anemic man, woman and child.

Opinion of Doctor Howard James, late of United States Public Health Service, who has prescribed and thoroughly tested Nuxated Iron in his own private practice.

WHAT SENATOR MASON SAYS:

"I have often said I would never recommend medicine of any kind. I believe that the doctor's place. However, after the hardest political campaign of my life, without a chance for a vacation, I had been starting to court every morning with that horrible tired feeling one cannot describe. I was advised to try Nuxated Iron. As a pioneer in the pure food and drug legislation, I was at first loath to try an advertised remedy, but after advising with one of my medical friends, I gave it a test. The results have been so beneficial in my own case I made up my mind to let my friends know about it, and you are at liberty to publish this statement if you so desire. **I am now sixty-five years of age, and I feel that a remedy which will build up the strength and increase the power of endurance of a man of my age should be known to every nervous, run-down anemic man, woman and child."**

Senator Mason's statement in regard to Nuxated Iron was shown to several physicians who were requested to give their opinions thereon.

Dr. Howard James, late of the United States Public Health Service, said:

"Senator Mason is to be commended on handing out this statement on Nuxated Iron for public print. There are thousands of men and women who need a strength and blood-builder, but do not know what to take. There is nothing like organic iron—Nuxated Iron—to give increased strength, snap, vigor, and staying power. It enriches the blood, brings roses to the cheeks of women and is an unfailing source of renewed vitality, endurance and power for men who burn up too rapidly their nervous energy in the strenuous strain of the great business competition of the day!"

Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician who has studied abroad in great European medical institutions, said: "Senator Mason is right. As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders.

"Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of twenty and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact, a young man he really was, notwithstanding his age. The secret, he said, was taking organic iron—Nuxated Iron had filled him with renewed life. At thirty he was in bad health; at forty-six he was care-worn and nearly all in. Now at fifty, after taking Nuxated Iron, a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking, just like a root trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next, take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again, and see how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her children is, alas! not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

NOTE—Nuxated iron which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians both in Europe and America. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in nuxated iron that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron, and increase their strength 200 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.



Former United States Senator Wm. E. Mason, recently elected Member of the U. S. Congress from Illinois.

Senator Mason's championship of Pure Food and Drugs legislation, his fight for the rural free delivery system, and his strong advocacy of all bills favoring labor and the rights of the masses as against trusts and combines, made him a national figure at Washington and endeared him to the hearts of the working man and the great masses of people throughout the United States. Senator Mason has the distinction of being one of the really big men of the nation. His strong endorsement of Nuxated Iron must convince any intelligent thinking reader that it must be a preparation of very great merit and one which the Senator feels is bound to be of great value to the masses of people everywhere, otherwise he could not afford to lend his name to it, especially after his strong advocacy of pure food and drugs legislation.

Since Nuxated Iron has obtained such an enormous sale — over three million people using it annually — other iron preparations are often recommended as a substitute for it. The reader should remember that there is a vast difference between ordinary metallic iron and the organic iron contained in Nuxated Iron, therefore always insist on having Nuxated Iron as recommended by Dr. Howard James, late of the United States Public Health Service; Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York, and other physicians.

PHILM PHAN.—So you think a person has a lot of nerve to say that there are only three emotional players. The cat's "whiskers," the long hairs on the side of the cat's face, are organs of touch. They are connected with the nerves of the lip, and their slightest contact with any object is distinctly felt by the animal. Marguerite Clark was Elsie in "Out of the Drifts." John Bowers was opposite Mary Pickford in "Hulda from Holland.

MARIO. M.—You better look back again. Did you see September, 1916? A picture of William Courtleigh in that.

I. M. CY LENT.—Thanks for yours. Well, I dont know what Lockwood's favorite color is. Buttermilk is pretty hard to get these days. Yes, quite a few letters come in from Chicago. Which H. B. W.—Henry B. Walthall or H. B. Warner? Your letter was very clever indeed.

MARGERY.—Kathlyn Williams had the lead in "The Spoilers." Fred Truesdell was Mr. Mannersley in "The Man Who Forgot." And you think he resembles President Wilson. No; send the photograph right on. Your poetry is good, but I cannot use it.

CLIO.—Charles IX was Frank Bennett in "Intolerance." Yes; Olga Petrova will remain in pictures now. Stop in any time.

BILLY B.—Yes, but did you ever stop to think that if it wasn't for some of the silly people in this world I wouldn't have a job? I dont mind it a bit—rather enjoy it. That was a fine pen-and-ink of Wilson.

GIRL FROM MEMPHIS.—Thanks for yours. Charles Ray was born in Jacksonville, Ill. So you are fond of him.

EVELYN, 17.—Fannie Ward was born in St. Louis, Mo., in 1875. Dont believe everything people tell you.

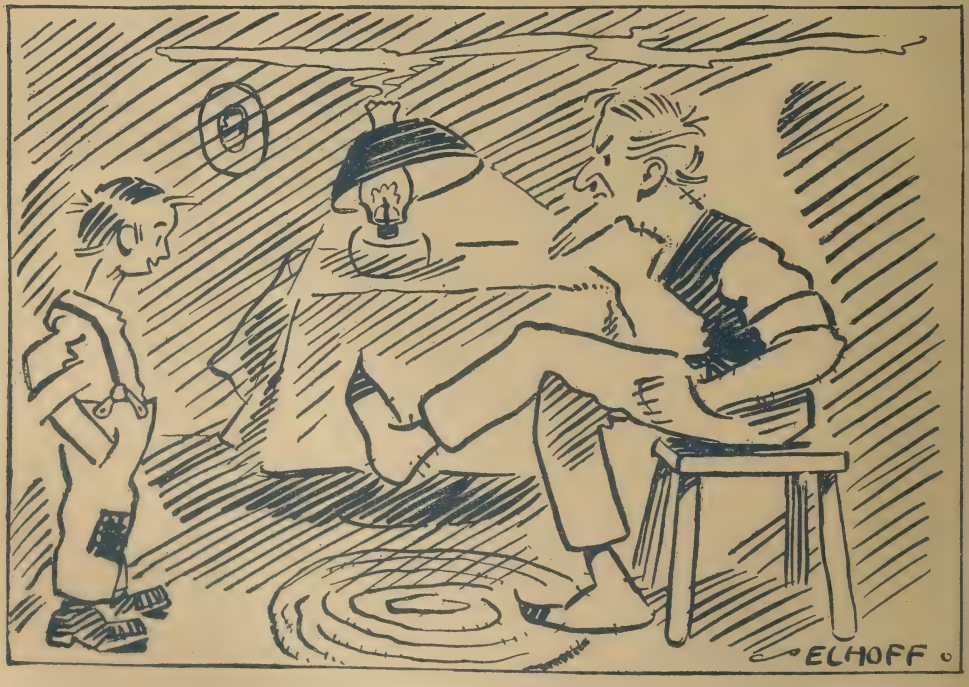
CAROLINE D. A.—We had a chat with Marguerite Clark in July, 1915, and February, 1917. No, not at all.

MAZIE A.—I haven't heard that Clara K. Young was divorced from James Young. Yes; Jane Morrow was the stage name of Mrs. Sidney Drew. I should hope not. That is usually colored water or soda-water that is drunk in the drinking scenes. Yes, I know "the wages of gin is breath."

IRENE B.—It is quite impossible to give you the list of addresses you require. You also neglected to put the name of the city on your letter, so couldn't answer by mail.

EVERYWEEK.—The "E" in Dorothy E. Gish stands for Elizabeth. So you saw a nine-legged octopus. No, you didn't at all.

MARGUERITE K. T.—Never had a "ring-round." So you like Mrs. Vernon Castle in "Patria." That's right. Your story was amusing. Oh yes, I love the official censors about as much as the barber loves the inventor of safety-razors.

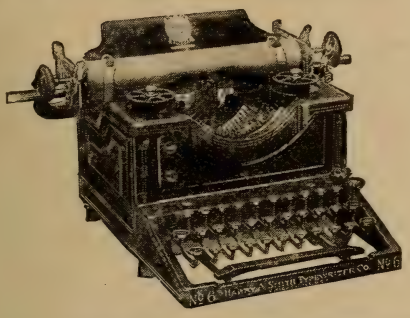


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"By gum! You're gittin' altogether tew sporty lately, young feller. Why, it warn't only last month yew went over tew Swampville tew see Si Perkins' fun'ral!"

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GREYBILL, WYO.—No; why didn't you give me something easy? How to pronounce Tsuru Aoki?—that's a question for linguists. Try it with a large wad of chewing-gum.

GRACE, DETROIT.—Truly Shattuck is with Triangle. Bliss Milford is with the Rialto Co. Peggy Hyland was in to see us the other day with her fox-terrier. She is indeed a very charming young lady. Yes; Douglas Fairbanks is quite a movie favorite nowadays. No; I have never been in Michigan. I haven't traveled very much. The greatest happiness in this world comes from making others happy. You cant bring sunshine into the lives of others without getting deliciously sunburnt yourself.

ARLINE H.—Mahlon Hamilton was Franklin in "Extravagance" (Metro). Malcolm Cherry and Dorothy Rowan in "Far from the Madding Crowd" (Mutual). Lillian Leighton was the Indian woman in "Witchcraft," and Paul Weigel was Strubble.

ELEANOR L.—I wish somebody would invent something that would make health contagious instead of disease. Page Peters is dead. Jessalyn Van Trump is back in pictures again. Let me hear from you again.

OLGA, 17.—Congratulations on your birthday. Dont you suggest a different number now? Why don't you write more often?

GIRL SCOUT.—Franklyn Farnum is with Universal. Of course I go to the movies. I return your love, yet I retain it.

NICKABOBATOTATO.—Mary Miles Minter was born April 1, 1902. I enjoyed reading the little interviews you sent in to the Editor. They were very clever indeed.

IRENE H., CANADA.—I dont know what instruments True Boardman can play. I'm indeed sorry.

AILEEN F. MCKENZIE.—Pearl White has played on the stage. I have never heard of Bess Rice. Perhaps she is playing under another name.

VYRGYNYA.—The way you begin your letter swept me right off my feet on account of its originality. So that my readers may know what sort of a torpedo or shell it requires to wave my whiskers and disturb my equilibrium, I am going to repeat your introduction: "Beloved Rip, open the door! Let me in!! Me, what has a vastly important something to tell you, cannot possibly stand outside your cage and shout to the top of me lungs what I fain would whisper in thine own ear. Will ye let me in? Yes? Thanks! The secret? 'Taint no secret nohow! That is, not exactly. I have met Jack Warren Kerrigan!! I want the world to know it, and thee, O Most Wonderful Intelligence, among the first. I went, I saw—did I conquer? Rippy, stop! Aw gee! There were so many feminine females, lady girls and women on the job that I scarcely know if I made an impression—he doesn't look like wax, now does he? But, Rippy dear, I told him to go see you whilst he is in N. Y., where he will be for three weeks." We are all prepared to trot out the fatted calf when he comes.

MARGARETTE K. T.—What, again! Margery Wilson opposite William Hart in "The Return of Draw Egan." You think Cleo Ridgely and Lillian Walker are gaining in avoirdupois. Lillian and I are good friends.

EVELYN, 17.—You say you would be willing to hide in an ash-can just to get one peep at me. Very well; I'll look for you in our ash-can next Tuesday morning at 8:30 when I come in. Mary Fuller with Lasky. I am really a man, and I am really 75 years old.

CLIO.—Norma Talmadge was with Vitagraph when she did the "Belinda" series.

ANTHONY.—So you saw Rose Tapley and Warren Kerrigan also. Yes, they are both lecturing, but not together.

(*Continued from page* 15)

Enid Bennett, Ince star, is back on the Coast again and working on a new feature at Culver City. Her first two pictures, "The Princess of the Dark" and "The Little Brother," were very pleasing to the eagle eye of Tom Ince.

Frank Lloyd has at last completed work on his massive, six-reel production, "A Tale of Two Cities," in which William Farnum will be seen as the star. The bad weather has held Frank up considerably with this picture, and has also added heaps to the expenditures of it, but every one is happy now that it is all over, and, if the naked eyes dont deceive, it ought to be a world-beater.

Ollie Kirkby is due back on the Pacific Coast on April 1st with the Jacksonville Kalem Company, who will be situated with their Kalem brothers in Glendale.

Chester Conklin is glad that "Dodging His Doom" is released. It caused him a great amount of worry, as he had to play his character of "Walrus" just twice, once as a peaceable milliner and again as the milliner's wicked twin brother. Chester says that it kept him busy in each scene finding out which one he was supposed to be.

William V. Mong is producing some exceptionally fine two- and three-reel features at the Universal studios. Mong insists that the short-length picture is coming back very strongly in the future and is centering all his efforts on this type of photoplay.

Jay Belasco is now playing leads opposite Billie Rhodes with Al Christie's comedy company and getting along very nicely indeed. Jay likes his new job, and Al Christie is very much satisfied with his new leading man.

Kathlyn Williams, Morosco star, has just commenced work on a new feature which is said to give her unlimited opportunities to exhibit her remarkable emotional talent. The name of the picture has not as yet been given out, but Kathlyn is delighted with the story and is very enthusiastic these days.

Grace Cunard and her new hubby, Joe Moore, have a swell new home in Hollywood that is the envy of all the neighbors. Besides this, Grace has bought herself a purple Oldsmobile.



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Cutex completely does away with cuticle cutting or trimming. The very first time you use it, you realize that Cutex is the one quick, safe, efficient way to care for your cuticle. Cutex is absolutely harmless. One or two applications a week will make your nails take on a dainty shapeliness you would not have believed possible.

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Ruth Roland, whom after once seeing, you never forget, says: "I have used Cutex now for a long while, and do not know how I could ever have gotten along without it. Aside from not having to have my cuticle cut any more, Cutex saves so much time."

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Ask for the Cutex manicure specialties wherever toilet preparations are sold. Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 50c and $1.00 bottles, with an introductory size at 25c. Cutex Nail White is only 25c. Cutex Nail Polish, in cake, paste, powder or liquid form is 25c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is also 25c. If your favorite store has not yet secured a stock, write direct.

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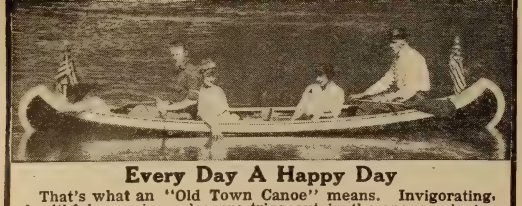
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The atmosphere of Spring Valley is dry and invigorating, and persons affected with bronchial trouble obtain much relief in this part of the country.

Spring Valley has a High School which is fully up to the standard in every respect, also National Bank, Churches of every denomination, Tennis Club, Athletic Association, Royal Arcanum, Odd Fellows, Masons, Red Men, and Foresters, etc.

Spring Valley entertains more summer boarders than any other town on the line of the N. J. & N. Y. R. R. and is becoming the choice over all other localities as a place of residence.

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Gypsy Abbott, Vogue comédienne, has fitted up her dressing-room at the studio all in ivory, and it is really a very pretty little affair. She has all her furniture to match the woodwork, and a cute dressing-table, where she applies the make-up for the day's work, and a small lounge to rest on between scenes. Ben Turpin got a glance at it the other day and said that he wouldn't mind living in such a room all the time.

A. E. Stone, the new manager of the Vogue plant, has been putting several of his own ideas into practice at the studio, and they have turned out successful. He has gone in for perfect photography, for one thing, in the new Vogue releases.

Charles Spencer Chaplin has become quite a boxing enthusiast. He never misses one of the fights that are held in Venice once a week, and is always on hand at the L. A. A. C. when they have club night with its many boxing bouts.

Lamar Johnstone is another film player who is a devotee of the manly art of self-defense. Altho he does not get to see as many of the bouts as Chaplin, Lamar does a lot of boxing on his own hook in the gym of the L. A. A. C. when not working before the camera, and his friends who have boxed with him willingly testify that Lamar is some boy with the padded gloves.

The rainy season seems to be all over now, and every one seems to be working. A sign of good times, all right.

Lots more about every one next month.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The following letter from "Olga 17" to the Answer Man proves that that young lady is a true friend of ours. Her logic is so convincing that it should set at rest forever the complaints of our Answer Man regarding his munificent salary:

Dear Baldy Answer Man: 'Tis I again, loved one. I've just finished reading the Answer Department, and oh! I think it is fine. But, Rippy darlink, you are always yelling about an increase in your "cellery." Why, you dont deserve even the $8.00 what the Magazine so kindly undertakes to hand you every Saturday. There are 365 days in the year. You sleep eight hours every day, dont you, making 122 days, which subtracted from 365 days leaves 243. Then, you have eight hours' recreation each day (that's when you eat the fudge which I send you, Poppy mine, and read the letters what we write thee), also making 122 days, leaving 121 days. C? There are 52 Sundays (so they tell me) that you dont work (neither do I), leaving a balance of 69 days. Your "offeece" is closed every Saturday afternoon, giving 52 half holidays or 26 days that you dont work, making a balance after deduction of 43 days. They allow you one hour each noon for lunch, or they orter, anyway—ortent they, shugarplumses?—making 16 days, or a balance of 27 days. Then you get two weeks' vacation during the year (and oh, how

those men do flirt!), which leaves only 13 days. I figured out that there are 12 legal holidays during the year (bless Washington and Lincoln and Santa Claus) and you dont work then, you know. That leaves only one day that you work, and even then you dont work 'cause, dont you remember, you ask off when the Series is on to attend your great-grandmother's funeral every year? Now then, how much do you owe the Magazine? Oh, Poppy mine, if you need money, why, I'd love to help you out. Jes' write me and we'll do something big to GET money, like robbing a bank or stealing Charlie Chaplin's safe or sumpin'. But, darlink, be cautious, and think on me often. And hoping you are the same, I am.

Did you know about my winning $50, for an essay, honey mine? NO? Oh, sweetness, I forgot to tell you, but I will relate it all when I see thee again.

Goo Bie, you ole baldheaded darlink, and think on me wunce in a while, and tell them at your place that I think on them every so very often, and also on yer dawg. YES ONLY ME.

"OLGA, 17."

Calvin Ledbetter sounds the tocsin for struggling, unknown scenario writers, and also, as 'twould seem, rings their curfew. The day is just dawning for writers of photodrama—big prices, contracts and a name. But it will be the survival of the fittest—real craftsmen of the screen. Our Scenario Service Bureau, we believe, solves the writer's problem:

One of the most vitally interesting questions today, and one that concerns a large proportion of the readers of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, is: What is the amateur photoplaywright aspirant to do? And to the man, woman or publication that can satisfactorily answer this question, the highest possible tribute should be paid.

There are thousands of young Americans at this time, struggling and wasting their valuable time, laboring under the delusion that, with comparatively little effort, they will some day reach the coveted goal of successful photoplaywrights, and that their efforts will be rewarded with fortunes. And, thus deceived, some of them are actually giving up good positions in order that they might have more time to devote to the work. For, notwithstanding advice to the contrary, it is impossible to attain success in this line by going at it as a side issue and in a half-hearted manner. In justice, therefore, to this class it would be a charitable act if some one would show them the truth and awaken them from their misguided dreams, or else tell them what to do to succeed.

The young writers are all looking to the photoplay departments of the various Motion

(*Continued on page* 157)



"I have watched the progress of the International Correspondence Schools almost from the very beginning, and while their rapid growth might be marvelled at by some, to me it is easily understood because I realize the practical value that is back of it, and know something, too, of the success attained by many ambitious men who have taken I. C. S. courses."

Thos A Edison

Edison Knows!

He knows the worth of spare time study. He knows what stuff men are made of who use their spare hours to train themselves for the bigger jobs ahead. And he knows what the International Correspondence Schools will do for the man with the grit to say, "I will."

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☐ Practical Telephony	☐ RAILROADER
☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEER	☐ ILLUSTRATOR
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ DESIGNER
☐ Machine Shop Practi	☐ BOOKKEEPER
☐ Gas Engineer	☐ Stenographer and Typist
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER	☐ Cert. Public Accountant
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Railway Accountant
☐ MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER	☐ Commercial Law
☐ Metallurgist or Prospector	☐ Traffic Management
☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER	☐ GOOD ENGLISH
☐ Marine Engineer	☐ Teacher
☐ ARCHITECT	☐ Common School Subjects
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If name of Course you want is not in this list, write it below.

How I Raised My Earnings from $30 to $1000 a week

The Story of a Young Man's Remarkable Rise, as Told by Himself

THREE years ago I was earning $30 per week. With a wife and two children to support it was a constant struggle to make both ends meet. We saved very little, and that only by sacrificing things we really needed. To-day my earnings average a thousand dollars weekly. I own two automobiles. My children go to private schools. I have just purchased, for cash, a $25,000 home. I go hunting, fishing, motoring, traveling, whenever I care to, and I do less work than ever before.

What I have done, anyone can do—for I am only an average man. I have never gone to college, my education is limited, and I am not "brilliant" by any means. I personally know at least a hundred men who are better business men than I, who are better educated, who are better informed on hundreds of subjects, and who have much better ideas than I ever had. Yet not one of them approaches my earnings. I mention this merely to show that earning capacity is not governed by the extent of a man's education and to convince my readers that there is only *one* reason for my success—a reason I will give herein.

One day, a few years ago, I began to "take stock" of myself. I found that, like most other men, I had energy, ambition, determination. Yet in spite of these assets, for some reason or other I drifted along without getting anywhere. My lack of education bothered me, and I had thought seriously of making further sacrifices in order to better equip myself to earn more. Then I read somewhere that but few *millionaires* ever went to college. Edison, Rockefeller, Hill, Schwab, Carnegie—not one of them had any more schooling than I had.

One day something happened that woke me up to what was wrong with me. It was necessary for me to make a decision on a matter which was of no great consequence. I knew in my heart what was the right thing to do, but something held me back. I said one thing, then another; I decided one way, then another. I couldn't for the life of me make the decision I knew was right.

I lay awake most of that night thinking about the matter—not because it was of any great importance in itself, but because I was beginning to discover myself. Along towards dawn I resolved to try an experiment. I decided to cultivate my will power, believing that if I did this I would not hesitate about making decisions—that when I had an idea I would have sufficient confidence in myself to put it "over"—that I would not be "afraid" of myself or of things or of others. I felt that if I could smash my ideas across I would soon make my presence felt. I knew that heretofore I had always begged for success—had always stood, hat in hand, depending on others to "give" me the things I desired. In short, I was controlled by the will of others. Henceforth, I determined to have a strong will of my own—*to demand and command what I wanted.*

But how shall I begin? What shall I do first? It was easy enough for me to determine to do things—I had "determined" many times before. But this was a question of will power, and I made up my mind that the first step was to muster up enough of my own will power to stick to and carry out my determination.

With this new purpose in mind I applied myself to finding out something more about will power. I was sure that other men must have studied the subject, and the results of their experience would doubtless be of great value to me in understanding the workings of my own will. So, with a directness of purpose that I had scarcely known before, I began my search.

The results at first were discouraging. While a good deal had been written about the memory and other faculties of the brain, I could find nothing that offered any help to me in acquiring the new power that I had hoped might be possible.

But a little later in my investigation I encountered the works of Prof. Frank Channing Haddock. To my amazement and delight I discovered that this eminent scientist, whose name ranks with James, Bergson and Royce,

had just completed the most thorough and constructive study of will power ever made. I was astonished to read his statement, "The will is just as susceptible of development as the muscles of the body"! My question was answered! Eagerly I read further—how Dr. Haddock had devoted twenty years to this study—how he had so completely mastered it that he was actually able to set down the very exercises by which anyone could develop the will, making it a bigger, stronger force each day, simply through an easy, progressive course of Training.

It is almost needless to say that I at once began to practice the exercises formulated by Dr. Haddock. And I need not recount the extraordinary results that I obtained almost from the first day. I have already indicated the success that my developed power of will has made for me.

But it may be thought that my case is exceptional. Let me again assure you that I am but an average man, with no super-developed powers, save that of my will. And to further prove my contention, let me cite one or two instances I have since come across, which seem to show conclusively that an indomitable will can be developed by anyone.

One case that comes to my mind is that of a young man who worked in a big factory. He was bright and willing, but seemed to get nowhere. Finally he took up the study of will training, at the suggestion of Mr. W. M. Taylor, the famous efficiency expert of the Willys-Overland Company, and in less than a year his salary was increased 800%. Then there is the case of C. D. Van Vechten, General Agent of the Northwestern Life Insurance Company, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Just a short time after receiving the methods in will development suggested by Prof. Haddock, he felt that they would be worth from $3,000 to $30,000 to him.

Another man, Mr. H. D. Ferguson, residing in Hot Springs, Ark., increased his earnings from $40 a week to $90 a week in a remarkably short space of time after he began the study of will training. These are but a few—there are many other equally amazing examples which I personally know about. And aside from the financial gain, this training has enabled thousands to overcome drink and other vices almost overnight—has helped overcome sickness and nervousness, has transformed unhappy, envious, discontented people into dominating personalities filled with the joy of living.

Prof. Haddock's lessons, rules and exercises in will training have recently been compiled and published in book form by the Pelton Publishing Co., of Meriden, Conn. Mr. Pelton has authorized me to say that any reader who cares to examine the book may do so without sending any money in advance. In other words, if after a week's reading you do not feel that this book is worth $3, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your copy for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on: the law of great thinking; how to develop analytical power; how to perfectly concentrate on any subject; how to guard against errors in thought; how to drive from the mind unwelcome thoughts; how to develop fearlessness; how to use the mind in sickness; how to acquire a dominating personality.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountainhead of wealth, position and everything we are striving for, and some may say that no mere book can teach the development of the will. But the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for me—and for thousands of others—what "Power of Will" has done—is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 150,000 owners who have read, used and praised "Power of Will," are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and thousands of others.

As a first step in will training, I would suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 46-H Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life, as it has meant to me and to so many others.

PELTON PUBLISHING CO.
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I will examine a copy of "Power of Will" at your risk. I agree to remit $3 or remail the book in 5 days.

Name.....

Address.....



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will appear on the cover of the

MAY
Motion Picture
Magazine

Price 15 cents, at all newsstands on and after March 31st

And here are some of the other good things:

Those Aggravatin' Animations

By H. Sibley, being the trials and tribulations of an animated cartoon artist. Six pages of sparkling text and dozens of pictures, showing just how those funny drawings that you see on the screen are made. Here's just one caption to one of the illustrations: "Instead of untying her dainty apron-strings, she undaintily scratched her back, and with a vigor that was shocking," which shows that the artist cannot always make his characters do what he wants them to—they are sometimes quite unmanageable.

Oddities of Screen Make-up

By Carol Lee, showing how Warren Kerrigan, George Periolat, William Garwood, George Holt, Edith Storey and others make up for important parts.

Gertrude Atherton Sees Her "Mrs. Balfame" in the Making for the Movies

By Kilbourn Gordon. An interesting trip with the famous author who visits her old friend Nance O'Neil at the studio.

Pets, Freakish and Otherwise

By Roberta Courtlandt. Baby lions, young bears, pigs, tigers, snakes, monkeys, lizards, cats and bull pups are among the pets mentioned and pictured in this seven-page article, together with a dozen or more picture stars.

Geraldine Farrar

Gives some good advice to stage and screen aspirants, and the author, Helen Batchelder Shute, has provided us with some snapshots of the famous singer in different rôles and some as she appears in real life, and also one of Miss Farrar's parents, to illustrate the interview.

A Snapshot Impression of Crane Wilbur

Being some comments by Harry H. Poppe, inside and outside the camera-lines with this popular player.

The Adventures of Jackie

By Pearl Gaddis. Seven snapshots of Miss Saunders were taken to illustrate these adventures, and you are sure to enjoy the article.

Living Your Characters

By Wm. S. Hart. This is another article of the series entitled "How They Put it Over," showing how the players register their emotions.

The foregoing are merely samples—they do not give a fair idea of the endless variety of stories, pictures, verses, jokes, drawings, chats, and in fact everything that a picture patron could desire. And dont forget the *ANSWER MAN*. He has many imitators but no equals, and his supply of wit, wisdom and general information is endless and inexhaustible. Altogether the May number ought easily to be, as usual, *"the best yet,"* so dont fail to order a copy in advance at your newsdealer's.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

Max Linder Comes Across

(*Continued from page* 90)

In the meantime the passengers were streaming up to the decks, where the crew held them back from the lifeboats.

Presently a patter of swift feet came down Max's passageway, and a hurried tattoo beat upon his door.

"*Hélas,* Victor," he cried in great glee, "has the ship touched bottom yet?"

"Monsieur, it is I," called a clear young voice. "There is yet time. Monsieur Victor would have come to save you, but he has turned his ankle."

"Ah," thought Max, smiling broadly, "at last he has turned that ankle!"

Max opened the door, and there stood the girl in all the charm of negligée, half-hidden by an ulster.

"Really, is it as bad as this," asked Max, reassuringly—"my joke on Victor?"

"No, no!" she cried. "Cant you see—the ship has struck something, and all but you are getting into the lifeboats?"

"Then we will show them how to be brave, little one," said Max, bowing and kissing her hand. "We will go to the salon and finish our poor concert."

When the passengers, headed by the captain and by two sailors who were supporting the swooning Victor, appeared in the salon, a strange sight gladdened their eyes. There, seated at the piano, was Monsieur Max, in a battered top-hat and a bathrobe, and by his side was a pretty girl in an ulster and bits of unmentionable lace and ribbon.

"Give me your hand, sir," bellowed the captain; "you are the only one on board who did not lose his nerve when we scraped that schooner."

Max looked dazed for a moment, then kist the captain soundly on both sides of his whiskers. "I have found out," he murmured, "that there is nothing like a little music to stop a panic."

As they made way for him, he escorted the girl proudly to her stateroom and stood on the deck while she dressed.

"Just one thing more," he called thru her porthole. "I forgot to ask you if you've ever been kist."

Her charming face popped out in line with his. "No; but I'm going to be—*now,*" she cried—"my lion-hearted hero!"

(*Continued from page* 153)

Picture publications for advice and suggestions. And why not? That seems to be the purpose of these departments. They are advised there to steer clear of the photoplay schools and schools of criticism. This is good, sound advice, so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. For they do not tell them where to go or what to do for help.

I venture the assertion, and without fear of successful contradiction, that no one, save perhaps he who is born with the gift, or where it happens to be the development of some latent heritage, ever becomes proficient in any art or science except thru the guidance of a teacher or valuable critics. To learn the art of writing, therefore, is not different from anything else in this respect. And in order that mistakes may be corrected and shortcomings may be pointed out to the young writers, it is very essential that they have some source of advice and help, that their defects may be remedied.

Now, about the only advice they get from the editors of the photoplaywright departments is to submit their manuscripts to the reputable Motion Picture companies direct. What is the result?

The manuscripts are submitted. They are returned with the usual stereotyped rejection slip, which gives no hint under heaven as to what is wrong. Again, the sage advice of these departments is consulted. At their suggestion questions are asked in the vain hope that they might get some valuable advice or suggestions. The replies to these inquiries are sometimes made public, mercifully withholding the questioner's name. In such cases, the replies are usually of a sarcastic and patronizing tenor, with a little subtle implication that those who thus seek the information are a set of "boobs." Then, to be a little more specific, the query often goes in as to the advisability of writing the editors of the various studios for some slight criticism as to what might be wrong with the story. The reply comes back as tho the advisor is completely thunderstruck at even the suggestion of such a daring act. "No. By no means so far forget the rules of propriety as to run the risk of bringing down upon your heads the implacable wrath of these dignitaries. Simply submit your story, and do not even write a letter with it. If it should be held unreasonably long without delay, you might, provided you couch your letter in delicate and obsequious terms, and inclose self-addressed and stamped envelope for reply, venture to inquire about it. But be very, very careful. But if you should actually have the temerity to ask the editor, even in a courteous manner, for a suggestion, it will be an unpardonable blunder." Then, in the same breath the young writer is cautioned to submit his script nowhere else for criticism. What substitute, then, will they offer?

Personally, I do not consider the editors of the Motion Picture companies to be such dreaded monarchs as they are pictured. It is

(*Continued on page* 162)



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BILLIE BURKE AT HOME

(*Continued from page* 94)

is her bedroom, dainty and snowy white. The rooms upstairs are guest-rooms, each called by the color in which it is furnished—the Blue Room, the Sunshine Room (all bird's-eye maple furniture and warm, sunny hangings).

Opening from the reception-room, directly in front of the big front door, is the dining-room, with gray enameled woodwork, hand-painted panels and lovely furnishings. The table was laid for dinner, lighted with candles and decorated with a big, shallow bowl holding flowers from the garden.

But it is the porch which Miss Burke loves best. It is glass-enclosed and extending the full length of the house and around one side. There are many doors which, in the warm, summer days, may be opened to the breeze that is never long absent from these Hudson homes. There are big wicker-chairs, chintz-covered chairs. And the pattern of the chintz is roses, since they are Billie Burke's favorite flowers. There are many ferns on this veranda—some so big and wide that two men could scarcely encircle them without crushing; some so tiny that they rest atop of snowy elephants whose ivory trunks are buried in quaint little tubs of water. At one end is a card-table, always hospitably ready for card-playing guests. There are tall wicker magazine-racks, always piled high with new magazines, and a big, comfy-looking couch for the fair mistress.

A neat maid, in black-and-white, served tea on the veranda—orange pekoe tea—with dainty little cakes, thin slices of bread-and-butter, and tiny little, three-cornered lettuce sandwiches. And over the tea-cups I found time to ask a million questions and take one more fascinated peep at all the loveliness that houses Billie Burke.

And then Miss Burke remembered my engagement at eight o'clock, and that she had some dinner-guests due in an hour, and so we had to part.

As I was swept down the long, curved drive, I gave one last look over my shoulder towards the big, stone jewel-casket that jealously houses "The Pearl of Photoplayers," Billie Burke.

The Photodrama

(*Continued from page 76*)

Here we have something of a novelty in that every old-saw of a score of popular photoplays is employed at the critical time in this one.

The question is, How long will a piece of hot sealing-wax stick to a heroine's arm? The idea is a clever one, but illogical as it was used.

While "Destiny's Toy" may be no worse than a score of other feature plays that are current, we select it and brand it because of all that four-flushing of thousand-dollar plays.

On the other hand, I have seen an almost perfect Photoplay.

I advise you all to see "The Price of Silence" and to study it. It is a screen masterpiece. It is a William Fox play.

I would like to see the names of Frank Lloyd, the director; Mr. Piggot, the author, and Hetty Gray Baker, the maker of captions, put on a Roll of Honor.

Something New! A Department of Questions and Answers

Herein I am inviting you all to write and tell me your Problems. I dont mean your *personal* grievances or history, but problems *common to all readers.* Tell me the subjects of general interest that you would like to have me discuss in a general way. Ask specific questions relating to Technique that I can probably answer in a few words. Correct me if I have made an error.

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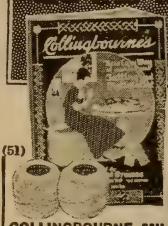
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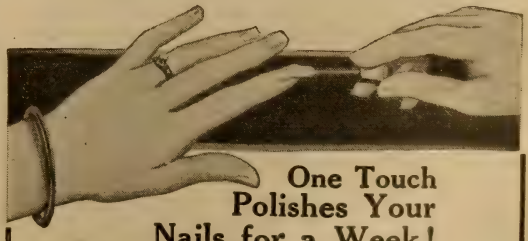
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THE GOLDEN GIRL

(*Continued from page* 67)

uncontrollable impulse urged me to tell her she was the loveliest, most beautifully radiant creature it had ever been my luck to meet, but I refrained and asked prosaically:

"And what is your favorite picture?"

"'In the Palace of the King,'" she said; "and I must tell you a joke on myself. I went to the movies to see myself, the other evening, and a woman came in and sat down in back of me. When my name was flashed, she fairly groaned, 'There, now; my evening's spoilt; I just hate Nell Craig!' Needless to tell you, I went home pretty discouraged, but next day I received a batch of letters, and they were all so sweet I felt quite encouraged again. I tell you, we need encouragement, and we appreciate all the kind things the public say about us. There, now; come on; let's go in and get a soda."

The big, green car came to a quick halt by a confectionery store, and Nell Craig and I, business forgotten, indulged in two double chocolates, like two carefree girls who didn't have the welfare of "pictures" on their souls.

And when I left her, and she invited me to come and see her at her home next time, I felt not only that I had met a girl whose radiant beauty cloaked a capably brilliant mind, but that I had made a friend.

Marie Doro and the Cold Eye at the Camera

(*Continued from page* 40)

She is versatile, you see. No doubt Marie Doro also writes. I meant to ask her. If she doesn't she ought to, for, obviously, one with so keen a sense of rhythm and sound could make words sing. Music is her hobby, her avocation. In fact, she sometimes feels that it, instead of acting, should have been made her profession. Her performance in "Patience" attracted enough laudatory criticism to lead one to suspect that as a singer she would have reached as great heights as she has on the stage and screen. As a composer or a pianiste also she would shine, for she has shown her ability in both capacities. Marie Doro is

a fortunate girl—she could be almost anything.

Just now she is working in the Lasky studios and until very recently was under the direction of James Young and living in a cozy bungalow in California, happily married.

She is a girl with ideas, charm and diverse talents. She is a girl with a voice—a telltale voice. And the tales that it tells are not only true but entrancing.

MOTION PICTURE CHARADES SOLVED

THE charade editors have at last completed the task of choosing, from among the thousand answers submitted, the five which are entitled to prizes. Among so many that were clever, artistic and unique, it was very hard to choose only five. But the final count gave the first prize of five dollars to Miss Flora Loedlein, Wagner Hotel, 7 Liberty Street, Bath, New York, for a calendar, on heavy, gray cardboard, bound with red satin, each page carrying a calendar for two months, with the pictures of the six players whose names were hidden in the charades. The second prize—a year's subscription to the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC—goes to Miss Etta Wicks, St. Johnsville, New York. Her solution was contained in an artistic booklet, bound in soft buff, each page carrying either the picture or the verse concerning the player. The next four prizes—one year's subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE—go to the following readers: Miss Alma Elizabeth Hilton, 226 Main Street, Melrose, Massachusetts; Miss Jennie Colvin, 2010 Roscoe Street, Chicago, Illinois; Miss Edith M. Chambers, 34 Link Road, Rotton Park, Birmingham, England; Miss Irene Kirchman, Van Buren, Arkansas. Honorable mention to Misses Bertha and Edith C. Walker, 1221 Lyndon Street, South Pasadena, California; J. Mumford, 214 North Fairfax Street, Alexandria, Virginia; D. C. Hasbrouck, Peekskill, New York; C. DeLight Evans, 1005 Fulton Street, Fort Wayne, Indiana, and lots of others that lack of space forbids our giving here.

The correct answers are as follows: Pickford, Bushman, Stewart, Wilbur, Barriscale, Rawlinson.



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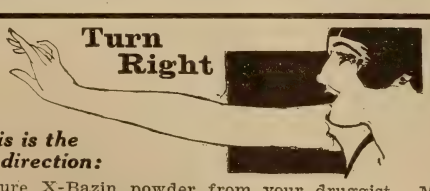


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X-BAZIN DEPILATORY POWDER

(*Continued from page* 157)

true, they should not be censured because they do not criticise all the trash that doubtless finds its way to the studios. But I do contend that, where a story contains merit and could be made available thru, perhaps, some minor suggestion on the part of the editor, common courtesy demands that the author have the benefit of such suggestions.

Now to summarize. Acting upon the suggestions of the editors of the various photoplaywright departments, the doors of aid and criticism seem to be barred to the young writer as to the Motion Picture editors, as to schools of criticism, and as to their own departments. Then, in the name of common sense, where are they to go for help? I take it that it is the purpose of these departments to help those who seek to learn the art of photoplay writing. If that is true, why do they not come out and frankly advise the amateur of some reputable concern who will criticise their scripts?

A solution of this problem will be greeted with heartfelt thanks by a host of readers. Let's have it.

Charles H. Turnbull, of Washington, D. C., was confined to his bed with an acute attack of "rheumatiz" this winter and eased himself by composing over one hundred limericks, many of which we have published. The following note to the Limerick Editor is characteristic:

DEAR RICKY:

Your postal of recent date received. Yes, indeed, I am pleased to see my limericks published, and so are some other of your many readers, as I have received a bunch of letters and postals from different sections of the country. One in particular appealed to my sense of humor. It was from a young Miss in Schenectady, N. Y. She wanted to correspond with me, and asked me to send her my photo. Now wouldn't that jar you? Here is my answer:

DEAR MISS:

I received your lovely letter and it caused me quite a shock; in fact, it flabbergasted me and knocked me off my block. For I'm a bashful fellow and somewhat of a Ham. I've got a streak of yellow, for I'm not a ladies' man. I'd like to correspond, all right, if I knew just what to say. But, really, I'm a holy fright—an old Missouri jay! I wear a number fourteen boot and a four-and-a-half-sized hat. I'm a skinny, gawky, tall galoot, with whiskers like a cat. Of course, I'll send my photograph some day when I am full. Ye gods! I know 'twill make you laugh. Yours truly,

C. TURNBULL.

This interesting letter is from George L. Shepley, 1372 Ogden Avenue, Highbridge, N. Y. Mr. Shepley evidently knows his West, and is a terror to Broadway actors who ape the cowboy, likewise

a just critic of the actors who know and portray their West:

Having read with deep interest your article in the November issue about W. S. Hart, I cannot help wondering why in the most cases you printed the less important reasons for different parts of a puncher's outfit.

Take his neckerchief—the first and foremost use for this is to protect such of his neck as escapes the shadow of his hat from blistering from the hot sun.

Then again the loose holster-belt—the reason for this is because the hand falls more naturally to a weapon placed there; in fact it is impossible to draw quickly a gun with a six- or seven-and-a-half-inch barrel from a holster on the waist-line because your arm has to double up and the armpit gets in the way. Lastly the spurs—being large they enable the rider to lock them in the girth, aiding him to pick up objects, etc., and to make a small target by lying along the horse's neck. The "jangles" or "bells" very often enable a man's favorite horse—it must be remembered that a puncher has upwards of six horses in his string in the remuda—to know the approach of his master at night when otherwise he might be scared and bolt. Possibly Mr. Hart takes it for granted that every one should already know the above reasons, but from experience of Easterners I know very few who even know the difference between a "center fire" and a "double cinch" saddle.

Here is a clever, satirical letter from B. King, 1511 Boylston, Seattle, Wash., that points the moral for more natural acting from some of our too theatrical Thespians:

Will you kindly grant me the space to express one of the dearest wishes of my heart? I yearn to see, just once, the familiar scene of "Man Entering House" played to my liking. I long to see the hero step into the picture just like a young man accustomed to finding his way about town alone; compare the number on the house with his memorandum, and then, without any gymnastics, just naturally step right up to the house. I may overestimate my own cleverness—most of us do—but I have a feeling that when I see him walking up to the house, I will know, instinctively, that he is walking up to the house. You cant fool me. Anyway, I'd like to see it tried. I have been yearning this way for a long time; and the said yearn becomes almost unbearable when I see the thing done in the usual manner: The young man falters up to some one's front gate as if undecided whether to wait for his nurse or to go it alone. He communes with himself in the sign language, until he convinces himself that "here's where he's at"; he taps himself on the chest, points to the house, makes another sweeping gesture from himself housewards, and proceeds, uncertainly, in the direction

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indicated. I always know he's going there long before he finds it out, and I squirm with impatience to see him get under cover before he is pinched for a drunk and disorderly. You never see people going about town pointing out the way to themselves, so why should they do it in pictures? If I ever see a scene in which this preliminary pantomiming of the obvious is omitted, and my alleged intelligence fails to meet the demand made upon it, I promise never to bother you with another single yearn of mine as long as I live.

Gerald M. Clark, 3944 Chestnut Street, New Orleans, La., delivers a broadside against Francis X. Bushman, aiming not so much at the favored player as at his so-called bad management:

With fear and trembling for the avalanche of replies from his worshipping supporters, that may come thundering down upon me, loosened by my own hand, I start this "Ode to the Past" (perhaps "The Odoriferous Present" would be as appropriate). Criticism, we learn, is the tearing down of others for the glorification of self, but since a change for the better is my honest desire, I dont hope to be taken that way. I am unknown, and do not know Mr. Bushman, so to me he represents only the vizualization of an idea; hence, personality in remark is not my aim.

Today, thru close observation from my own and the general public's standpoint, this gentleman has lost much of his charm and favor thru too much interference from outside influence. He used to represent to us, in the days when he carved that niche in picturedom's Hall of Fame, the virile, athletic type of American, of either humble or higher rank, with the truth and highest principles as his assets. His best work was of the true love, but melodramatic order, in which he triumphed over his adversaries thru physical force backed by these same true principles.

Today, they have practically ruined his art with experimental ideas (no, I'm not against sane progression) and by not paying enough attention to the main elements of his success in winning a place in our hearts. Tho he is exquisite as the gentleman, too much "class" has been evident of late and not enough of the rugged man. He used to be considered a handsome man—today, with the over-use of make-up (especially of the eyes) he is the "posing, grease-paint beauty" that so many recognize as a disappointment. I live in my eyes and ears, and tho these facts have perturbed me for some time, they were not incentive enough for me to "butt in" until I had seen a few Bushman reissues and heard the remarks they occasioned.

I advise our friend and his Metro managers and directors to see some of these old works and note the difference—and here's hoping they awake. Give the gentleman more constant work and less outside suggestion and study of "stage stuff"—let him be Francis X. Bushman again.

Thomas Finnerty, 75 S. Second Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., again disputes the much-mooted age of Mary Miles Minter, and this time she is dragged into court:

Being a hopelessly incurable limerick addict and concocter permit me to say a word in defense of that unfortunate member of my tribe who got very much "in German" by alluding in a jesting manner to the age of Miss Mary Miles Minter.

In the first place, I have always been under the impression that limericks, like musical comedies, are constructed for laughing purposes only. Such being the case, I fail to see why the author of the verse in question got such a "call."

In the second place, Miss Minter played the title rôle of the play, "The Littlest Rebel," some four or five years ago, and in August, 1912, when the show opened at McVicker's Theater in Chicago, the authorities claimed a violation of the Child Labor law, and haled its representatives to court. The New York *Telegraph* published an account of this incident August 31, 1912, and among other things stated that "the defense asserts that the girl is seventeen years old."

Now, if Miss Minter was seventeen in 1912 she is, by more or less simple addition, now eligible to vote. If she was not seventeen in 1912, then somebody misrepresented things in the Chicago court.

Personally, I fail to see that Miss Minter's age makes any material difference in her work, but if her publicity people, or whoever is responsible, cannot be accurate, let them at least be consistent. Team-work is indispensible even in solitaire, and when it comes to a lady's age her press-agents should work together, above all things.

Mrs. A. Nettle, 342 S. Hill Street, Los Angeles, Cal., put in a busy day on a studio "shopping tour," and herewith sets forth her interesting adventures:

Hearing so much about the "grouchiness," "snappishness," even "brutality" of those in charge of the employment departments of the various studios in and around this "City of Moving Pictures," determined to make a personal investigation as a would-be "extra." Am now on the fence—but, was there *ever* a question *without* two sides? At least, am going again and yet again! Gee! it was exciting! Wish I *were* in the game, if *only* as an extra! Do you know of any beauty specialist in your town, who could put a Warren Kerrigan hump on an Irish pug-nose? That is *all* I lack!

Found it mighty easy to get into conversation with anybody and everybody, mostly all at once. In one case was handed a card by a gentleman, all of twenty years of age, who said, "You have probably heard of me —*most people have*—am working under —— (one of our greatest directors) as *extra* and have been for *ten years!*"

(*Continued on page* 169)



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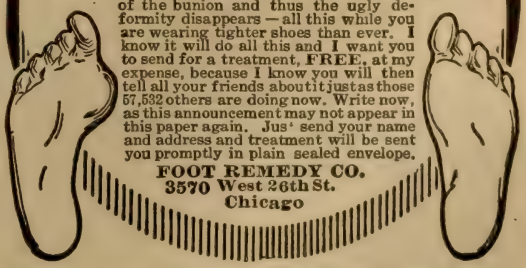
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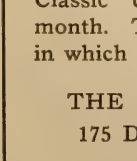
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Do not confuse the "Motion Picture Magazine" with any other publication. This magazine comes out on the 1st of each month and the "Motion Picture Classic" comes out on the 15th of each month. These are the only publications in which this company is interested.

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STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

Hippodrome.—"The Big Show." A tremendous spectacle of dazzling scenery, music, ballet, dancing, skating, and fanciful acts that will offend nobody and delight everybody. A veritable circus, drama, opera and comedy combined.

Playhouse.—"The Man Who Came Back." A strong, gripping drama that holds the interest from beginning to end; superbly acted by Henry Hull and Mary Nash.

Century.—"The Century Girl." The biggest musical show New York ever saw, and in its most beautiful theater.

Bandbox.—"The Lodger." A delicious English comedy that is really funny, adapted from the novel by the same name.

Empire.—"A Kiss for Cinderella." A dainty fantasy with Maude Adams as Cinderella, a girl of dreams. Sparkling, clever and full of delightful sayings all thru.

Cohan and Harris.—"Captain Kidd, Jr." A sparkling comedy, full of laughs and heart-interest, with a sprinkle of delightful adventure, superbly acted by a company that could hardly be excelled, including Charles Brown, formerly of the Vitagraph.

Cort.—"Upstairs and Down." A very clever and witty portrayal of life as led by the idle rich. One of the best comedies in New York. Courtenay Foote, the lead, as a universal flirt, very good. The whole cast strong.

Cohan's.—"Come Out of the Kitchen." Ruth Chatterton is always charming, but her opportunities in this Southern play are not so winsome as those in "Daddy-Long-Legs," even with Bruce McRae to assist her.

Eltinge.—"Cheating Cheaters." A thrilling crook-play, full of suspense, surprises and a few good laughs. Marjorie Rambeau and entire company are fine.

Broadway.—"Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." Super-feature film of merit.

44th Street Theater.—"Joan the Woman." One of the best films ever been done, featuring Geraldine Farrar.

48th Street.—"The Thirteenth Chair." A weird but gripping drama written around a "spiritualist" and her séances. Margaret Wycherly scores heavily as the star, and the play is one of the best in New York. By author of "Within the Law," Bayard Vellier.

Astor.—"Her Soldier Boy." A fine, tuneful musical comedy with Clifton Crawford, Adele Rowland and other stars.

Belasco.—"Little Lady in Blue." Frances Starr in a charming, romantic comedy.

Winter Garden.—"The Show of Wonders." A delightful conglomeration of a little of everything for everybody, mostly music.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Program changes every week.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

The Girl on the Cover

By PETER WADE

When the first "Bill" comedy was flashed on the screen, the audience saw a "stenog" who wore a series of "spit" curls and chewed gum "all over the office." The stenographer wasn't meant to be the star of the cast, but the distinctive way in which she carried her rôle made her one overnight.

One of the Komic managers predicted she would be a dismal failure—that half the picture audiences were stenographers or ex-typists, and that they would resent the caricaturing of their art, or profession, or whatever key-pounding is.

But the strange part of it is that the sensitive part of the audience received Fay Tincher the warmest. She was human—that was the point. The office force in the audience had been fed on beautiful, but strictly idealistic, heroines so long that when a natural, true-to-life portrayal came along they recognized it at once. Girls must either idealize or fraternize, and here was a "stenog" who was human to the core. So the vast army of typists took her to their bosoms and named her a star.

Fay Tincher's vogue wasn't born of one idea—stripes, chewing-gum and "spit" curls. She kept on mounting the escalator of legitimate comedy. When, at a fabulous salary, De Wolf Hopper joined Fine Arts and "Don Quixote" was selected for his screen début, Griffith lay awake wondering who could portray the whimsical, hoydenish Dulcina to Hopper's Gargantuan Don. Marie Dressler could do it, but—it must be confessed—she was too stout and too old.

With fear and trembling (and protest) from the director, Fay Tincher was cast for the part. How well she delivered is writ large in rolls of celluloid history. *She pulled the stroke-oar for Hopper,* who has since acknowledged that he was not cut out for silent comedy.

At the present moment this little bundle of nerves, vivacity and "human" comedy, has retired on her honors. When she bobs up again on the screen—as she surely will—you must be prepared to iron out your care-carven wrinkles.



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The Plays

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SEVENTH SIN
PRIDE
WRATH
SLOTH
GREED
ENVY

See Ann Murdock in "Envy"; Holbrook Blinn in "Pride"; Shirley Mason in "Passion"; Nance O'Neil in "Greed"; H. B. Warner in "Wrath"; Charlotte Walker in "Sloth"; George Le Guere in The Seventh Sin.

To those who send us the name of this favorite actress we will send a souvenir miniature of her, in colors, framed in nickel. Send your answer on the coupon below.

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A dainty miniature of the youngest and loveliest star of the films.

Write in margin your guess as to who the girl is in the above picture. Write also your name and address and name and street of theatre in which you desire to see Seven Deadly Sins. Tear off and mail to Motion Picture Editor, The Ladies World, 251 4th Ave., New York. The miniature will come to you **FREE.**

SEVEN DEADLY SINS

(*Continued from page* 165)

A woman fairly easy to look at, who owned to being fifty years of age, said she had been following Olga Petrova's work for some time, and had seen nothing she could not do, herself, "just as well." That—"Mme. Petrova's success is due to her *long waist*"—and, as she swung herself around for inspection, "You see, I have it!" She also had a seven-part scenario she was willing to submit to some one who would go before a notary and put themselves under oath not to divulge or steal the great idea, but she "feared them all." The star part was suited, of course, to herself *or* Olga Petrova.

One dear little blonde girl, possibly seventeen—I doubt it—hoping to get in as extra, unpacked a fair-sized drug store for my edification, and told me how to use the different pieces of make-up. Have seven articles on list all absolutely necessary. She has never "won in" yet, but carries her kit. *Must* use the hackneyed phrase, she believes in preparedness.

A black-eyed woman of uncertain age, likewise uncertain blonde hair, informed me, with a toss of the head, she had "a pull"; somebody "too busy to come out," had told her whom to ask for. *She* wanted a *star* part, and "I have the figure, the looks *and* the pull." She had me find telephone number as she had forgotten her glasses, then show her how to use phone, finally take the message as she could not hear very well. All-around competent, she was! The scorn with which she flopped away when I mildly suggested *"dark* hair might be even more striking." (You should have seen that head; could not help it, really—makes me tingle yet!) She has the *artistic temperament,* anyway.

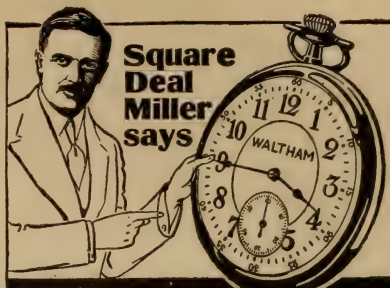
"Oh, the cruelty of the directors!" *This* in chorus. Tho they *do* say that that awfully good-looking Hobart Henley, writer, director and star, out at Universal, is the most decentest of all to work under. But, you see, he isn't married; he's just plain happy; then his nose has *that hump* he can *afford* to be amiable.

There were bright spots, too, in the day. For instance, little Marie Doro tripped thru the waiting-room, still in make-up, as sweet and unaffected as always, with a pleasant smile *at* everything and nobody in particular.

Winsome Marjorie Daw, looking like a little schoolgirl, stood and whistled softly, as she waited her chance at the phone, and oh, *that smile* when I asked, "Isn't this Marjorie Daw?"

Blanche Sweet, with several minor players, still in costume and make-up, whom some one said had been "out on location," wherever or whatever that may be, passed thru, utterly oblivious of craning necks. Fear I do not love Blanche's work as much as I should; her passing left me unimpressed, except for the idea she would be quite tall if by any chance she should *ever* stand up straight.

Well, they did not want me, and did not mind telling me in the least (nobody loves a pug-nose); that is why I do not know just where I am at, *yet.*



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The Danger of Stomach Acidity and Fermentation

By ARTHUR TRUE BUSWELL, M. D.


EUGENE CHRISTIAN

If I were asked to sound a health warning that would be of the greatest possible benefit to mankind, I should say emphatically—"Beware of acid stomach." For acid stomach is the cause of fermentation which, bad enough in itself, is the forerunner of a hundred ills that sap the energy and vitality of its victims. I venture to say that ninety per cent of all sickness starts with acid stomach.

Nature provides hydrochloric acid as one of the digestive fluids, but too much of this acid causes fermentation, hurries the food out of the stomach and carries the acid all through the body. As a consequence, poisons (toxins) are formed which are absorbed into the blood causing auto intoxication, nervousness, mental depression and countless ills of which this is but the beginning.

Every one of the vital organs in time become affected—the heart, the liver, the kidneys, the intestines, the nerves and the brain all decline, for the stomach is the Power Plant of the body. Even the teeth are affected by acid stomach, for the gums recede and pyorrhoea will be the result.

Stomach remedies only neutralize the acid because they are stronger than the acid. This ultimately ruins the lining of the stomach. The acid being neutralized is absorbed into the blood only to come back to the stomach in greater quantities at the next meal.

How much more sensible would it be to attack this disorder at its source. Instead of attempting to neutralize the acid after it has formed, why not prevent it from forming in the first place?

Superacidity is caused by wrong eating and the remedy must be found in the field of the cause—in eating correctly.

The individual sufferer from indigestion, acidity, fermentation, gas and such disorders has not carried his experiments with food very far. If he had he could easily cure himself as Eugene Christian, the famous food scientist, has proved beyond all doubt.

The reason which led Eugene Christian to take up the study of food in the first place was because he himself, as a young man, was a great sufferer from stomach and intestinal trouble.

So acute was his affliction that the best specialists of the day, after everything within their power had failed, gave him up to die. Educated for a doctor himself, Christian could get no help from his brother physicians.

Believing that wrong eating was the cause and that right eating was the only cure, he took up the study of foods and their relation to the human system. What he learned not only restored his own health in a remarkably short space of time, but has been the means of relieving some 25,000 other men and women for whom he has prescribed with almost invariable success, even though most of them went to him as a last resort.

Christian says that all stomach and intestinal disorders with their countless sympathetic ills—are caused by wrong selections and wrong combinations of food and that right combinations of food will positively remove every stomach and

intestinal disorder by removing its causes.

No one would think of putting salt into an open wound, and yet we do worse than that when we keep putting irritating acid-creating food combinations into our stomachs already surcharged with acid.

The word diet is one which has an unpleasant sound—it makes us think of giving up all the things we like for those we have no taste for. But Eugene Christian's method is entirely different—instead of asking his patients to give up the things they enjoy, he prescribes menus which are twice as enjoyable as those to which the patient is accustomed.

Christian believes in good foods deliciously cooked—the kind all of us like best and which may be obtained at any home store, hotel or restaurant. He says that most of the things we eat are all right—but that we don't know how to combine or balance them.

Often, one food good in itself, when combined with another equally good food, produces an acid reaction in the stomach; whereas either of the foods alone or eaten in combination with some other food would have been easily and perfectly digested.

Unfortunately, each food we eat at a meal is not digested separately. Instead, all of the foods we combine at the same meal are mixed and digested together. Consequently, if we eat two or more articles at the same meal which don't go well together, there is sure to be acidity, fermentation, gas and all kinds of digestive trouble.

At Eugene Christian's New York office there is a constant stream of men and women who go to him for treatment after having tried everything else, and rarely are they disappointed in the outcome. Some of the results he has attained read like fairy tales. I know of a number of instances where his rich patrons have been so grateful for their restoration of health and energy that they have sent him checks for $500 or $1,000 in addition to the amount of the bill when paying it.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a course of little lessons which tells you exactly what to eat in order to overcome the ailment which is troubling you.

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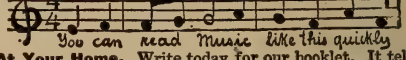
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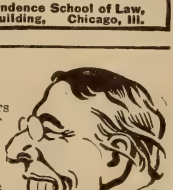
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"The Wax Model" (Pallas Pictures).—Here are dream-like exteriors, dignified homes, fascinating studios—all in all, artistic settings which would be very difficult to excel. Vivian Martin, as the little French artist's model, whose ambition is to keep herself a good girl for the man she loves, is not only charming to behold, but reaches dramatic heights. She is assisted by Thomas Holding, who enacts such a painfully priggish character that we doubt his counterpart in real life. H. S. N.

"The End of a Perfect Day" (L-Ko).—It is an uproarious "day," all right, for the spectators of this well-done slapstick comedy, but it must have been a strenuous one for the actors. P. A. K.

"The Black Wolf" (Lasky).—Lou-Tellegen and Nell Shipman in a romantic photoplay of a supposititious dukedom. Again we have the bandit à la Robin Hood, robbing the rich to aid the poor, only this time the bandit turns out to be the real duke. It is well directed and well acted, but nothing to set the world afire. Lou-Tellegen is very foreign-looking, seems inclined to pose a bit too much, but is well cast. H. S. N.

"Handy Henry" (Metro).—A rollicking Drew comedy, which pleases the audience because of the splendidly clever acting of the comedians. Just like real life. Henry knew it all, until things went wrong, and therefore wifey succeeds hubby in the bossing. C. F. H.

"Down Went the Key" (Universal).—If these Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran comedies keep the pace they are setting, Keystone will have to look to their laurels. This is one of the best, concerning a jealous husband and the incidents resulting from an innocent artist neighbor dropping the door-key down friend wife's back to stop her nose-bleed. P. A. K.

"Pardners" (Mutual).—A photoplay from the book by Rex Beach. The villain of the piece uses every artifice possible to separate a loving husband and wife, but is foiled in the end. *Bien entendu!* A splendid picture in every way, whose heroine is ably portrayed by Charlotte Walker. The leading-man was especially good. H. S. N.

"Her Own People" (Pallas Pictures).—Leonore Ulrich as the half-breed daughter of a millionaire, whom society people are only civil to on account of her money. The exteriors are of rare beauty, the story quite unusual and the direction splendid. S. L. G.



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"Castles for Two" (Lasky).—Chiefly attractive because of its stars, Marie Doro and Elliott Dexter. The lighting effects are reminiscent of Rembrandt, while the rather quaint story is concerned with the doings of an impoverished Irish lord and a wealthy American girl whom he falls in love with while she is masquerading as a servant-girl. Adds nothing to the achievements of the screen, but is a pleasant entertainment. P. A. K.

"Kitty MacKay" (Vitagraph).—Here is Kitty MacKay in pictures. The atmosphere of old Scotland, also that of old England, is well carried out. The costumes are pretty, and Lillian Walker is in an especially attractive mood. In fact, "Kitty MacKay" is quite the best characterization in point of charm, roguishness and depth of feeling that Miss Walker has done in many a moon. Jewel Hunt is equally charming and talented as her friend. H. S. N.

"Foiled" (Centaur).—Billie Rhodes and Edward Barry in a burlesque on the old-style melodrama. Tho the idea has been used before, it is still effective. P. A. K.

"The Price She Paid" (Selznick).—An interesting drama featuring the beautiful Clara Kimball Young. Very carefully done and introducing several players, who carry off the honors from the star, who fails to win our sympathy, altho she is cast in a decidedly sympathetic rôle. J.

"The Barrier" (Rex Beach Pictures Co.).—A drama of the first class that has seldom been equaled. It is faithfully done from Rex Beach's novel, supervised by the author, and is creating a sensation at the Broadway Theater, New York City. The real atmosphere of the Far North is missing for those who know that country well, and there are a few minor oversights in direction, but, for all that, this play must be mentioned among the first five best dramas that have yet been done. J.

"The Vicar of Wakefield" (Pathé-Thanhouser).—Lovers of good drama as taken

from good literature will find a rare treat in Frederick Warde's interpretation of the muchly troubled and persecuted vicar. The details of setting, costume and locale are faithfully and artistically carried out. A well-balanced cast of notable players surrounds a venerable and distinguished star of the first magnitude. Let's have more of this kind. E. M. L.

"Mutiny" (Bluebird).—Realistic sea pictures—you can almost smell and taste the fishy tang of the briny. Captain Whittaker's fighting spirit puts sufficient fistic action into "Mutiny" to give it the right punch. A mutinous spirit abounds thruout, ashore or aboard the buccaneer ship *Alden Besse*. Myrtle Gonzalez, as Esther, takes a strong grip on your sympathetic sensibilities in opposing her father's determination that she shall marry the ship's mate. A little oil is poured on the troubled waters by Grandfather Whittaker (George Hernandez). That good "old salt of the earth" approves her preference for the worthy fisher-lad, Caleb Tilden (Fred Harrington), who takes many manful blows and several times risks a watery grave as the heroic lover. He finally rescues Esther and their child from the wreck of the *Alden Besse*, and after their mutinous experiences the little family is happily united. N. D. G.

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Gaiety.—"Turn to the Right." One of the big hits of the season. Review later.

Cohan's.—"Come Out of the Kitchen." Ruth Chatterton is always charming, but her opportunities in this Southern play are not so winsome as those in "Daddy-Long-Legs," even with Bruce McRae to assist her.

Longacre.—"Nothing But the Truth." A clever farce which William Collier makes uproariously funny from curtain to curtain.

Eltinge.—"Cheating Cheaters." A thrilling crook-play, full of suspense, surprises and a few good laughs. Marjorie Rambeau and entire company are fine.

Empire.—"A Kiss for Cinderella." A dainty fantasy with Maude Adams as Cinderella, a girl of dreams. Sparkling, clever and full of delightful sayings all thru.

Maxine Elliott.—"The Little Man." A good one-act play, contrasting Nietzsche's individualism with humanitarianism, in which humanitarianism wins.

"Magic." In every way a high-class comedy, replete with fine wit, satire and good English. O. P. Heggie, lead, with strong supporting cast.

Globe.—"The Harp of Life." A clever and interesting comedy with a few sobs, in which Laurette Taylor acts an exquisite bit of mother-love in a unique characterization.

Criterion.—"Johnny Get Your Gun." A first-rate musical comedy with a movie foundation.

48th Street.—"The Thirteenth Chair." A weird but gripping drama written around a "spiritualist" and her séances. Margaret Wycherly scores heavily as the star, and the play is one of the best in New York. By author of "Within the Law," Bayard Vellier.

Astor.—"Her Soldier Boy." A fine, tuneful musical comedy with Clifton Crawford, Adele Rowland and other stars.

Belasco.—"Little Lady in Blue." Frances Starr in a charming, romantic comedy.

Winter Garden.—"The Show of Wonders." A delightful conglomeration of a little of everything for everybody, mostly music. "Submarine F-7" is an attractive feature.

Garrick.—"Stranger Than Fiction." An English comedy, story of adventure, in which H. Cooper Cliffe makes another decided hit.

Fulton.—"Pals First." An intensely interesting comedy that is full of laughs, caused mostly by Thomas Wise, who adds to his long list of recent hits. William Courtenay also stars in a becoming rôle. This play should enjoy a long run—it certainly deserves it.

44th Street Theater.—"Joan the Woman." One of the best films that has ever been done, featuring Geraldine Farrar.

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SUCCESSFUL PLAYS NOW ON THE ROAD

"Captain Kidd, Jr." A sparkling comedy, full of laughs and heart-interest, with a sprinkle of delightful adventure, superbly acted by a company that could hardly be excelled, including Charles Brown, formerly of the Vitagraph.

"'Ception Shoals." A powerful drama in which the charming Nazimova does some effective dramatic work.

"The Yellow Jacket." Chinese fairyland done in a real Chinese way by American players. Interesting, clever and artistic.

"The Lodger." A delicious English comedy that is really funny, adapted from the novel by the same name.

"If." A rather weird but interesting melodrama presenting all too vividly what might occur should Japan invade Southern California. George Probert is excellent as Toko, a Japanese general, masquerading as the humble servant.

"In For the Night." A very amusing farce-comedy, faintly suggestive of "Seven Days." Lily Cahill and Herbert Yost (Barry O'Moore) are featured, but Percy Ames, as the Englishman, gives a thoroly delightful performance, and, in stage parlance, "walks off with the play over his shoulder."

"Treasure Island." If you like fairy stories (with fierce pirates as fairies) and the sea, and picturesque settings—including a real ship—and Stevenson's sea yarns, dont miss this elaborate production. It is exceedingly amusing. The young folks will be held spellbound, and the old folks will have a hearty laugh. It is handsomely and wonderfully done.

"Getting Married." A Bernard Shaw play that sparkles with wit and Shaw philosophy, capably played by an unusually strong cast which includes William Faversham, Henrietta Crosman, Charles Cherry and Hilda Spong.

PATTER FROM THE PACIFIC

By DICK MELBOURNE

Charles Ray is working on his second picture under his new contract with Tom Ince, in which he will be starred alone. He plays the rôle of a young millionaire with nothing to do but spend money. The story is by J. G. Hawks, and is being produced by Victor Schertzinger.

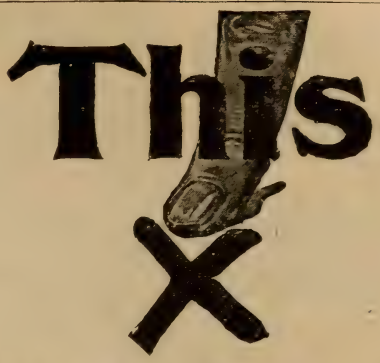
Bill Stowell has formed a glee club among the Universalites, but they are having a hard time in finding a place to rehearse. They have been forbidden to hold their concerts on the Universal ranch, because it annoyed the animals and made them peevish.

The new glass stage at the Lasky plant has been completed, and is now being used every day, and several nights too. Every available nook on the new stage is occupied.

Grace Cunard and friend husband Joe Moore are enjoying a vacation at their Hollywood home. Grace has just finished her work in "The Purple Mask" serial.

Speaking of Keystone, Chester Conklin is another member of the photoplay brigade to take up singing. Charlie Murray went out to visit him the other night, and says that since Chester started his singing he has the whole neighborhood to himself.

(*Continued on page* 168)



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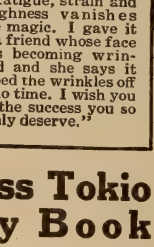
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The photoplay colony was shocked to hear of the death of Henry Otto's mother. She was the director's steady companion, and very popular with the studio dwellers.

William Desmond Taylor left the Fox organization at the completion of his feature starring Dustin Farnum, and signed up with the Morosco Company for one year, where he will produce Paramount features.

Mack Sennett and Hampton Del Ruth have been in confab for several days, working over some new ideas for Keystone comedies. Every one at the Keystone plant is awaiting the outcome.

Al Christie is working two companies at his studio on Gower Street, and threatens to put on another very shortly. He is releasing one comedy a week on the open market and one thru the Mutual. Jay Belasco, former Universal leading-man, and Billie Rhodes are the Mutual company which Christie is directing himself. Horace Davey is directing the second company with Neil Burns and Betty Compson.

Harry Ham suffered a most embarrassing predicament the other day when he was arrested five times on the charge of being a burglar. A house was robbed, and the owner gave his description to the police of a well-dressed, good-looking young man in a blue roadster with nickel disc wheels. Harry is all of the above, and has a roadster that answers this description. He finally had to get a letter from police headquarters identifying him, so that he would not be hauled into the "jug" again.

The Pickfords have been having quite a reunion on the Coast. Mary, Lottie, Jack, and Mrs. Smith had a little dinner party at Levy's Café.

William V. Mong has left the Universal, and is now engaged in producing a special feature at Monrovia, California.

Paddy McQuire, the Vogue comedian, has returned to work once more, after being laid up for four weeks. He strained his back and broke three ribs when he fell to the ground at Griffith Park, the wire that was holding him up in the air breaking under the strain. Lillian Hamilton has been starred in Vogue productions during McQuire's absence.

Marin Sais is well on in her new Kalem series, "The American Girl," and likes it even better than her "Girl from Frisco" episodes. Jimmie Horne is doing the directing.

Wheeler Oakman insists that the Mabel Normand picture, "Mickey," is nearly finished. Wheeler always was such a joker.

The members of the James Kirkwood company of the American at Santa Barbara journeyed down to Los Angeles to take some scenes in the Boston store and spend the week-end as well. Mary Miles Minter, George Periolat and George Fischer were the principals that enjoyed this little vacation.

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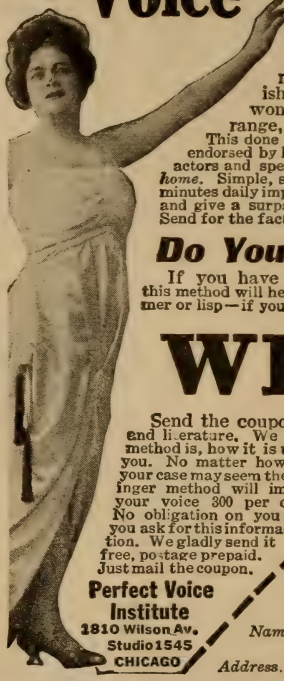
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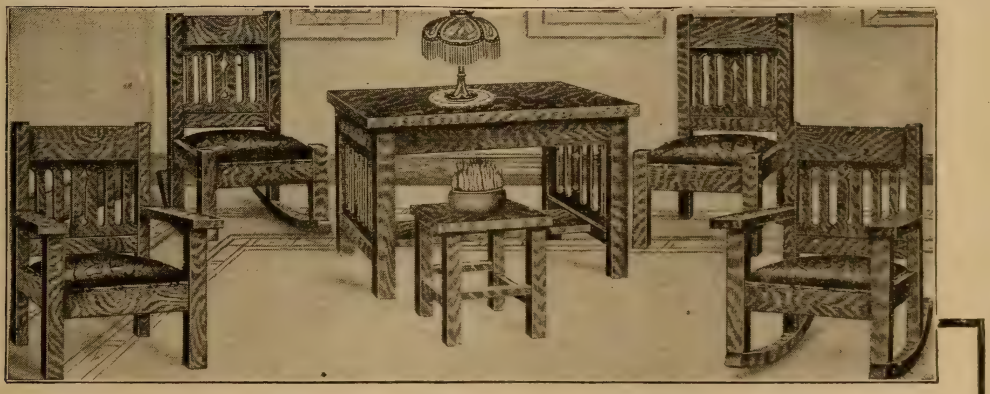
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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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Creation

By ISA L. WRIGHT

In ages past, ere yet the voice
Of God spake thru the soundless sleep
Of earth's unformed and quiv'ring mass,
And darkness lay upon the deep,
Enshrouding things to be—tho mists
Wreathed grimly yet unspoken life—
With all that dwelt therein, the worlds
Potential lay. Nor peace nor strife,
Nor bud nor blade, nor star nor sun,
Nor rush of waters to the sea,
Nor wing of bird nor quivering grass,
Nor mountain's purpling mystery,
But waited for the screen of earth
In throbbing hush of chaos' night,
Their shapes to fling when His command
Should ring thru space, "Let there be light!"
Then, in the still of that first dawn,
There sped to new creation's day
Strange forms upon the screen of earth,
That man might see God's picture-play.
Thru swift unfolding reels of time,
Vast miracles all imaged lay
Upon earth's panoramic screen,
When God proclaimed the day.
Beginnings all, potential, born
In first creation's formless shade,
Their wonders lifting to his eyes
For whom the streaming light was made.

But came the time, as ages rolled,
The vastness grew beyond man's ken;
So far the panorama rolled
That it defied the sight of men.
The mountains reared their lifting heights,
The rivers' reckless torrents spread,
And life moved on its 'wildering length
Where yet no winding pathway led.
Still on and on earth's wonders stretched,
Beyond the seas and waiting glen,
Till light of sun nor moon sufficed
To bring their image unto men.
Yet not as once did Voice Divine
Across the listening wonders speed,
To cry, "More light!" nor yet create
A mightier screen for mortals' need.

For him whose heritage shall be
The all of earth from shore to shore;
For whose delight all worlds were made,
Eternities forever more—
There were no need that Voice Divine
Should hurl command thru vaulted blue.
Unto the heart of man it spake,
"Be ye, my sons, creators, too!"
And thus it came to be, when this,
Earth's need, winged its approaching hour,
The mind of man awoke to know
His own God-given creator power.
The little screen, the closer light,
All life brought near and nearer man—
A miniature of that dim day
That knew the first creation plan—
A miniature whose shining face
Bespeaks awakening hour for earth,
As ignorance and darkness fade
At gleam of Motion Picture's birth.
And man shall know his own, his all,
Thru countless years and ages hence,
As barriers fall and space is not
Before the screen's omnipotence.





Ruth Roland, the original Kalem girl, who has since been starring for Balboa and other companies



Louise Huff, whose pretty face is often seen in Paramount pictures



Jack Warren Kerrigan, winner of many popularity contests



Bessie Love, who recently sprang into popularity in Triangle comedies



Paula Blackton, her sister and kiddies in scenes from her Country Life Series
(Vitagraph)



Dorothy Gish, one of the several stars discovered by David Griffith when he was direct-



Douglas Fairbanks, who in two years has climbed to the top rung of the Movie ladder

Helen Holmes







Helen Holmes, the dare-devil of the movies, who has tempted fate hundreds of times



CLARA K. YOUNG (Selznick)



MARY MILES MINTER (American)



EARLE FOXE
(Pathé)

Photo by H. Tarr



FRANCELIA BILLINGTON (American)



MARIE DORO (Lasky)

SCENE FROM "THE SCARLET LETTER" (FOX)



"YOU SHALL NOT TAKE HER FROM ME!"

Oddities of Screen Make-up

by Carol Lee

Now and then, on the screen, we encounter a make-up that fairly challenges our attention, by its oddness, or perhaps originality would be a better phrase. We are surprised to find a good-looking leading man concealing his good-looks back of a wall of crêpe-hair and grease-paint, or a pretty girl hiding all her charm back of cleverly drawn lines and shadows. Yet the majority of screen stars are anxious for such opportunities, for they are artists, and make-up is an art but rarely understood.

J. WARREN KERRIGAN





JEWEL CARMEN



OLLIE KIRKBY



ARTHUR ALBERTSON

Take, for instance, Alice Howell, in her L-Ko comedies. Miss Howell is a very pretty girl, of twenty-two. Yet she unhesitatingly—in fact, gladly—wraps herself in shabby, ludicrous rags, pulls her pretty golden hair into a frizzled knot, and tumbles thru two reels of ridiculous comedy with the greatest apparent enjoyment. She has a very pretty foot and wears a size two-and-a-half slipper. Yet she gleefully dons men's gray woolen socks, and dilapidated shoes several sizes too large for her, simply because, in this



HUGH FAY

GEORGE PERIOLAT

WILLIAM GARWOOD

GEORGE HOLT

way, she can register her comedy, regardless of the sacrifice of her beauty. I hope, some day, to see Miss Howell in a picture where this pillorying of her fresh young charm will be unnecessary.

George Larkin, he of "Trey o' Hearts" fame, and now doing a serial for Kalem, offers a make-up that completely conceals Larkin and reveals only the art that made his characterization of the part worth-while.

Ruth Roland, famous for her wonderful frocks and her artistic sense of beauty, cheerfully "pig-tails" her black curls, dons ragged old clothes, and does a "Peg o' My Heart" part with skill and cleverness.

Raymond McKee, whose screen destinies Metro has just contracted to guide, loves a part in which he may thoroly disguise himself, as in the one shown here. He calls it a "beetle-bug make-up"—"because," he explains, "I look more like a beetle-bug than a human being in it." Which is a perfectly good reason, at that.

Edith Storey so completely disguised herself as the mummy Princess in "Dust of Egypt" that her best friend wouldn't have recognized her. The make-up certainly cant be described as becoming; so Edith sacrificed her uty and American charm in order to play an excitable, distinctly temperamental Egyptian Princess in such a way that everybody forgot Edith in watching the Princess—which, after all, is truly art.

Arthur Albertson, who is distinctly good-looking and quite distinctly boyish, admits that he enjoyed very much playing an old Syrian peddler in one of Kalem's multiple-reel features soon to be released. Yet the make-up was very

unbecoming—altho very good, indeed, as the accompanying picture will testify.



RAYMOND MCKEE

Another pretty girl who doesn't mind disguising herself for the sake of an interesting part, is Ollie Kirkby, who is now co-starring with George Larkin in a new Kalem series. In the "Stingaree" series, Ollie played a different rôle in each picture. In one of them she was a cross, stingy old keeper of a boarding-house in Australia, on the water-front. Ollie's characterization was very good, despite her own youth and good looks, which, it is only fair to say, were conspicuous by their absence in the part mentioned.

Warren Kerrigan—or Jack, as you prefer—also has a fondness for character parts, little as you would suspect it. He once played an aged, decrepit fisherman with such skill and emotion that even the rocks behind him wept. The make-up, you see, aided materially in the tear-wringing.



ALICE HOWELL



EDITH STOREY



RUTH ROLAND

Jewel Carmen, barely twenty years of age, cheerfully "skinned back" her hair, fastened little devil's curls over her ears, undressed as much as the censors would permit, and played the vampire in

"The Children in the House" with such talent and ability that she was straightway made leading woman for Douglas Fairbanks. In real life, you know, Jewel isn't the least bit vampirish, and she's even blonde—and who ever heard of a blonde vampire? Jewel proved that it was possible to be a blonde and still be a vampire, however.

William Garwood is another of the young and good-looking leads who welcomes an occasional "old man" part, as a relief from the sweet young heroes that he is compelled to play so much. In "Break, Break, Break," he had the opportunity and made the most of it.

George Holt, in Vitagraph's "Thru the Wall," worked up a make-up that was so complicated it consumed two hours to apply it to his own face; the picture was a wonderful success, however, and Mr. Holt felt well repaid for the weeks he spent in the tiresome task.

Another master of make-up is George Periolat, who can always be expected to produce something unusual. Another is Arthur Donaldson, whose make-up as "Palapoi," in "The Ghost of Twisted Oaks" (Lubin), created a sensation in the Motion Picture world. Arthur Albertson, as His Satanic Highness, in a "vision" scene for a Kalem multiple-reeler soon to be released, created a striking make-up.

There are many, many others who deserve a place in this chronicle of odd make-ups, had I but room for them: Louise Fazenda, of Keystone, a beautiful girl who rarely ever makes an appearance without some ludicrous disguise; Hugh Fay, whose make-up as the rube in "A Dash of Courage" was so good; Charlie Chaplin's "Darn Hosiery," Ford Sterling's well-known Chief of Police, Charles Murray's Judge, the Ham and Bud creations, Harry Watson's "Musty Suffer," Billie Ritchie's "souse"—so many, many good ones that the pen falters in attempting even to name them. They are a slight testimonial to the genius of some of the younger, least known, and cleverest of screen-folk.



ALL HONOR TO THE LASKY PLAYERS, WHO ARE PRESENTING FAMOUS ONE-ACT STAGE-PLAYS FOR SWEET CHARITY'S SAKE. HERE WE HAVE A REHEARSAL OF "THE CRITIC," PRESENTING WALLACE REID, DOROTHY DAVENPORT, JANE WOLF AND HOBART BOSWORTH



HARRY ZECK MARVIN SPOOR, CAMERA-MAN DIRECTOR ARTHUR BERTHELET

TAKING A SCENE ON THE FLOOR OF THE ESSANAY STUDIO

Testing the Tinsel

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

It was one distinctly unpleasant morning, when a drizzling rain was slowly washing away the last snow of winter, that I decided to drop in at the Essanay studio in search of a story.

As I trudged slushily along Argyle Street, I gazed enviously at the luxurious machines ranged in front of the long, red-brick Essanay building. Some of them I knew by sight, for their generous owners had given me many a lift. There was the big, black limousine that belonged to E. H. Calvert, or Captain Calvert as every one calls him, and his charming wife, Lillian Drew. There were Edna Mayo's Cadillac, Nell Craig's Marmon, Edward Arnold's Hudson, and a round half-dozen I didn't recognize.

Oh, dear, I thought, it must be wonderful to be a movie actress.

With which reflection I pushed open the heavy doors and wandered up to the publicity department. Mr. Eubank and Mr. Chandler both grinned, "Goo' morning; you here again?"

"Yes; I want a story—a different story," I said morosely.

"Well, I'm afraid you've struck an off day," said Mr. Chandler; but "here," he called a little stenographer, "take Miss Naylor down-stairs and see if you can find any excitement for her."

The stenographer smiled a greeting, and we went slowly down to the studio proper.

"I hope I didn't take you away from some important work," I apologized.

"Oh, I am glad to rest for a moment," she said. "I've been here every day for three years, with no vacation."

A small seed of doubt sprouted in my mind; perhaps, after all, a Moving Picture plant was not all fun, high salaries and glory.

We passed by an exquisite dining-room set, where silver glistened on a Circassian walnut table and buffet. Ernest Maupain strode up and down nervously, waiting while some lights were being adjusted. Florence Oberle, gowned in a sky-blue negligée, sat on a hard bench and shivered.

"Come, come; are you ready, Mr. Maupain? Have you your coat?" snapped the director.

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," boomed Mr. Maupain, as he slipped into a brocaded morning robe, tucked a yellow napkin in his collar, and seated himself at the beautifully appointed dining-room table.

"Why is the napkin yellow?" I whispered.

"Yellow photographs pure white; white would turn out gray," answered the stenographer.

Florence Oberle shook out her lacey gown, patted her marceled hair, ceased shivering, magically assumed a most regally bored air, and entered the scene. Immediately Mr. Maupain began berating her most terribly.

"NO, NO, *no!* More forceful—more forceful, Mr. Maupain," came from Fred Wright, director; and they started all over again.

"Come on," I urged uneasily; "let's find something more pleasant or romantic."

Further on we came upon a scene which immediately gripped my fancy. It depicted the interior of the large living-room of a summer home. There were an enormous fireplace, birch-bark furniture, Navajo rugs, and a dream of a curving staircase.

"Ah," I said, "this looks promising."

No one was around, but my guide said they would start work soon, so we sat down upon an abandoned couch.

"Do the actors receive as large salaries as we hear about?" I questioned.

"Very nearly," she answered; "but, really, they need them. Now, I remember one time, when Beverly Bayne was here, a certain play called for five brand-new suits, and they had to be expensive ones, too. Miss Bayne protested, saying it would eat up all her salary, so the management offered to pay one-third the cost, but it is very seldom that they will do that, and, as the actress must have rich-looking costumes, it takes a good big salary to pay for them.

"Do you remember the beautiful court-gown Miss Bayne wore in 'Graustark'? Well, she had just one afternoon in which to prepare that, so she and her mother bought yards and yards of heavy white satin and made an Empire dress, with long court-train, all by themselves, and she did look lovely in it.

"Then there was Francis Bushman. He was a nice man; no hanging around the corner saloon or cabarets for him; he always went directly home after work hours. But I did pity the girls in his company. It just seemed as if he couldn't tolerate their doing anything he didn't like. Why, I've seen several little extra girls put out of his company just because they displeased Mr. Bushman."

At this juncture, Arthur Berthelet, the most pleasant director in the business, and Emily Fitzroy, matron de luxe, sauntered up.

"Oh dear," sighed Miss Fitzroy, "I do wish I hadn't worn these long, white gloves in the beginning; I've had to clean them every day since, so they would photograph the same."

Berthelet smiled and started to assemble several young actors, supposed to be at a house party.

Then little Peggy Sweeny, her hat and coat still on, bustled up. Her big, brown eyes gazed at the set with a look of adoration. "Oh," she groaned, "I'd give anything in the world to work in a picture like that!"

"Hasn't been cast for a week, and she cant bear not to be acting, so she spends every day here watching the others," whispered the little stenographer.

Meanwhile, handsome Eugene O'Brien had quietly entered the scene.

"Now, Mr. O'Brien," said Director Berthelet, softly, "you enter now; sink into that chair pensively. There, that's it——"

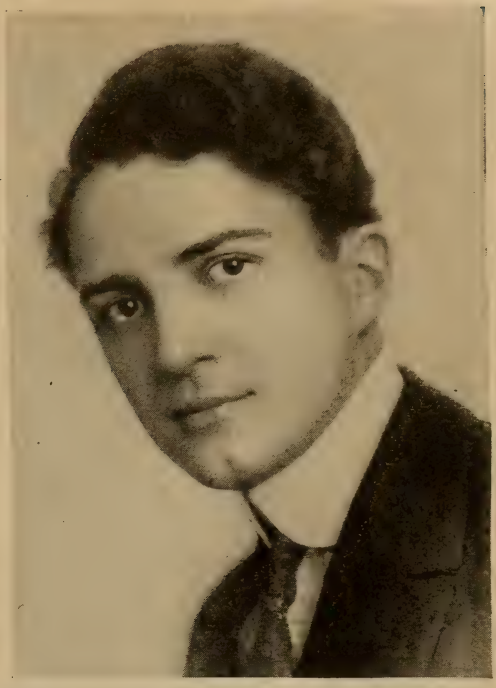
A low laugh reached my ears. I turned. There stood Richard Travers. Eugene O'Brien must have heard it also, for he grew disconcerted, stammered "Er—a—but, what am I pensive about, dont you know?"

Very gently, Arthur Berthelet re-explained the whole situation. "There

A Group of Popular Essanay Players



EDNA MAYO



BRYANT WASHBURN



Photo by Matzene

EDWARD ARNOLD



Photo by Myers

MARGUERITE CLAYTON

now, Mr. O'Brien. Ah, that's fine! Camera!"

Eugene O'Brien, making his exit safely, sauntered towards us.

"Ah, Emily, how are you?" he greeted Miss Fitzroy.

"I'm leaving you today, 'Gene."

"I say, I'm sorry. Why not stick around? Something might turn up for you."

"Guess not, just now," Miss Fitzroy shook her head. "I must seek pastures new."

"Well, as for me," offered Eugene, "this is my last picture, for a while at least. Next month I go back to the stage. These old-timers make one feel like such a bally ass in front of the camera, dont you know," and his blue eyes glanced towards Richard Travers.

"Come," said I to my guide, "let's go."

As I was about to pass out into the drizzly rain, Nell Craig, beautifully tailored, came along. "How do you do?" she said. "It's too nasty to walk; let me give you a lift."

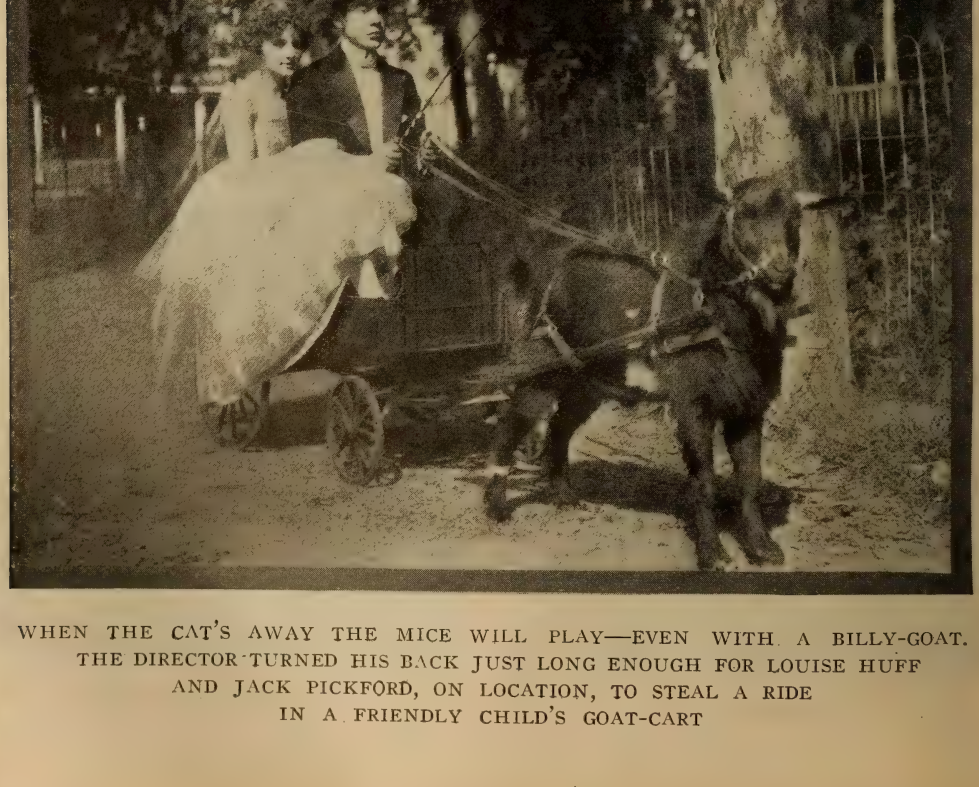
"After all," I thought, "I guess it's grand to be a movie star."

We were whizzing to the "L," dry and comfortable, when Miss Craig ejaculated, "You are from the East, are you not?"

"Yes," I nodded, wondering.

"You lucky, lucky girl!" she exclaimed; "how I love the East! Ever since I've been in Chicago I've been so homesick"—her beautifully moulded under-lip quivered slightly—"you are lucky, lucky to live in the East. Here you are at your station. Good-by! I am going over here to telegraph my sister and see if she wont come out here and cheer me up a bit. So long!"

"Good-by!" I called, and trudged up the slippery steps. My heart felt strangely satisfied. Perhaps, after all, it wasn't so bad to be merely a writer and get a touch of the tinsel now and then.



WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY THE MICE WILL PLAY—EVEN WITH A BILLY-GOAT. THE DIRECTOR TURNED HIS BACK JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR LOUISE HUFF AND JACK PICKFORD, ON LOCATION, TO STEAL A RIDE IN A FRIENDLY CHILD'S GOAT-CART

A Snapshot Impression of Crane Wilbur

Inside and Outside the Camera-Lines with the Distinguished Player

By
HARRY H. POPPE

ON the great outdoor stage of Horsley's, which stretches nearly a city block in length, we found Mr. Wilbur. He was just strolling out from his dressing-room, of which there is a great number in a long row back of the stage proper. The set for the scene in which he was to take part had not been thoroly prepared, so there was time for a little chat. Mr. Horsley introduced us.

Immediately I felt that my original impressions, created back in New York, were right. Mr. Wilbur acknowledged the introduction with a quiet warmth and cordiality. His words and actions did not show a trace of that attitude of aloofness which I have known one or two other stars to assume. Rather, he made you feel at home—made you feel as if with this introduction you



CRANE WILBUR







CRANE WILBUR

were now "one of the boys." Often, when you meet a player, the first thing you have thrust upon you is an autobiographical sketch of that player's career. Of course, the actor cant seriously be blamed, for, in the first place, it is part of his nature to love the lime-light, and, in the second place, it is good business. If he doesn't say glowing things about himself, who will? So circumstances make the situation. But Crane Wilbur gave no inkling in word or manner to impress you with the big things he had done. I have since learnt that this sense of modesty is one of his dominant traits. He never talks about himself unless you pave the way. And so it was that our conversation ran chiefly to pleasantries.

To see Mr. Wilbur play a scene before the camera with his associates is convincing enough that he is the most considerate of men. After our chat we studiously watched him rehearse a scene for one of his forthcoming pictures. One of the players had a particularly hard time in doing his part just as the director wanted it. Ordinarily, and I have seen it happen many times, the star would become impatient at the delay caused by an associate's failure to grasp an idea quickly, even tho he made the nervous strain all the greater for the unfortunate one. Mr. Wilbur did not get impatient, nor did he bluster about. Instead, he quietly stepped forward and figuratively reached out a helping hand in a perfectly unobtrusive way. The scene then went on smoothly. I am sure the blundering actor felt grateful to the star for his aid.

Laymen are apt to associate the life

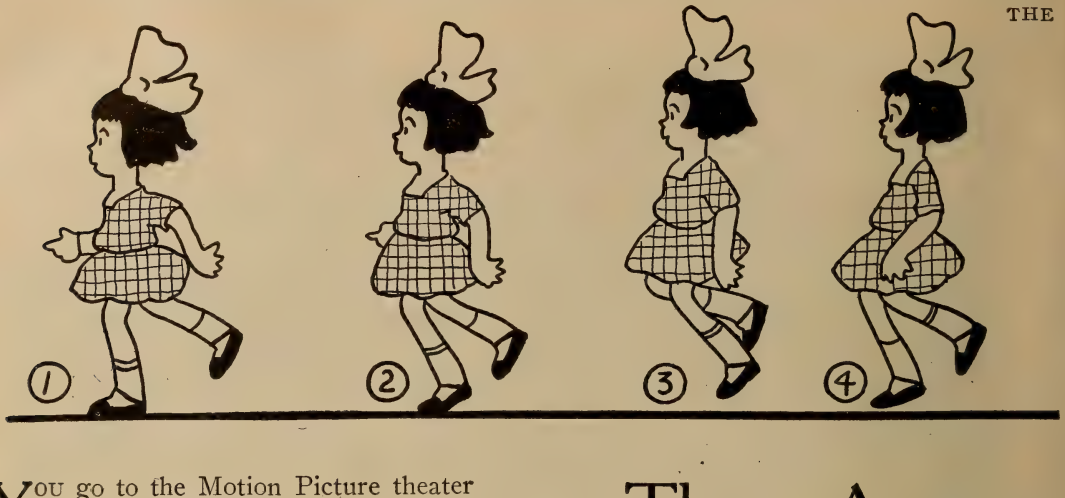
of an actor with a life of ease—a life which means a few hours at the studio merely carrying out a director's instructions, and then home again, followed by a visit to a series of bright-lighted cafés and restaurants. Such an impression is naturally assumed because lights play an important part in theatricals, and the connection is stretched beyond the actor's hours of work. But while that assumption may apply occasionally, it isn't the rule by any means. Crane Wilbur spends his evenings at home. There he reads and writes. Most of the pictures in which he has appeared for the last year are from scenarios written by himself. And if you have seen any of his recent vehicles, I am sure you will agree with me that Crane Wilbur as a writer is on a par with Crane Wilbur as an actor, which means that he has turned out some mighty fine scripts.

Crane Wilbur as he is on the screen is the Crane Wilbur you will see if you meet him face to face. The impression he gives you on the screen is the way you will find him. There is no theatrical change in him when he leaves his work for his home. He is as his admirers are impressed with him—a good sort of a fellow, hard-working and unassuming, and not at all affected by his success.



AN ACTOR, LIKE A SAILOR, IS EQUAL TO ANY EMERGENCY. CRANE WILBUR FOUND HIMSELF MILES FROM HIS DRESSING-ROOM AND HAS PERSUADED A HANDY TREE TO BECOME HIS MAKE-UP TABLE

THESE EIGHT CUT-OUTS ILLUSTRATE A COMPLETE STEP IN A RUNNING ACTION. THE



Those Aggrava

The Trials and Tribulations of

By HI

You go to the Motion Picture theater to see an animated cartoon, and you chuckle over the absurd antics of the pen-and-ink screen comedian. He scampers about with his funny, nervous little steps, putting over some of the most impossible stunts with ease and dispatch, and you are vastly amused. Chuckle, chuckle!

But——

If you could step into the studio where this comical little cuss is created, the chuckles would be conspicuous by their absence. You would hear grunts instead—yes, and a film-tinker's damn or two—for animated artists are only human, and, being so, learn to animate their vocabulary as well as their work.

At least that was my experience the first few weeks at this trying branch of Motion Picture art. In the beginning I had some very expansive ideas on the subject; I was going to crack the whip, and my animated charges were going to respond to my every whim, and in a mighty spry fashion, too. But, after laboriously turning out two scenarios and seeing them projected on the screen—presto! I discovered at once that animated characters were about as undisciplined as a crew of Mexican bandits. They persisted in doing just what I hadn't intended them to do.

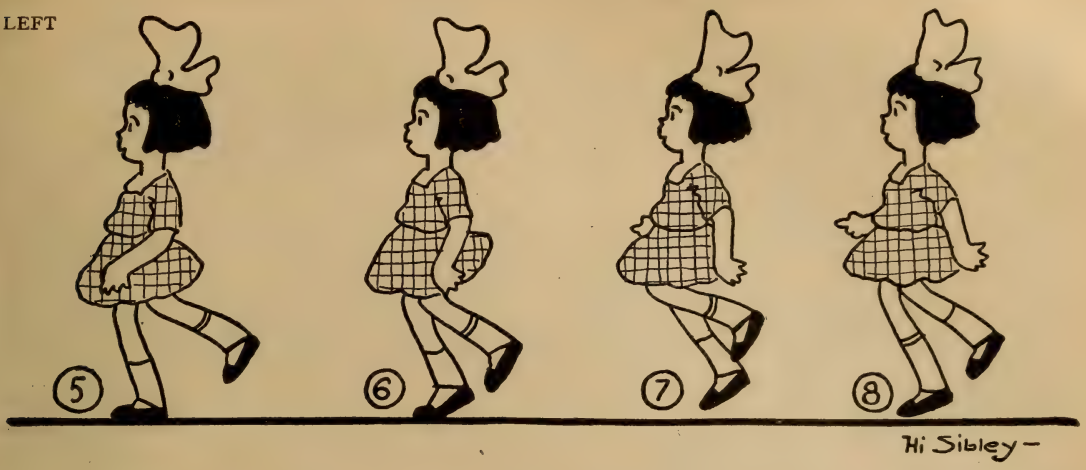


INSTEAD OF UNTYING HER DAINTY APRON-STRINGS, SHE UNDAINTILY SCRATCHED HER BACK, AND WITH A VIGOR THAT WAS SHOCKING

For instance, there was my debonair man-about-town. His one assignment was to saunter jauntily across the screen—that was all. I took much pride in that club-man, and worked out his leg-action with utmost care; but when the perverse individual was put thru his screen paces, he humped across with a gait like a one-legged man that had recently been run over by a brewery truck. It required a week of the most patient drilling to get him to perform in even an acceptable manner.

And I had a lady too—a very nice lady, I thought, for I had surrounded her with every refining influence, and had given her to understand that she was to

NOTE THE DOUBLE BAND ON THE STOCKING TO DISTINGUISH THE RIGHT LEG FROM LEFT



tin' Animations

an Animated Cartoon Artist

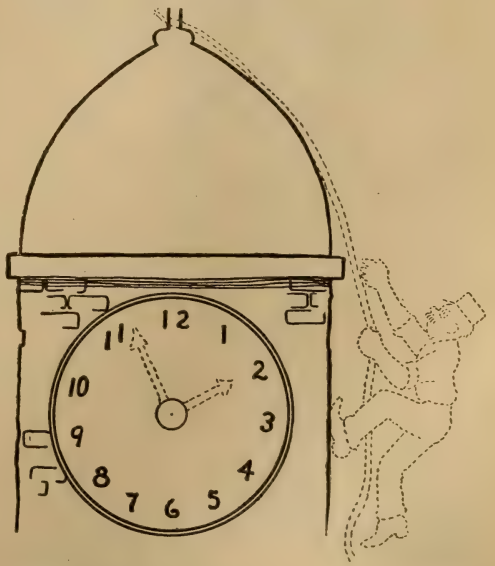
SIBLEY

appear before very persnickety audiences. And she did very nicely, too, for that matter, until I gave her the cue to untie her dainty apron-strings. But she did not untie her dainty apron-strings; she undaintily scratched her back, and with a vigor that was shocking. We had to operate on that part of the film.

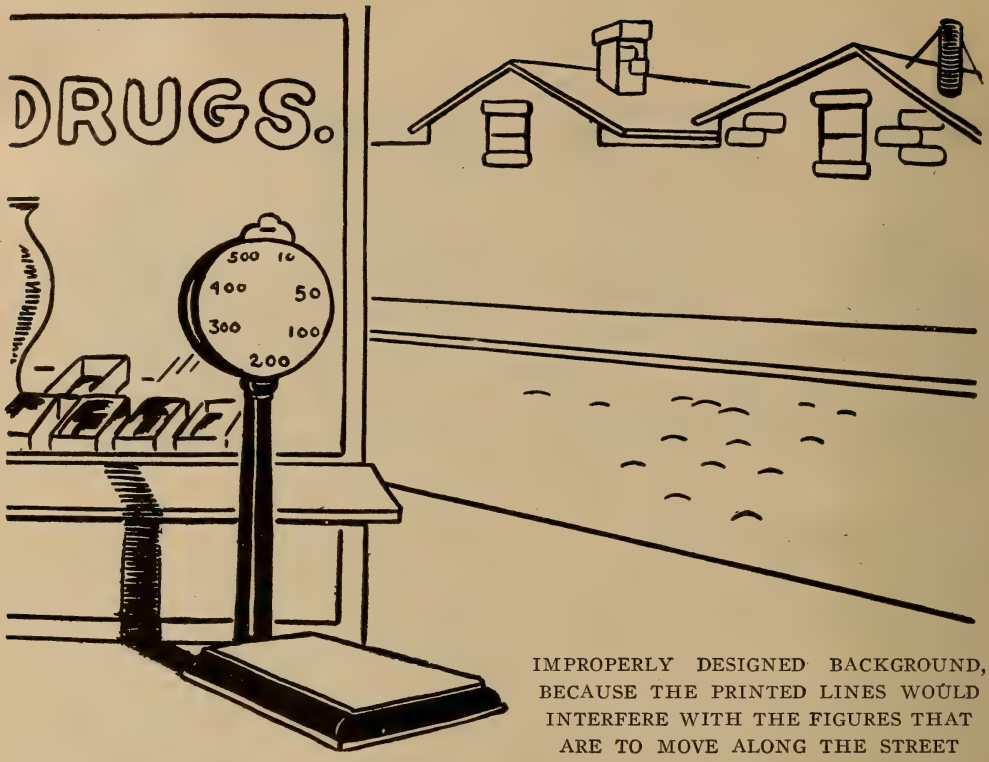
Not only were these developments somewhat of a jolt, but I found the work very tedious and requiring constant application. It took days to work out a single bit of action. In particular, there was the Lady and the Goat. Among other things, the Lady was supposed to drag the Goat into the kitchen. I sent her out after Bill on Monday, and it was Thursday before she got him into the center of the room. By that time I was so fed up on gentle ladies and gentleman-goats that I tipped Bill the wink and had him dispose of the Lady thru the window. And it was done in a hurry, too. When shown on the screen, you couldn't tell what had happened. It was a case of "I see you and now I dont see you!" Subsequently, of course, Bill's action was slowed down, so that one could get at least some idea of the general direction the flying Lady pursued.

The foregoing, however, are only some of the difficulties of an inexperienced amateur. The action of the first-class animated cartoons proceeds so smoothly that the spectator little realizes the prodigious amount of work required to turn one out. The technical side, therefore, is very interesting. In describing the several methods of producing an animated cartoon, I will not spill any trade secrets.

Briefly, in every foot of film there are sixteen "frames," or exposures. In a sixty-foot scenario there would be approximately a thousand frames—nine hundred and sixty, to be exact. At first sight one might suppose that the animating artist would have to draw that



DOTTED LINES INDICATE FIGURE DRAWN ON BACKGROUND BY CARTOONIST



IMPROPERLY DESIGNED BACKGROUND, BECAUSE THE PRINTED LINES WOULD INTERFERE WITH THE FIGURES THAT ARE TO MOVE ALONG THE STREET



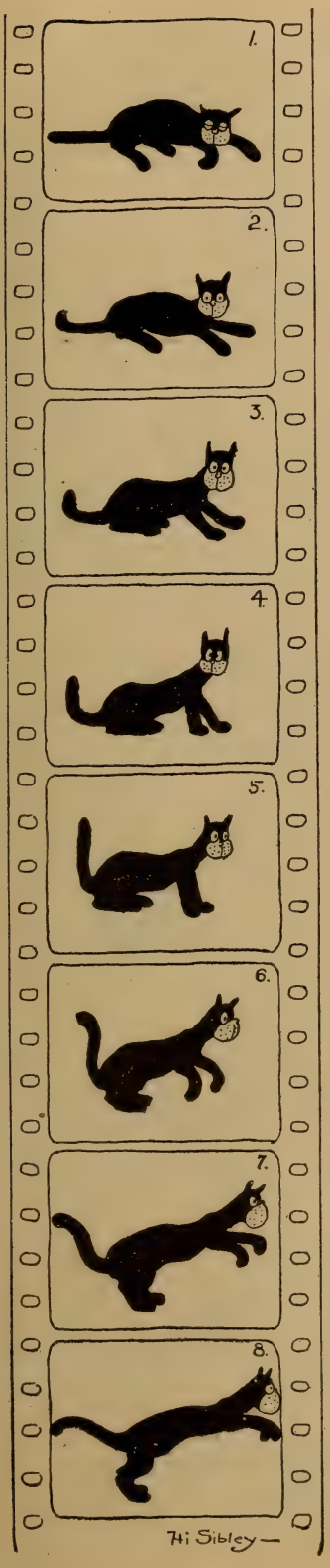
many separate cartoons for the sixty feet of film, which, when projected on the screen, would run just one minute, for it requires only one second for a foot of film to pass thru the projector.

A thousand cartoons for a one-minute entertainment would be entirely out of the question, and consequently there are many ways to get around that. In the first place, rarely more than eight drawings are used per foot of film calling for the smoothest of action, for two exposures are taken of each drawing.

Note the strip of film with the cat. I have shown Tabby here in eight successive positions preparing to spring, but, on the actual film, No. 1 frame would



PROPERLY DESIGNED BACKGROUND, WITH SPACE FOR FIGURES. IN THIS TWO SAWYERS SAW LOG, WHILE DOG WAGS TAIL AND MOVES HEAD



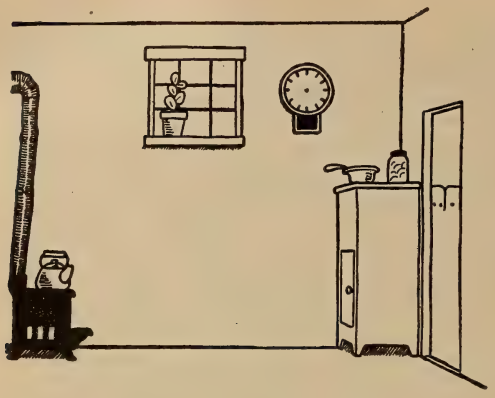
appear twice, as would No. 2 and the others. Thus the eight drawings would consume one foot of film. And even at that the somnolent Tabby would wake up and prepare to spring all in the space of a second. In real life this would not be unusual, for there is plenty of zip in a black cat, as those who have trod on the tail of sleeping Tabbies will testify; but for screen purposes it is better to have action slow enough to follow with the eyes.

Then "extremes"—those positions at the beginning or ending of action—can be held for several feet of film. For instance, here the scene opens on Tabby sleeping peacefully, and the photographer would allow her an eight- or ten-foot nap. And again, when Tabby becomes quiescent, pausing to look out at the audience and blink (a stock stunt for all animated characters), she might hold the pose for several seconds. Very frequently action is repeated over and over; a taxicab speeding along before a "flying background" can be run indefinitely with a comparatively small number of drawings; likewise two men sawing a log, or a little girl swinging, and so on. All this adds up footage rapidly.

Where stock characters are used in a weekly series of animated cartoons, it is customary to employ "cut-outs"—literally paper dolls. A set of figures may be drawn and cut from bristol board, giving walking action to the right, another set to the left, and sets for several other actions. These are filed away and used in subsequent scenarios.

The eight cut-outs of the little girl illustrate a complete step in a running action. To distinguish the left leg from the right, I have put a double band on her stocking. This will enable you to follow the action of that leg. In photographing her, a fixed background is used, and she enters at the left. The first "paper doll" is placed on this background and given two frames or exposures; then the second "paper doll" is placed so that the left foot is in the exact position of the first, and the first figure taken away. Two more exposures on this, and so on with the successive figures, until the little girl reaches the position desired. Following from this point there may be a set of "cut-outs" showing her turning around, or jumping up and down, or whatever the scenario calls for.

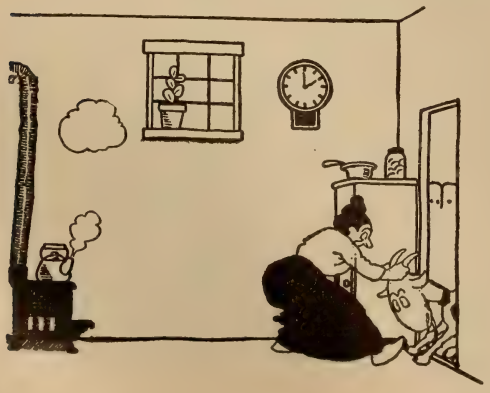
In drawing these "cut-outs" there should be as smooth edges as possible, for sharp and thin corners have a tendency to curl up and make a shadow easily discernible on the screen. Inasmuch as there is a great deal of work involved in working out the action and making these "cut-outs," they are not employed unless there is a great deal of repetition of action. In such cases a saving of time and labor is accomplished by having several hundred of the backgrounds printed on separate sheets of paper and drawing the figures in on these.



A BLANK BACKGROUND AND TWO SUCCESSIVE POSITIONS OF THE LADY AND THE GOAT, SHOWING HOW BACKGROUND LINES MUST BE PAINTED OUT WITH CHINESE WHITE

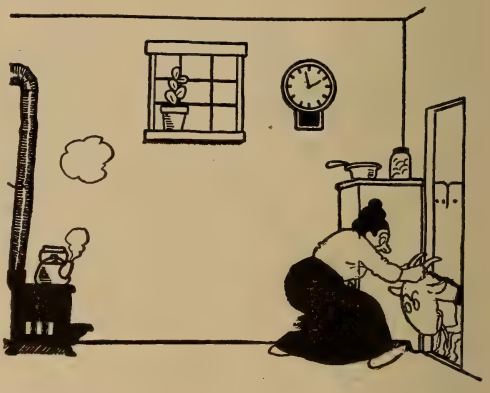
The clock-tower background illustrates this. The printed tower is in heavy lines, and I have sketched the figure in dotted lines. It is essential, of course, that these printed backgrounds register perfectly, for otherwise they will waver on the screen and detract the spectator's attention from the figure.

The scenario calls for a painter climbing hand-over-hand on a rope. The first sheet of paper is placed in position over a ground glass, under which there is an electric light, and the beginning of the action is drawn. Then the second sheet is placed over this, so the two backgrounds are in perfect alignment, and the successive position is drawn, such as a hand advanced a quarter of an inch or so, so as to secure another grasp on the rope,



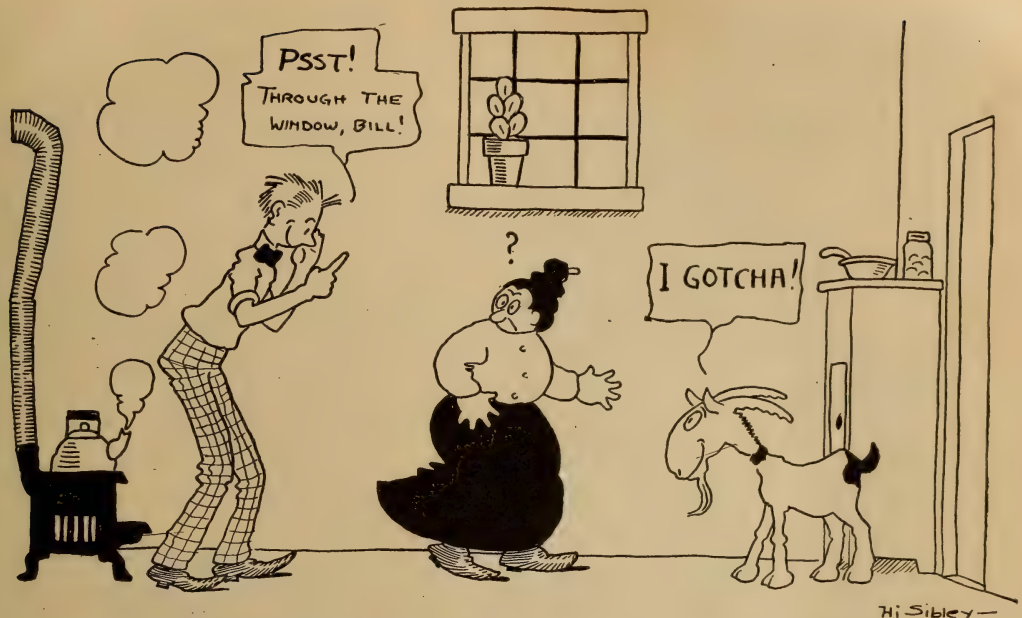
and so on until the painter reaches the ledge. About thirty drawings would be necessary to bring him to the ledge, making sixty exposures or four seconds to climb up the rope. This would be rather agile for painters as we know them, but there is more humor in a brisk action in this case than in a leisurely one.

Some of my first backgrounds caused me much distress, for I did not leave a clear space for the action, and it was necessary to paint out the lines of the printed background with China white wherever the lines interfered with the figures. The drawing with the scales illustrates this. The scene with the log and the principal parts of a pup is a more properly designed background, for here there is unobstructed space for two sawyers to worry that log. The dog, of



course, remains fixed in the main part, leaving his more expressive accessories —tail and head—to be drawn in and to wag and twist respectively. Here is an example of an action that can be repeated indefinitely—eight drawings for the sawyers and the wag and twist.

There is a vast difference between newspaper cartooning and film cartooning. In the latter the lines must be very heavy and very definite, and there can be little or no shading in the animated parts, for if each shade-line is not repeated faithfully, a disconcerting blur will result. In my first scenario I took great pains to have every drawing as nearly perfect as possible—even erasing minute smudges and spots—but later learnt that where the action is continuous,



IT TOOK THE LADY THREE AND A HALF DAYS TO GET THE GOAT INTO THE KITCHEN, SO I TIPPED BILL THE WINK TO DISPOSE OF HER IN A HURRY

merely the general outlines need be carried out, for each separate drawing is flashed on the screen but an eighth of a second. Even the most critical of observers could not detect many flaws in such short space of time.

The photographer's work is as important as the cartoonist's, for it is within his power to make or queer the very best set of cartoons. It is up to him to make the action the most effective and to inject the humor at the proper point. If a figure is jumping over a table, the photographer can make him hurdle over frantically or merely float over. And likewise with any other action.

In filming the cartoons, the camera is mounted in a vertical position above a table or platform lighted with Cooper-Hewitts. A square is fixed upon this platform directly under the lens, and snugly up against this square the drawings are placed for exposure. The camera-director places a drawing, and, with practised eye, knows at once how many exposures should be made for the best results; he announces to the operator above the number of frames to be taken, such as "Two," or "Six," or "Give her four feet." Sometimes a whole day is required to photograph a hundred feet or so of film.

To Our Hero

By JANE YOUNG

Oh, Answer man, how glad we are
That you dont have to go to war!
Not that from shot and shell you'd run,
But 'cause you're long past twenty-one,
Which means it simply cant be done.

Besides, your wit is just as keen
As any "comic" on the screen;
And tho our Charlie's sure some bear
When pay-day comes, it's only fair
That he should hand you half, your share.

So stay right here, our hero brave,
And let your "gentle readers" rave,
And wonder if "Her hair is real,"
Or if "His nerves are made of steel,"
When He ducks 'neath some liner's keel.

Then oft a "gentle reader's" mad,
And writes things that look pretty bad;
But, still believing you a sage,
She greedily cons the Answer page—
Your answer soft disarms her rage.

LOOK UNTO THE STARS FOR GUIDANCE

By JESS HARDWICK

Said I to Kitty with eyes of brown,
Who was once the merriest lass in town,
Who vexed her mother with her tomboy way,
With her voice so loud, and her pranks so gay,
"What's come over you Kitty, dear?
You look so different, and you act so queer."
Said she, "I've cut all the noise and bluff,
I'm reading Mary Pickford's stuff."

Said I to Mary who was once demure,
But now has a smile with a little lure,
Who once wore skirts with a full wide swing,
But now they have a snake-like cling,
"What has happened to you, Mary, my child?
The look in your eyes is so scary and wild."
Said she, "I've a new ambition and hope,
I'm reading The Bara's vampire dope."

Then I noticed Harry, once a dutiful lad,
Who never gave trouble, and who never had
In all his life been a bother to mother,
He was such a neat lad, such a manly brother.
But now he looked shabby and hobbled along,
Till his mother feared that his mind was wrong.
But he said to me in a manner quite solemn,
"I'm studying Charlie Chaplin's column."

Said I to Tom, once the slouch of the town,
Who now came out with his hair plastered down,
With his face all clean from the use of soap,
And a look of conceit like the new "white hope,"
"Tom," said I, "you're becoming a wonder,
I cant understand it, my mind's in a blunder."
Said he, "It's quite easy, and should not perplex,
I'm reading talks of Francis X."

And the stars will ever guide—verily 'tis true,
They are in the lead in this day of me and you.
For mothers and teachers have become lost factors,
While the young take notes from the movie actors.

The ETERNAL SIN

An Adaptation From "Lucretia Borgia"

by Gladys Hall

To say of shame—what is it?
Of virtue—we can miss it;
Of sin—we can but kiss it,
And it's no longer sin.
—*Swinburne*



Selznick

LUCRETIA BORGIA was a Borgia—certainly. In her veins ran the blood of all the Borgias back to that first Cæsar—dark blood; wild, sinister, cruel blood; bad blood. But she was also a woman—perhaps primarily that. Perhaps, also, a woman of her name—her chaste, high name of clean atonement — Lucretia. Perhaps loves in her life—her *woman's* life—hot, spurious, unlived loves—had taught her remorse, had tempered her Borgian spirit with something like regret.

At any rate, after the episode of her brother's death, and her putting to death by devious and unbelievable tortures the five aged conspirators in the murder, she turned, like some chilled thing, to the sin—to a secret tenderness she harbored in her cruelly complex heart.

"There is a young officer in Ferrara

so-called Gennaro," she informed her personal attendant, Gubetto, shortly after the executions; "go into the city and about the sea-coast and search him out for me. And see to it, Gubetto, that the Duke, my husband, knows nothing of the search. Men!" She gave a harsh laugh—that laughter peculiar to Lucretia Borgia—strident, grating, harsh; yet, holding somewhere within it a vibrant note of intensive tenderness, it was typical of the woman. It was as tho all her outer seeming, flesh and implacable spirit, and keen, relentless mind, was of the "bloody Borgias"; but that, deep within her, lived a flame, a promise, a heart, that had nothing to do at all with the Borgias.

Gubetto obeyed the imperial command and smiled. He sensed an intrigue. Gubetto had been reared on intrigues—amorous or bloody; ofttimes a strange commingling of both. In fact, Gubetto was sired of an intrigue. And he knew Lucretia Borgia—passionate, insatiable, insensate.

It was carnival-time in Ferrara, and the soldiery were much about the city. By considerable clever inquiry, Gubetto at length located Gennaro, and pointed him out to Lucretia one day as he was sleeping on a bench near the ducal palace.

He smiled again. He found that he did not wonder overmuch at the ducal preference. Gennaro was a fair enough thing to the eye, tho, perhaps, a bit young for the Borgia; and Gubetto whispered to himself, a bit soon after the nuptials to that kindly Spaniard, Duke Alfonso d'Este, who manifestly adored his imperial and imperious spouse, and who would, without doubt, be Spanishly jealous should he discover the intrigue.

But the Borgia had forgotten her very new and very Spanish husband. She had forgotten her high estate, her unsavory reputation; almost, it seemed, she had forgotten the angry blood of the Borgias that ran in her soft, blue veins, and felt a human stream flowing there instead. There was that in her beautiful eyes that was assuredly not of the Borgias. She bent her masked face over the profoundly sleeping youth. "Gennaro," she whispered—"oh, Gennaro!"

The boy stretched his lithe, fit body, yawned very crudely, and very abruptly sat up. One could never tell in Ferrara, one was never quite certain——

"Signorina——" he said politely, and waited.

Lucretia Borgia laughed, and all the grating harshness was gone from the voice—that voice that had sent men to unspeakable cruelties, hideous martyrdoms; that voice that scoffed at the soft virtues and sang the turgid sins. Some one has said that "courtesans can pray!"

She dropped by the bench near him and raised her masked face. Beneath the mask, her rounded chin showed very firm and soft and provocative; under the eye-slits, her eyes shone with a kind of peculiar luminosity, and the whole of her irradiated a forceful magnetism that was heady to the young Ferrarese.

"I want to know," she told him, a bit breathlessly, "about your life, Gennaro *mio*. Never mind why; never mind the whys of any of it—of any of me; we do too much 'minding,' Gennaro, and it is not wise. Just tell me—because I am a woman—and I ask it."

Afterwards his companions told him that she might have been more likely to say "because I am a Borgia—and I demand it—on your head——"

Gennaro was very young, and youth is youth thruout all ages, defiant of all customs, true to form in all climes, persistent under all conditions. He was not loath to talk about himself. He had nothing shameful to relate, but much that was important.

And, obviously, she was very beautiful and heavily smitten with himself.

He proceeded, and he was not poor at the histrionic art. He made much of being abandoned when an infant at his foster-father's door. His foster-father, he said, was a poor fisherman on the coast who, nevertheless, did a fairly thriving mongering business in the town, so that always there was much fresh fish, and spaghetti and cheese, and really good wine, and sweets holiday and carnival seasons, and a fair plenty for all.

He described to the Borgia's patently shell-like and attentive ear a typical domestic life—a cheap, honest life—clean as a sword, innocent as dawning, uninspired as the cheesed spaghetti. He

described long days on the sun-hot coast, with the same sun soaking into his golden pores while he worked among the boats; swims in the early, blue waters, when the swift, hard fish smote to a new delight his own hard body; a certain fisher-lass with brief, bright, fluttering skirts and soft, red, open lips——

She was not, he said, in the least like



"IT IS NOT TRUE!" SHE CRIED

the beautiful ladies he had met since he had become a young man of the town—and a soldier. They had been very kind to him, he boasted—very, very kind—and they were admittedly beautiful, perfumed and silken-clad and alluring; but that little Peppina Spaletto—she had a perfume that was like nothing known here in Ferrara, and her kisses were so soft, so sweet——

He recalled himself with a jerk. Manifestly, he should not be extolling Peppina Spaletto to a fair lady also smitten.

But the Borgia smiled. "How came you to leave your foster-father, and the coast, and—Peppina?" she queried, and she bent forward tensely as she asked. The posture threw her magnificent body into strong relief. Gennaro thought she was superb. He thought perhaps little Peppina would be like this when her soft blurs of immaturity were wiped completely away. "I have a mother," he told her softly, "somewhere. All my life, since I can remember, she has written to me, and I have written to her. A dumb and masked horseman has been our intermediary. In her letters she has urged me—always she has urged me—out and above and beyond myself and the things in which I grew. And often she has promised that one day we should meet. But a promise too oft

repeated grows brittle and breaks in one's hand. Her promise to me is very, very old; but she has been to me the ideal thing in my life. I have worshiped her from afar, and *imagined* her, and I have thought that she must be the most beautiful thing in the world. I know she would be that to me—the most beautiful thing."

The Borgia leaned forward still more, as tho jealously. "And if she were not," she asked—"if she were—hideous——"

"One's faith in things," the boy answered softly, "can be easily—lost."

"Yes."

Then a surprising thing occurred. The Borgia, known and famed for her orgies, for her appalling moral lack, for her thoro boldness, rose and kist the lad on his brow—reverently, chastely—and dropped her mask.

Gennaro stared eagerly into her face. It was a beautiful face he saw for an instant, then an illuminated, transfigured face. He breathed deeply.

"Signorina," he said, "you are as beautiful as I had dreamed—my mother."

There had been two witnesses to this tender scene—or, rather, two sets of witnesses; one had been the very kindly, but very Spanish, Duke Alfonso, who was justly outraged and outrageously jealous at the sight of his newly wed spouse intriguing with a young officer; and the others were the five friends of Gennaro—young officers who were in some way kinsmen to the murderers of Lucretia Borgia's brother who had recently been hideously done to death by the Borgia. They had no reason to suspect the Borgia of anything save horror. They had plenty of reason to suspect the extreme gullibility, the fatal idealism of young Gennaro. Ferrara, in the sixteenth century, was not a place for idealists, most especially under the acknowledged sway of the Borgias. They leapt into the scene and laid hands on the glowing woman. She caught their intent and cast a despairing glance at the astounded Gennaro.

"Do not betray me," she gasped hoarsely, "and you shall be largely rewarded. I mean no evil here, my friends—nothing save great good. I——"

But five martyrs' graves had inflamed five young minds. Already Ferrara was scurvied and sore under the cruel oppression of the Borgias. It had had its fill of them; it was crammed to the throat with them—their tortures, their greeds, their lusts, their cruelties.

The leader of the five tore off the mask that the Borgia had donned again, and turned, heatedly, to Gennaro. "This lady," he rasped excitedly, "who is honoring you with her affections, Gennaro, is the Lucretia Borgia of whom we all know—each one of us to our sorrow, to our very bitter sorrow. Lucretia Borgia, the infamous, the vile; the murderess, without heart, of old men; the despoiler of youth; the adulteress; the poisoner! Even more, Gennaro, while she woos you and seduces you, she mocks you in her black heart and plans your death. Even now, perhaps, she has inoculated you with a dread poison, that she may laugh and glut her with your death agonies. A ghoul—Lucretia Borgia—a ghoul; a leech; a noisome, pestilential thing! Come away, Gennaro; your lady is a thing of stench and death; love mocks at you today in this strange guise——"

Gennaro, very white, very perturbed, turned on his heel, and the proud Borgia dropped to her knees. "Gennaro," she wailed, *"carissimo,* it is not true; I do beseech you, Gennaro—sin, evil—yes, my taint—my accursed heritage; but to you, Gennaro——"

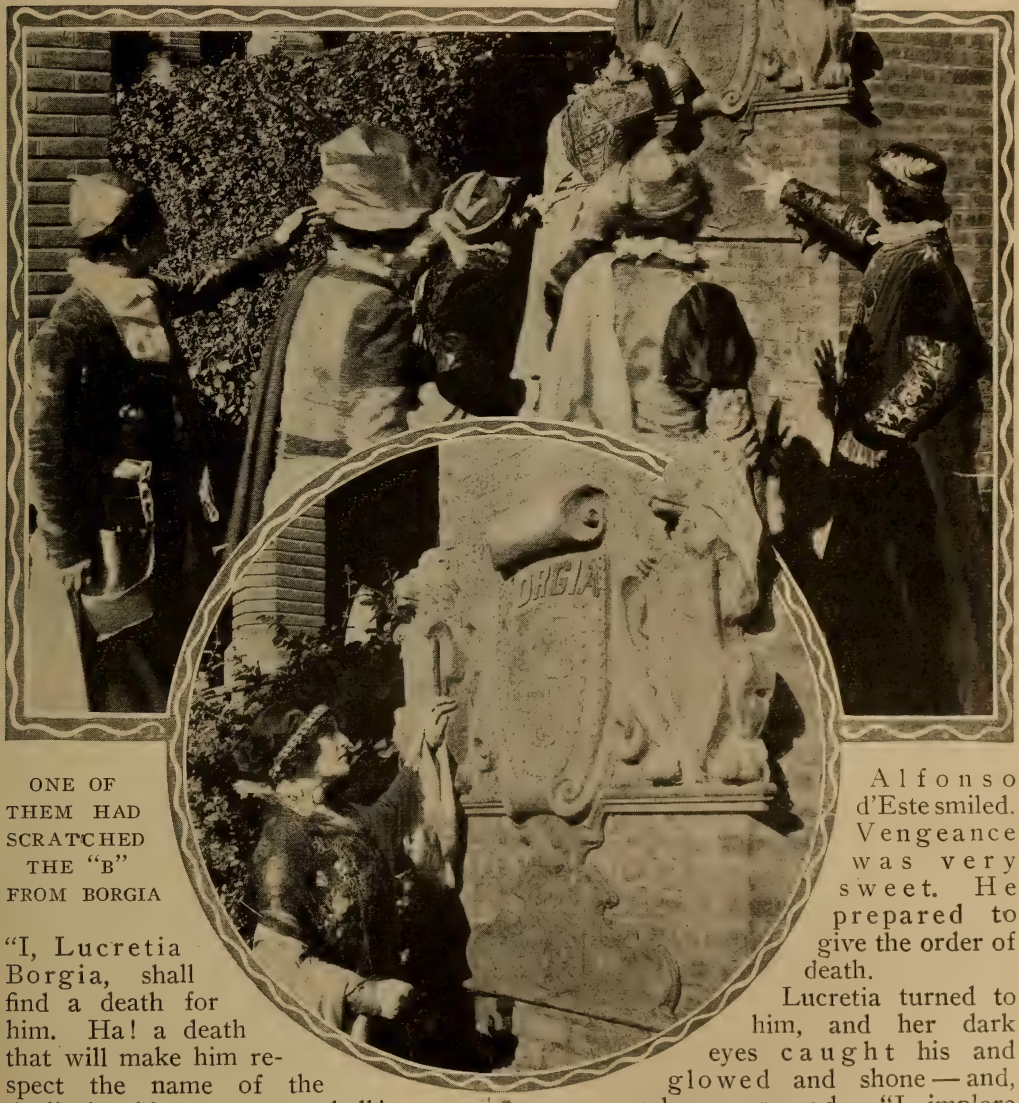
But the five kinsfolk of the five martyred dead hustled Gennaro over the palace wall, and to Lucretia Borgia, on her wholly unaccustomed knees, came, faintly echoing, "Poisoner! adulteress! ghoul!" et cetera. She dropped her mask, and her large, very white hands covered the incongruous splendor of her face, and thru her fingers crept hard, bitter, reluctant tears—tears—tears!

When at last, very slowly, she returned to the palace, she found a strange confusion reigning. Her conjugal spouse was in a state of thoroly national excitement. Gubetto and her husband's personal attendant, Rustighetto, and various others of the courtiers, looked pleasurably white and wrought up.

It was explained to the Borgia that six young men, in passing the ducal gate,

had paused, and one of them had scratched the "B" from Borgia, leaving "orgia," which meant, insolently enough, "orgy."

Lucretia had had enough indignity. Her proud, inflamed spirit revolted. "Bring in the misdoer," she commanded.



ONE OF THEM HAD SCRATCHED THE "B" FROM BORGIA

"I, Lucretia Borgia, shall find a death for him. Ha! a death that will make him respect the name of the devil in his uttermost hell! Does he blaspheme the name of Borgia? Find him, I say; I shall receive him in the Throne Room. Come, Alfonso; we shall plot this thing together."

When the culprit entered the Throne Room—rather pale, very defiant—Lucretia Borgia screamed. She thrust out her hands and arms wildly and gave the appearance of a thing suddenly caught in its own toils and struggling with all its might to get out.

Alfonso d'Este smiled. Vengeance was very sweet. He prepared to give the order of death.

Lucretia turned to him, and her dark eyes caught his and glowed and shone—and, somehow, prayed. "I implore you," she whispered—"it is my desire—my strong—my great desire that this—boy—be saved. Perceive, my lord, he is but a lad—immature—unformed—a babe. I—— Suddenly I—— If I should bear you a son, Alfonso *mio*—— I am dizzy.

The thought of this death somehow revolts me. I, a Borgia—a 'bloody Borgia'—I beseech you—let this matter end."

Alfonso d'Este was an astute man, and he was a jealous man; and the ways of jealousy are wily ways, cunning ways—ways mean and low.

"It is as my lady says," he said, and bowed, and dismissed the men who were to give the sign to the executioners. Then he turned to the suddenly trembling lad and smiled. "A fortunate escape," he said, and he choked down a sneer and a curse. "Before you go, have some rare wine from this golden flagon—wine mellowed deep in Ferrarese cellars, and *very* rare."

Lucretia Borgia stepped forward, and her eyes dilated in panic. She knew that golden flagon; and she had made many another know it, who, once having known it, then and thereafter knew no more.

But she also knew d'Este. Another interference and he would give the order for Gennaro's instant death. Playing against time, filled thru and thru with a new agony, she watched the deadly potion pass those fresh young lips—those *clean* lips, unsullied, inestimably dear——

The flagon drained, the Duke bowed to the pair ironically, and, ironically, passed out. A death-scene, he figured, held no lover's fervors. Too soon the chill; too early the last rigidity.

Lucretia watched him go; then she fell upon the youth, pressing a vial into his hands. "You are poisoned," she cried desperately; "drink this at once—at once. That was poison d'Este gave you—poison in that flagon. Drink this, thou fool—thou beloved fool—quickly—*quickly*——"

Gennaro laughed contemptuously and pushed her from him with the vial.

"More likely, lady, that this antidote be poison," he mocked; "your husband is a good man and a just. You are cruel, lustful of death—a poisoner——"

Lucretia screamed in her rage and fear. "I speak truth to you, Gennaro," she cried frantically. "Sin, poison, lust, death, all — all are mine, and I admit them, own them; but this I say is *truth!* Ah, God! drink before you are too late!"

Gennaro drank the potion, kicked the vial to the floor, and turned from the outstretched arms that would have drawn him close. Besides, he was horridly ill.

Later, in the afternoon, he sought his five friends and spoke to them of his escape. Naples, Rome, Milan — he



GENNARO DRINKS

had heard that Duke Alfonso d'Este was searching for him. He had better escape his vengeance. After all—to him—the Borgia had been ministering—wonderful—and she was beautiful beyond all parallel.

His five comrades stifled emphatically his predilection for Lucretia Borgia. They were festering still from their kinsfolk's deaths. The spirit of oppressed and revolting Ferrara was upon them. "Besides," they said, "the Princess Negroni is giving a banquet tonight, Gennaro. It will be a marvelous affair, and the fairest women of Ferrara will be there for one's delectation. Courtesans, of course—but unbelievably beautiful—Pampinea, the Scarlet; Lucia, the Pantherine; Poppea, and others equally famed. The viands would be exquisite. There would be wine in an overflow; soft, seductive music; and, being carnival-time, many novel entertainments, no doubt. In short, it would be an *orgy*—such an orgy as even the Borgia could not conceive. And it would not have the undercurrent cruelty of the Borgia banquets; all would be warm love and warm love's red roses—the perfervor of the wine—the languor of the music—the hot perfumes of the women and the room—flowers, and desires, and all——"

Gennaro succumbed. He was very young, hungry for experience, starved for the stuff of youth.

But when the banquet was in full sway—when Pampinea, the Scarlet, was in full display of her abundant charms—when the music swooned most sweetly and the wine flowed most freely—Gennaro sat apart, immovable—immovably stern and grave, impervious, aloof——

He was thinking, wondering—wondering, thinking. And always it was of Lucretia Borgia—Lucretia, the widely damned, the bloody, the beautiful; Lucretia, whom all men accursed, whom all men desired; Lucretia, who bent to Sin and kist it full on its poisonous mouth.

He was thinking. And into his thought crept an ardor, and into his heart crept a hunger, and into his soul crept a hope.

On a sudden the music dropped to a minor tone. The courtesans—trailing jewels, exhaling perfumes—fluttered, softly whispering, from the banquet hall.

None were left but the Princess Negroni and the five young Ferrarese and Gennaro. A silence fell upon them—such a silence as must fall on death when Life, the jade—like the five courtesans—trails her jewels and perfumes out—out——

In the sconces along the great walls the candles flickered eerily, lowered, and failed all but utterly.

The hot sweetness of the hall chilled suddenly, unaccountably. The perfumed air gave way to a musty smell strongly reminiscent of tombs and all unliving things.

The music died, was reborn, died again, and resolved into a dirge—unspeakably doleful, unspeakably drear.

One of the five young Ferrarese squirmed in his chair and sagged. Every one looked limp and very livid.



THE FATAL POTION

Hard upon this there emerged from the shadows dull, horrid, indefinite shapes that resolved themselves into cowled monks, who began a slow march about the hall—a funeral march. The music persisted; some one cursed.

"It is a song for the dead," croaked Gennaro.

Leveretto, the debonair, laughed, and his laughter was grotesque.

"It is carnival-time," he achieved at length; "this is some prank of the Negroni for our amusement——"

Then there was silence, broken only by the scuffle, scuffle, scuffle of the cowled monks, the stertorous breathing of the six men, the glitter of the candles.

A long silence.

"This is a house of devils!" cried Gennaro, and was amazed to find that he had screamed it hysterically.

"You are right," came back a cold voice, as a tall figure emerged from the gloom, "for this is my house—Lucretia Borgia's—and I have provided for you rest—for the night. For many, many nights you shall be my guests; but there shall be no more roses, my beloved friends; no more wines and music; no more Poppeas and Pampineas. You are poisoned — fatally poisoned — and here——" She gesticulated with her hand, and twelve horror-stricken eyes followed the slow withdrawal of a curtain—saw five coffins neatly laid in a row —laid *open,* hideously hospitable.

Something like a moan sounded in the room—a moan that has passed beyond horror—beyond any sort of protest—limitlessly beyond speech. The frescos and the high panellings caught it up, and it keened eerily, then died down. Then, from Gennaro, shrilly, frenziedly, wildly, "But where—where is *mine?*"

Lucretia Borgia gave a great cry and staggered against the table.

"My God!" she gasped; "do You, transcending the cruelties of all Your creations, pursue me with this one dear thing to me as my ultimate curse?" Then, frenziedly, "The antidote, Gennaro; there is still time—a little—not much. How came you to this house—in this company? Who bade you here? Drink—drink—before it is too late! Drink—drink, I say! The damp is on your brow; the film is on your eye; I feel a certain stiffness in your limbs. Beloved—beloved—the one true love of Lucretia Borgia—drink—and *live!*"

Gennaro, under her torrid suasion, reached out his hand for the vial. Then he caught a voice whispering, feebly, "Farewell, fair Ferrara; farewell, Pampinea; after all—the kiss of a courtesan —to speed me—to my God——"

It was Maffio, his truest friend. Maffio—dying under the hideous instigation of Lucretia Borgia—this fiend who pled with him out of her sex.

Maddened, crazed, on the hinterland of death, he drew his dagger and ran it thru her passion-aborted heart. The black blood spurted out and spattered—the black blood of her race.

As he pulled the dagger back, a letter fell from her breast—a letter freshly splotched with her heart's blood. It was the last letter he had sent to his mother.

He seized her arms—his chill hands on her chilling arms—both of them struggling in the twin arms of life and death. "My mother," he rasped—"you know of her? Tell me—Lucretia Borgia——"

She looked at him long; then she dropped, and kist his hands—kist them with her lips, with her tears, with her blood—kist them with life's own fervor —kist them with death's far eternity. And Gennaro knew.

This was his mother—this woman he had killed and who had killed him. The passion she had had for him had been the passion of a woman—but the mother, not the mistress.

A last, convulsive kiss on his still hand, and the proud spirit of Lucretia Borgia passed.

The lights flickered in the sconces; the last muttering voice had stilled. Somewhere, in the distance, the last coffin-lid shut down. The Duke d'Este entered noisily; he accosted the swaying, stony-eyed Gennaro, then stared at Lucretia Borgia.

"She was my mother," muttered Gennaro, thru blood-flecked lips—"she was —after all—my mother——"

The candles flared high for an instant. The grim, vast scene was revealed. Somewhere a bell began to toll, then all was dark.

A Harlequin Hamlet

An Intimate Impression of Howard Hickman

By H. SHERIDAN BICKERS
("YORICK")

HOWARD HICKMAN is the man who played Count Ferdinand in "Civilization."

If you have seen "Civilization" you know all you need know to gauge the unusual personality and no less unusual dramatic power of Howard Hickman.

The rôle of Count Ferdinand—soldier, idealist and inventor—was a wonderful creation wonderfully acted. It was one which called for a man of rare intelligence to interpret and of rare personality to impress. Howard Hickman has both. That is why he gave to the leading rôle of Thomas H. Ince's great propagandist photoplay an interpretation as easy to remember as that of almost any other actor would have been difficult to remember to *forget!*

If I had to analyze the art and personality of Mr. Hickman in a word, it would be



HOWARD HICKMAN (INCE-TRIANGLE)

"Intellect with Idealism." Intellect and idealism together are typified in Howard Hickman. Some actors *may* have more of one quality, but none have more of both. That is why he never fails in any part he undertakes. He is always intellectually bigger than his task.

When I look at Howard, I always think of Hamlet. Mr. Hickman is a screen Hamlet reincarnated with a subtle sense of humor. He has the Hamlet face and the Hamlet head. His forehead is broad and high, having a dome-like fullness that rises majestically to the waving dark hair, liberally streaked with gray. It is an intensely intellectual head, with all the pensive imagination of Hamlet in the meditative eyes, that twinkle with an elusive and half-suppressed humor. Meditative mockery is the dominant expression, redeemed by unfailing kindness. Analytic in temperament, Howard Hickman squeezes amusement out of the human comedy. He is a Harlequin to himself, finding melancholy humor in his own well-suppressed emotions and fantastic farce in his own beliefs.

Yes, handsome Howard Hickman is a Harlequin Hamlet. He thinks over his laughter and then laughs over his thoughtfulness. He has, too, the Hamlet temperament; the subtle mind playing in the reflective face; intellect shifting in features that are carved into a tenuous refinement of contour. We have many handsome actors; but, as a rule, the handsome actor has no soul. The handsomeness of William Farnum is resonantly empty; of Jack Kerrigan effeminately full. The handsomeness of Howard Hickman is more than a mere physical endowment. All the variety of life moves behind that complex mask, waking dim echoes of lost aspirations or defeated aims, and abashing everything that is mean and low and little.

That is why I have dwelt at such length upon Mr. Hickman's appearance. The temperament of the man permeates the technique of the actor, saturating his looks, his gestures and his whole bodily presence with a vague force and a refinement that is the living poetry of the flesh. In the part of Count Ferdinand, in the stoning and prison scenes of "Civilization," it forced upon you a vision of human nature that transcended the ordinary aspect of mortality. The temper of our time is cynically hard and metallically material. We are born and brought up to deny and disbelieve, to doubt and to deride. Coming out of that Arctic atmosphere, we were shocked by the serenity and strength of an actor whose appearance and whose art compelled a new realization of the nobility and sanctity of human life. To have accomplished that would have been a mighty achievement on the speaking stage; but to have done so in a silent drama is something by which Howard Hickman would earn honored remembrance if he had never done anything else in his life.



Acrostic

By HARRY J. SMALLEY

S he's the little colleen that I saw on the screen
W hen I viewed her as "Peggy"—the treasure!
E v'ry time that she smiled my poor heart was beguiled,
E v'ry move made that heart thrill with pleasure!
T is impossible, quite, all her charms to indite,
B ut the witch, sure, has left me a-dreaming;
I at once must confess how I feel, or, I guess,
L ike a bubble I'll burst, so 'tis seeming!
L ike a sunbeam at play, with the grace of a fay—
I n her eyes are the dews of the heather!
E ver sweet as a rose, and a tilt to her nose,
B oth delicious and Irish together!
U nder dear Irish eyes, blue as dear Irish skies,
R oguish winks, and she knows how to use 'em—
K isses like honey I'll bet are her own—
E 'er be sure, too, I'd never refuse 'em!

Pets, Freakish & Otherwise

-By- Roberta Courtlandt -

AMONG the players of the screen a love for animals is a pronounced characteristic. Scarcely one of them but has some pet upon whom is lavished a great deal of genuine affection. Here are some of the players, with their pets.



BUT LOUISE FAZENDA REALLY LOVES HER KITTEN, IN SPITE OF SEEMING EVIDENCE TO THE CONTRARY

Some are, perhaps, rather freakish—since we seem to have reached that point where everything that we ourselves are not thoroly familiar with is classed as freakish. For instance, you might consider a marmoset a somewhat freakish animal. But Louise Glaum does not agree with you. She is very, very fond of her pet "Peter," a marmoset, and, really, Peter is a rather attractive little fellow, even to the unenlightened ones who know little about such animals. He has a beautifully long and fluffy tail, and, according to Louise, a heavenly disposition. (N. B. —If Peter belonged to me, I should *want* him to have a heavenly disposition! For his expression is anything but gentle!)



VALENTINE GRANT WITH AN ARMFUL OF BABY LIONS, AGED THREE WEEKS



PAULINE STARKE AND WINIFRED WESTOVER HAVE A PET BEAR OF THE CINNAMON VARIETY

Now, Fannie Ward's pet is a snowy cat—a graceful, dignified creature which Fannie has raised since kittenhood—and, she says, if you have brought a living creature up by hand, as she has Snow White, you are bound to grow very fond of him, her or it, as the case may be. Anyway, Snow White

is disgracefully spoiled, and is pampered and coddled to the 'nth degree.

Little Mary Anderson scorns such pets as



DOROTHY KELLY AND JAPPY, HER PRIZE TRICK (?) DOG

Dorothy Kelly is another dog enthusiast. Jappy is posed here, in imitation of a number of well-known statesmen, wearing an expression that seems to say, "I did not expect this honor; but, gentlemen, since you have elected me," and so on ad infinitum. Miss Kelly is very, very proud of Jappy and returns his undisguised affection quite fully. She has taught him a number of amusing tricks, and his ability to lie down, roll over and play dead is well proven. And Pearl White has an object

STUART HOLMES IS PROUD OWNER OF A WONDERFUL TIGER-STRIPED FELINE

PEARL WHITE AND THE ILL-STARRED PORKER, ANASTASIA

dogs or cats—it must be something of the wild, to appeal to her. She has successfully tamed a wolf—a real, honest-to-goodness gray wolf—to such a point that now, half-grown, and at the age when wolves are usually the most to be feared, this one follows Mary around like a dog. It has been used in several pictures, chiefly "Bill Peter's Kid," and registered a decided hit. Mary also has a pet lizard and a whole armful of rabbits.

But, affirms William Desmond, of Triangle-Kay-Bee, the only pets worth while are dogs. And he will exhibit two sturdy, beautiful bull-pups, one with a most lugubrious expression, which seems to signify that the world is a vale of sorrow and a place no good little dog should be made to live in. The other dog seems to be of a more cheerful disposition, however. And the master has enough cheer, apparently, to distribute even to sad little doggies.

—a four-footed one—for her affections. I should use the past tense—had, not has. The following little story will tell you why. Early one spring, some friend with a farm presented Miss White with a tiny, squirming piglet. She was a dear little thing, and Miss White accepted her joyously, naming her "Anastasia." Well, Anastasia soon established herself in the affections of the entire household. She played about with Miss White, like a puppy, and she soon learnt to follow the tradesmen's and butcher's wagons for several blocks, returning home when she grew tired of the chase. But trouble was in store for Anastasia. It was all as natural and inevitable—and as unforeseen by those concerned—as Nature. Anastasia grew up. It's a way little piggies have, and no one yet has discovered a method of preventing it. Anastasia grew too big for an apartment, and winter had come. So Miss White cast about for the proper disposal of her pet. At a Motion Picture ball she raffled her off, and the results were quite gratifying. Anastasia was a full-grown hog now, and at the end gave up the ghost at something like fifty dollars a pound.



MARY THURMAN TREASURES A WHOLE KENNEL FULL OF CANINES OF VARIOUS BREEDS



FANNIE WARD AND "SNOW WHITE," A PRIZE-WINNER

FEW GIRLS WOULD ENVY MARGARITA FISCHER HER TWENTY-EIGHT-FOOT PET—WHOSE NAME IS "SAMSON"

Now, Stuart Holmes' deep affection for a beautifully marked grimalkin

needs no explanation once one has seen the picture here. Mephistopheles is a perfectly striped tiger-cat, with a somewhat uncertain, absolutely "cattish" disposition. Not so very long ago, when Mr. Holmes was using his pet in a picture, and had closed him in an unused dressing-room between scenes, he suddenly discovered that he and Miss Bara had both trusted their pets to the same dressing-room. Great excitement prevailed, for Miss Bara was sure that her pet, a dog, had killed Mr. Holmes' cat by this time. A rescue party hurried to the dressing-room, to receive poor, battle-torn Mephisto; but Mr. Holmes was grinning a little. When the door was opened there was a hiss, and Mephisto was discovered, seated placidly in one corner, languidly washing his face, while Miss Bara's dog occupied another corner—dead.



LOUISE GLAUM'S PET IS A WEE, WRINKLED MARMOSET, NAMED "PETER"

Speaking of tiger-cats and the like, Valentine Grant, who is very fond of animals, recently posed for a picture in Central Park, with a number of the animals there. She discovered three baby lion cubs—tripletts, which is rather unusual in natural history—and fell immediately in love with them. She gathered the whole bunch into her arms and posed for the accompanying picture. The one in the middle is of a somewhat quarrelsome disposition, and Miss Grant says she is sure that he's going to grow up into a man-eater.



WILLIAM DESMOND AND THE PRIDE OF HIS HEART—BULL-PUPS

Mary Thurman, out Keystone-Triangle way, has a whole kennel full of dogs,

and she is very, very fond of all of them. She isn't partial to any one breed, but each of the six dogs represents a different one. There are a white poodle, an English bulldog, a shaggy little spaniel, a Scotch collie puppy, a black Pomeranian, and a supercilious, brow-furrowed pug.

Most girls fear and detest snakes, so that Margarita Fischer insists on having her picture in the Magazine doing a love-scene with Samson, a twenty-eight foot python. Margarita says that pythons make lovely pets, and she'll tame you one any time you want it. She has won the confidence of Samson, has this modern Delilah, to such an extent that he will allow her to tickle his shiny sides, or smooth his brow, any time she likes. Samson has a very long, red tongue, which, according to Margarita, is considered, in python-land, a mark of great beauty!



MARY ANDERSON AND HER PETS—A GRAY TIMBER-WOLF AND A GREEN LIZARD

PEGGY PEARCE HAS A GOAT—A REAL ONE, WHICH SHE HAS "RAISED ON A BOTTLE"

Pauline Starke and Winifred Westover, being "mere kids," have developed a great fondness for a bear cub belonging



RUTH ROLAND AND HER STUDIO MASCOTS. THE KITTENS ARE ONE DAY OLD

to William Weightman, out at the Triangle-Fine Arts studio. Pauline and Winifred have tried to buy the cub, and they have really adopted him. Mr. Weightman says he thinks he will have to allow them to buy him or send him away. It's a case of having them feed him until he dies on his four feet—or else send him where they cant find him. For both the girls spend half their pocket-money buying things to feed their friendly cinnamon, "Woolly."

Louise Fazenda has a half-grown

(*Continued on page* 162)



Photo by Witzel

HENRY KING (Balboa)

Gertrude Atherton Sees Her "Mrs. Balfame" in the Making for the Movies

By
KILBOURN GORDON



GERTRUDE ATHERTON, whose achievements in the world of letters are both distinguished and unique, recently saw, in the making for the movies, the first of her novels to be transferred to the screen. This is "Mrs. Balfame," now being picturized by Frank Powell, with Nance O'Neil in the central character.

It was my good fortune to act as guide for Mrs. Atherton in her initiation into the world where the camera-crank grinds and the lights glare green.

A trip by motor thru the wilds of Long Island, during which we once were lost—in one of those waste-places which might have been, and probably has on occasion been, the Sahara Desert—brought us finally to the studio where "Mrs. Balfame" was in process of transference from the printed page to the screen; and if you can imagine what interest a first glimpse of a new, novel and extremely active field of human endeavor would hold for Mrs. Atherton—a writer who has seen and so wonderfully described many phases of life—you can picture in your mind's-eye her enthusiasm over the scenes being enacted about her.



GERTRUDE ATHERTON CHATTING WITH HER OLD FRIEND, NANCE O'NEIL

When we arrived at the studio, Mrs. Balfame, in the person of Miss O'Neil, was on trial for her life. She was on the witness-stand—a tragic figure in the somber black of widow's weeds, donned in memory of the man for whose murder she was being tried. The prosecuting attorney was examining her; the jurymen, in their box, were watching her intently and leaning forward in their eagerness to catch her half-whispered words; the judge was watching the proceedings with grave mien, and the camera-men were busy at their posts. The court-room was crowded with interested onlookers, women principally—friends of Mrs. Balfame—and among these her creator and I sat. Mrs. Atherton watched, with keen interest, the progress of the murder trial she had pictured on the printed page, and which now, in its minutest detail, was being photographed for the screen. She asked questions about this character and that, and how Mr. Powell had been able to find the physical counterparts of the characters who had been brought into being in her book, and expressed also her enthusiasm over the manner in which "Mrs. Balfame" was being filmed.

"Mrs. Atherton," I said, "if I were possessed of sufficient courage, I should suggest that it would be a great thing—certainly for those of us most interested in properly presenting 'Mrs. Balfame' on the screen—if you would let us take some pictures of you and Miss O'Neil in this court-room; but, not having sufficient courage, I wont suggest it."

"If that is the case," Mrs. Atherton said, with a smile, "I think we must take them, by all means."

Then there came a lull in the proceedings; a recess was ordered—not by the judge, as is customary in most murder trials, but by the man who was directing the cinema activities of the judge. Mr. Powell announced that there would be three-quarters of an hour's recess for dinner, and there repaired to the combination saloon, dance-hall and dining-room across the street, which furnished food for all, a weird and motley assemblage. About Mrs. Atherton, on every hand, in flesh and blood, were the characters of her creation. With her, of course, was Mrs. Balfame, for, as you may know, Miss O'Neil and Mrs. Atherton are both Californians and friends of long standing. With her, too, in the person of Alfred Hickman, was Broderick, the reporter who, in "Mrs. Balfame," is ever active in his news-gathering.

Fritz, waiter-alone-and-extraordinary to the hungry hordes that stormed his citadel of fried pork-chops and corned-beef and cabbage, having been notified a few moments in advance, had, from somewhere, requisitioned a table-cloth, and this mark of honor was placed on the table occupied by Mrs. Atherton. And it was an honor, too, that does not fall to the lot of many.

That dinner, Mrs. Atherton said afterward, was one of the most interesting she ever attended. To come face to face in life with the characters she had described on the printed page was nothing if not a new experience. At a table close by sat Dwight Rush, the brilliant young lawyer of "Mrs. Balfame," personated by Robert Elliott, and next to him Alys Crumley, one of Mrs. Atherton's most appealing characters, in the person of Agnes Eyre; and there was "Old Dutch"; Conrad, his son; Frieda, the maid; the judge, the jury, and many of the lesser characters. "Where," said Mrs. Atherton to Mr. Powell, "did you get them all?"

In these days of "types" the answer is not hard to find.

Fritz's ministrations over, we returned to the court-room; but, before the court convened, I saw to it that the gentleman with the still camera aforementioned was on hand and active—"Dont move, please," and the thing was done!

The court convened, and the business of the trial of Mrs. Balfame for the murder of David Balfame proceeded. The attorney for the defense now held the floor, and Mrs. Atherton, knowing probably even better than he what his mode of procedure would be, left him to work out his client's salvation.

When we started out from her apartment early that afternoon, I promised Mrs. Atherton that she would be back promptly at six-thirty. It was ten-thirty when we drew up at her door, but she did not seem to care in the least.

Living Your Character

By WILLIAM S. HART



"PUTTING OVER" a lead character on the screen requires thought and common-sense. This sounds like a truism—I mean common-sense in forgetting one's studied technique and carriage and simply dressing and *feeling* the part.

"Live the character, if it is a true one," is my motto, and forget everything else. Think as he would think, and you'll do what he would do. If a story demands that I assume the rôle of a minister, then, thruout six or seven weeks that are filled with producing the story, I try to forget that William S. Hart is just a plain actor, and try to think, study and live as a Right Reverend would. Then I am governed by what my inner judgment tells me the character would do under the conditions prescribed by the author's scenario.

If the rôle is that of a bad man, all my feelings are those of a desperate character thruout the play. And so it goes in all my parts, which, for the most part, are of a Western nature. When the picture is complete I relax and become myself again. This state of pleasant, personal freedom generally lasts about four or five days, until the

study of a new story begins by Doctor Jekylling myself into a new character.

It is strange, when you take up the character of another, how you can enter into the emotions and feelings of the rôle. As an illustration, in taking a scene in "The Patriot," some time ago, I was called upon to weep hysterically over the grave of my dead son. His death had occurred while I was away from home, and, as a result, I was turning traitor to my country. Subconsciously I knew that I was kneeling by a mound of earth and that no one was buried there, least of all any child of mine; but the emotional qualities of the character so worked on my imagination that it was easy to play the scene. I was tortured with hate, and grief, and self-pity, and with the thought that I was turning my back on my country. I just naturally turned loose and cried.

When an actor feels the character that he is playing, the "close-up" is an invaluable asset. If it is a tense scene, where the character is under great mental stress and his facial mobility is such that he can put over that emotion to his audience, then, despite all rules of technique to the contrary, I claim that the scene demands a "close-up" of the actor's face cut quickly into the main scene. The "close-up" is often used, unfortunately, when unnecessary, when it only serves to distract the attention of the audience from the principal scene, but it is really the only medium by which an actor can accurately register a particular emotion.

I want all my "sets" just as accurately made as possible, as this gives the atmosphere and is a material assistance in feeling the part. I make up extemporaneous lines for myself and for the rest of those in the cast, always striving to maintain the author's original intent and atmosphere. It is remarkable how a few lines help; they drown out the whir of the camera, and one can speak as the character would speak under the same circumstances, thereby joining the last dividing link between himself and the part. I do not believe in useless dialog, which is unintelligible on the screen and likewise distracting, but a few snappy lines here and there, particularly in moments of crisis and climax, are certainly very much in order.

Tricks are not my forte. I spoke of using common-sense, and this is one of the places that applies. The public always spots any little, theatrical and stagey tricks a lead character "pulls" for the purpose of riveting attention on himself. True characterizations do not need tricks to push them thru. Perhaps I had better explain what I mean by tricks: little, cute things, not necessarily funny, but done at a moment when another player is rightfully entitled to the attention of the audience and "pulled" for the purpose of turning that attention on himself.

Some actors hold to the belief that if they are contracted to play leads they must appear in nine-tenths of the scenes. I believe that the lead character is not necessarily the one to receive the most footage. The leading character naturally enjoys the center of interest, but let the footage take care of itself. I prefer about forty per cent. of the total footage, provided the part gives me an acting rôle. By "acting rôle" I mean the part that I can feel and play in such a manner that it is vital.

I think the most disagreeable part that I ever had was in "The Aryan." It was hard for me to really feel it, being that of a white man who, forswearing his race, makes outlaw Mexicans his comrades and allows white women to be attacked by them. It is difficult to put all one's decent instincts aside and live and think as such a despicable character must have done. But by allowing myself to think only of the terrible wrong that the white race had done me—pure imagery—I settled into it, and I am sure Bessie Love at the time believed I was the typical brute.

I suppose every actor has his own ideas on how certain rôles should be played. I try for true understanding and naturalness and leave the rest to the cameraman. And I find that I am seldom called upon to re-enact a scene for want of color. I am not a person who permits enthusiasm to run away with my better judgment, and I do not think I overfeel a part. The public, of course, must judge my efforts.

What Their Handwriting Portrays

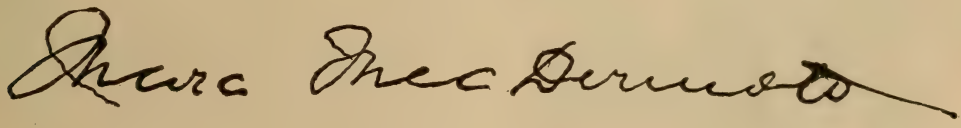
By FRITZI REMONT

HAVE you ever known any one who wrote a conventional hand to attain a high position or acquire fame? By conventional writing I mean the copper-plate hand, the Spencerian copy-book style, in which the writer carefully follows rules. All inventors have disregarded rules. One has no sooner studied the theory of music, and mastered the first rules of harmony, than the value of exceptions is taught. Then the student begins to assert his individuality.

So, after the family has maligned one, it's quite comforting to seek a reliable graphologist who will point out that the archæological drawings which ornament the page are indicative of some great talent. Yet I am no advocate of untidy penmanship. But odd letter-formations, eccentricities in spacing, peculiarly high-dotted i's and bizarre t-crossings may spell beauty to the graphologist and ugliness to the teacher of penmanship.

A clerk, for instance, is part of a machine operated by the master-mind of that particular business. He seldom rises above the detail work of the office. His hand shows obedience to rules, willingness to serve, neatness and order. Should he have histrionic ability, he cannot write the conventional hand of a bookkeeper. He may lack opportunity to enter a profession, and, if so, he will be a dissatisfied employee and one who cannot possibly take care of his employer's interests as a routine individual would.

The sky-scrapers we see all about us were planned before a line was put to paper. The thought is the *thing*. So the dominant thoughts in your think-tank will express themselves in your handwriting. There is no reason, therefore, why you should say of your hand "It is miserable." Your writing may show wonderful possibilities, even as we see them in the writing hereinafter analyzed.



THIS writer's small letters are sharply pointed at the top, besides being disproportionately low to the capitals—a sure indication of his critical development, attention to detail and ability to concentrate, commingled with great ambitions, as shown by the high capitals.

Mr. MacDermott's writing presents that form of hastiness which is never akin to carelessness, but which, like Nance O'Neil's hand, betrays quickness, vivacity, animation, and some dissimulation also. He would not be governed by set rules; he prefers giving advice to taking it, and is strongly individual in all he says and does.

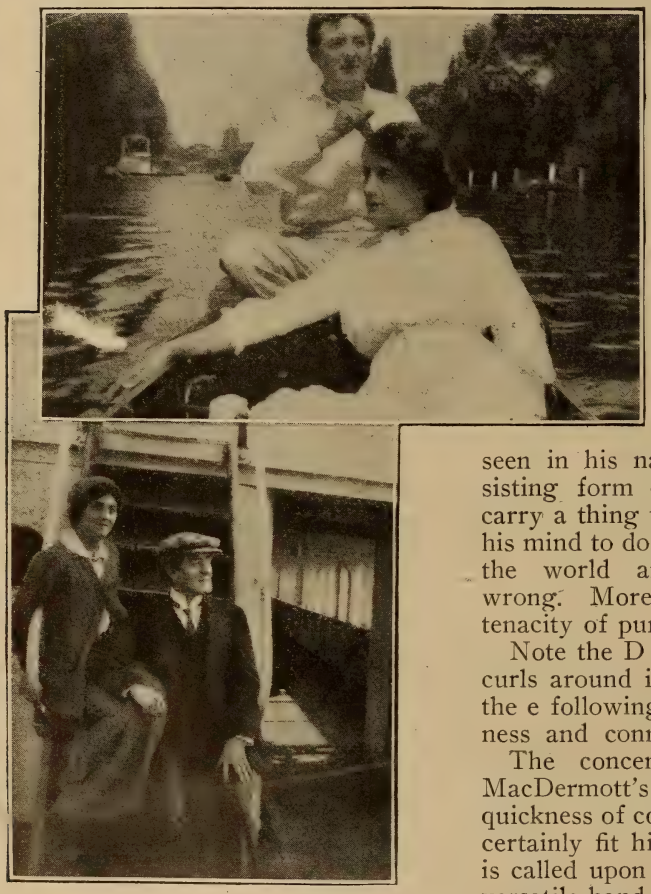
Such natures must live in harmonious surroundings and be free from nagging for their best development. Moreover, Mr. MacDermott highly respects himself and dislikes his opinions and views criticized adversely. He can convey impressions in a clean-cut manner, for his y- and g-strokes are unlooped and end in a sharp point, showing that he has the ability to probe thought even as the surgeon's lance may be inserted in the flesh. While the graphologist usually finds the sign of an active imagination in the lower strokes looped, and while these are singularly absent from this hand, one finds a highly developed fancy, nevertheless, in the beautiful floating t-bar, almost three inches long, and which extends far beyond the word "thanking" in his letter.

Marc MacDermott also has the high-dotted small "i" of the idealist, the fine writing of the man with innate, religious tendencies, the love of culture and refinement. Zeal and ardor animate his being.

He is extremely fastidious and artistic, too; is impulsive, frequently impatient,

and possessed of strong prejudices and convictions. He uses the wide spacing between lines and words of the truly benevolent man—one who gives with prudence, who is kind and unselfish and yet cannot be fooled by the charlatan. He thinks so clearly and concisely, observes so rapidly and executes so swiftly, that he can make the best of any situation, no matter how involved.

This hand shows the ability to say compliments, for while sincere with those whom he respects and loves, Mr. MacDermott is resourceful and shrewd and sometimes plays on the vanity of mere acquaintances. He is a born Brummel, possessed of easy grace, and one who has the manners of a courtier of Queen Elizabeth's time. One can almost picture him with snuff-box and lace kerchief—there is something so dainty about his hand, even tho it has the strength of a man blessed with much will-power and determination. Yes, the last t-stroke, as seen in his name, even shows that resisting form of will-power which will carry a thing thru, once he has made up his mind to do it, rather than yield before the world and acknowledge himself wrong. Moreover, that stroke indicates tenacity of purpose and perseverance.



MARC MACDERMOTT AND MIRIAM NESBITT

Note the D in this signature—it fairly curls around itself and joins hands with the e following, denoting argumentativeness and connected thinking.

The concentration shown in Marc MacDermott's hand, his histrionic ability, quickness of comprehension and idealism, certainly fit him for the varied rôles he is called upon to portray. It is a highly versatile hand, creative and inventive.

Small wonder, then, that he has made his *Marc!*

Miriam Nesbitt

You remember the old-fashioned kaleidoscope, which was as much a part of the well-furnished home as the horsehair sofa, the what-not and the rubber-plant? You will not forget, then, the beautiful designs formed by that little instrument. To see Miss Nesbitt's handwriting is equivalent to looking into a kaleidoscope. It is full of color, gives vivid reins to one's powers of imaginativeness, and tempts one to look again and again to discover new combinations.

Naturally, one expects to find resourcefulness and geniality in such handwriting, and there is no disappointment on that score, for Miriam Nesbitt not only has

these traits, but is original and imaginative. Her temperament is exceedingly well balanced, for you will find great practicality see-sawing with imagination, enthusiasm holding hands with secretiveness, and shrewdness placing its fingers lightly on lips which love to talk freely and frankly. Yes, Miss Nesbitt can keep secrets, but she likes to chat as well as any other daughter of Eve.

There is much unevenness in this writing, showing a person who is over-enthusiastic and joyful at one time and "down in the dumps" at another. Yet the letters of varying sizes also betray versatility, and the whole specimen voices Miriam Nesbitt's adapability to varying circumstances. She can *place* herself—hence a director would be perfectly safe in entrusting both comedy and tragedy rôles to her capable *face!*

We all need comforters at some time of our lives. You will make no mistake if you call on Miss Nesbitt for sympathy and practical help. She is unusually generous, sympathetic, unselfish and kind-hearted. Her terminals are like loving, outstretched hands—they would lift up the broken-hearted and help the fallen out of the gutter. She is sensitive to their unspoken needs, is immensely impulsive, and is governed by a warm love-nature.

A young woman who feels both joy and sorrow keenly; who is temperamental tho practical; whose sensitive nature makes her quick of comprehension as well as bright as a dollar, and who is gifted with critical analysis—is certainly well equipped for the stage. There are a dozen fine qualities which spell success for Miss Nesbitt.

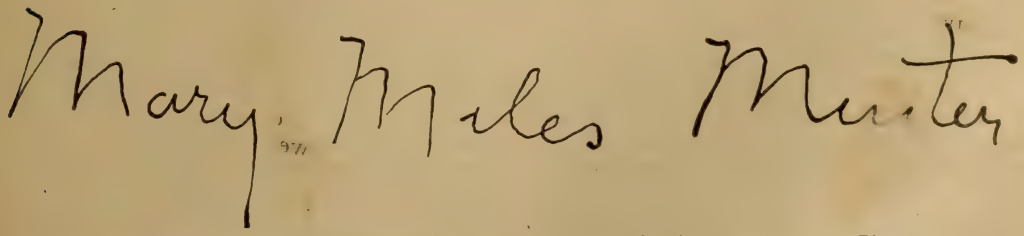
While she gives too freely to enable her to save much money, she has the ability to make and attract money easily, and, with her kindly disposition, the law of compensation should certainly bring her ample supply for her own needs.

Miriam Nesbitt thinks quickly and is a bit wilful at times, yet she will not incur ill will, since she bears no malice and would not knowingly harm a worm.

She enjoys fun and jollity, loves a joke, and enters into her good times with infectious joy. She would do everything thoroly, so that she can taste of the best which life has to offer and get the maximum of enjoyment, yet be subject to deeper heart-breaks than most. But she has strong mental vitality and innate cheerfulness, and these will always lift her from the depths of despondency—the little bit of indigo which, after all, makes the kaleidoscopic design beautiful and human.

You will find that this young woman seeks companions who are her equals, if not superiors, in mental development. She prefers progressive and congenial companions, even tho she would be gentle and pleasant toward her inferiors. She is absolutely womanly, enjoys the frills and follies of her sex, but you will find her a product of this fast-moving age and heartily interested in modern development and up-to-date methods.

Miss Nesbitt's attractiveness lies within herself and is not influenced appreciably by good or bad plays, by dress or surroundings. You would love her quite as well in private life as in her film work, for every line of her writing is indicative of a pleasing personality and a charming domestic side.



THE mental development of Mary Miles Minter is so far in advance of her years that one gazes in astonishment at the mature traits delineated in her writing. She possesses boundless enthusiasm, and her ambitions are such that one may well say of her, "The sky's the limit." Her capital letters



MARY MILES MINTER ("FAITH")

stand out like mile-posts; they reach to a great height, are splendidly looped, but slim, graceful and somewhat angular, betraying both enthusiasm and ambition, mingled with self-respect. Here is not the flourished capital of the bookkeeper or penmanship expert, but a distinct and original model. Coupled with these are strong intuitions, psychic development, and an innate moral and religious sense, which enables her to be just as well as joyful in climbing the ladder of fame. She is sensitive and proud, independent, dignified, and possessed of much self-esteem. She will never *stoop* to conquer, but will always command respectful admiration. She is exceedingly impressionable and sensitive to her surroundings, very affectionate, unselfish, and benevolent. Indeed, she might well take her place in public welfare work, her love of humanity is so pronounced. She is ever ready to do a favor, and while original and having

strong executive ability, as well as a touch of wilfulness and stubbornness, is ever ready to learn and to profit by the experiences of those who have been in the lime-light longer than she has. It is her sense of values and of justice which gives her so much common sense and poise, such excellent judgment and good taste. One cannot expect her to overact or overdress; she is always temperate, even when most emotional. This ability to weigh everything in the balance, and to give each rôle its proper value, is the chief stepping-stone to her rapid rise. She does not reason to the conclusion—she *feels* it thru her sensitive, mental fibers. Hers is the highest type of artistic temperament, yet she is exceedingly practical and a trained thinker, in spite of her intuitions. Possessed of strong idealism and the love of building air-castles, she dwells in a very beautiful and pure mental realm and escapes the sordid and commonplace.

Miss Minter is amiable and cultured, refined and possessed of tact and diplomacy. She has the natural gift of improving on anything which comes to her, whether this take the form of beautifying the home or lending added charm to the rôle she portrays. Indeed, she is the acme of *charm*. Surely the fairies gave great gifts to this little girl, who combines beauty, intelligence, histrionic ability and humanitarianism in her youthful character.



Photo by White

NANCE O'NEIL

Nance O'Neil

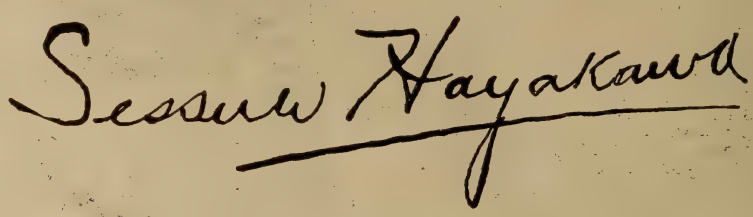
ORIGINALITY and individuality are the earmarks of Miss O'Neil's success on the speaking-stage as well as in the photoplay. Miss O'Neil never works according to set rules or given forms; she is unconventional, and not only portrays the unusual, but seeks it in her daily life. People who live in narrow grooves would weary her, and she could not essay a dull character on the stage. These are the traits which have enabled her to give convincing performances of people who are *different*—people who thrill us and astonish us with emotions which rise far above the commonplace. A certain love of excitement is found in this handwriting, activity, animation, vivacity, the ability to converse well on any subject, for she writes an irregular forward hand, with disconnected letters occurring at intervals, and many words, shorn of their context, would be unreadable, which is a sure sign of vivacity, impatience with set rules, and the desire to accomplish much in a very short time.

Miss O'Neil's moods change quickly;

she is intolerant of restraint, likes to travel and to criticize people, is intuitive, and has a strong appreciation of the æsthetic and beautiful in life as distinguished from anything humdrum. She is exceedingly emotional, and her thoughts revolve very rapidly. She can change from smiles to tears without even a mental effort, so spontaneous are her emotions. She idealizes many things, is very enthusiastic, never wastes time in arriving at any conclusion, and has a tendency toward conservation of mental energy, in spite of her impulsive nature, which is simply marvelous.

This writing portrays also a leaning toward extravagance; she is one who gives freely of her love, of her emotions and her self. She is fond of animals, and her benevolent instincts are strongly defined. She cannot bear to see anything suffer, and would like to aid all who are in distress, even at the sacrifice of her own comfort and feelings.

She is an exceedingly strong and magnetic character, has decided views and opinions, and fairly jumps at conclusions. She is proud and independent, very self-reliant, and yet has a strong love of approbation and a craving for affection. Her will power is splendid; she has much physical endurance, and her mental vitality is such that she can stand great brain-fag without giving way to nerves. She accomplishes each duty in the most expeditious manner, and has no patience with petty details of housekeeping, gossip, or small talk. Rules have no place in her mental domain; she is after effects, and she surely does "arrive" in that regard, and sways her audiences with her immense magnetism, whether this takes the form of repressed emotion or a wild outpouring of sorrow. Nance O'Neil does not depend on her beauty for a stage or Motion Picture triumph; her almost hypnotic mentality leaves its strong impression on even a hardened "first-nighter."



As bright as the flowers of his native land and the embroideries of his wonderful gowns is the imagination of this finely organized mentality. Mr. Hayakawa's fancy knows no limits; he is supersensitive, romantic, and possessed of the æsthetic temperament to such degree that he not only loves beauty, but can beautify everything he touches. The odd, long loops to g, y and p in this handwriting portray the lively imagination, love of the unusual, tendency toward mysticism, love of art and music and physical agility of the writer. The straight lines and general orderly appearance indicate his desire for order and system. He is a lover of order, system, neatness and dispatch, and gifted with quick intuitions, as well as the ability to dissect human nature, its flaws and virtues, and to present the results of his mental analysis in fascinating screen portrayals.

Mr. Hayakawa's will power is strong; he is a forceful individual, yet as tender as a woman with those in suffering. He has a leaning toward the mystic, occult and unusual which is always counterbalanced by his gift of deductive reasoning. Nothing superficial will satisfy this student of character; he must know every fundamental point leading up to the conclusions of any one who cares to argue with him.

His sensitive insight is such that he is warned for or against a visitor, and, with his quick intuitions, he instantly grasps the desires of those with whom he is thrown in contact in the Motion Picture field. He is obedient and exceedingly painstaking, as well as creative and original. He can work equally well with his beautiful hands as with his ever active mentality. He is proud and independent, and yet willing to be taught by others. He can be led by love and affection, but



Photo by Photoplayers

SESSUE HAYAKAWA

opposition and nagging would make him stubborn and antagonistic.

He has immense control over his feelings, and is uncommunicative about his personal affairs, and, while capable of ardent love, is not demonstrative in public. His bump of caution is well developed and makes him shrewd, diplomatic and secretive, and these traits are the foundation of his trustworthiness also.

Mr. Hayakawa is an adept in any physical sport; his writing is exceedingly well movemented, and he excels in endurance, grace and skill.

No matter how difficult a problem, or how variant a technique from his accustomed ways, Sessue is willing to tackle it and to adapt himself to his new surroundings and customs. There is nothing of the braggart in his strong, open penmanship; it is rather the frank expression of an open, yet well-controlled mind.

Mr. Hayakawa brings no prejudices to bear upon his viewpoint nor his work. His method of thought and expression is universal.

The mingling of self-control and deep sentiment, deductive analysis and intuitiveness is the foundation of this man's rapid rise, and to this we may add a resisting form of will power, which will not allow anything to interfere, once this "Star of the East" has made up his mind.

(*To be continued*)

THE VAMPIRE

By W. S. CRAWFORD

On the movie screen I am "Naughty Nance,"
And I play in Vampire rôles;
I'm the worst Vampire you've ever seen—
A destroyer of hearts and souls.

I've sat near you in the picture-play—
Have heard you raving, too,
At my "goo-goo" eyes, my snake-like form,
And the awful things I do.

Yet, where could I meet you face to face,
Except in the picture-play,
And tell you the tale of the human bats
That upon your loved ones prey?

Upon the screen I can show to you,
Dear mothers, sweethearts, wives,
The pitfalls and the gilded snares
That wreck your loved ones' lives.

Has husband, brother, lover, son,
Been wrecked in the Vampire's den?
Ah! they are her "easy marks," you know,
Those *weaklings* that you call *men*.



See me charm them with my "made-up" eyes,
As my arms their necks entwine;
A sinuous hug, a burning kiss—
And all they possess is mine!

On the screen I point to you your way,
And you should do your part
To guard your loved one's welfare, aye,
And keep your loved one's heart.

Dont rave at the pictured Vampire girl,
Nor the story she tells to you;
But watch your home—remember well
That the tales she tells are true.

Dont hate the movie Vampire, then;
Dont be a vindictive churl—
'Cause when she's not in her "make-up" togs,
She's a lovable, dandy girl.

(Border design by the Author)



Aladdin from Broadway

(Vitagraph Blue Ribbon Feature)

By DOROTHY DONNELL

This story was written from the Scenario of FREDERICK S. ISHAM

THE pale, colorless, distinguished-looking man at the next table had a pale, colorless, distinguished-sounding voice. Jack Stanton found himself listening to it, as one might to the drone of a monotonous water-course, without, at first, any consciousness of what the sounds meant. Then, suddenly, out of the level flow of words leapt a sentence that caught his imagination like a hand seizing a bell-rope. He bent forward, breathlessly, bold young glance on the impassive face of the stranger.

"I tell you, Burton," he was saying, "all my hopes and my dreams and my ambitions lie back there on the edge of the desert, buried under the sifting sands. Since the moments when I kist Floria and the child farewell, fifteen years ago, I have walked the earth like a dead man who cannot entirely die."

The stout banker, who was his host, made a sympathetic noise somewhere under his broad expanse of white waistcoat.

"Tough luck, Lord Fitzgerald," he nodded, rolling out the title with the unctuous satisfaction of a member of a democracy for a scion of aristocracy; "of course we've all wondered why you haven't married—for the sake of the title, y'know, and all that. But perhaps you think there's a chance they're still alive?"

A grayish shade crept over the lean cheek-bones. Lord Fitzgerald bent his glance to his cheese-plate. "Thank God, no," he said, still in the same tired, unemotional tones, but with a spark in the faded embers of his eyes. "I made sure of that before I left the East—found a dozen men who swore they saw her kill herself rather than fall into the hands of the fat old sheik who bought her—and the child, undoubtedly, died too. The Moslems do not trouble themselves to care for a Christian baby."

He lifted the glass of old port to his lips, but did not drink. Perhaps something in the crimson tint of the fluid caused him to shudder slightly; perhaps something in the crimson ashes of memory.

"Think of it!" he burst out in sudden passion. "Only three weeks after I left them—happy, sheltered, beautiful—to go to England and claim my estate after my brother died! It has hung about my neck like a dead weight every day since then—God knows! I got a telegram warning me that a Mohammedan uprising threatened, and hurried back to find them gone and our home a charred ruin. Abu, the servant I left in charge, was huddled in the lee of the swaying walls.

When he saw me he whimpered and bared his breast for me to kill him——"

Jack Stanton drew a deep breath. He was at an age when life was intoxicating —sparkling like wine to be quaffed deeply; but hitherto he had quenched his ardent young thirst in the muddy dregs of dissipation and the stale draughts of the city's pleasures. Already he had spent a third of the fortune his father had left him in return for a reputation for wildness and the tarnished title of "good sport." Yet at heart he was still the clean boy, with the restlessness of youth in his veins and the wild, sweet, haunting Pipes o' Pan forever calling in the ears of his soul.



"ALL MY HOPES LIE BACK THERE ON THE EDGE OF THE DESERT"

"They told me I was insane to try to visit Mecca," the man at the next table was saying, wearily; "but I didn't care much for my life then—and I went. I venture to say I am the only Christian who ever came alive out of their sacred city, but for some reason I meant to live. And now sometimes I have a horrible feeling that I can never die!"

"I beg your pardon!" Jack Stanton stood beside the table, deferential, eager, wholly young and appealing. "Did I just hear you say no Christian could enter Mecca and hope to return alive? Oh, I beg pardon. Mr. Burton, introduce me, wont you? I couldn't help overhearing something of what you've been saying, and I'm awfully interested, sir!"

Into the dull, blank gaze of the older man crept a faint stir of interest. He motioned to the empty chair opposite. "I'm afraid, Mr. Stanton," he said courteously, "that you dont know your East thoroly, if my quite casual words could arouse in you any desire for a similar exploit. The Mohammedans guard Mecca as sacredly as they do the dictates of the Koran. A disguise, however good, is almost certain to be betrayed by some little trick or mannerism of the West. I sincerely hope I shall not be responsible for getting you into a very grave and very real danger."

Jack smiled—the superior smile of

Youth, the adventurer, for Age, the cautious. The spirit of three-and-twenty soars on wings; that of five-and-fifty limps staidly on crutches.

"I'm willing to bet every cent I have in the world—every cent I have *left*"—he paused to grin ruefully—"that I can go to Mecca and come back without discovery! Come on, sir—take me on!"

Lord Fitzgerald raised fine, thin brows of incredulity.

"You cannot be serious!" he exclaimed. "It would be blood-money—for I would surely win."

"And I shall surely go!" Stanton's jaw grew prominent. "Will you lend me your fountain pen a moment, sir? There!"—he scribbled rapidly and tossed a slim, blue slip of paper on the table—"my check for fifty thousand! Will you cover it?"

Lord Fitzgerald smiled a wintry smile. "If you are quite resolved on an adventurous suicide—yes."

He laid his own check for the same amount on Jack's, and the young man handed the two to Burton as he got to his feet. "I'm off!" he averred; "me for the Sphinx, and the Arabian Nights, and the camels—if they can go without a drink for seven days, why not I?"

He turned on his heel on sudden afterthought.

"But how will you know I've been to Mecca?" he asked, with a frown. "Shall I bring a houri home, or a mirage, or a sultan or two?"

Lord Fitzgerald tore a sheet from his note-book and made a rude sketch upon



"I FOUND A DOZEN MEN WHO SWORE THEY SAW HER KILL HERSELF"

it—the angle of a stone wall, with a cedar tree, a thing of bare limbs and infinite age, just touching one of the highest stones with a gnarly, withered branch.

"When I left the city I was followed," he said slowly. "There was something on me that would have meant death if it had been found—a little Bible I gave my wife on our wedding-day. I stopped here, just inside the main gate of the city, and thrust the book behind a loose stone. Bring it to me, and I will consider you have proved your case."

Jack Stanton folded the sketch care-

fully into his pocketbook and shook hands cheerfully.

"It's not quite a new country to me—the East," he smiled. "You see, my dad was in the diplomatic corps in Constantinople, and I spent my childhood there. I learnt to jabber the jargon like a native. There was an old Moslem next door—the father of an Arabian widow with one little girl; he taught me the Koran from cover to cover. The little girl and I used to play together, and fight, and chatter in Arabic—a game, spunky kid she was, named Faimeh. Sounds like a cigaret, but I bet she grew up to be a howling beauty! She had the eyes and hair even then. Who knows—maybe I'll run across her——"



"BY THE BEARD OF THE PROPHET, I SWEAR IT:—I, ALADDIN OF BROADWAY"

"But no help—that is, from a Christian!" his lordship interposed. "That's agreed in the bargain?"

"Certainly," said Jack, with dignity. "I wont need any help, and there wont be any Christians to give it, anyhow. So long, Burton—so long, sir!"

He shook hands and was gone. In the doorway he turned with a salaam that brought a gleam of admiration into Lord Fitzgerald's eyes.

"Noble lord, the new moon shall not wane thrice till I bring thee the book from the wall by the gate of Mecca!" he chanted. "By the beard of the Prophet, I swear it!—I, Aladdin of Broadway! Allah keep thee! Farewell!"

Lord Fitzgerald raised his port to his lips and sipped it meditatively.

"A genuine adventure, Burton," he remarked, "is seldom found. I must thank you sincerely for bringing me here tonight."

But Burton's broad, unimaginative expanse of pink face was furrowed with anxiety.

"Adventure!" he snorted. "D—n foolishness—that's what I call it! Hang it all, I'm fond of the boy. I've a good notion to have him locked up. An asylum is the place for him——"

"Dont worry about your young friend." Fitzgerald's tone was edged with sarcasm. "He will think better of it as soon as he sees the disguise he will have to wear. It's not exactly—inviting! He'll never try to enter Mecca. You wait and see!"

Lord Fitzgerald was reckoning without the indefinite quantity, youth, the X in the equation of life. Precisely one month later a strange figure, clad in the loathsome rags of a pilgrim beggar with matted hair, and face which dirt and a black beard would have disguised from his own mother, stood in a sunny angle of the wall about the Holy City, and fumbled with the stones across which lay the deformed shadow of a cedar tree. About him beat in waves the sounds of the East, the ringing of deep bells, the cries of venders, the singsong moan of a muezzin calling to prayer from a lofty minaret. The scents of the East—heavy, musty, poignant with mingled odors of ancient gardens and more ancient decays—floated about him, and, as he worked, he chuckled to himself and spoke strange words.

"He handed me the right dope," the beggar muttered blithely. "It's too gosh-awful easy! It's a *cinch*——"

He had dislodged a massive stone with an effort, and, plunging his hand into the aperture, drew out a mouldy volume thick with dust and fine decay.

"The Bible he told us about!" The beggar's eyes rested on it with satisfaction that had in it a discordant shade of disappointment. "It makes me think about the King of Spain who marched up the hill and then marched back again. I thought I was in for an adventure—Arabian Nights stuff, sultans and harems, and so on, and all I've seen are a few dopey-looking guys in petticoats, and the only adventure I've had is punching another beggar in the jaw for trying to snitch my purse——"

His voice trailed, and he thrust the volume into the breast of his indescribable costume with some haste, for his glance, traveling along the wall, had encountered another glance, so malevolent, so threatening and greedy, that it sent a cold chill along his spine. Almost instantly the face disappeared, and he was staring at a sunny segment of lichened wall on which a scaly creature of the sands lay dormant in the white, hot glare.

"That was the fellow I punched!" reflected Stanton, rather uncomfortably. He drew his noisome rags about him, hunched his broad shoulders and began to sidle along the wall. The gate lay beyond—the open desert, freedom and safety. In ten minutes he stood outside Mecca, restraining a wild impulse to do a fox-trot of triumph with his shadow on the sandy road.

"By tomorrow afternoon I'll have these rags off and a bath and a shave and a square meal," he gloated, as he turned his back on the holy minarets and crept at the proper snail's pace down the blinding noonday road; "but till then, I suppose, I've got to play the game out. Alms—alms! For the love of Allah—alms——"

He shrank into the gutter to make way for a gay procession to pass. In a palanquin, hung with silken curtains, sat a slender figure, heavily veiled, but hinting, in every curving line of breast and limb, a marvellous beauty underneath the heavy, white ceremonial robe of satin. Beside the palanquin tottered an old man, fat and pulpy, supported by two attendants, and showing toothless gums in a silly smile of pride and anticipation. By



HE PLUNGED HIS HAND INTO THE APERTURE AND DREW OUT A MOULDY VOLUME

his attire, this was the bridegroom come to attend his chosen one to the ceremony in his home, but—Stanton reflected he was a fitter figure for a funeral.

"Alms!" he bawled, darting into the path of the procession, with a naughty delight in the escapade. "The bridegroom cometh as fragrant as a morning in spring! From his great joy he should give alms! Alms——"

A bearer, startled by the unkempt apparition under his very nose, stumbled, and the palanquin tossed like a ship in an uneasy sea. The veil fell from the face of the girl in the litter, and Stanton found himself gazing up at the most limpid dark eyes, the reddest lips and daintiest features he had ever seen. Only an instant the vision persisted, for the ancient bridegroom shouldered the beggar aside with a shrill snarl, the girl in the litter drew her veil across her beauty, and the procession passed on. But in that instant the heart under the coat of the beggar was stabbed with a hurtful pang.

"That girl—to marry that old carcase!" Stanton thought, with an involuntary clenching of his big hands. "God! It's a sin——"

The words bubbled from his throat in a choky cry, as ten lean, avaricious fingers wound themselves about his windpipe, cutting off, for a black, swooning instant, the earth and sky. Other fingers gnawed at his breast like a rodent, bringing out the mouldy Bible he had been at such trouble to obtain. With the taste of blood acid on his lips, Stanton whirled on his assailants, to find himself surrounded with a very devil's brew of beggars and mendicants. One glance told him his life would not be worth a copper coin in such hands. He turned, seizing an instant when their attention was bent on the book in their midst, and fled back along the road to the city, hearing arise behind him a hideous shout.

"The Christian! He has profaned the Holy City! Slay! slay!"

Thru the gates he plunged, down a crooked lane that stumbled off adown a flight of crumbling steps, about two corners and up another lane into a still, sunny thorofare, where stucco houses gazed secretly out at him from behind screening white walls like a harem favorite thru the eye-holes of her veil. Stanton sank to the ground, breathing raggedly.

"Close—sh-ave!" he congratulated himself. "I suppose that—fellow—saw me hide the book and thought—it was money or jewels. It would better have been——" He scowled with vexation. "If they know there's a Christian abroad, this town will be about as safe and pleasant as a bee-hive. And I've lost the proof I was going to take back. The devil's own luck!"

He sat moodily, bristly chin plunged to his breast, reflecting, and waiting for the sudden Eastern night to wipe the white, glaring city out in a smother of blackness. And, as he waited thru the long afternoon, much happened that was to concern him closely, and very soon.

Once only did he glance up at a passer-by, and that was when a silvery voice brought his eyes swiftly upward to see a veiled and cloaked figure leaning toward him from a palanquin. The pound-pound of blood in his ears told him that it was the same girl he had watched on her way to her wedding earlier that afternoon, and he almost fancied he read a like recognition in the limpid darks and deeps of the eyes peeping demurely thru the veil.

"Holy pilgrim!" said the silvery voice, stirring the fine mesh of the veil, "say a prayer for a happy maiden, who hath been wed and divorced within an hour! Holy pilgrim, here is a coin for thee!"

The fat silver piece lay unheeded in the thick dust, as the beggar gazed after the gay little palanquin, the mysterious words from behind the veil ringing in his ears.

"Wed and divorced within the hour!" Stanton drew a long breath of amaze. "That's got America skinned a mile!"

A wild impulse seized him to spring up and follow the litter and the voice and veil, but common sense put forth a skinny claw and drew him back. Hunched in the sunshine, a formless muddle of dirt and rags, the beggar sat drowsing, and the hours sped by till he was aroused from a half-waking dream by the touch of a hand on his shoulder. With a sinking heart, Stanton looked up

and beheld three Arabs standing over him, extremely businesslike daggers in their hands.

"Come with us," one said calmly. "Our master hath need of thee!"

Stanton struggled feebly, but followed them perforce to the doorway of a magnificent villa, sheltered behind high, blind walls. A fountain splashed in a rose-tinted marble pool, and divans covered with gorgeous cushions stood about the court-yard. Passive, but quivering with apprehension that gradually dissolved into anticipation, Stanton allowed himself to be seated upon a divan, divested of his loathsome rags, bathed and shaved, and finally robed in an Arabian costume of the utmost magnificence.

"Curiouser and curiouser, as our friend Alice would say!" he reflected, during these agreeable preparations. "Wonder what I'm in for! Evidently they dont mean to kill me, or they wouldn't be dolling me up this way——"

He ventured to put his musings into the form of a question, and nearly fell over at the calm reply.

"You are to be married, good beggar."

"Married!" gasped Stanton—*"married——"*

"Married," affirmed the servant who was trimming his hair. "You see, it is thus. Our master, Amid, a great merchant—may his shadow never be less!—was wed this morning to a lady whom he divorced a little later in anger at her perversity. 'I divorce you!' he said, 'I divorce you!' 'I divorce you'—thrice, according to law. And at once she was no more his wife. Now he wishes to remarry her, but the Koran forbids it until she hath married and been divorced by a second husband. So we were sent forth into the highways to find such a husband, and came on you."



"NO, MY DEAR LORD," SHE WHISPERED—"NOT TO THE EARTH'S UTTERMOST END"

Stanton tried to control the noisy thudding of his heart, which, it seemed to him, must be audible to every one in Mecca. A girl wed and divorced—the girl of the palanquin! Hardly know-

ing what he did, he was led thru arched doorways and corridors to a room that overlooked a sunken garden surrounded by a high wall. Here the fat merchant of the morning's encounter was waiting with visible impatience, attended by his servants and a priest.

"Welcome, stranger!" wheezed the merchant, as Stanton salaamed before him. "Allah benefit thee! We shall detain you but a moment, and for your trifling service perhaps this will repay——"

He tossed a purse, jingling, at Stanton's feet. To his dazed mind it seemed to float to the floor without sound, airy as a dream. In the same detached fashion he found himself led across the floor to a lattice-work set into the wall, thru which, slim and white as a flower, a woman's hand extended. Still in the same daze, he took the hand in his and held it while the priest murmured vague words over them. When the murmur ceased, Amid, teetering anxiously to and fro on his pillows, rose and tottered to the bridegroom's side.

"Now divorce her!" he directed—"quick!—three times, according to law; then I will marry her."

Stanton felt the little fingers quiver in his, and heard, thru the close lattice at his ear, the ghost of a tiny whisper:

"Dont divorce me! I hate him! My father is forcing me into this marriage——"

Stanton gave the slim fingers a barely perceptible pressure and released them. Under veiled lids he swept the room with a swift glance—the curtains pulled across the great window with a single sweep, and the room was obliterated.

"I choose to keep my bride!" Stanton laughed in the darkness. A roar of fury from Amid, the sound of overturned furniture and an opening door, and a nimble servant had drawn the draperies aside, letting in the late gold of the west. Amid and his attendants looked blankly about. The stranger had disappeared!

"After him! He cannot have gone far! We will alarm the city!" wheezed the merchant, flinging out of the room on unsteady, aged legs at the head of his followers. "After him! After him!"

In the garden two young people listened to the receding sound and laughed aloud in naughty glee.

"I cannot thank you enough for saving me from that man!" cried the girl, with a stamp of her tiny feet. "I hate him! I would rather die than be his wife!"

"Wont you raise your veil?" Stanton pleaded. "After all, you know you're my wife, so it's quite proper."

Very slowly a small, white hand went up; very slowly the white film unrolled. Stanton drank in her beauty thirstily. Wild as he had been, he had never yet been a woman's lover; now, in a flash, it was revealed to him what that would mean of wonder and holiness and ecstasy. They gazed into each other's eyes in a silence that seemed to enfold the whole world.

"What is—your name?" Stanton spoke a trifle unsteadily. "Tell me your name, you wonderful one!"

"Faimeh——" It was a breath of sound, but he caught it and bent toward her, swayed with memory.

"You are the little girl of Constantinople! And I am the boy who read the Koran with you—dont you remember? Yes, yes—you do——"

Half an hour later the sound of footsteps within the house brought them back to the present with a start.

"They are coming back!" Faimeh's face was white, and her soft bosom heaved. "If they find us—they will kill you and me; they will—ah——"

He had sprung to his feet and was sweeping the garden with a quick glance.

"Those steps up the wall—where?"

"To the canal," she shivered. "It is very deep and cold—Allah be merciful!"

He put a strong arm about her and drew her up the crumbling steps to the narrow ledge at the top against the sunset sky. Below, the rout of pursuers swept into the garden with a shout of triumph as they spied them.

"Are you afraid—to come with me?" Stanton asked her hurriedly. She met his glance with shining eyes.

"No, my dear lord," she whispered—"not to the earth's uttermost end."

"Then come!" he cried, and together they leapt from the wall.

"The water seeps into the desert sand!" Amid mouthed and mumbled with senile rage. "Thither we will follow them. They cannot escape us, and then—well, 'tis a difficult business to rewed a divorced wife, but a widow is no such trouble. No mercy shall I show the bride-thief—not I!"

But the quality of mercy—as the peer of poets has told us—is not confined to any one class of persons in this world.

Three days later two dishevelled, haggard men faced each other beside a tawny camel in the midst of a horizon-bounded waste of desert sand. But now—such a coquet is circumstance—their positions were reversed. Amid, the mighty merchant, his loose jowls quivering like purple jelly, stood, a suppliant, before the beggar whom he had sworn to kill. Wiped of his servile attendants, shorn of authority, his tongue shriveled like an autumn leaf, the old man met the contempt of Stanton's gaze. "Faimeh?" The word came like a croak between parched lips. In the small eyes Faimeh's lover read terror, and his heart softened toward the man. "Safe in Constantinople by now," he said. "An Englishman, Lord Fitzgerald, met us just after we had fled from your caravan. I know him. He took her to friends of his in the city. She's quite safe, thank God!"

"Allah be praised!" echoed the Mohammedan, devoutly. Then he made a wavering gesture toward the camel. "And you—why did you not return with them?"

"I had a wager to win." Stanton shrugged his shoulders with a hint of his old insouciance. "I was sworn not to take aid from a Christian. But you, old beggar, have no such scruples——"

His look rested on the mountainous merchant with humorous impatience. "Just my luck to have you turn up in the middle of nowhere, minus water or camel. But I always did give up my seat to an old man!"

He handed his water-skin to Amid with a fantastic bow, taking his empty one in lieu. "Get on and get out, quick, friend Amid," he advised; "I might change my mind——"

He stood a long time silent, watching the camel and its rider disappear, trailing long, grotesque shadows over the sand. The babble of the ancient merchant's gratitude, interlarded with fragments of the Koran, dribbled back to him, until sound and sight were lost in the distance. Then, drawing a long breath, he sat himself down on the sand in the attitude of waiting.



THE UNENDING HOURS OF STANTON'S TORTURE IN THE BURNING DESERT

"And Broadway is only two weeks away!" he murmured with a gallant attempt at a laugh. "Well, it's a bit of a joke on my pals in New York to have *me* die of *thirst!*"

He was not laughing at the same time the next afternoon. Thru his parched and blackened lips a stream of aimless words fell continuously, to be caught up by the wandering wind and tossed derisively over the sands.

"Set 'em up—again—Bill! I'm going—to make a pilgrimage to—Mecca! A man who's got red blood—in his veins—Faimeh! I didn't know—a woman—was such a beautiful thing—God keep her!—it's hard to—lose——"

And at the same time, on the next afternoon, his tongue, lolling from his split and bleeding lips, knew but one word, endlessly repeated—

"Faimeh—Fai-meh——"

He was still muttering her name when help, long ago despaired of, at last came.

It seemed quite natural to him that her face should be bending over his when, eons or hours later, he opened his eyes. But the face that he remembered—that had floated, a wisp-like thing of memory, before him in the desert—had not been white with the strain of long suspense, a little drawn and haggard, like this.

With an effort, Stanton drew his drifting soul ashore on the firm reefs of life. He saw the room was filled with faces—his rescuers, Amid's, faces dark and light of skin—but two only reached his brain—Faimeh's, and that of Lord Fitzgerald close to hers. Slowly he realized that the Englishman had his arm about the girl.

He managed a smile. He had never done a braver thing.

"Dont—worry——" he said, fumbling for the words. "It was—a pity—I had to turn up. But I wont stand in—your way——"

Strength, like a tide, mounted thru his ravaged frame. He took her hand and bent to lay his lips on its soft palm.



"GET ON AND GET OUT, QUICK, FRIEND AMID; I MIGHT CHANGE MY MIND"

"Marry—him, and be happy," he said gently. "He is rich and kind and can give you a title and position I could not. Good-by, little wife of a day——"

He did not notice the splendid flame that swept her face. His eyes were carefully turned away, intolerable pain and longing in their desolate look.

"I divorce you," he said tonelessly, "I divorce you. Again? God—it hits a fellow—hard. I—divorce——"

"Wait!" Faimeh laid her fingers on his lips. "Wait! you dont understand."

She drew the tall, distinguished figure of the Englishman into the words with a shy gesture.

"A strange thing has happened. Lord Fitzgerald saw a ring on my hand and recognized it. It was one he gave—his wife long ago—his wife, my mother——"

Her voice faltered. Lord Fitzgerald laid his hand on Stanton's sleeve.

"You found my little girl for me," he said solemnly—"my baby who was stolen years ago. But I am afraid"—he smiled significantly—"I shall not keep her long. Amid has told what you did, Stanton, and it was a d—d fine thing!"

Stanton had risen slowly to his feet and stood looking down into Faimeh's eyes.

"Then"—his voice broke—"then you will—marry me, dear one?"

Her face flashed into tender mirth. She sank to the floor and bent her white forehead thrice to the ground.

"Have you forgotten?" she questioned demurely. "My lord has married him a wife already—Allah magnify my great and well-beloved lord!"

Limerick Springtime Is Here!

Colds, Quinsy, Coal Gas, Spleen and Red Flannels Are Now in the Discard!

With the coming of spring every one, including the trees, turns over a new leaf. There is much to be gotten out of a cooped-up system — high-balls, maple fudge, dandruff, Sphinx cocktails, cough mixture—they all stick close as demon chaperons during the desolate months.

Have you ever noticed how Fido rushes out and chews the first blades of grass? They're his heaven-sent spring medicine. And how the robin cavorts with the first wiggly worms? They're his idea of opening up a new angle. 'Tis the same with us beastie darlings—we need a new eye for spring's colors, a new nostril for vernal perfumes, a new stomach for spring greens.

That's where the Limerick steps up. Concoct a pretty one, and its tonic oozes right down to your toes! Shape up one with a kick, and it sets every lax brain-muscle a-tingle!

Like spring tonics and spring verdure, they never grow common. Why, there was once a French Kanuck in Woonsocket who announced his betrothal to Marie. "What!" cried his friend; "you would marry Marie! Why, she has flirted with every man in Woonsocket." "Without doubt," answered the bridegroom, "but Woonsocket is a *very small place!*" 'Tis the same with a Limerick—its author can never believe it the common or garden variety.

Each month we offer six little prizes in spoonfuls of $5 and $3 each for the two brightest Limericks 'bout plays and players, and four added drops of $1 each for the next best. Be the cat that killed the canary and climb up for one! The Tonics this month go to the following jinglers in the order named: B. A. Webster, Mary M. Hopkins, Harry J. Smalley, Thomas Finnerty, I. M. Reynolds and Mary E. Rouse.



FAY TINCHER

WHAT A CINCH THE WARDROBE MISTRESS FOR "PURITY" HAD!

You've heard of that naughty Hawaii,
Where they use shredded wheat for attire,
But in movies these days
(Allegorical plays)
A smile's about all they require.

THOMAS FINNERTY.
73 South Second St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

KEEPING HER UNDER COVER!

If I had a way that would cinch her,
That bathing nymph, little Fay Tincher,
I'd lay out a sum
For great scads of gum—
Then get her more clothes, lest they'd "pinch" her!

LAWRENCE WM. PEDROSE.
1453 W. 54th St., Seattle, Wash.



MABEL NORMAND

HE'D CLING TO THEM!

ANN PENNINGTON's nickname is 'Penny,'
Which fits her as well as would any.
If all cents that I get
Were like her, you can bet
I never would spend very many!

HARRY J. SMALLEY.
1247 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

DIVORCE GRANTED!

"YOUR HONOR," cried Michael O'Hara,
"I want to divorce my wife Clara!"
"But why a divorce?"
Said O'Hara, "Because
She cant imitate Theda Bara!"

RALPH LEON.
655 E. 176th St., Bronx, New York.

HE'D DRIVE HER TO CRIME!

A BELLIGERENT feminine fan
All the posters did eagerly scan;
"There's one artist," cried she,
"I would *burgle* to see,
And William S. Hart is the man!"

FREDERICK WALLACE.
Bristol, Conn.

HEAD OVER HEELS IN BUSINESS!

THO temptation doubtless does lurk
For those who are able to shirk,
Neither Palm Beach nor Ormond
Can lure Mabel Normand—
She spends all her winters at work!

BERT K. HART.
Fall River, Mass.

A SOLAR PLEXUS PORTRAIT!

'WAY up on my den-wall I hung
A picture of Clara K. Young;
But wife got so jealous,
With loud threats so zealous,
That it's now resting near my left lung!

JOHN H. BROUGHTON.
5110 Iowa St., Austin, Chicago, Ill.

CHARLES "SPENCER" CHAPLIN.

I SUPPOSE you are wondering why
He took such a name; so did I
Till I learnt that the gent, sir,
Was named Mr. Spencer
Who invented the comedy pie!

HARRY J. SMALLEY.
1207 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

WHY HE LEFT HOME.

THERE was an old man from far Surrey,
Who "by-byed" his wife in a hurry;
He had just got a look
At a photoplay book—
The cause of his rush was Mae Murray!

MORRIS J. ROWLAND.
570 Leslie Ave., West, Detroit, Mich.



THEDA BARA



"DOUG" FAIRBANKS

BUTTER AT HOME IS "BUTTER" THAN CHEESE ON THE SCREEN!

A country girl once had a yearning
To act where the calcium's burning;
When she learnt the truth
From Miss Suzette Booth
She was glad to continue her churning!

Mary M. Hopkins.
New Market, Md.

A STRENUOUS HINT!

Said Fannie, the lady from Siam,
To her lover, who hailed from Priam,
"To kiss me, of course,
You will have to use force,
But Gawd knows you're stronger than I am!"

I. M. Reynolds.
13 Lower 7th St., Evansville, Ind.

HIS HEAVENLY SMILE

Said St. Peter, "Sin or no sin,
I'll have to let 'Doug' Fairbanks in,
For 'twould close up our show
If the fellow below
Got an 'ad' like that hombre's gay grin!"

M. R. Rankin.
212 N. 7th St., North Yakima, Wash.

HERBERT HAYES

Said a girl, with a tenderloin sigh,
As she saw Herbert Hayes passing by,
"My heart skips a beat
When he goes down the street—
Now aint he the elegant guy!"

Frederick Wallace.
Bristol, Conn.

IN "THE JUNGLE CHILD"

"A grizzly once squeezed me in Alton,"
Remarked Howard Hickman to Walton,
"But it was a caress
When compared to the stress
Of the hugs of young Dorothy Dalton!"

Mary E. Rouse.
1942 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.



FANNIE WARD



HOUSE PETERS

HE'S THERE IN SADDLE OR "HARNESS"!

"Dusty" Farnum, we hear, will desert
His trusty old gray flannel shirt
For a suit of full dress
And a gun or two less—
Here's hoping he finds it "pay dirt"!

Elaine D. Young.
55 W. Main St., Norwalk, O.

JUST PETERING ALONG!

There's a star in the movies, a "reel"
Western scout,
That matinée idol the girls rave about;
He is fairly bewitching,
Like red flannels itching—
There'll be weeping and wailing if House
Peters out!

B. A. Webster.
120 First St., Jackson, Mich.



"DUSTY" FARNUM

A BURNING LOVE INDEED!

Said a romantic maid, as her gaze
Followed William S. Hart thru his plays,
"'Hell's Hinges' are hot,
But they frighten me not—
Why, I'd go thru the portal with 'Blaze'!"

Frederick Wallace.
Bristol, Conn.

THE HE-MALE VAMPIRE-MAN.

That debonair devil of fillum,
So mean that you'd just like to kill 'im,
That wrecker of homes,
Evil-eyed Stuart Holmes—
Is the way that they're billin' the villun!

Frank M. Wollen.
1641 Marshall Ave.,
St. Paul, Minn.



STUART HOLMES

HAVE YOU "FILM FLICKER," LILLIAN?

No doubt you are clever, Miss Gish,
At least I think so, but I wish
That in some of your parts
You'd cut out those quick starts
And not wiggle about like a fish!

Fred Ziemer.
111 College St., Buffalo, N. Y.

CREIGHTON HALE.

He's Irish—you'd know by his smile;
And the girlies would chase him a mile
Just to gaze at the face
And exclaim at the grace
Of this lad from the Emerald Isle!

Mary E. Rouse.
1942 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

A DELAYED VALENTINE!

Francis X. Curlilocks,
Wilt thou not be mine?
Thou shalt not in movies act
Not one more time,
But sit on a cushion, Love,
Thou handsome dream!
And imbibe cold bottles, Love,
And birds that steam!

C. L. Ginn.
853 Main St., S. Portland, Me.



F. X. BUSHMAN

Are They Married? And, If So, To Whom?

Compiled by Thomas W. Gilmer, from Information Obtained at the Studios and Elsewhere

Name of Star	Age in 1916	Matrimonial Status
Dorothy Kelly	22	Married to Herbert Havenor
Jack Warren Kerrigan	29	Not married
Florence LaBadie	21	Not married
Wilton Lackaye	54	Married
Florence Lawrence	27	Married to Harry Solter (a director)
Anna Little	24	Married to Alan Forrest
Harold Lockwood	29	Married
Bessie Love	17	Not married
Mae Marsh	21	Not married
Antonio Moreno	28	Not married
James Morrison	28	Not married
Alla Nazimova	37	Married
Marshall Neilan	27	Married to Gertrude Bambrick
Mabel Normand	22	Not married
Jane Novak	20	Married to Frank Newburg
House Peters	28	Married
Olga Petrova	28	Married
Mary Pickford	23	Married to Owen Moore
Lottie Pickford	21	Married to Mr. Rupp
Edna Purviance	21	Not married
Wallace Reid	26	Married to Dorothy Davenport
Theo. Roberts	55	Married
Gertrude Robinson	22	Married to James Kirkwood
Ruth Roland	23	Not married
Fritzi Scheff	37	Married
Mack Sennett	30	Not married
Phillips Smalley	40	Married to Lois Weber
Ford Sterling	31	Married to Teddy Sampson
Anita Stewart	21	Not married
Ruth Stonehouse	23	Married to Joseph Roach
Edith Storey	24	Not married
Blanche Sweet	21	Not married
Mabel Taliaferro	29	Married
Norma Talmadge	21	Married to Joseph Schenck
Rosemary Theby	24	Married
R. C. Travers	31	Married
Mabel Trunnelle	24	Married to Herbert Prior
Louise Vale	22	Married
Lillian Walker	28	Not married
Geo. Walsh	25	Married to Seena Owen
Henry Walthall	38	Married to Isabel Fenton
Bryant Washburn	27	Married to Mabel Forrest
Pearl White	27	Not married
Crane Wilbur	30	Married
Earle Williams	36	Not married
Kathlyn Williams	28	Married to C. F. Eyton
Clara Kimball Young	24	Married to James Young
Leah Baird	29	Married
Harry Morey	38	Married
Guy Coombs	34	Married to Anna Nilsson
Viola Dana	18	Married to John H. Collins (a director)
Edward Earle	33	Married
Miriam Cooper	18	Married to Raoul Walsh (a director)
Francis Ford	34	Married
True Boardman	31	Married
Grace Cunard	25	Married to Joseph Moore
Creighton Hale	25	Married
Earle Foxe	25	Married to Cecelia Stanton
Pauline Bush	26	Married to Alan Dwan (a director)
Marc MacDermott	40	Married to Miriam Nesbitt
Robert Ellis	27	Married to Irene Boyle

(To be continued)

The Girl who couldn't be

A Tale of a Young Lady Who Became

By PEARL

'WAY back in kid days—when she was a lovable, big-eyed schoolgirl, with her brown



curls tossing over her shoulders—she displayed this same determination. She faced disappointments, the childish griefs and tribulations, with a faith and courage that, even then, surprised all who knew her. And Lois Wilson was nicknamed, among her friends, "The Girl Who Couldn't Be Discouraged." Let a particularly stiff examination come up unexpectedly—undaunted, she would go serenely to work and win out.

Then came her big opportunity. Of course, like nine out of ten girls the world over, she wanted to be a Motion Picture actress, and had cherished the same ambition since she had been so young that she lisped the words with schoolgirl candor. And she was a great admirer of Jack Warren Kerrigan, saving up her lunch-money and car-fares to see him every time one of his pictures came to Birmingham, Ala., her home. But

Discouraged

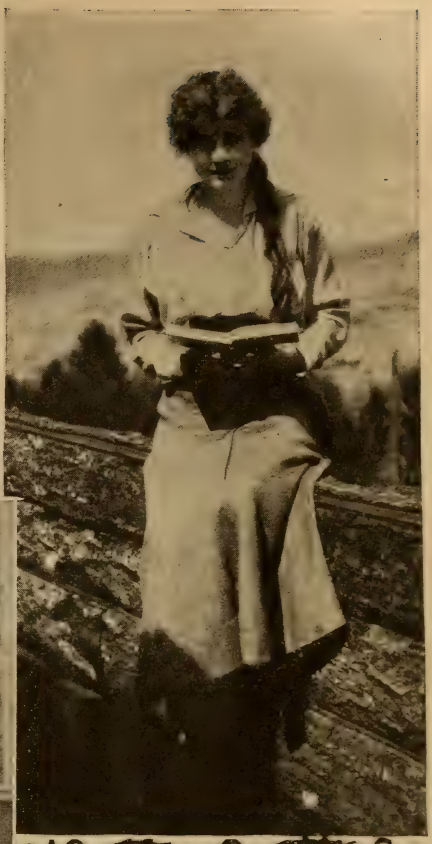
Warren Kerrigan's Leading Woman

GADDIS

if any one had suggested then that she might some day be leading woman to Mr. Kerrigan, even with all her optimism she would have laughed at the idea, for all her ambitions.



Photo by Loryea



Well, along came the Universal Beauty Contest, and Miss Wilson entered, from Birmingham. Everything went beautifully, for she had carried her own particular brand of optimism and courage into the race, and she won. When the news came to her that she was to have the trip to California as the guest of the Universal Company, and a "try-out" for a position in stock with them, she fainted. The reaction, all the excitement of the race—for there are many beautiful girls in Alabama, you know, and the contest seemed to bring them all out—and this sudden announcement were too much for her strained nerves.

Her mother says that the first

words she said, after she returned to consciousness, were: "Mother, what must I wear?" So you see, for all her luck and courage, she's just a seventeen-year-old girl with a seventeen-year-old girl's ideas and ambitions.

The trip to California was wonderful, and the gorgeous group of American beauties who made the trip, of which Miss Wilson was a member, excited quite a bit of attention and admiration at the various places where they stopped for sight-seeing trips and recreation. In California there were dances and parties galore—everybody seemed to want to entertain the American beauties, and they had "a perfectly wonderful time."

Then came the long-awaited, much-feared and dreaded "try-outs," and Lois Wilson was not among the winners—after all her hopes and expectations, when she had come West with such plans, and all Birmingham was waiting and watching for her success or failure! In the bright lexicon of youth, as the "Elsie" books would say, there is no such word as "fail." Likewise, in the optimistic, happy life of Lois Wilson, she had never expected a failure. And, for the first time in her life, she almost allowed herself to be overcome by this heart-breaking failure.

"I just cant go home and face all those people and admit that I didn't succeed, after all they have hoped for me and all the wonderful things they have planned," she sobbed to her mother.

And her mother, with the wisdom that is given mothers, suggested a visit to an aunt in Chicago for awhile, until the bitter pain of disappointment had been somewhat dulled by time. So Lois went to Chicago.

A short time after her arrival there, she learnt that Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley, Universal's famous director-team, were coming to Chicago to do some of the scenes in the Pavlowa picture, "The Dumb Girl of Portici," and she applied for extra work immediately. What's more, she got it. Miss Weber, with her quick eye for even the dullest flash of talent, noticed her work, and gave her a "bit" to do that necessitated her going back to California with the company to finish it.

It seemed too good to be true, but really nothing is *ever* too good to be true, if we only have faith. Back to California went the now radiant little Lois, and, having finished the part with Miss Weber, another director gave her a tiny part. Then came the dance, at which she was introduced to Warren Kerrigan. She danced with him, and he discovered her story. He and his director, Otis Turner, were on the lookout for a new leading lady to replace Vera Sisson, who had left to join Biograph, and Mr. Kerrigan suggested to Mr. Turner that they try out Miss Wilson, who was very, very pretty and a good photographic subject. Mr. Turner agreed, with the result that, a few mornings later, one of the happiest girls in California signed a two-year contract with the Universal Company.

And the name signed to the contract was one that belonged to a girl voted "impossible" by the director who had had charge of the "try-outs." Just how "impossible" she was may be understood if one has seen her first picture—that is, her first leading part. This was as the little Spanish girl in "Landon's Legacy." The part was played with a grace and poise that would have done credit to the most widely experienced actress in pictures—a finished, well-rounded portrayal, indeed.

Since then she has played opposite Mr. Kerrigan in a number of his pictures, and is rapidly becoming known as one of the most attractive girls in pictures and one of the cleverest ingénues of the screen. She has played in "The Silent Battle," "A Voice in the Wilderness," and, in fact, practically all of the Warren Kerrigan pictures since her contract was signed. "A Son of the Immortals" is her favorite rôle.

She isn't a bit spoiled by all the sudden popularity and success that has been showered upon her. She's just a lovable, enthusiastic girl, who loves chocolates and cream-puffs, and who has man's-size ambitions for fame.

"I'm the luckiest girl in the world" is her motto and explanation for what has happened, "and I'm just going to keep on trying and trying until I reach the top—I've lots of years yet, you know."

Geraldine Farrar

Gives Some Good Advice to Stage and Screen Aspirants

By HELEN BATCHELDER SHUTE

"WHAT do you want to know? What shall I talk about?" The speaker was Geraldine Farrar, the grand opera star of international fame, who has made such a hit in Moving Pictures and who granted me an interview in her dressing-room immediately after she had finished singing in concert recently in Maine.

Dressed in her Carmen costume of bright reds and yellows, with red poppies in her beautiful dark hair, she was a perfect picture. A little out of breath from her last run from the stage (she had been recalled again and again), she laughed merrily while the applause still rang from the auditorium.

In view of the fact that Farrar had repeatedly said last year that married life and an artistic career could not be combined, naturally my first question was in regard to that.

Instantly her laughing expression changed to a sober one, and she said, quite decidedly: "I dont want to say anything about that—anything that will get me into any more indiscretions, and please let's not discuss it."



A SNAPSHOT OF MISS FARRAR TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR

Farrar is undeniably beautiful, with her glossy, black hair, black-fringed, Irish-blue eyes and perfect teeth. She is so much prettier than she appears in her screen portrayal of Carmen; in fact, none of her photographs do her justice. As she sat there in her charmingly effective Spanish costume, a living incarnation of Merimée's heroine, I asked her if she would not reveal a few of her beauty secrets for her more unfortunate sisters. "I dont know that I have any," she replied. "I avoid late hours, love the out-of-doors, and strive always to have a great enthusiasm and to keep well and happy."

"What do you do for recreation?"

"Work! And Moving Pictures! They are the most fun; I enjoy them so much that they are surely recreation for me. Of course there can be no comparison between them and my singing in opera or concert. They are entirely different; but, as I said before, they are great fun. Speaking of pictures, there is my latest, 'Joan of Arc,' which I hope you will soon see."

"Are you a suffragist?"

"I am not anything! I dont know that I quite understand the question thoroly, so I would not say that I am for it or against it."

"What would you advise young girls as the most necessary thing when starting out on a professional career?"

"I would advise ninety out of every one hundred not to study singing! I will not advise anybody personally—never have and never will! A girl may have a great deal of splendid talent, a lovely voice, a charming personality, but how can you know whether it is going to amount to anything? She may not have anything up here! [Farrar significantly touched her forehead.] And that amounts to so much, you know. A lovely voice without brains amounts to very little in the long run.

"Altho I never give advice for any one to follow, I have decided ideas about the training of a girl who wants to go into grand opera. I think by the time a young woman is eighteen, she should have begun her serious work, for by that time her musical bent will have declared itself, and she will know whether vocal or instrumental music is to be her chosen metier, and something definite about the range and possibilities of her voice if she is to become a singer.

"A girl must never forget that good tone production depends on good health. Her food must be plain and wholesome. In regard to the amount of vocal training to be taken every day, one cannot lay down absolute rules. The quality of her voice and the state of her health must determine that."

"Do you suppose that we will ever have opera in English, and if so, would you approve?"



Photo by Hartsook

GERALDINE FARRAR AND HER HUSBAND, LOU-TELLEGEN, ON THE PORCH OF THEIR CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW

"I hope they will never give it in English," was her decided reply. "I, personally, do not favor opera translated into English. I dont think it is musical, and I dont see why people should favor changing from the language in which it is written. The literature should mean as much as mere vocalism."

"An interview was recently printed in which you were quoted as saying that you did not think it was necessary, in many cases, for an American girl to go to Europe to study. Was that correct?"



MR. AND MRS. SIDNEY FARRAR, FATHER AND MOTHER



"Did they quote me as saying that? I am positive I never gave out any such interview for publication. I am a strong believer in the value of European study for girls, especially

GERALDINE FARRAR IN THE COSTUMES OF SOME OF THE FAMOUS RÔLES SHE HAS CREATED

for an operatic career. It is indispensable. Be sure not to quote me as saying that I do not favor European study for American girls. But dont quote me as advising them to go to Europe, either, for, as I said before, I never

give advice. The proportion of lovely voices that we have in this country is very large, but the proportion of ability is pitiably small. I dont know whether that could be fostered by proper education or environment. We have, unfortunately, no subsidized conservatory, nor any school, which gives results. Whether it is the teaching that hasn't brought it out, or whether they lack that certain stratum of musical ability, I dont know. That is an open question. I do know that I hear lovely voices much more in proportion than I see people who are interesting."

As Farrar was quoted last year, not very long before her marriage, as saying that no man could hold her attention for more than thirty minutes or so at a time, I dared, as a last question, to ask her if Mr. Tellegen (accent on the first syllable and hard g) had held her attention that long.

"I never saw but one man who could hold it, and I married him!" she flashed, looking prettier and more girlish than ever. "He was worth while, worthy in every way, and I wish you could meet him, but he was detained on important business in Baltimore. We are going right back to Boston tonight, and I hope he will be there."

Farrar came to Maine in her private car, accompanied by her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Farrar, her mother being present in the dressing-room while the interview was given. They have been closely identified with the career of their famous daughter, and travel with her whenever possible. Unlike Geraldine, they do not accent the last syllable of their name. When she was abroad it was so much easier for the Italians and Germans to accent Farrar on the last syllable, "and now that I am a personage, she remarked, "I pronounce it that way, and probably shall till I die."

Interruptions were frequent during our talk, for she was asked many times to autograph books and pictures, and finally the demands from the audience for another glimpse of the prima donna were so insistent that she was obliged to appear on the stage for a few moments. She had sung and danced her Carmen numbers so bewitchingly, coquetting with the director and members of the orchestra, and ending by hurling her rose into the audience, that every one was wild about her.

She was so fascinating that I could hardly keep from staring at her long enough during the interview to convey to my note-book what she said, for the difference between the living Farrar (at least in "Carmen") and her screen portrayal is so great as to be almost startling, for no black-and-white photograph can suggest, of course, her wonderful coloring or her great charm of manner.

A cordial hand-clasp and a laughing, "Well, have I told you anything at all?" and she was gone, saying over her shoulder, "Dont forget that I said that Mr. Tellegen was well worth waiting for, and that he has held my attention for more than thirty minutes!"

My Movie

By EDMUND J. KIEFER

My movie, 'tis of thee,
Bright house of comedy,
Of thee I sing;
House where I nearly died
Laughing at Chaplin's glide—
Why, every aching side
Proclaims him King!

My favorite movie, thee,
House of grim tragedy,
Thy stars I love;
I love the shocks and thrills
That proud Petrova spills,
My heart with rapture fills
When Hart wins Love.

Let music sweet enhance
Fair Billie Burke's romance,
A picture song;
Let actors all awake,
Let them the stage forsake,
And into filmland break—
They cant go wrong.

Brother fans, one and all,
Let's hope that us befall
This happy thing;
Long will our land be bright
With movie signs of light,
And shows run day and night—
The film's the thing!

The Adventures of Jackie

By

ROBERTA COURTLANDT



"I'm tired of living in a suit-case and a chiffonier," wailed Jackie Saunders, one evening, after a particularly hard day's work at the studio. "I want to make my own potato-salad, and fix my own chicken à la King, in my own chafing-dish, in my own home. I'm tired of just visiting—I want a *home!*"

So Jackie went house-hunting. The very first person she met, when she begged a day off from the studio and started house-hunting, was a real estate agent. He rubbed his hands, gloating, when he discovered her particular desire, and smiled on her benevolently.

"And—ah—how large a house would you want?" he asked, with the air of a kind gentleman giving an engaging kiddie a penny.

"Oh, 'bout ten or 'leven rooms," answered Jackie, nonchalantly.

The real estate person gasped and almost lost his air of benevolence.

"Ten or eleven rooms? Why, you're only five feet high, and not very wide, and——"

But just there Jackie stopped him.

"'Snuff!" she gurgled joyously. "I want eleven rooms, a garage, a rose-garden and wide lawns. Good-by!"

And, in just that nonchalant manner, she left the whole matter on the bowed shoulders of the real estate person. Strange as it may seem to a skeptical few who have had experience with such people, he made good. A week later Jackie was installed in the home of her dreams—a big, rambling, two-story, white house, set in the midst of wide lawns, with nice, curving walks and all that. The "back yard" (we call it that for want of a better term) is a regular Caliph's paradise—there's a rose-garden, fig-trees, stately palms, rose-covered pergolas and the like.

The morning I called she was in the



JACKIE
AND THE APPETIZING YELLOW BOWL

speckless kitchen. Her sunny, golden curls were topped by a pink-and-white gingham cap, and the sleeves of the dress ended above dimpled, pink elbows, so that she would have no hindrance in her operations by long sleeves.

"Like it?" she echoed my query. "I'm crazy about it. Why, when I come home from a long, hard day at the studio, it's heavenly to slip into something loose and comfy and quit being an actress for a while. I forget then that I ever saw the inside of a studio, and I just lose myself in the joy of being a human being."

She does her own cooking, if you please. She says it's such fun that she wouldn't think of allowing any old cook to place her foot inside that snowy kitchen. In the mornings she rises early, prepares an ideal breakfast of curly, crispy bacon, eggs, muffins and coffee. Oh, it's lots of fun, she asserts.

After finishing "The Grip kitchen, her gingham morning-dress making a bright splotch of warm pink in the midst of the delft blue-and-white of the



TEA IN THE SUN-FLECKED GARDEN IS ONE OF HER HOBBIES

of Evil" she applied for, and received, a month's vacation. Part of it she spent in New York, getting acquainted with her birthplace once more, shopping and so on. But the most enjoyable part of it was the time she spent getting acquainted with her new home.

She arose at eight-thirty—oh, blissful vacation days! — donned her gingham house-dress, prepared her own breakfast, and read her mail and the morning paper between bites. Her love for cooking doesn't extend to the mundane tasks of dish-washing and house-cleaning, so, leaving a deft maid in charge, she gathers up an armful of pillows and a book or magazine, or, perchance, a script or two, and, with a box of candy, goes out into the aforementioned Caliph's paradise, where she spends the morning.



JACKIE AND HER GAS-RANGE OFTEN TEAM UP

But, first of all, before she settles down to her reading, she gathers bird-seed and bread-crumbs and feeds her feathered friends. She has a huge aviary, in which reside a number of happy, little, alien songsters. But all the birds in the world are Jackie Saunders' friends. She feeds them all, common, perky little



JACKIE'S BOOKS AND BATHING-TOGS ARE BOTH THOROLY ABSORBING



SHE HAS ROSES TO MATCH EVERYTHING

street sparrows as well as the more exclusive and wilder denizens of the woods.

After she has fed the birds she gets a pair of huge shears and a big basket and descends upon the rose-garden, where she cuts and snips wisely, tho lavishly, until the basket is quite full. Then she distributes the lovely, fragrant blossoms thruout the house. Every room has its quota, chosen with inborn taste and discrimination. In the cool, gray-green dining-room, for instance, a beautiful copper bowl on the table is filled with pale yellow roses; the library has a silver bowl filled with tall, deep red flowers that harmonize beautifully with the book-lined walls and the soft, warm color of the hangings and rugs; in the hall, a fat, round, Japanese bowl holds more red roses; and in Jackie's own room, which is an exquisite ivory-and-rose place, every nook and corner is filled with pink roses. The flowers are always chosen with a discriminating eye for the general effect and finished picture.

Then, in the shade of a tall, stately palm, she devotes herself to her books—perhaps a bit of French, a well-loved Spanish poem, or, mayhap, since she is, after all, only a distinctly human and lovable girl, it may be a new novel. She reads until it is time for lunch, which she prepares and serves for herself—a simple, well-balanced luncheon of cold, sliced meat, a salad, iced tea and fruit dessert, served at one end of the dining-table, overlooked by the copper bowl of roses. She may spend the afternoon at the beach, in a bathing-frock that is strictly businesslike—pale rose silk with stockings and seductive little cap to match. Or she may go to a matinée or the pictures. But, when evening comes, there'll be guests for dinner, and it will, most likely, be served in the Caliph's paradise, and there'll be roses on the table.

The afternoon I called on her I was ushered into the kitchen, where she was most busily engaged with a huge bowl of flowers and surrounded by a lot of mysterious-looking emblems of cooking.

She bade me welcome, while she added some more violet-water, or something, to the savory mass she was kneading in the yellow bowl that had white stripes around it.

(*Continued on page* 158)



JACKIE'S COCKATOO HATES "SILENT DRAMA"



WHEN "STINGAREE," THE GENTLEMANLY BUSH-RANGER WITH A TASTE FOR VIOLIN OBBLIGATOS AND THE FINE ARTS, WAS REVIVED, TRUE BOARDMAN DONNED HIS MONOCLE AGAIN, PACKED UP HIS SPIRIT-LAMP AND PLUNGED INTO THE BUSH. HE IS MEDITATING WHETHER TO HOLD UP A TRAVELER OR PLAY A CHOPIN NOCTURNE

How To Get In THE MOVIES

Interesting Information — Helpful Hints — Authoritative Advice — by Film Favorites



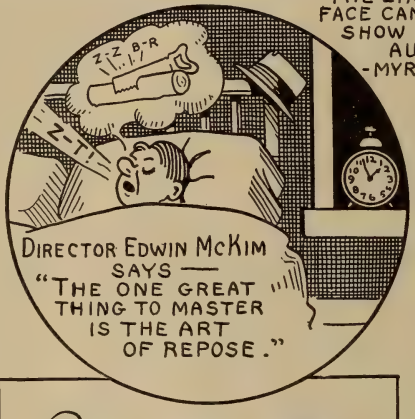
"PUTTING YOUR FOOT ON THE FIRST RUNG OF THE LADDER IS THE HARDEST" — MARIN SAIS



"IF YOU ARE ABOUNDING IN GOOD NATURE, THE LINES OF YOUR FACE CAN'T HELP BUT SHOW IT TO YOUR AUDIENCE" — MYRTLE STEDMAN



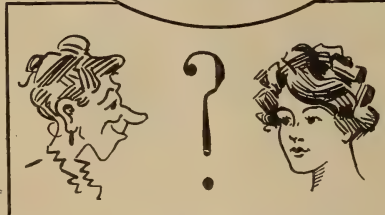
ANTONIO MORENO SAYS — "ONE NEEDS PLENTY OF HAIR ON THE HEAD TO BE A HANDSOME LOVER."



DIRECTOR EDWIN McKIM SAYS — "THE ONE GREAT THING TO MASTER IS THE ART OF REPOSE."



"STRONG CHARACTER PLAYERS ARE NEEDED MOST" — SAYS BRYANT WASHBURN

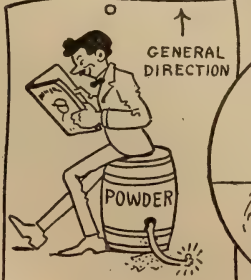


"BEAUTY IS NOT ESSENTIAL" — SAYS LILLIAN WALKER



"MALE ACTORS SHOULD BE THE LARGEST TYPE OF MEN" — J. WARREN KERRIGAN

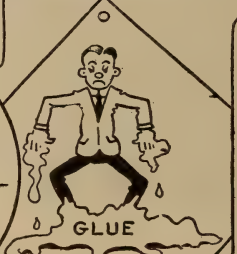
Stimulating Suggestions by Flim Flam, the Film Fan.



NO. 1
HOW TO EFFECT A RAPID RISE.



NO. 2
NEVER LET THE GRASS GROW UNDER YOUR FEET.



NO. 3
STICK TO IT!



NO. 4
"LOOK ROUND"
AND YOU WILL BE SURE TO FIND A POSITION.



Who Started the Movies?

By CHESTER G. HANSON

It's a long leap from the dining-room table of Sir John Herschel, of London, as it was set in 1825, to the large theater of today, given over to the display of the Motion Picture. But it is certain that Sir John put on the first movie show, and the audience — "he" enjoyed it.

The audience's name was Charles Babbage, who, on this occasion, was a guest at Sir John's table. Dinner over, Sir John asked his guest if he could exhibit both sides of a coin simultaneously. Charles admitted that he could not. Whereupon the clever noble spun a coin on the table-top with such speed that his guest was forced to declare that he could see both faces of the coin at once.

Mr. Babbage went home and told a friend of his, one Dr. Fitten, of the miracle that Sir John had caused to take place before the very eyes of his guest. The fact that the doctor was deeply interested is evidenced by his appearance, a few days later, with a disc suspended between two silken cords. On the one side of the disc he had painted an empty bird-cage; on the other, a picture of a bird in flight. Holding the threads one in each hand, he spun the disc so rapidly that the beholder seemed to see the bird now in "still" flight, within the cage. The bird seemed actually to have entered the cage.

Thus it was that in 1825 the idea of the Motion Picture had its origin.

But those worthy gentlemen did not realize what they had started with their experiment. And so, after playing with their toy for a while, they set it aside to be forgotten.

Dr. Fitten's toy gave rise to many other inventions, all of them optical illusions, in which painted figures appeared to move.

But it was not until 1870, or possibly a few years earlier, that the two fathers of the modern Motion Picture began to produce results from experiments they had been conducting with the camera. The one was Muybridge, of Kingston-on-Thames; the other, Marez, of Paris. They were the first to produce serial photographs of living objects in motion.

The fame of Muybridge as a photographer brought him to the attention of the late Leland Stanford, who engaged the noted scientist and photographer to take a series of pictures of his race-horses. The object of the experiment was to determine whether or not, at a given phase in his running, a trotter had all four feet off the ground.

The Englishman set about fifty cameras in a row out in a field, and to the shutters of these cameras he connected electro-magnets. A horse, made to run in front of these cameras, automatically set the electro-magnets in motion, which, in turn, released the shutter of each camera just as the horse was in focus. When the operation was complete, Muybridge had a series of pictures of the horse in the act of running.

It is interesting to note that, in their research work with the camera, both Muybridge and Marez had for their aim the analysis of motion. They photographed both animals and humans engaged in various exercises. As early as 1882, they gave exhibitions of their pictures before the Royal Institute, projecting them on a screen by the means of a machine called the zoepraxiscope.

But it is not to be understood that these pictures portrayed, actually, an animal in continued motion. It was only short phases of motion that could be photographed. Not until the introduction of transparent sheets of flexible celluloid were records of sustained action possible. It was then that inventors began to turn their attention to methods for taking and exhibiting Motion Pictures, and by 1895 cinema-

tography had become an actual commercial as well as theatric fact.

This is a very brief sketch of the evolution of the Motion Picture. There seems, however, to be one form of the Motion Picture which authorities on the subject have neglected.

Back in the year 1700, there was appearing on the streets of London a periodical known as *The Spectator,* except for its short-lived predecessor the first daily newspaper of the English-speaking peoples. In the advertising section of this sheet, the issue of September 27, 1711, appears the following:

At the Duke of Marlborough's Head on Fleet street, is now to be seen a new invented Machine composed of five curious Pictures, with moving Figures, representing the History of the Heathen Gods, which move as artificially as if Living: the like not seen before in Europe. The whole contains near an hundred Figures, besides Ships, Beasts, Fish, Fowl and other Embellishments, some near a foot in height; all which have their respective and peculiar motions, the very Heads, Legs, and Arms, Hands and Fingers, artificially moving to what they perform, and setting one Foot before an other like Living Creatures, in such a manner that nothing but Nature itself can excel it. It will be continued to be seen every Day from 10 in the Morning 'till 10 at Night. The Prices 1s. 6d. and the lowest 6d.

Practically no information is available which explains in detail the exact nature of these pictures. It is certain, however, that they were not puppet shows, so common to that age, nor were they Punch-and-Judy shows. Both of these latter types are advertised extensively in the same issue of this publication.

The question arises: Did the erstwhile scenario-writer conceive his plots while gossiping with the town wits at Will's Coffee-House, or is he simply an upstart of the present day, with no more romantic haunt for inspiration than the pie-and-coffee lunch-counter. It wont appear strange if a comedy scenario is unearthed writ by Beaumont and Fletcher.

Shakespeare to Date

Revised by MYRTLE CONGER

"All the world's a screen,
And all the men and women movie fans."
—*(As You Like It).*

"We will start the film going and show you a picture."
—*(Twelfth Night).*

"And thereby hangs a scenario."
—*(Othello).*

"Two stars keep not their motion on one screen."
—*(King Henry IV).*

"How poor are they that have not the price of a movie ticket."
—*(Othello).*

"How shines a good film on a mirror screen."
—*(Merchant of Venice).*

"In form and movie, how express and admirable."
—*(Hamlet).*

"One touch of Pickford makes the whole world kin."
—*(Troilus and Cressida).*

CHORUS OF MOVIE STARS:

"Then shall our names,
Familiar in the mouth as household words—
Mary, the Queen; Lottie and her brother,
Warwick and Bushman, Costello and Kerrigan—
Be in the moving films ever remembered."
—*(King Henry V).*

Being a Hero

The Confessions of a "Mash-Note" Collector

By WILLIAM RUSSELL



I HAVE been asked to write down my impressions on "being a hero." I suppose I am expected to tell what effect the portrayal of heroic rôles has upon the mental attitude of a man who is constantly given parts that demand thrilling rescues, the succoring of beauty in distress—jumping into icy lakes and rivers to swim ashore with leading women who dont thank you for not letting them drown, but abuse you for handling them too roughly in the process of saving them.

My readers and the Editor want to know, I suppose, what sorts of emotions beset the actor who is perpetually jumping into gun-fights, mob troubles, riots, fires, train-wrecks and what not, at the behest of neurasthenic directors—not at the instigation of the fair heroine.

Well, to begin with, of course the hero in the drama is never a hero "from the



back." He is a hero only "from the front." His own people behind the screen know all about him, understand his idiosyncrasies, his likes and dislikes, his merits and demerits. To them he is an artist; like themselves, possessed of none of the heroic attributes with which his admirers in front often invest him. In short, being a hero is a regular job, like being a tramp, or a heavy villain, or an old man, or a funny one.

The so-called matinée idol is often the devoted family plug in his private life. I know one chap who has the so-called magnetic appeal that is supposed to "knock 'em dead" in the matinées. He receives scores of letters every week from women and girls, couched in such terms as might well convince the poor fellow of his irresistibility.

A few years ago this man was married to a little brown mouse of a girl whom he had known since they were kids. The wife is a cripple. She was hurt in a motor-car accident three months after their marriage, and this matinée idol is the most devoted husband in the world. I was calling at their flat in Los Angeles one day while the actor was playing a long engagement there. When Jack came home for late supper, after the show, he brought with him twenty letters from "matinée girls." These he turned over to "Kitten," as he called his wife, and it developed that one of her principal diversions was reading Jack's "mash notes." She says the letters are very valuable—that they help Jack to understand his public.

Being a hero on the screen is largely a matter of physique and outdoor accomplishments. You cannot be a hero if you dont know how to drive a car, row a boat, swim a mile, dive from any height, ride a cayuse, box like a professional and look like a gentleman. There's something to being a hero, believe me. Of course, if you happen to have any brains it is as well to take 'em along when seeking a hero job.

The Motion Picture hero must be a big, athletic-looking debonair devil of a fellow, with expressive eyes and preferably with close-cropped curly hair. In short, he's got to be a good-looker if he



is to "get across" as a hero. Some people insist that the hero must also be a conceited ass, or he couldn't be a hero; but such persons dont know what they are talking about. The actor is generally a pretty level-headed sort of chap who "knows what the jest is worth."

It is a curious fact that audiences, especially women who patronize Motion Picture drama, invest actors seen on the screen with the attributes of the characters they portray. It is not difficult to understand this. Women live more in the world of make-believe than men do. Nearly every man is a hero once in his life. He is a hero to the woman who marries him.

While it is true that many romances end in the divorce courts nowadays, it is also true that many women, finding their romantic idols furnished with feet of clay and heads of solid ivory, continue thru years of disillusionment, resolutely refusing to be disillusioned, wearing rose-colored spectacles and worshiping dummies as demigods.

God's greatest gift to woman was the



power he gave her to make believe. The matinée idol feeds romantic ideals which are every woman's birthright. When a girl or woman writes a letter to an actor cast in some rôle that has aroused her sympathetic emotions, brought tears to her eyes or laughter to her lips, the letter is not to the actor at all, no matter how it may be addressed, but is dedicated to the character in which the writer has seen him.

In case some sophisticated killjoy tells the letter-writer that the player whose acting has appealed to her is a devil of a rake in private life, she is apt to insist—God bless her!—that no actor could be effective in such a rôle who did not actually experience the emotions portrayed, and that she is sure he must be a man of high ideals. I may add that the lady would be correct in this assertion, for nearly all actors have high ideals.

As soon as a girl begins to do up her hair, her romantic nature demands extra nourishment. She must worship at some shrine if she be a normal feminine creature, and it is a tribute to the mental cleanliness of the sex that its obsessions are nearly all idealistic—that the character admired is almost always intrinsically fine and good.

But the matinée girl is by no means always a girl. The contrary, in fact, is true. The greater proportion of letters written to stage heroes come from women of discretionary years. These reveal the heartaches and aspirations of the writers, and, contrary to general belief, few of them are "mash notes," to use the vernacular.

One lady wrote me some time ago in praise of a certain part I had played, declaring that I reminded her of a son long dead, and she felt certain that had he lived he would have been "just as good and noble as I am sure you are."

Now that dear old soul knew nothing of me. She was writing to the character, and not to the actor, but I am keeping that letter because it is so pathetically illustrative of the truth that a woman's heart never grows old—that she retains the power to enter into and inhabit the world of make-believe, whatever her age, or whatever the extent of her sorrowing.

Being a hero does not imply that only the weaker sex are to render tribute. The all-around hero has got to satisfy the sterner sex as well. I recall a certain well-known serial in which the opening episode was located in the backwoods. The leading-man, a screen idol of the fair sex, was cast as a young gentleman who was used to roughing it in the woods—the owner of a primitive camp. Our screen idol did about everything but portray his knowledge of woodcraft. He wore a sport-shirt and a polka-dot necktie; his puttees savored of the riding-academy, and when he needed wood for a camp-fire he flashed a boy-scout hatchet and daintily cut the foliage off the sap-



Photos by De Gaston

lings to make a log fire with. His "Central Park" roughing it would fill a book on how to be a perfect lady in distress.

The ladies in the audience, of course, passed these mincings up, but the men set him down as a mollycoddle and they were perfectly justified in doing so. A screen hero has got to be a man's hero as well as a woman's, every time.

Being a Motion Picture hero is very interesting from a psychological point of view. It opens the door to a study of humanity from innumerable angles. Better than all, tho, it permits a man to do his work much of the time in sunlight and outdoors, instead of in a pestilential hole called a stage, abutting almost invariably on a blind alley or two.

Then again, acting on the stage is permitted its artificialities, its poses, its theatrical air—they're part and parcel of stage surroundings and traditions; but put an actor in the open, in God's great outdoor amphitheater, and his performance must of necessity be natural, virile, unaffected—homely, almost.

The life isn't all posing and pink tea. It calls for all the physical and mental effort one has to invest. I always loved outdoor exercise and have always been a "nut" for mechanics. I like to tinker with motor-cars and to drive them. I'd rather drive a good car than eat, and my greatest joy in life is being everlastingly fit.

Some day, perhaps, I'll write a book; and if I do, it will contain not a word about heroes, stage or otherwise, but a whole lot about birds and fish and wild animals and the woods. Out in the big wild timber, kind readers, there's where my love lies dreaming.



Setting the Hens

By ARTHUR C. BROOKS

Time: Any Afternoon.

Place: Any Movie-House.

Cast: Mrs. Flim, Willie Flim, Gladys Flim, Aunt Hettie.

SCENARIO: The "setting" is at the crucial moments of the feature picture, which has been advertised widely and consistently as a real tear-teaser. House is in usual degree of darkness, with appreciative audience gripping chair-arms. Enter Mrs. Flim, hurriedly and perspiringly, carrying hat and various bundles. She is followed by rest of conglomeration, strung out in loose array and all burdened with packages. Mrs. Flim halts at aisle entrance and looks back worriedly.

MRS. FLIM—Het! (loud whisper) Are you never coming?

Aunt Hettie and others hasten up and group themselves about hostess. Mrs. Flim beckons to usher who is coming up aisle.

USHER—H' many?

MRS. FLIM—Five—— No; wait! Lemme see. Um-m-m (counts). There's four. I was thinking Lyd was with us. That's right—four. Four seats, please, officer.

Usher traverses aisle, using flashlight. Mrs. Flim follows, talking over shoulder.

MRS. FLIM—C'mon, Het. Look out you dont fall over that man's feet. Shouldn't allow 'em to sprawl out thataway. Either asleep or been drinking. Isn't it *dark!* Should think they'd put on the lights till people got set. Why dont that officer wait a minute? What's he waving his hands for? (Willie stumbles over chair-leg.) That's right; you love to hear yourself fall! What's that fool officer mean?

They arrive, finally, at end of aisle, where usher is wiggling two uplifted fingers and imperiously indicating vacant seats in first row.

USHER—On'y "two together" I got. Have t' split up.

MRS. FLIM—Split up? Well, I guess not! My money's as good as anybody's. Cant you get somebody to move? This is too near, anyway. I cant sit so close—it hurts my eyes and makes the pictures look all twisted. No; guess we'd better wait till some of these hogs gets thru feedin'. What say, Het?

"Het" mumbles modestly. They trail back, reaching center of aisle, where they are halted by Mrs. Flim. She discovers two vacant seats in each of two sequent rows, but the pairs are





separated by relaxed patrons. Mrs. Flim stares meaningly, and whispers, with purposeful loudness.

MRS. FLIM—Look, Het; there's four, but they aint together. I wonder if these—— (Provoked sitters take the hint and move over.) Oh, tha-a-nk you; hate to trouble you. Now, Het, you get in first, or will I? Or perhaps we'd better let the children set there. No; on second thought, we'd better keep them in front. If they're in back they'll be up to tricks. (Ruffles sobbing man's hair with edge of hat.) Oh, p-a-a-ahdon! (Man snorts.)

Mrs. Flim drags Gladys out of reach of Willie's derisive clutches and urges Willie in direction of seat in front. He attempts to squeeze past a somnolent individual. Latter starts into wakefulness, rises, and feet slip out from under him, depositing him on base of spine. All snicker. Willie delighted.



MRS. FLIM—Aint that the ridiculous!

She weakly reproves son. Man rebounds, shamefacedly; scowls at Willie. Children squirm into seats.

MRS. FLIM—There! I'm glad they're settled. Now, Het, you and I'll get in here. I certainly need this rest.

Both women start simultaneously. They become wedged between seats.

MRS. FLIM (nettled)—Now, Het, dont *run*. There's plenty of time. (Backs out, cow-like.) There! Go ahead in.



"Het" starts in, and drops one of numerous bundles. Stoops to retrieve it, prodding Mrs. Flim with umbrella.

MRS. FLIM—Het! My stomach!

AUNT HETTIE—Well, I'm sorry, but I cant help it. I'm so flustered when I come to th' city!

MRS. FLIM—Well, do set down! You know you're noo-reetus!

Both eventually seat themselves, depositing bundles at feet. Boorish men in rear sigh loudly. Mrs. Flim sniffs disdainfully. Several moments devoted by all to staring, pop-eyed. Then:

WILLIE (turning around)—Ma-a-a-a, this is no good. You said there'd be Indians.

MRS. FLIM—The show isn't over yet; be patient like Glahdees.

Willie subsides, twiddling knob of candy machine.

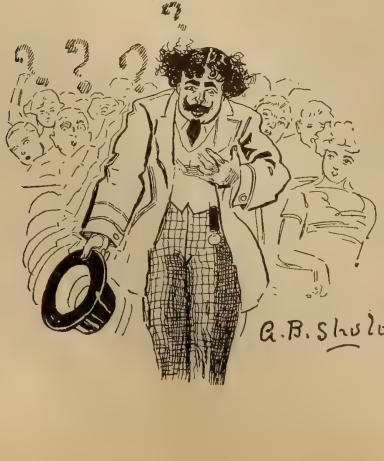
MRS. FLIM—I hope he's kissin' her long enough.

AUNT HETTIE—Isn't he ado-o-o-rable!

MRS. FLIM—Why, Het!

AUNT HETTIE—T-t-t-t-t-t! (simper).

Leader is flashed, announcing that the picture has reached third part.



MRS. FLIM—Well, this is all Greek to me! We ought to 've come earlier so's to have seen the start. Wonder how many parts there is to it? I'd love to know what it's about. (Turns to lady neighbor.) P-a-a-ahdon, but can you give me





a little renumeray of this "piece"? (Lady protests equal ignorance, claiming that she is also a newcomer.) Mrs. Flim retires frigidly; resumes gazing.

MRS. FLIM—She's pretty. Kind of peaked-looking, tho.

AUNT HETTIE—Isn't he ado-o-o-rable!

MRS. FLIM—Het! What's come over you?

AUNT HETTIE—T-t-t-t-t-t!

MRS. FLIM—Should think they'd cover a statue like that. No thing for children to see. O-o-o-h, the darling! Just see his little toes wiggle! Oh, say! Now I see! That's his child by the fisher-girl. The villain! But the baby's cute—isn't he, Het?



AUNT HETTIE—Ado-o-o-rable!

MAN (seated next to Willie, turning around)—Madam, wont you please make this imp desist from drooling on my cuff?

MRS. FLIM—Pa-a-ahdon, but I believe you are in error. William, love, are you enjoying the show?

WILLIE—Naw!

Mrs. Flim swoops suddenly and dives hands into midst of assorted bundles. Claws frantically. Then:

MRS. FLIM—My bag!



Commotion amongst audience. Those nearest search excitedly. Usher appears.

MRS. FLIM—Oh, officer, I've lost my bag! I'm *sure* it's around here somewhere. Cant you use your dark-lantern under the seat?



Usher descends on all-fours, flashing light about. Reveals Aunt Hettie's shoes, which have been cut for comfort. White protuberances evident. She withdraws them, panic-stricken, and attempts to tuck them beneath chair-seat. Gets cramp and is unable to suppress groans.

MRS. FLIM—Heavens, Het! Dont faint! It's all right. You know I dont keep my bills in there, but the Lord knows—— (Burrows into packages again.)

Usher rises, dusty and disheveled.

MRS. FLIM—Oh! I've got it—I've got it! Glory! Oh, I'm so glad (gulp) I found it! Well, if that dont beat all! Now, how did that get in there? Just think, Het, it was in with mother's wringer. We-e-ell, we-e-ell!

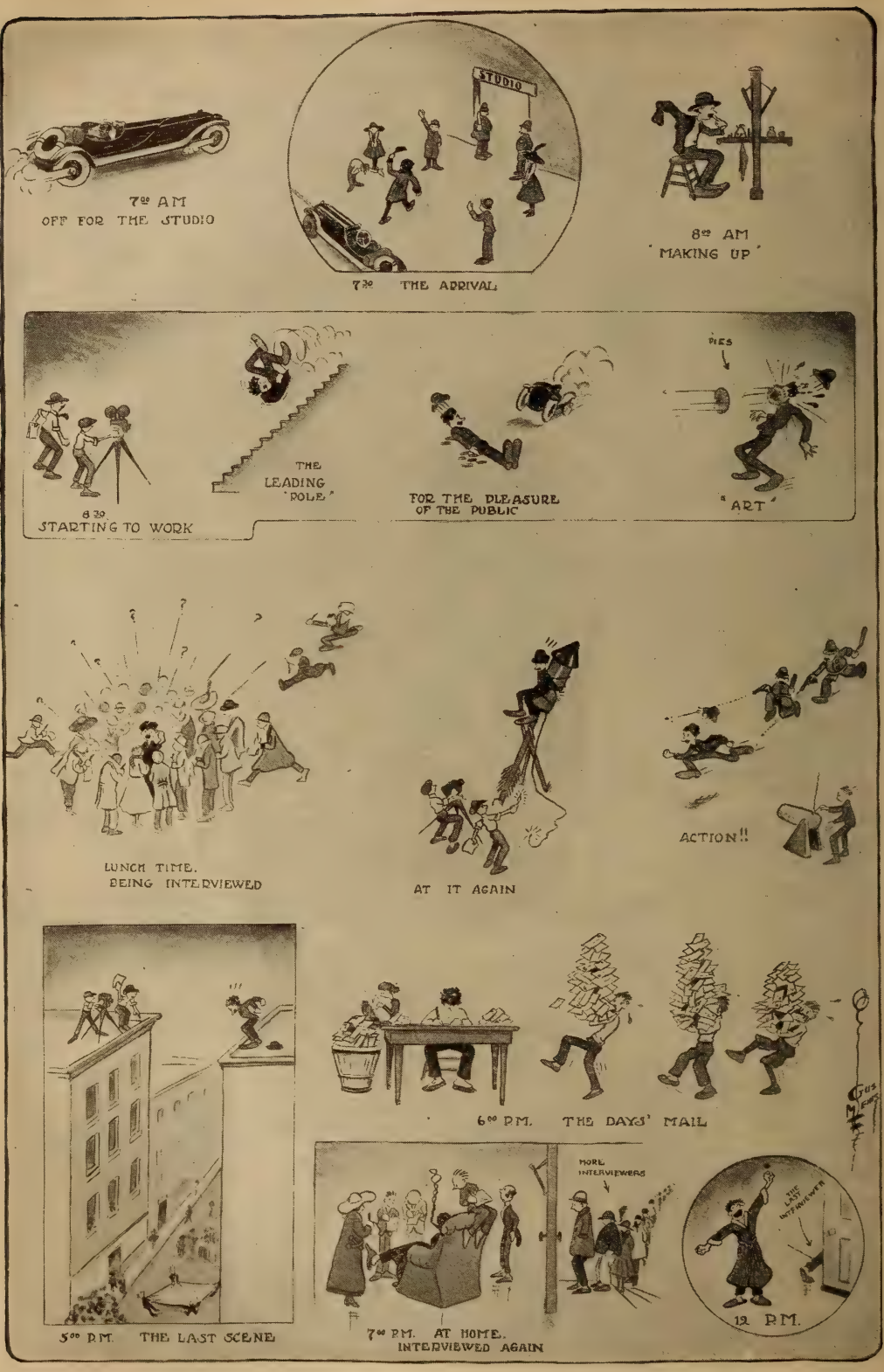
WILLIE—I wanta go-o home! (Sniffles and wriggles until the man plants his foot firmly on Willie's.) Ouch! Ma-a-a, I wanta——

MRS. FLIM—William, be quiet! (Turns to usher.) Oh, yes, officer, I almost forgot you. Thanks just the same, even if you didn't find it. (Searches in bag.) I thought I had some coppers in here. Yes—oop! (Drops cent—recovered by usher.) Oh, you've got it? Well, here's three more; keep them for yourself, officer.



Usher exits, reeling.




7ª AM
OFF FOR THE STUDIO
STUDIO
7³⁰ THE ARRIVAL
8ª AM
MAKING UP
8 30
STARTING TO WORK
THE
LEADING
POLE
FOR THE PLEASURE
OF THE PUBLIC
PIES
'ART'
LUNCH TIME.
BEING INTERVIEWED
AT IT AGAIN
ACTION!!
5ºº P.M. THE LAST SCENE
6ºº P.M. THE DAYS' MAIL
MORE
INTERVIEWERS
7ºº P.M. AT HOME.
INTERVIEWED AGAIN
THE
LAST
INTERVIEWER
12 P.M.



HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

The Photodrama

A Department of Expert Advice, Criticism, Timely Hints, Plot Construction and Market Places

Conducted by HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Staff Contributor of the Edison Company, formerly with Pathé Frères; Lecturer and Instructor of Photoplay Writing in The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay" and many Current Plays on the Screen, etc.

WHERE THE TROUBLE LIES

With the Present-Day Photoplay

Close Views and Inserts

Most of our Photoplaywrights of today do not see fit to go back to first principles. And where does our Photoplaywright spring from? I hear you ask.

Well, first of all, there are the pioneers who, like Topsy, "just growed up" with the business, and can neither tell where their play-knowledge came from, nor whither it is tending. They were originally film-mechanics, and had mechanical problems and solved them in a mechanical way.

In this group of photoplay mechanics are to be found scores of staff writers and semi-officials who, because of the wonderful success of film production and exploitation, have argued that it was due to their plays. These writers have always leaned to mechanics and favored the mechanical needs of the film rather than the dramatic laws of the play.

Thus we saw the "chase" absurdities, the burning of buildings and the breaking of bridges, the destruction of property without regard to expense, the trick pictures and the jumping off of cliffs and skyscrapers and battles galore—there is no essential drama in any of these mechanical effects.

History has proved their inefficacy. In fact they wore themselves out, because they did not bear repetition except by being surpassed by something more thrilling.

There are a few of the companies that still cling to their antiquated mechanics. But competition, I am happy to say, has eliminated most of the old-timers who persisted in sticking to the exigencies of the film instead of applying the film to the needs of a new art.

Now as to the second source of our Photoplay production. It is the common "peepul," the gentle reader, the movie fan who is inspired, the man with "a story" rankling his imagination, the person out of a job, and his pal who cant do anything except write, poor fellow.

So the misguided all take their pen in hand and pour out boiling genius on the first scrap of paper that they can seize. They roll it, forget to put their address on it and neglect to inclose return postage, and then saunter forth to look in the shop window to see how they will spend their hard-earned money.

A week later they are all very indignant at the non-receipt of a check, and sit down and write the editor a letter that caustically expresses their arrogance. In return they receive a patient note saying that on receipt of return postage their manuscript will be returned.

Thereupon the cry of "gross injustice" rends the air, which is curdled to "robbers and thieves" as the suspicious aspirants see a deceitful resemblance to their stories appear sooner or later on the screen.

Such an experience drives many aspirants back to "the laundry," or "the farm," or to everyday life again.

Many, however—and I admire pluck—rush right into the nets spread by the Schools, some of which advertise to

guarantee the sale of your first play (by adding its price to the cost of their "course.")

A few survive and realize that there is a big study behind it all—but thousands continue to pursue the will-o'-the-wisp of Ignorance.

And last of all—the dabblers—are the arrogant authors of other types of literary and dramatic production—the short-story writers, the novelists, the poets and the stage playwrights.

Until a year or so ago they had been wont to look down on the photodrama in a who's-this-person way.

Then gold was discovered behind the screen, and the rush of the authors began. Klondike had nothing on it in the way of a pell-mell scramble.

But do you think the vast majority of the authors have given Photodrama another thought? No, they were above thought. They were master-miners in the luxurious fields of Literature and Drama—hence they were born to the manner of Photodrama. They could make words climb a pole; it followed that they could make photographs soar to sublime heights, of course—not.

So here they are swarming among us like heaven-endowed heroes with books and plays in their hands, but without an idea in their heads as to the entirely different nature of this wonderful new art. But they dont give that trifling consideration a thought. They think only of the fabulous sums they ought to receive for their alien masterpieces.

It takes a wizard to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

Finally, there are those who have mastered the art of the Photodrama.

Whether it has been thru the school of experience, or thru the schooling of a master of experience, they have succeeded because they have STUDIED the wonderful art of the Photodrama which is as new as radium and as great a contribution to the world's work.

Plotting the Photoplay

And yet the Plot is something more than a mere outline of the work to be done. For in the Plot there must be devised that winding up of suspense that shall later affect the audience with an emotional tension that is almost unendurable.

Herein is laid the plan to excite a curiosity that may be keyed to the breaking point.

Preparations are made that these steps may begin with the first scene of the play and climb steadily upward, or zigzag exasperatingly backward and forward until the climax is reached.

These are some of the functions of the Plot.

Screenings from Current Plays

Say what we will, Mary Pickford is the most popular star in the photoplay firmament.

Say what I wont, that she is getting plays commensurate with her histrionic talents.

I have seen Mary Pickford in only one play that I can recall that therein she demonstrated her claim to the title of dramatic artist. That play was "Tess of the Storm Country." It deserves a revival.

These other insipid attempts at playwriting, such as "Hulda from Holland," "Less Than the Dust," "The Pride of the Clan," etc., dont count. It certainly is hard on "Little Mary."

They remind one not a little of vaudeville, wherein Miss Pickford puts on a series of national costumes before our very eyes—to the infinite admiration of the peanut gallery—and then gives us a national song and dance with each quick-change. It hardly seems like a half-million dollars' worth of work per annum.

So in each of these costume skits Mary Pickford does the identical tricks. The pity of it, when she is a superb actress!

"Less Than the Dust" and "Pride of the Clan" were both splendid scenically. I want to register that boost to prove my desire to say the best I can about every play.

The Bluebird Photoplays have done one thing I commend them for, whether they care for my commendation or not.

The Bluebird's poster work should become a model of quality and class for

(*Continued on page* 161)

Breaking Into the Movies in California

A Diary

By SUZETTE BOOTH

(This series began in the January number, and this is the fifth instalment)

NOTE: To the many girl readers all over the United States whose one ambition in life is California and the movies, I dedicate this diary. It is not the great stars that can give advice. When they broke in, it was very easy; but the girl of today, that comes here alone and unaided and tries to get in, is the one that can relate the hard, cold facts.

APRIL 10, 1916 (*continued*).—Was sleeping soundly when my 'phone rang early this morning. It was Mr. Jones, the gentleman that took such an interest in me at Griffith's Reliance studio. He said, "I am trying my 'darndest' to land you something. I think, for a girl with your talent and looks, it's an outrage that you should have the least trouble in getting a position. I called on Thomas E. Dixon last night (my neighbor) and had quite a chat about you. He said that you should come out to the National Film Company, Bronson and Western Avenues, Hollywood, tomorrow."

APRIL 11, 1916.—It is a beautiful spring morning, the air is balmy and the sun so bright. I was exuberant in spirit as I tripped down Western Avenue to the studio. As I came within a half block, I noticed a big touring-car standing in front of the door. Presently a tall man of distinguished bearing came out of the door of the office and was about to enter the car when I attracted his attention. I recognized him instantly as Thomas Dixon, author of "The Clansman," "Leopard Spots," etc., from pictures I have seen of him. As I was entering the office, he called after me, "Miss Booth?" I said "Yes." "We have finished 'The Fall of a Nation,' he continued, "but tomorrow we will cast the prolog, and I want you for 'Madame Pompadour.' Then he added encouragingly, "You certainly are a dandy type for pictures; come out tomorrow at five P. M., and I will see that you are well taken care of." My! how elated I was as I tripped the light fantastic back to the car, whistling blithely "The End of a Perfect Day"!

APRIL 12, 1916.—At five o'clock I was on hand at the studio. It was thronged with people, all eager to be cast for the prolog. An officer in uniform was handling the crowd. So I approached him and asked for Mr. Dixon. Said officer replied bluntly: "No one is allowed to see Mr. Dixon." "But he told me he wanted me here at five o'clock," I protested. He demurred a moment, then replied, "Well——" I rapped on Mr. Dixon's private office door. He opened the door and very cordially invited me in. Mr. Dixon is a typical Southern gentleman, a type one so seldom meets nowadays. That I was in the presence of so noted a personage as Thomas Dixon, I realized, but he made me feel quite at home. He sat down and wrote a note to his director, Mr. Whitaker, which read: "Cast Miss Booth for Madame Pompadour. Oblige, Dixon." Then he shook hands with me, saying, "Well, little lady, I wish you success in your chosen career; if ever I can be of any assistance, dont fail to call on me." Oh! how happy I felt! It is so seldom in Los Angeles one meets a kind and hospitable person; it is the coldest proposition on earth for a lone girl. So I again asked that important uniformed person for Mr. Whitaker. "He is busy now; sit down and wait for him, and I'll call you," he replied. The bench was rather crowded, but I managed to squeeze in with women of all ages, some of them wearing "Mary Pickford" curls and all telling each other how great they were, and the numerous big offers they had turned down. Next to me sat a tall young man, and as every one speaks to each other at the studios—sort of misery loves company—we started up a conversation. He said he was from the New York Motion Picture studio

(Ince's). "Why dont you try out there?" he asked. "They haven't anything like you at Ince's. Well, I am so sure you will get a position there," he continued, "that I will donate the fifty cents for the car-fare; and if you get a position, you must pay me back; if not, you wont be out any. Isn't that fair enough?" While we were arguing, time was flying. It was getting dark. Inquiring again for Mr. Whitaker, the aforesaid important person answered nonchalantly: "Oh, he went home, and he will be out on location in Bear Valley the rest of the week." "Well," I said, "of all the California boobs I have met since I have been out here you are the worst. What do you suppose we were sitting there for—to keep the bench warm?" My! but I was angry! Outside the studio, I tore the note Mr. Dixon wrote to tiny bits and tossed them over a fence.

APRIL 14, 1916.—Arrayed in all my new spring finery, and liberally sprinkled with "Mary Garden," I started out to the New York studio. Boarding a car for Santa Monica, I told the conductor to let me off at Culver City. He did so; but I failed to see any city, just a vast corn-field. I walked and walked thru this dusty, hot country road, completely ruining my new gray shoes, until I finally came to the New York studio. It is all white, the entrance in Colonial style, and inside the gate were vast houses made entirely of glass. The actors were strolling about, made up in different characters. They all gave me the once-over. I inquired for Mr. Allen, and was shown into his private office. A young mother, with her six-months baby in her arms, sat close by. We began talking. She said the baby had been playing in the movies since it was three weeks old and had quite a bank account. Well, I waited for Mr. Allen for nearly two hours, and finally I heard some one ask in the next room, "What does she want?" "To see you," was the reply. "Well, tell her we dont want anybody." A wave of indignation swept over me. I rushed to the open door whence the voice came, and in an emotional attitude that would have made Theda Bara look to her laurels I said: "Mr. Allen, it cost me fifty cents to come out here; but I consider it well worth it, so seldom one has the opportunity of meeting a 'perfect gentleman.' I will give him credit that he did not lose his temper, but only smiled in reply. Is there anything more humiliating or degrading, to a well-bred girl, than to hound the studios looking for a position?

APRIL 17, 1916.—Met a friend on Broadway today, and he said that I should see Rollin Sturgeon of the Vitagraph, so I got on the car and went out there. The Vitagraph studio is situated next to nowhere. In St. Louis we have "Nanny-Goat Hill," where Irish goats and corned-beef and cabbage odors greet a visitor. Well, the Vitagraph studio has just such a setting, and how I found it I cannot conceive, as no road leads to it. To get there one must go thru people's back yards, climb hills, fall over tin cans, and run from billy-goats. The studio office looks like Noah's Ark, and you cant go inside. Mr. Sturgeon's secretary talks to you from out of the window. She said Mr. Sturgeon was out of town, and for me to leave my pictures and she would tell him about me. Passing a frame shack on my way back, a boy about three ran out of the yard. "Oh, mama, mama," he cried, "come quick, look at the pretty lady—aint she got a pretty dress on?" Well, there is no accounting for taste, I thought; if only the director would think likewise!

APRIL 19, 1916.—Mr. Ferguson, brother of the famous Elsie, called on me at my hotel this evening. We had such an interesting chat. He has a studio at Santa Cruz, near 'Frisco, and offered me transportation to the studio and a position at forty a week. But I told him I was going to try Universal first, as I wanted to stay in Los Angeles. So he kindly offered me his help. I am to meet him at Universal tomorrow at three, and he will introduce me to Mr. Stedman. If I do not land a position there, I will go to Santa Cruz.

APRIL 20, 1916.—I certainly dressed with unusual care today for my trip to Universal City. In the hotel lobby every one, from the 'phone operator to the elevator boy, wished me success. I

(*Continued on page* 150)

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

Ill health is persecuting Anita Stewart again. In the midst of the Exhibitors' Ball at Coney Island, just after she had led the grand march with Douglas Fairbanks, Miss Stewart collapsed and was hurried to her home at Bay Shore, Long Island, where a capable trained nurse now attends her. A complete rest will, no doubt, strengthen her shattered nerves.

"Doug" Fairbanks' troubles are over for the nonce. The Majestic Company's threatened law-suit against him ended in a love-feast. And now "Doug" has started to work by engaging Arline Pretty as his leading lady for his first presentation, "In Again, Out Again."

Handsome "Eddie" Lincoln, who will soon make his screen reappearance in "The Gray Seal" serial, has just returned from Montreal and Quebec. The picture Adonis cut quite a dashing figure on skates at the matinée ice-races.

Milton Sills has placed himself at the disposal of Uncle Sam in case of war. His services will be invaluable, as he is a wireless expert and formerly a well-known electrical engineer. If our present complications come to a head, the distinguished star will undoubtedly be chief operator on one of our big dreadnoughts.

Dorothy Dalton and Enid Markey put in a strenuous vacation recently by making the ascent of snow-robed Mount Baldy, near Los Angeles. A snapshot man accompanied the Alpiners, but, alas! spent most of his time rescuing his subjects from huge snow-banks.

Ethel Clayton is the proud wearer of a new diamond ring, presented to her by none other than her husband, Joseph Kaufman. The occasion was the celebration of their third wedding anniversary.

Tsuru Aoki has joined Essanay to play opposite Frank Borzage. If all Japanese invaders are as charming as the dainty Tsuru, let's be invaded!

The Actors' Fund Fair, set for May 12 to 21, is the chief topic of New York studio chatter these days. The millinery salon will be in charge of one hundred actresses, who will act as models, and the Black Cat Emporium will be presided over by such screen celebrities as Ann Murdock, Anita Stewart, Vivian Martin, Madge Kennedy and Edna Hunter.



Ira Hill
ANITA STEWART

A distinguished guest at our offices recently was none other than Ruth Roland, who traveled across continent just to see us—and incidentally to make plans about her new company. The sprightly Ruth confesses that she is a real Cynthia—it's her first trip to Manhattan and her first ride in a subway tube.

Along with other spring tonics comes the good news that Marguerite Clark will soon appear in adaptations of Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Sub-Débutante" stories. A "sub-déb," by the way, is a girl who is "of it, but not in it"—just dangling on the edge of her society début.

When we dropped the fork, the knife kept it company, for hard upon Ruth Roland's visit the celebrated wanderer, Jack Warren Kerrigan, happened in to spend a day with us. Jack is informal and a delightful raconteur. His story of his personal appearances in his big swing thru the Southern and Atlantic States would fill a book—and a book Jack is going to write. Pretty soon his new studio in Los Angeles will be ready for him, and the screen will capture him again.

Perhaps a more triumphal entry into gay Gotham was that of Roscoe Arbuckle. "Fatty" traveled in slow stages from Los Angeles in his private car "Elysian," and stopped to receive the tribute of his admirers at the principal cities en route.

Lou-Tellegen, famous as an actor "on his own hook," and doubly famous as the husband of Geraldine Farrar, has retired from the screen. His divorce from the camera does not mean his renouncing of the studios forever, as Mr. Lou-Tellegen will at once assume directorial office with the Lasky Company. It is not generally known that Lou-Tellegen was Sarah Bernhardt's director in France, having filmed "Queen Elizabeth" for the immortal tragédienne.

Norma Talmadge has departed for Palm Beach, Fla., with ten trunks of stunning wardrobe; one husband, Joseph Schenck; one director, Edward Jose; and two leading men, Eugene O'Brien and Frederick Perry.

Pauline Frederick is rushing the summer season. She has already opened her summer home at Mountain Lakes, N. J., and "commutes" there daily via her mile-a-minute roadster

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Anent the "divine Sarah," New York audiences will have the rare privilege of seeing her in the same cast with Geraldine Farrar in "Mothers of France." Scenes from "Joan the Woman" have been superimposed upon Madame Bernhardt's stirring patriotic appeal, but, unfortunately, will not be a part of the picture when once "on the road."

Bessie Eyton is married—at last! She is now Mrs. Clarke Coffey. We say "at last" because the bridegroom's courtship began in Vicksburg, Miss., and "transcontinentaled" all the way out to Los Angeles, where the bride finally said "yes."

Never were there so many spring changes—worse than spring house-cleaning! Here's a little catalog of the most important: Eugene Pallette has dusted from Triangle to Lasky, while Harry Northrup sweeps from Metro to McClure; Lillian Lorraine whisks from World to Kalem, and Mabel Trunnelle, with Raymond McKee, swings from Edison to Mutual. To make matters more complicated, Mae Murray deserts Lasky in favor of the new Friedman Company, and Doris Kenyon flits across to Wharton.

Fred Mace, one of the kings of comedy in John Bunny's day, has passed away. The inimitable Keystoner died at the Hotel Astor, New York, stricken with an attack of apoplexy. Tributes from the Screen Club and from hundreds of fellow players of stage and studio marked the appreciation of Fred Mace's lovable character.

The Los Angeles film colony is all agog because the City Council has passed an ordinance creating a Moving Picture zone. Among the affected studios that may have to move are Lasky, Fox, Vogue, Christie, Chaplin, Fine Arts, Mabel Normand and Yorke-Metro. Quite a Moving Picture, if they all pack up at once.

Myrtle Stedman's prolonged illness has given another young actress an opportunity to shine. Anita King will play opposite Wallace Reid during Miss Stedman's absence, and Helen Grantley will assume the rôles intended for Miss King.

'Ray, 'ray! Another convert to common sense and briefness. The Universal Company has come over to our way of thinking and has adopted simplified spelling as per our standards—"tho," "thru," "thoro," "catalog," "program," etc., will hereafter appear in their subtitles, saving them thousands of feet of film.



RUTH ROLAND

To be grateful to a man for having one's head bumped violently on the floor doesn't seem reasonable, but that is what happened to Carol Halloway when in the arms of William Duncan. The leading lady's blonde tresses caught on fire in a recent scene, and "Bill's" first-aid tactics were rough but effective.

Bessie Love has received three honor medals from soldiers in the French and English trenches. Believing that they may never see home again, the Tommies and "poilus" sent their treasures to the little brown-eyed shadow-girl, who has become their devoted friend.

Here's a sensational item for Bushman fans! From no humbler lips than Francis X., we have it that his contract with Metro is expiring and that he will probably seek quarters new. Whether he will drive his own star-chariot, or head another established company, or renew with Metro, remains to be seen.

'Tis rumored that Charlie Chaplin will take a six-months' rest at the expiration of his present contract this spring. Charlie at rest! It's unnatural and scandalicus.

Along about now you may look forward to seeing your favorites appear in features new. House Peters and Louise Huff will render "The Lonesome Chap"; Madame Petrova, "The Mysterious Miss Terry" (working title); Fannie Ward, "Unconquered"; Vivian Martin and Jack Pickford, "The Girl at Home"; Clara Kimball Young, "The Easiest Way"; Norma Talmadge, "The Law of Compensation," and Anna Nilsson will come back to pictures with "The Dragon Fly."

Another little bird whispers that Olive Thomas, this season's beauty "find" in the Ziegfeld "Follies," is speeding West to become Mrs. Jack Pickford.

The lure of picture-acting has struck the Los Angeles police force. Hereafter any officer caught being "shot" will be fined five days' pay.

And now for another batch of important changes: Tom Carrigan has joined Arrow, Thomas Jefferson again appears with Triangle and Kate Price is about to head an Art Drama comedy company; Edward Earle and H. B. Warner have affiliated with the Frohman Company, and to them may be added Blanche Sweet; Richard Neill is now a Thanhouser star, and Creighton Hale is back again with Pathé.

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

The grand march of spring weddings is led off by Ruth Baldwin, of the Universal Company, and Leo Pierson. Another one that all the gossips thought was soon coming off can now be emphatically denied—Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno, in response to a telegram, deny that they are engaged.

Dustin Farnum, as well as Winifred Kingston, make their Fox début this month in "North of Fifty-three." Others in the cast are William Conklin, Rex Downs, Frank Lanning, Edward Alexander and Jode Mullally.

Upon her arrival in Los Angeles, Mary Pickford cast about for a suitable lodging-place, and she has been suited at last. Naturally retiring and fond of the open country, her wishes found their fulfilment in Geraldine Farrar's suburban estate at Hollywood. As "Little Mary" says, "it is a dream of a place."

Emily Stevens, who has been on tour, starring in "The Unchastened Woman," for the past five months, has left the stage to join the Metro studios. She will appear in four feature pictures.

Jackie Saunders is now with Mutual, and Mary Fuller, after the filming of one Lasky picture, "The Long Trail," has departed for pastures new and as yet unknown.

All sorts of activity is reported from all the Mutual camps in Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and New York. Mary Miles Minter, with her new leading man, George Fisher, has just completed "Environment," and William Russell, with Francelia Billington as leading lady, is in the thick of creating "High Play." In New York, Nance O'Neil and Marjorie Rambeau are dividing their time between the speaking stage and the studio. The former is producing "Hedda Gabler," which she has played over seven hundred times on the stage; the latter is now working on "The Debt," from the famous stage-play. Crane Wilbur, at the Horsley studio, is just starting in to fashion his own creation, "The Eye of Envy."

Robert Warwick's latest athletic hobby is playing handball at the New York Athletic Club. Robert is too modest to relate it, but it is rumored that he has met and bested most of the local cracks.

In the midst of rumors, alarms and denials, David W. Griffith is setting forth for Europe. His mission, the ship he sails on and his destination are shrouded in the deepest mystery.



F. X. BUSHMAN

Touching tribute was rendered to the late Marshall Farnum, the brother of William and Dustin Farnum, at his funeral services in Hollywood. Almost the entire picture colony formed the actor's cortège of honor.

One Cora C. Wilkening lays a claim before the court that Mary Pickford is indebted to her for the tidy little sum of $103,750. Cora's items are charged against "management and promotion." Talk about the high cost of living, how about the high cost of publicity?

Under the head of "Peace in the Family," it may be noted that Ruth Roland is nursing a lawsuit of the Balboa Company to the tune of $50,000 for alleged breach of contract, and Mary MacLaren is keeping the courts busy in an attempt to cancel her contract with the Universal Company.

No less than six distinct characterizations are played by Montague Love in "Forget-Me-Not," starring Kitty Gordon. Mr. Love is, in turn, a Corsican fisherman, a shepherd, a Parisian, a convict, a detective and the hero. This almost equals King Baggot's record of seven rôles in one photodrama.

The two latest captures by Lasky are Charles Richman and Chester Barnett, who will play the juvenile rôle in support of Charles Richman in his first presentation, "Those Who Control."

Here's the Vitagraph advance feature program in a nutshell: Lillian Walker's farewell performance for Vitagraph is "Sally in a Hurry"; Alice Joyce and Harry Morey are producing "The Third Party"; Peggy Hyland and Marc MacDermott have just finished "Babette"; Earle Williams is devoting his time and talents to "The Hawk," from William Faversham's well-known stage-play; Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno have just completed "The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop," and Dorothy Kelly and Earle Williams have been cast to co-star in "The Maelstrom." This was selected as the vehicle to bring Anita Stewart and Earle Williams together again, but Miss Stewart's illness has delayed her reappearance.

"Studio preparedness" is the new war-cry of the New York cops. Ex-members of "the finest" have formed an organization that can send three hundred bluecoats to a film riot or strike on one hour's notice.

From a list of over 1800 subjects, Ethel Clayton's picture has been selected to adorn the 1918 calendar for Pillsbury's flour.

(*Continued on page* 168)



A DAUGHTER OF EVE AND THE APPLE. ADAM, THE "GOOD OLD SKATE," FALLING FOR THE LUSCIOUS LURES OF JUNE CAPRICE



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

LISBETH.—T. O. Adams is not on the cast in "Pearl of the Army." Kenneth Casey with Metro. I'm glad to hear that you are a five-year admirer of mine. May we live to make it twenty-five!

FLORENCE MAY.—You should not put your questions on a letter for another department, but write them on a separate sheet. I'll tell Metro you want them to produce "Zitka."

OLGA, 17.—So you were the lead in "Young Mrs. Winthrop." I suppose now you will be going into pictures.

J. ALBERT S.—Why, this is Feb. 15th, and it is snowing furiously. Jim Farley was Shorty in "The Sins of the Parents" (Fox). Thanks for the cigar—it was a good smoke, all right. Why dont you join one of the correspondence clubs?

LOCKWOOD ADMIRER. — Anna Luther in pajamas; no, she wears pajamas in "Melting Millions" (Fox). You have the title wrong. Harold Lockwood and May Allison in "The End of the Road," an old American release. They did not play in "The Masked Rider." Send your scenario to our Service Bureau.

HARRY CAREY ADMIRER.—You say you think that Carlyle Blackwell's tie and handkerchief match, and that you bet he wears perfume. What of that? I use perfume, too. Arthur Shirley was Vassar in "Fall of a Nation."

TOBY, SHERBROOKE.—I am not sure about that instrument, but I think you refer to the Hawaiian ukelele. You shouldn't ask me who the best actress is, because I'm absolutely neutral. You are quite original, writing to me on birch-bark, for which thanks.

GLORIA.—It is impossible to give you all the dates you require. Earle Williams was born Feb. 28, 1880, in Sacramento, Cal.; Francis Bushman on Jan. 10, 1883; Wallace Reid on April 15, 1891; and Marguerite Courtot on August 20, 1897.

F. A. F.—Thanks for the mottoes. Small favors are always thankfully received. Every rule has its exception except this one, unfortunately: a man must always be present when he has a tooth filled.

DORIS.—Jean Sothern opposite Howard Estabrook. Allan Murnane was Arthur. Yes, but doesn't Nature take just as much pains in forming a beggar as in forming a prince? Science discovers, art creates, but conscience guides.

CARRY WAGGA WAGGA.—Viola Dana is Rosie O'Grady in that play. Sessue Hayakawa is still with Lasky. Ormi Hawley and Earle Metcalfe in "Race Suicide." Bessie Eyton and Edward Peil in "Twilight Sleep and Motherhood." You neglected to send that stamped envelope.

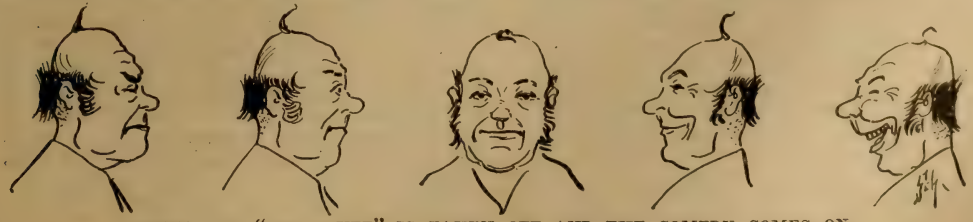
TRIANGLE DOUG.—He used to be once, but he's not any more. Yes, I take a cold shower every morning before breakfast—cleanliness is next to godliness, but sometimes a long way off. I am a king when I rule myself, but ofttimes I have an unmanageable subject.

DOROTHY M.—Creighton Hale has gone on the stage. You certainly have a fine selection to admire. And you didn't care for our March Gallery. Thank you.

JONATHAN.—You see that ours is a second-class magazine, and you can prove it by our contents page. Good joke, but I suppose you know that there is no "first-class" magazine. "Entered as second-class matter" is a post-office term meaning that the publication is entitled to reduced postage rates.

ISABEL H.—"Wildflower" was one of Marguerite Clark's first. The first Magazine was published in February, 1911, and the first Classic in September, 1915. You have another brick coming.

GLADYS O. B.—Yes, thanks, I have enjoyed the cigars. So you are a ranch-girl. Let me hear from you again, wont you?

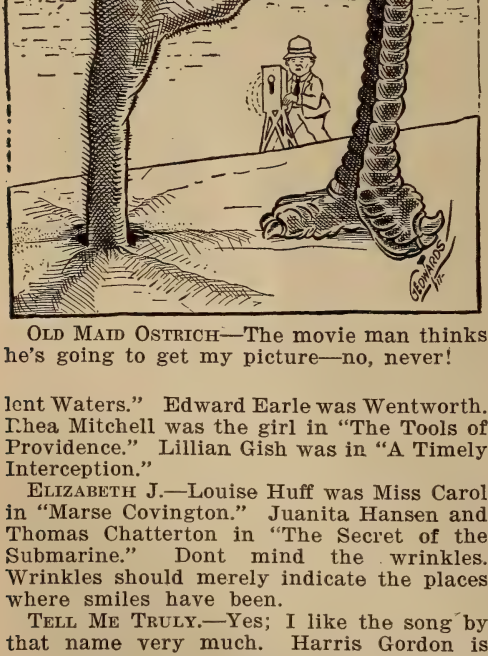


WHEN THE "SOB STUFF" IS TAKEN OFF AND THE COMEDY COMES ON

INEZ, ST. JOHNS.—No; I'm not caged in all the time. I am allowed to go down to our restaurant and eat. Yes; I heard about it. The autoist who runs over a person and runs away should not live to run another day. Tar and feathers are too good for him.

DIXIE.—Remember that education is the means and not the end. You say, "God made the world and rested; God made man and rested; then God made woman—and neither God nor man has had any rest ever since."

MABEL W.—You say you keep a scrapbook of my answers. That's very good of you, and I appreciate the compliment. Lillian Drew was Jane in "Jane of the Soil." Gertrude McCoy was Alice in "Thru Turbulent Waters." Edward Earle was Wentworth. Rhea Mitchell was the girl in "The Tools of Providence." Lillian Gish was in "A Timely Interception."



OLD MAID OSTRICH—The movie man thinks he's going to get my picture—no, never!

ELIZABETH J.—Louise Huff was Miss Carol in "Marse Covington." Juanita Hansen and Thomas Chatterton in "The Secret of the Submarine." Dont mind the wrinkles. Wrinkles should merely indicate the places where smiles have been.

TELL ME TRULY.—Yes; I like the song by that name very much. Harris Gordon is with Thanhouser. Francis Bushman is living in New York. Address all players in care of the company.

FRANK E. VAN H.—Is that so? Ruth Roland and Frank Mayo had the leads in "The Red Circle." That was enough to make a cow blush, altho they say that man is the only animal that blushes or that needs to.

H. H., BUFFALO.—Olga Olonova was the "vamp girl" in "The Crimson Stain." Just about a quarter of the United States is covered with forests, or about 550,000,000 acres, so you see we have a little wood left in spite of its waste and tremendous usage.

MAE G.—And now you want Francis Bushman as your Answer Man when I die, and you dont like my picture in the Magazine. I am no match-maker or I would not be single.

JEANNE J.—And you want a chat with Ralph Kellard. No doubt his turn will come.

FLORENCE X. Y. Z.—Harry Springler was Sunlocks with William Farnum in "Bondsman." Ethel Kaufman was Pauline in "Wormwood." May I never make a sword of my pen to wound a good man's reputation.

E. BENNETT.—Olive Golden and William Conklin in "The Yellow Pawn."

NUTS, TROY.—Thanks for your compliments. They are much appreciated. Yes; Olga Petrova is Russian. Acting is merely the crystallization of thoughts. The actor has to think his part before he does it; in fact, a good actor fairly lives his part.

EVERY WEEK.—You here again? You say you want to hear more about Gloria Swanson, and you want more detective plays. Dont think they are very popular.

MARGERY.—Thanks; your letter was very clever. Why dont you write direct to May Allison, Western Metro, Hollywood, Cal.? No wonder this Magazine is the best of all, as you say. We have always tried to give the facts—briefly, so that people will read them; clearly, so that they will understand them; forcibly, so that they will appreciate them; picturesquely, so that they will remember them; accurately, so that they may be wisely guided by their light.

CLARA C. B., WELLSBORO.—I am sorry, but I cant tell you the name of that play from your description. You know I dont see every play that is produced.

RAPACION T.—Adele De Garde has been with Vitagraph for some time before 1912. I dont think many of the publicity men tell "fibs." Of course I read every letter thru—you may depend on that. Yours was fine indeed. Children like 'most any play. God made man to discuss and children to believe.

MONTGOMERY GIRL.—Why not? Address both players you mention in care of Lasky. That's always the way. Everybody is free to give his or her opinion except lawyers—they sell theirs.

EDYTHE M. W.—Sorry you have indigestion. It takes about about 4½ hours to digest boiled cabbage, anyway. Marie Doro is from Duncannon, Pa. I dont know of a player from Harrisburg, Pa. It would take too much time to go thru our morgue to find it. Have you been doing a Rip Van Winkle? Arthur Johnson died Jan. 17, 1916.

ALBERT F.—Jane Grey was Emma in "The Test."

EDITH L., N. Y. C.—Yes; I like your new paper very much. So you like Peggy Hyland, do you?

PENNSY.—My stars, what an Earle Williams admirer you are! Did you see him in "Arsene Lupin"? If not, try to do so.

JIM L., GREENSBORO.—Perhaps you refer to Belle Bruce.

CLAIRE, MONTREAL.—George Walsh was with Fox last. William Duncan is still with Vitagraph. Most players will send you an autographed picture of themselves if you send sufficient postage—say 25c.

sale here on photoplaywriting. The man who gains the reputation for being always late loses the confidence of every one. Promptness is a real asset to the business man in particular and everybody in general.

EDWARD NELSON.—Why not write to our Photoplay Service Bureau, this address? A queen bee lays from 10,000 to 30,000 eggs in a year. Now if some good fairy could only convert the bee into a hen! We can do without honey, and, besides, hens dont sting.

B. S., VA.—We had a chat with William Farnum in April 1916 Classic. Just practice



ARCTIC EXPLORER (half a mile from North Pole)—No use, boys; they've beat us to it!
VOICE FROM BEHIND—Great Scott! And who's who?
ARCTIC EXPLORER—The movies! The movies! The movies!

ARTIE L. P.—Bushmanor is at Baltimore. Yes; Arthur Hoops is dead. Alan Hale was Arthur in "The Love Thief." Arthur Cozine is no longer with Vitagraph.

DOUGLAS H.—You want to know who has the best figure on the screen?

M. B., LOS ANGELES.—Mae Murray is with Lasky. I am not in the guessing game, but I guess you are a boy. Right?

ARTHUR S.—"Too conventional" means too much like the usual—too commonplace, too unoriginal. We have several books on it—Wall-thall. Sorry I have offended you. Shall try not to do it again. Doris Kenyon was with Famous Players, now Essanay. Carlyle Blackwell is a free-lance, but was last with World.

FRANCES F.—Address her in care of Metro. Constance Collier is married. Valeska Suratt has been on the screen for about a year. Your letter was a gem. You call me a duck. Why not make it "ducky"? Birds of a feather flock together, but ducks are found in divers places.

MEMPHIS BLUES.—Watcher step! Horrors! Zounds! and whatnots. Why does a diamond sparkle? Is this a riddle, or are you asking a question? We will have more about Earle Foxe. Please sign your name next time.

MURIEL K. H.—Charmed indeed—delighted! That's right; be patient, and you shall be rewarded. Florence Marten was Alice, and "Billy" Watson was Miss Perkins in "Miss George Washington."

LUELLA W.—Olga Petrova played opposite the late Arthur Hoops in "Playing with Fire." Theda Bara and Einar Linden in "Carmen." Edward Jose was the fool in "A Fool There Was." Runa Hodges was the child. Evart Overton was Alexander in "The Glory of Yolanda."

CARMEN V. O.—I am sorry, but I haven't the amount of the salary Anita Stewart gets. I doubt whether she has Spanish blood. Constance Talmadge with Triangle. We will have another contest this year.

DOUGLAS ADMIRER.—So mamma has at last given her consent, and you think that nothing now stands in the way of your becoming a picture star. Alas! child, there are other obstacles. The next thing for you to do is to show that you have some talent, and the next is to get a job, and that's no easy matter. H. Cooper Cliffe in "Gold and the Woman." Jewel Carmen opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "American Aristocracy." William Courtleigh is with Famous Players.

MAE G.—You ask why Violet Radcliffe always dresses as a boy, and you want to know when we are going to have May Allison's picture on the cover. Both are out of my line.

NAOMI E. G.; ELSIE L., DALLAS; COLONIAL; CURLY S.; L. B. C.; MYAKKA CITY; MR. H. MC.; ABE G.; D. H. F. N.; THEDA ADMIRER; DOROTHY Y.; IDA R.; MARY B.; JUNE N.; ANNE L.; LOUISE G.; FLORENCE MCG.; ELIZABETH C.; MABEL T.; RICH BARSKY; RUTH M.; STELLA N.; HENRY A. F.; SEVVITIUM; R. M. C.; MARGARET P.; B. F. L.; HARRY ROSE; TOM M.; MRS. K. V.; YNA; RAYMOND M.; MAURINE S.; GRACE MCM.; JAMES N.; MARIE M.; MAE G.; HELEAN S., CLEARWATER; SEATTLE GIRL; MABEL BURKE; ROSE G.; RALPH H. E.; MISS GRACIE M. M.; R. S., 101; ANNA M., BRYN MAWR; and WILBUR M.—I'm sorry indeed to have to refer you to answers elsewhere applying to your questions. Accept my thanks, all, and please write again.

PAUL O.—Robert Leonard has joined Lasky. Darwin Karr is still with Essanay. Victor Hugo, the French novelist, was born Feb. 26, 1802.



ONLY A MOVIE.

HUNGRY BUZZARD—I guess there will be some good pickings after the massacre.
STARVED COYOTE—Well, I've watched ten of 'em this week, and I fail to see where the pickings come in!

M. GALLAGHER.—Thomas Meighan in "The Storm." Carlyle Blackwell married a non-professional. You refer to Creighton Hale in "Snow White." Robert Warwick is with Selznick.

MISS C. C. A.—Mary Miles Minter is now with American. Cleo Ridgely in "The Victory of Conscience." You should put the name at the top of the letter that you wish to appear in the Magazine, and put your real name and address at the end. This is merely for my convenience. First Classic in September, 1915.

INEZ, ST. JOHNS.—I see you are right on the job. Seena Owen was the lead in "The Fox Woman" (Majestic). Elsie Jane Wilson opposite Harold Lockwood in "The Lure of the Mask." Hal Clements was Giovanni. Mary Miles Minter is about fifteen now, according to her grandmother's assurances to me personally.

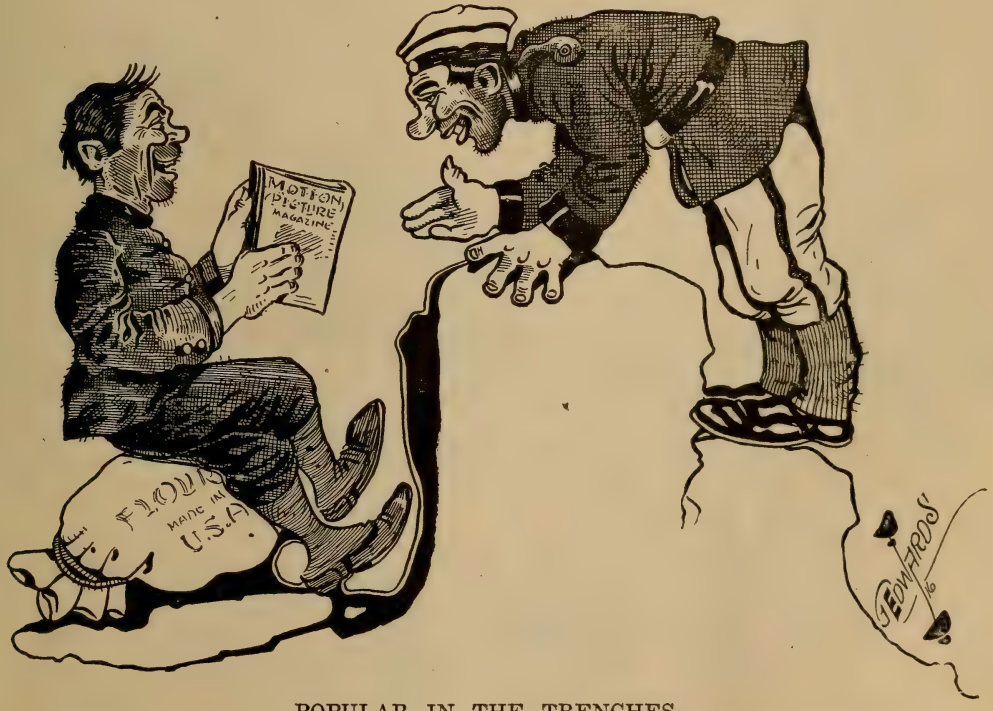
FRANCES NELSON FAN.—She is still with Metro. You must give your name and address, please.

JOHN J. C., CHICAGO.—Mary Pickford is now in California. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of film manufacturers. My favorite publications are the *War Cry*, the *Police Gazette* and *Ladies' Hum Journal.*

MARGARET.—Arthur Hoops played opposite Olga Petrova in "The Soul Market." Votes for women? Well, yes, if they insist, but I say "Brooms for women!" I am not one of those who say "Volts for women."

WALTHALL ADMIRER.—Yes; I have read "The Art of Moving Pictures." I think you refer to "Ghosts." I know that paper has gone up, and for that reason you are writing on both sides, but please write plainly.

O. G. I. M. INQUISITIVE.—Isn't it funny that our noses and chins never quarrel? So many words pass between them! Jessalyn Van Trump is not playing now. Evelyn Selbie is with Universal.



POPULAR IN THE TRENCHES.

GERMAN SOLDIER—Beg pardon, my boy, but I couldn't hold myself from coming over to take a glance at that magazine you're reading.

ENGLISH SOLDIER—Well, being that there's no fighting going on, we will join hands and devour the precious contents!

JOHN W.—You want an interview with Virginia Pearson. Come, come; crank up—your motor has stopped. Anita Stewart in "The Combat." Edward Connelly was the devil in that play.

GLAD EYES.—I wear a very cheap watch. If it gets out of order I throw it away and buy another, which saves time, and money, too. It is a pleasant thing to look at your watch and find it going, but not if you find it gone. (Hey, professor; a little soft music here as the audience passes out!) You're right; we haven't interviewed Clara K. Young since May, 1913, but we have a chat with her in type. James is her husband.

CURIOUS, BUFFALO.—Douglas Fairbanks is with Artcraft. As you say, Wallace Reid is playing in pictures with either yellow or golden titles—"The House with the Golden Windows"; "Golden Chances"; "Yellow Pawn" and "Golden Fetters." His leading woman, Cleo Ridgely, has golden hair. There is a studio in Niagara Falls.

PEGGY.—It looks very much as tho your exhibitor was trying to draw a crowd. Mabel Normand is playing in "Mickey."

KAY M.—And why call him H. Byron Warner? Yes, most houses have a contract with the exchanges to take different services—first runs, features or thirty-day releases. I certainly enjoyed yours.

FLORENCE Q., FALL RIVER.—Bryan was quite popular once, but now he is more often roasted than toasted. While he is now our national clown, nevertheless, I think his time will come again. Marin Sais is with Kalem. No; I never go mad, but am often tempted to.

FRED MCM.—Of course I like Virginia Pearson's work. Yes; I think she is quite pretty. I haven't the slightest idea where Evelyn Page is now; she was with Lubin. You also want a chat with Nazimova. She was playing on the stage in New York this winter.

VIRGINIA B.—The greatest thing in the world? Why, a woman's hat. The thinnest? Why, her harum-scarum skirts. The heaviest? Her work. The lightest? Her head. God bless her! Betty Howe was with Vitagraph last. We have never carried a picture of her. Yes to your last.

KAMPLOOPS.—I enjoyed immensely your description of how you spent your summer. Real interesting. Tula Belle was the child in "Bird of Prey." The companies dont usually last when formed by the stars. Yes; Fred Mace recently died suddenly, at the Hotel Astor, of apoplexy.

L. G. A., PITTSBURGH.—So you think the companies are buying scenarios more for the author's name than for the quality of the scenario. I doubt it. Then again, two writers may have the very same idea. I doubt very much whether a high-class company would steal a plot. Let me hear from you again.



DIRECTOR—Come on back, you idiot! That's far enough!

J. C. N., UTICA.—Dont you know that late suppers and late hours make men unhealthy, unwealthy and otherwise? Adams was not on the cast. Norma Talmadge with Selznick.

BERTHA M.—So you have no favorites. You think William Desmond, June Caprice and George Walsh dont get enough publicity, and that Robert Elliott, who played in "The Kiss of Hate," is never heard of. We have no catalogs of names of players.

MRS. W. L.—No; Richard Travers took both parts. You scored a point on me!



The girl with a clear skin wins!

Many an otherwise attractive girl finds herself unpopular because of a poor complexion. If *your* skin is not fresh, smooth and healthy, or has suffered from an unwise use of cosmetics, see if you can not clear it by using Resinol Soap.

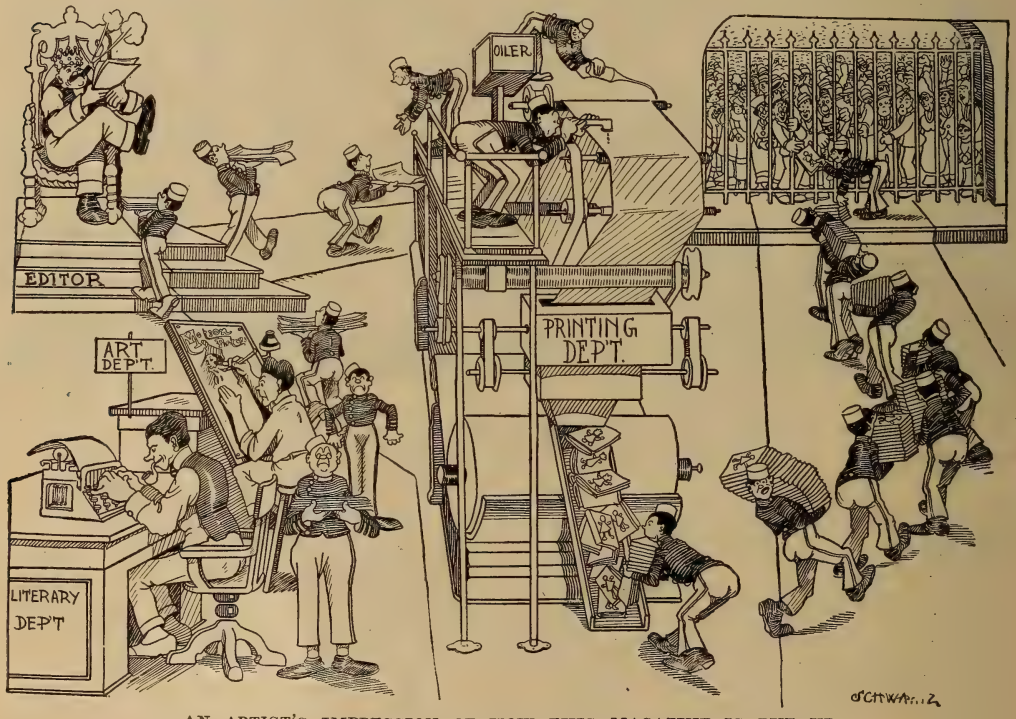
Resinol Soap is not only unusually cleansing and softening, but it helps *nature* give to the skin that beauty of perfect health which it is impossible to imitate. Tendency to pimples is lessened, redness and roughness disappear, and usually in a very short time the complexion becomes clear and velvety.

The extreme purity of Resinol Soap, its freedom from harsh alkali, and the soothing, healing Resinol medication which it contains, adapt it especially to the care of the hair and of a baby's delicate, easily-irritated skin.

If the complexion is in bad condition through neglect or improper treatment, a little Resinol Ointment should at first be used to help Resinol Soap restore its natural health and beauty. Resinol Soap is sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For a free sample cake, write to Dept. 6-C, Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Soap

FREDERICK WALLACE.—I quote the following from your letter: "I have many failings, but curiosity is not one of them, believe me or not as you choose. I think the actors have a right to their own lives and dont see why it is necessary that the public know their inner thoughts upon every subject under the sun. To me, an artist is an artist, whether he is good or bad, rich or poor, married or single. Thru their art their personality appeals to me, and it appeals just as powerfully whether they are bachelors or benedicts, widows, wives or spinsters. I do not consider that it is any of my business what they do when they are away from the screen, altho, of course, I like to think of my favorites as being models for everyday folk to look up to. If they are drawing large salaries, I am glad; if they are not, I hope they soon will be. How they spend them is their own affair; I like them for what they are, not for what they spend. I cant say I approve of wholesale divorce, but I am not obliged to indulge in it, and what other people do with superfluous husbands and wives lies between themselves and the judge—I do not even ring in as a witness. I dont know what I might do under the circumstances, but at present I haven't anything to divorce myself from. What is the use of making comments about their personal or physical peculiarities? Perhaps there may be one or two whose legs bend slightly in or out, whose hair is cut à la Samson, or whose teeth project, but does that affect their acting? I would rather see a man whose face would stop an eight-day clock, but who had a brain back of it, than a feather-head who hadn't enough gray matter to judge between essentials and superficialities. If a fellow feels inclined to be over-critical in regard to some of the screen players, let him step up to his mirror and take a long, long look. I'll wager (if he has any discrimination) he'll think a long time before writing a sassy letter, giving his opinion about the stars. Whenever I find myself in the position of the minister who said, 'St. Paul says, and I partially agree with him,' I take myself by the collar and say gently but firmly withal, 'Frederick, just imagine yourself in the same dramatic situation,' and the balloon of my conceit bursts with a doleful whine. Oh, it's great to be an actor, to live in the lime-light where every Tom, Dick and Harry can roast you, spy on your little follies and multiply your faults, where you cant even have a wife and family without consulting the public, nor spend your hard-earned salary to please yourself. It's great—but say, I'd rather be more common and less pecked at. Wouldn't you?" If all people were like you, I would be looking for another job. If you are not curious and inquisitive, I thank the good Lord that others are!



AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF HOW THIS MAGAZINE IS PUT UP

I. A. QUESTIONER.—Yes, it's about time you saw some of Mabel Normand's pictures.

Gymnastic Finger Training That Doubles Typewriting Speed

A wonderful new method of acquiring speed and accuracy in typewriting, 80 to 100 words a minute now easy for anyone; how it has doubled and trebled stenographers' Salaries

By FRANK J. SIMMONS

IN Europe, and in America for many years it has been a regular part of every musician's training to take special gymnastic finger exercises. Teachers would no more expect their pupils to become good pianists without special finger exercises, than they would expect them to play without first learning to read notes.

Now for the first time has this principle of gymnastic finger training been applied to typewriting. Its necessity is proved by the fact that the one great difficulty which handicaps ninety-nine out of every hundred stenographers is their inability to gain full control of their *finger movements.*



Strengthening the finger muscles

The average stenographer typewrites thirty to forty words a minute. A "trained finger" operator can typewrite eighty to one hundred words a minute, without errors and with amazing ease. There you have the reason for the difference in salaries paid to stenographers. A fifty-word-a-minute gain in typewriting speed must mean a vast increase in the amount of *finished work* turned out in a given time.

And since employers pay for nothing in the world except quantity and quality of work produced, it is obvious that no matter how good a stenographer may be at shorthand, he or she can never expect much increase in pay until *speed, real speed and accuracy* on the typewriter are acquired.



Simple exercises practised away from machine, that double typewriting speed

The New Way in Typewriting



Making each finger independent

The trouble in the past, from the stenographer's standpoint, has been that there was no successful method of training the fingers to secure high speed and accuracy in typewriting. Piano exercises were useless for typewriting needs —they were designed to secure a different kind of result—and they were too hard—took too much time and required too much effort.

It remained for R. E. Tulloss, who is known the country over as among the greatest typewriting authorities of the present day, to invent a marvelous system of finger exercises which can be learned in only ten remarkable easy lessons and which with amazing quickness bring this wonderful flexibility, speed and control of the fingers.

Already thousands have adopted the new method with results bordering almost on the miraculous. Many of them were so-called "touch writers," others, after years of fruitless effort, had practically given up hope of ever attaining more than merely average typewriting ability, many had taken other courses, with no marked increase in speed—yet, by the New Way practically without exception, they all have developed the remarkable speed of eighty to one hundred words a minute.

Raising Stenographers' Salaries

That this New Way in Typewriting raises salaries of stenographers is shown by actual figures given in the letters written to Mr. Tulloss by hundreds of stenographers. For example, Mr. John H. Marquette of Smith's Falls, Ont., never averaged more than forty to forty-five words per minute until he began to typewrite the New Way. His speed quickly increased and soon he was typewriting at the phenomenal speed of 85 to 90 words a minute from shorthand notes and as a result of this increased speed in typewriting, his salary was raised 20 per cent and within a few months 20 per cent more. As Mr. Marquette says, he is now earning about twice as much as any of the other 14 stenographers in his office.



In a few days you notice the difference

Then there is the story of Miss Anna S. Cubbinson of Harrisburg, Pa., who writes —"I am today filling the position of Chief Clerk to the Department of Parks in this city, my salary being exactly double what it was when I took up the study of the New Way in Typewriting."

A. H. Gardiner of Madison, Wis., was getting $70 per month when he began the study of New Way Typewriting. In a remarkably short space of time he increased his speed from 50 words a minute to 80 words and his salary jumped to $150 a month—*more than double what it was.*

I could go on and give hundreds of other instances of the remarkable results achieved through the speed and accuracy acquired by typewriting the New Way. But the school has prepared a remarkable book, for free distribution, which goes into detail and reproduces many other letters which bear out the claims made for Mr. Tulloss' system.

Amazing Book Free

This interesting book is brimful of eye-opening ideas and valuable information. It explains how this unique new method will quickly make your fingers *strong and dextrous,* bring them under *perfect control,* make them extremely rapid in their movements — how in a few short weeks you can transform your typewriting and make it *easy, accurate* and *amazingly speedy.*



For speed in Striking the keys

If you are ambitious to get ahead—if you want to make your work easier—if you want to get more money in your pay envelope—don't wait a single moment before sending for this book of information and proof.

This new method is bringing such marvelous results to others —is proving itself to be so sure a means of quickly increasing salaries—that you will be doing yourself a big injustice if you fail to write for it *at once.* Just send a request *now* to The Tulloss School, 5125 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio, enclosing 4c in stamps to cover wrapping, mailing, etc., and your copy will be sent by return mail without cost or obligation. Do this now, before you turn this page.

FLOSSIE DEWDROP.—We had a chat with William Russell in March, 1913. I will get up a list soon. I smoke a pipe mostly—cigarets are getting too effeminate.

OLGA, 17.—Howdy! Dear child, dont search these pages for jokes! I dont believe in them. Besides, the chestnut season has passed. Mark Twain says there are only sixteen original jokes, and I have used those up long ago. I noticed your solution to the puzzle, among several thousand others.

FAY, VA.—So you are twenty and married. I am not a married man and, hence, have no "home work."

GRACE CUNARD ADMIRER.—Yes, it is reported that Lillian Gish left Triangle. She is in New York at this writing. Yes; Grace Cunard was born April 8, 1891. Thanks for all you say about me.

MARY C. M.—So you think I talk like a woman. In one minute you'll hear me swear, and then you'll change your mind. You can get pictures of players direct from the companies.

J. L. G., SCHENECTADY.—The French Academy was founded by Richelieu in 1635. It has forty members, called the "Forty Immortals," and its principal object was to prepare a dictionary of the French language. George Fisher was the minister in "The Thorobred."

ISABEL H.—Colin Campbell is with Falstaff (Thanhouser). You should put your questions in order and at the beginning of the page. I doubt if Edna Mayo is still with Essanay.

MERLE.—In the forty-five years during which the copyright work has been a part of the Congressional Library, the number of entries was 2,932,397. And despite the high price of paper, the whole world is continuing to prove that "of the making of books there is no end." Of course, we are entered among the 2,932,397. George Walsh played in "Island of Desire."

VALENTINA C.—George Walsh is with Fox, and Eugene O'Brien is with World. James Cruze played opposite Mabel Taliaferro in "The Snowbird." That's right; keep the good work up. You have the advantage.

UNE PARISIENNE.—As an old law maxim, I would remind you of one which reads, "He who seeks a reason for everything subverts reason." So you go to the pictures two and three times a week. Yes; Earle Foxe is quite a star and is well liked.

ALBERT F., MONTREAL.—Yes; Anita Stewart's picture appeared on the cover of August 1916 Classic and on the January 1915 Magazine. You see her turn has come around again. The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York gave its first exhibition on Feb. 20, 1872.

AGE 20.—That was merely a boost. Yes; L-Ko was the last we heard of Louise Orth. She was a beauty.

FRANCIS I.—That's true; I wonder, too, what has become of Alkali Ike. Some cow-puncher he was! Try World Film Co. What they lose on one film they make up on another. I seldom get tired. In which respect I am something like an auto-tire—the more I go the less tired I get.

GRACE M.—So you have been in pictures. Good luck be with you. *Gardez bien.* It was a mistake, William Farnum *is* married.

LILLIAN G., CIRCLEVILLE.—My hallroom is heated by hot air (no joke.) Yes, the Editor is going to have a picture of Ralph Kellard. Leona Hutton was Ann in "On High Seas." Lou-Tellegen in "The Victoria Cross." I never knew of that match.



IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO LAUGH AND FIGHT SIMULTANEOUSLY. SEND THE ABOVE REGIMENT TO EUROPE AND STOP THE WAR



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YES, we'll send you one of these exquisite man-made gems and you can wear it for 10 full days at our expense. Put it to every diamond test you ever heard about—fire—acid—diamond file. **Compare its brilliance with the brilliance of a mined diamond.** Notice how it is cut—by world renowned diamond cutters. Test it in every way. Wear it everywhere you go. Then after ten days—if you are able to tell which is your Lachnite and which is your diamond—or if any of your friends have been able to tell the difference—send the Lachnite back to us. **The trial does not cost you a penny.** If you decide to buy the Lachnite, pay only the rock-bottom price, and if you wish—at a rate of a few cents a day. Our new jewelry book (sent free) tells about our generous terms. Send the coupon for it today. You will be delighted.

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Name.....

Address.....

JESSE JAMES.—You have chosen a popular name. You wont see the two Farnums play together for Fox. So you think Wid finds fault with everything. Gene Gauntier is married, but not dead.

CYRIL B., ALBANY.—I suppose Billie Burke has played in Albany. Yes; Billie Burke played in a real life drama called "Mother." I took the time to read the clippings, and they certainly were beautiful. Thanks.

RUTH.—An illustrator. Well, good luck to you. Of course you can depend upon me as a refuge from isolation and morbid thinking. I feel sorry for any one who is lonely. Your letter was very sensible, and I wish I could talk with you on the subject.

BAMBY.—Ralph Kellard was Captain Ralph in "Pearl of the Army." Of course you can be one of my children. My wings are open for all. No, my name is not Ino All. Perhaps it's Ino Nout. Your verses were good indeed. Opportunity no longer knocks; she presses a button, and we are to do the rest. Knocking is out of order.

DUSTIN FARNUM FAN.—Such a question—Is Louise Glaum a vampire in real life? Away with thee! You dont ask the right kind of questions—try again. Not according to Hoyle, and much out of order.

RUBY R.—Marian Swayne was the girl in "The Net." Let me hear from you again. No; I dont carry an insurance policy, because I have nobody to leave it to when I shuffle off this mortal coil. Honesty is the best policy. Nell Craig did not play in "The Chaperon."



STUDIO HEROINES HAVE GOTTEN HARDENED TO PLAYING TAG WITH A RAGING LION, OR USING A PYTHON FOR A SET OF FURS; BUT WHEN IT COMES TO CATCHING A MOUSE AND DROWNING THE "KING OF BEASTS," IN "A GIRL'S FOLLY" (PARAGON), IT'S GOING TOO FAR, GIRLS—LET'S QUIT!

A Bigger and Better Classic



WATCH FOR THE JUNE CLASSIC

It's going to be a hummer. For a long time we have felt that our readers would appreciate a bigger and better publication, and would even be willing to pay five cents more for the RIGHT kind of magazine, a magazine that was REALLY a "Classic."

The change will be made beginning with the June issue. It will be bigger, better, more interesting and more attractive than any issue of any Motion Picture magazine ever published. It will contain more pages, more illustrations, and many new features; a veritable wonder store of interesting reading for Motion Picture fans.

Gallery of Picture Players

The eight pages of portraits will be printed in two colors by ***rotogravure,*** the newest and highest art known to printers. This will mean each month eight pages of portraits ***worth*** framing and preserving.

A Painting of William Farnum

A full-page portrait in many colors of William Farnum, reproduced from a remarkable painting by Leo Sielke, Jr., the well-known players' portrait-painter, will appear on the third cover. This portrait ***alone*** will be worth the price of the magazine.

Other New Features

Additional NEW features, including eight more pages of bright, snappy, newsy news of the players and studios, a new page of music dedicated to a prominent player and many exclusive illustrations, will make the June and succeeding issues of the Classic a real ***magazine de luxe.***

Owing to the increased cost of paper we will have to raise the price to twenty cents per copy, subscription price $2.00 per year, but it will be WORTH it and MORE.

Dont fail to get the FIRST issue of the BIGGER and BETTER CLASSIC, the June number, out May 15th. As the edition will be limited, you had better leave your order with your dealer NOW and make sure.

M. P. PUBLISHING CO., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

BETTY OF MELROSE.—Crane Wilbur and Mary Charleson in "The Road o' Strife." I dont know whether Burton Holmes is any relation to Stuart. Irving Cummings has been with Fox only a short time. Thanks. Yours was a sparkler.

MABEL R.—The establishment of trial by jury dates back prior to the time of Alfred the Great. He is said to have organized juries of twelve men, as now in practice, but even earlier six Welsh and six Anglo-Saxon freemen acted as a jury when there was a dispute between Welsh and Saxons. Yes, write her again. She will send it. I'm afraid Flossie C. P. has either married or dropped dead.

WALTHALL ADMIRER.—Thanks for the calendar. Bully of you to think of me. I can keep my dates fresh.

ABE, 99.—So you have changed your position. Blessings on you, my poor old man. Yes, thanks for the card. Dont worry; it's bad for you.

CECIL C. N.—The Editor discontinued the inside paintings because they did not reproduce as well as he expected. Thanks.

JOANNA B., WASHINGTON.—Henry Walthall played a dual rôle in "The Sting of Victory." Marie Doro is her correct name. Theda Bara was born in Cincinnati. So you are an ardent Moreno fan, and you thank Spain for sending him to us. He makes up for the Maine, perhaps.

PETER K. K. K.—You call me your "friend-in-need." That's the thing, but I hate to think that you are in need. Selig produced "The Rosary." Lon Chaney is a director for Universal. Your letter sparkled with wit and wisdom.

ETHEL E. S.—Harris Gordon was John Arden in "The Image-Maker." Stewart Baird has played in Famous Players and Kalem pictures. I dont know whether "Bertha Venation" has been shown in Ohio.

DOLLY DIMPLES.—The two girls you refer to are Pauline Bush and Jessalyn Van Trump. You want more Letters to the Editor. A feature is a picture composed of more than two reels.

MARY FULLER ADMIRER.—The Editor will use a picture of Warren Kerrigan soon, on the cover. Hart Hoxie in "The Girl from Frisco." Edison may reissue some of the old Mary Fuller plays, but I am not certain. You will see more news about her, now that she has returned to pictures. Write again.

MILDRED F.—No; I am not Mr. Brewster. Harris Gordon is still with Thanhouser. The eight-hour day is an unknown luxury to canal workers. The boatmen are astir before five in the morning and seldom turn in much before midnight. They say a woman's work is never done—what about an Answer Man's? Every day is clean-up day.

PEARL E. B.—Dorothy Gish was born March 11, 1898, in Dayton, and Lillian in Springfield, O., Oct. 14, 1896.

WINNIE, 15.—Of course I apologize. Do anything to please the ladies. I dont remember your questions.

ADELINE A. S.—I'll print your verse for you, but I haven't the slightest idea what it is about:

I'll doff my hat to the Answer Man
  Of the M. P. Magazine,
Tho he's bald of pate and bowed with age,
  His pith and spice are a scream.
He has bound me down to secrecy,
  Else I might reveal a cue,
But if others knew quite as much as I know,
  They'd be flabbergasted too.



The Shadow Girl

By HELEN PARKINSON

She flits on the screen and is gone again,
But her shadow remains on the lives of men,
And many a heartache and many a pain
Is helped and made glad when she comes again.

A winsome smile from a lovely maid
For many a sorrow and pain has paid;
What matter if in life's mad whirl
The smile is that of a shadow girl?

You learn to watch for this wonderful smile,
With the joy of hoping all the while,
And when she is there and smiles on you
You forget that her smiles are for others too.

She gladdens your life and is gone again,
But never forgotten in hearts of men,
For you hope sometime, somewhere in the whirl
You will find her again, your shadow girl.

Nuxated Iron to Make New Age of Beautiful Women and Vigorous Iron Men

Say Physicians—Quickly Puts Roses Into the Cheeks of Women and Most Astonishing Youthful Power Into the Veins of Men—It Often Increases the Strength and Endurance of Delicate, Nervous "Run Down" Folks 200 Per Cent. in Two Weeks' Time.

A Wonderful Discovery Which Promises to Mark a New Era in Medical Science

SINCE the remarkable discovery of organic iron, Nuxated Iron or "Fer Nuxate," as the French call it, has taken the country by storm. It is conservatively estimated that over five million persons daily are taking it in this country alone. Most astonishing results are reported from its use by both physicians and laymen. So much so that well-known doctors predict that we shall soon have a new age of far more beautiful, rosy-cheeked women and vigorous iron men.

Dr. King, a New York physician and author, when interviewed on the subject, said: "There can be no vigorous iron men without iron. Pallor means anemia. Anemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anemic men and women is pale. The flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone; the brain fags and the memory fails and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

"In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated corn-meal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked, are responsible for another grave iron loss.

"Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."

Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician, who has studied abroad in great European medical institutions, said: "As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only throw away habit-forming drugs and nauseous concoctions and take simple nuxated iron, I am convinced that the lives of thousands of persons might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, consumption, kidney, liver, heart trouble, etc. The real and true cause which started their disease was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by a lack of iron in the blood.

"Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of twenty and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact, a young man he really was, notwithstanding his age. The secret, he said, was taking iron—Nuxated Iron had filled him with renewed life. At thirty he was in bad health; at forty-six he was care worn and nearly all in. Now at fifty a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate, or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood



of her children is, alas! not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete and prize-fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray; while many another has gone down in inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron."

Dr. James, late of the United States Public Health Service, says: "Patients in an enervated and devitalized state of health—those, for instance, convalescing from protracted fevers, those suffering from a long-standing case of anaemia, all such people, in my opinion, need iron. Of late, there has been brought to my attention, Nuxated Iron. In practice, I have found this an ideal restorative and upbuilding agent in these cases above mentioned.

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians both in Europe and America. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in nuxated iron, that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron, and increase their strength 200 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

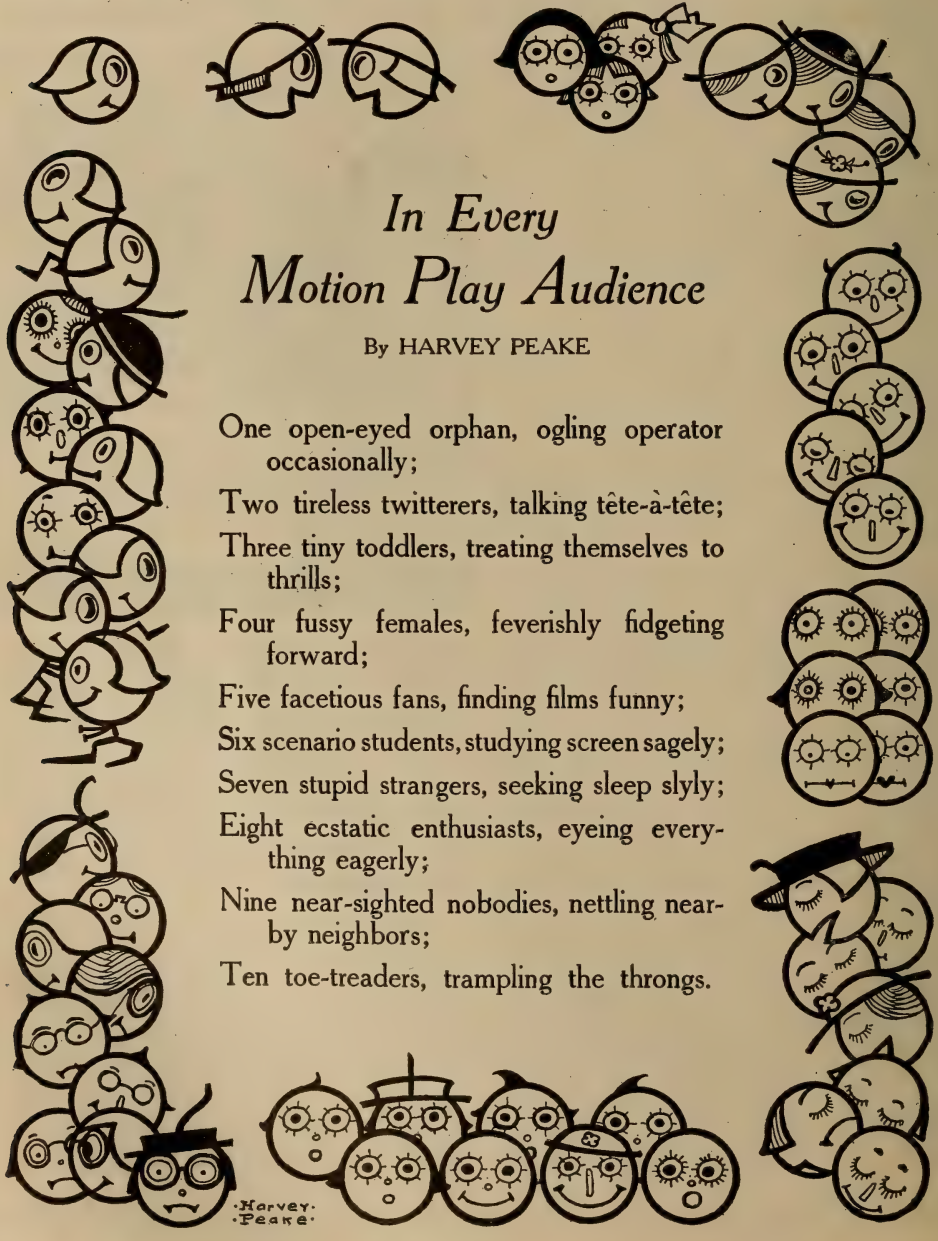
EVA C.—James Cruze is with Fox. Marguerite Snow is with Artcraft. Gail Kane is indeed fond of animals. She has eight dogs, a parrot, a marmoset and three white mice.

PADDY.—I dont understand why Earle Williams doesn't send you a photo. He usually sends out photographs of himself. Of course he and Harry Morey are friends. All the players know each other when working for the same company.

DORIS I. B.—Frank Morgan was Hackett in "The Girl Philippa." So you dont want to be in the list of also-rans. Mary Miles Minter, like Pearl White, has taken to pigs. She has recently adopted a baby pig.

MARGUL F., RIO.—Blanche White and C. Cummings in "The Chalice of Sorrow." Hal Cooley is with Keystone. Of course Harold Lockwood likes to play baseball. The "Star Spangled Banner" was written Sept. 13, 1814, during the bombardment of Fort McHenry.

T. D. SOCIETY.—Indeed! Lucille Ward was Mrs. Coleman in "The House of Lies." We had a picture of Blanche Sweet in January, 1917. Consistency, thou art a mule!



In Every Motion Play Audience

By HARVEY PEAKE

One open-eyed orphan, ogling operator occasionally;

Two tireless twitterers, talking tête-à-tête;

Three tiny toddlers, treating themselves to thrills;

Four fussy females, feverishly fidgeting forward;

Five facetious fans, finding films funny;

Six scenario students, studying screen sagely;

Seven stupid strangers, seeking sleep slyly;

Eight ecstatic enthusiasts, eyeing everything eagerly;

Nine near-sighted nobodies, nettling nearby neighbors;

Ten toe-treaders, trampling the throngs.

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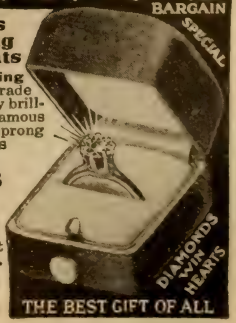
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I. C. SNAKES.—You say, "I dont want to be an actor, and I dont care whether Beda Thara is married, single or divorced. All the women are sweet and pretty and capable screen artists, but I do not care about their ages or their addresses, nor what size corset they wear or whether they eat peas with a fork or a spoon. Is it not a relief to find no such requests in a letter? What I like immensely —Frank Keenan's screen work, William Desmond's screen work, Fatty Arbuckle's screen work, all Triangles, all Keystones, most Vitagraphs, your magazine, my wife and children. What I despise intensely—that handsome fellow F. X. Bushman, the character of plays that W. S. Hart appears in, about all the sob-stuff in films, those fools who read the subtitles out loud and a four-card flush in poker." To all of which I do not subscribe.

PEARL B.—I doubt whether you will see Antonio Moreno and Norma Talmadge play together again. So you dont care for the style of Valeska Suratt's hair-comb. Gee whiz! Your last paragraph strikes a discord in the great harmony.

MOUNTAIN TOP.—So you think Harry Hilliard looked like an Apollo. Your toast, "May you never be toasted except by the glass of your friends, and may you never be roasted except at a congenial fire on the hearth," is much appreciated.

H. B. WEBSTER.—Long "i" in Childers, as in child.

MRS. M. A. H.—I haven't heard that Earle Williams is going to be married, and I doubt it.

DAINTY MARY FULLER.—You will see more about Mary Fuller from now on. Loyola O'Connor was the step-mother in "Children Pay." Virginia Sothern was Julia in "Big Tremaine." Was glad to hear from you.

MAUDE N.—Robert Warwick is the only one on the cast. Please put your name at the top of the list. Glad you took my advice and found it serviceable. Good advice is a punishment we should forgive but not forget.

MARLON.—You say you hate to think of me as an "It." Well, I hate to have you. Why not believe me when I say that I am a man with hair on my chest. You display fine judgment. Yes, you should write on one side of the paper only.

MRS. T. B.—Anna Nilsson is with Art Drama in New York. I dont know anything and I dont think I do. You dont know anything, but you think you do. Hence, I am wiser than you are. I envy nobody who knows more than I, but I pity him who knows less.

ROANOKE.—I quite agree with you about "Gloria's Romance." You show good taste and know what you want, all right.

BROWN BETTY.—'Tis good indeed. That is Marin Sais' real name. Do come again.

LILLA G.—George Reehm is with Vim. Augustus Anderson with Famous Players.

ELSIE N.—Thanks for yours. You were cruel to eat that fudge after promising it to me. Universal City has its own mayor. You know the heart, like a flower, must be beaten and bruised a little before the sweet scent will come out.

NANCIE S.—Wallace Reid opposite Mae Murray in "To Have and To Hold." Tom Forman was Lord Carvel. She is leaving Lasky. You should read at least one book a month—more if possible. Ordinary people think only of spending time, a person with brains of using it.

SARAH D., PUEBLO.—And you hope to be a Marguerite Clark. I wish you luck. I dont know of another like her.

BILLIE, MASON CITY.—Clifford Grey is with Famous Players. Now you want Pearl White to wear her hair some other way. It must be trying to dress for the public. Glad you dont see me.

ELIZABETH H. O.—That was an old Reliance picture, and the director is unknown.

DOROTHY F. T.—William Farnum and Kathlyn Williams in "The Spoilers." Helen Gibson and G. A. Williams in "Hurled Thru the Drawbridge." Dont take it so hard. Every sweet has its sour, every sour its sweet.

THEODORA.—Surely, send along the book. I must decline to answer questions about the war. Twice we think we see Paradise; in youth we call it Life, in old age we call it Youth.

BEATRICE.—Marguerite Clark and Creighton Hale in "Snow White." Yes, come again. I have always time for one more question.

OSCAR K.—Gene Gauntier was in New York. Our Miss Courtlandt met her.

STENOGRAPHER.—But remember this, the one who first gets angry is usually the one that is wrong. Sidney Drew was born in New York City on August 28, 1864. His mother was one of the most famous comédiennes this country ever had on the legitimate stage. He was educated in the metropolis and started his stage career at the age of 12. You say it is not right, the way stenographers are treated in pictures, because they usually have to flirt or play wicked parts. I am convinced that very few stenographers are wicked flirts.

HERFER, W. H. S.—Your letter was certainly a fat one. Thanks very much for all of your comments. No; I had nothing to do with the "Movie Maniac." I have all I can attend to in this department. That is entirely by Ernest Johnson. So you would like to hear Myrtle Stedman's voice thru a phonograph, and you want to see more of Dot Kelly's cartoons, and you miss the Photoplay Philosopher. If you will look it up, you will find that a lot of things he said have come true. I know of no list of birthdays of film stars.

H. M.—Marie Newton is with Thanhouser. Mary Norton was Lois in "A Wall Street Tragedy."

FERN.—No; I am not that hard-hearted to laugh at the troubles of my readers. Always glad to sympathize and offer whatever assistance possible. You need not have apologized for telling me your troubles.

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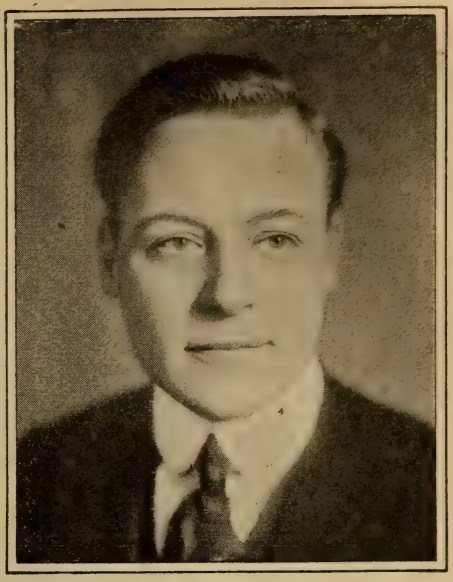
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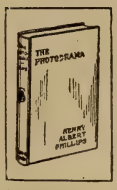
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PAULINE FREDERICK WORSHIPER.—Sessue Hayakawa was Tokoramo, and Henry Katoni was Hironari in "The Typhoon." Margaret Anglin or Margaret Illington—which do you mean?

HENRIETTA M. E.—Richard Tucker was Sergius in "The Cossack Whip." John Davidson was Snow in "The Brand of Cowardice." Glad to hear from you. Fish are supposed to be good brain food because they go so often in schools.

REGGY M.—Mrs. Vernon Castle was married at 18. You think I would make a fine lead for Mary Maurice. Thank you. Acting is out of my line. Not only has New York escalators in department stores and at elevated stations, but in Motion Picture houses.

LILY DE B.—Thanks muchly for sending me the letter-opener. It was very appropriate, and I have put it to good use. Also thanks for your good wishes.

MRS. K. K.—Seena Owen married George Walsh, and Miriam Cooper married Raoul Walsh. Mary Pickford and Owen Moore.

MARIE P.—I dont know who in the Universal Co. resembles Edna Goodrich. She is with Mutual. Elmer Clifton has gone to directing. Richard Neill has gone with Thanhouser to play opposite Florence LaBadie. We have no pictures of Miss LaBadie.

GLADYS D.—I will try to get up a list of birthdays for you soon. Keep the good work up—it all helps. Robert Grau died on Aug. 9, 1916. He was one of the great Motion Picture writers.

MABEL F.—So you attended the movie ball in Boston, and, of all the players, you thought Beverly Bayne and Florence LaBadie were the best-looking. Thanks.

ISABEL R.—John Bowers in "Hulda from Holland." Charles Waldron was opposite Pauline Frederick in "Audrey." Never write what you dare not sign. Remember, some words hurt worse than swords.

BERNARDINE R.—Madeline and Marion Fairbanks are the Thanhouser Twins. We have never interviewed them.

KRAZY NUT.—You think May Allison and Fannie Ward resemble each other. I fail to see it. Of course there is considerable difference in age. They say that Kathleen Clifford talks like a magpie, sings like a mocking-bird and whistles like a cardinal. She must be some bird!

MARY A.—Sorry, but I cant give you that information on "The Face in the Moonlight." Jane Cowl will be seen soon again in movies. Thanks for the powder.

E. W. W.—Grace Cunard recently married Joe Moore. Madame Petrova's real name is Petrova. The Gish girls are not married. Cant understand why the Costello children dont play in the movies any more; guess they are at school. I noticed that you were sophisticated. Thanks.

ADELINE A. SMITH.—Your acknowledgment of receipt of our check for $10 for a prize in the Charade Contest has been handed to me, and I am quoting here your remarks on my department: "I note what you say in this month's issue of the Magazine in regard to the various national drinks, but—

If the French should drink some German beer
At this upheavaled time,
And the Germans, in bewilderment,
Should drink the Frenchman's wine—
If John Bull and Pat should mix their drinks,
As the Yanks do (under cover),
They'd be so steeped in royal bliss
This war would soon be over."

EVANGELINE D.—I know, but dont black cows give white milk? That Triangle was taken in California. Margaret Nichols was Maude in "Youth's Endearing Charm." Harry Clark was George.

MENZETTE, MISSOURI.—Yes, the market is apparently overcrowded with pictures at present. I am indeed glad to know that you are a friend of Charles. There is very little chance for you, but why not try to see if you have talent in that direction?

EVERYWEEK.—So you liked "The Pride of the Clan." Yes; "Great Expectations" was a very good play. I understand "The Vicar of Wakefield" is also fine. It had a week's run at the Rialto Theater, in New York.

JEAN.—Thanks for your very kind letter. Of course I want to hear from you. I always tell the truth. Truth is the sun of intelligence, but, then, Blanche Ring says the truth should not be spoken at all times.

BILLIE BOO.—Del Mar was not cast. So you, too, want to be an actress. You have plenty of time—better stay at school a while.

TOM W. J.—Thanks for the clipping that Crane Wilbur married a Mrs. Williams from Carson City and who got a decree of divorce from her husband. They have both returned to California. You also state that Charlie Chaplin bought $150,000 worth of war loan bonds to aid the English in their "Win the War" campaign.

MARIE FROM READING AND J. C.—Miss Tapley had handed me your letters. She is sorry your votes were lost. Pearl White's address: 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. Rose Tapley's department has been temporarily discontinued because Miss Tapley is traveling for V. L. S. E.

GEE KAY.—That's right, and a good life keeps away wrinkles. Of course I am always glad to welcome new readers.

MARGERY MCG.—Send your letter here, and it will be forwarded to Miss Tapley. Valeska Suratt is no longer with Fox. So glad to hear from you again. Yes, I hope we will see you this summer. Greater New York is comprised of five boros—Brooklyn, Queens, Richmond, Bronx, Manhattan.

SUNNY ITALY.—Anybody can join the clubs by writing to the secretaries. Let me hear from you again. Glad you like Magazine.

INQUISITIVE.—"Tillie Wakes Up" was Marie Dressler's last picture. No difficulties are difficult when they are known.

F. MCG.—I dont know how many "Lees" there are with Fox, but Jennie Lee is not. That is Jean Sothern's correct name.



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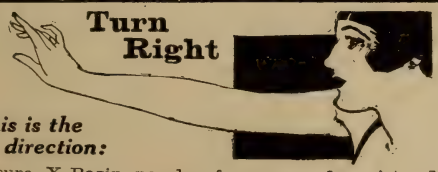
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The Man from the North Woods—"There's a bronzed and stalwart fellow who will grip you by the hand and greet you with a welcome warm and true," and he's a well-known player, too. By Martha Groves McKelvie.

Stories That Are True. Adding to our series, we offer interesting, true stories by Mary Anderson, Harry Lonsdale, Robert Walker and Douglas Fairbanks.

Country Homes of Distinguished Players. Intimate peeps at their vacation-day retreats. By Lillian May.

Golden Sunsets. An interesting story of the "dear old folks" of the screen, including "Mother" Mary Maurice, Thomas Commerford, Charles Kent, Herbert Standing and others.

"Because"—Or "Window-Wishing" with Marguerite Courtot. By Edna Wright.

The Luxuriations of "Jackpots," as related by himself. Being the diary of Peggy Hyland's dog, who proves himself to be a real rival to the immortal Pepys.

What Are They Saying? By Karl Schiller. When you saw "Romeo and Juliet," "A Woman Alone," "Womanhood," "Truthful Tulliver," and other notable plays, and saw Francis Bushman, Alice Joyce, William S. Hart and other players speaking in loving or angry manner, did you not wonder just what they really said? This interesting article, beautifully illustrated, tells you just what they said and why.

And then there is the usual quota of chats, Greenroom Jottings, beautiful Gallery pictures (gravure process), about twenty pages of the inimitable "Answer Man" and a host of other features. We are trying hard to make this number **"the best yet,"** as usual, and we are quite sure that we shall succeed. The price remains at 15 cents a copy, in spite of the high cost and scarcity of good paper, and the subscription price is still $1.50 a year. A dollar bill pinned to your letter will bring the June number and the next seven issues. If you dont feel like subscribing just now, we advise you to tell your newsdealer at once to save you a copy of the June number.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

B. S.—Ruth Roland isn't playing just now. She was born in San Francisco Aug. 26, 1893. As you all know, she is very athletic. She called here recently, and I had the honor of showing her thru the buildings. That picture was taken thru trick photography—there are several books explaining that.

HELEN H.—Better be more considerate. I know of no other way except the way we are doing. You show refined taste, and your letter was indeed bright.

MARGERY, 14.—The best way to repent is to do better next time. Lionel Braham was the bouncer in "The Shielding Shadow." Kathleen Kirkman was the step-sister in "The House of Lies." We wont have Creighton Hale on the cover until he returns to pictures, which will be very shortly.

ELIZABETH A.—No such character in that play. If you have a fellow-feeling for your fellows, your fellows will have a fellow-feeling for you.

BILLIE, 23.—You want an interview with Leah Baird, and you want Vitagraph to reissue "Hearts of the First Empire." We had a picture of Jack Sherrill in last month's Magazine. Of course I get along comfortably in my hallroom. I try not to eat meat more than once a day.

VICTOR.—The little brunette you refer to is Olive Golden, in "The Yellow Pawn," as Cleo Ridgely's sister. When you dream about your work it's time you took a vacation. Dont know how tall Margery Wilson is.

H. RUMFORD.—T. Richard Barthelmess was Arno in "War Brides." We sell "stills," but you will have to order them from the magazines, giving page number, unless you want to buy an odd lot, unselected. If so, send us any amount of money you please, and we will send you a proportionate assortment.

MADGE, ROCHESTER.—Always room for a new friend. Write to me any time.

GRACE CUNARD FOREVER.—Why dont you send your questions in letter form? Write your questions at the top and your comments after. Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh and Robert Harron had the leads in "Intolerance." The first locomotive built in the United States appeared Jan. 21, 1831.

ASHEVILLE.—Glad to hear from you. Congratulations if not too late.

INEZ, ST. JOHNS.—You must write to me every day. Edison produced "The Boston Tea Party." Maxine Brown was Barbara Standish in it. Lucy LaCoste played for Mutual. Dont know where Nita Frazer is. Arnold Daly took the part of Ashton in "Kirk's Assistant." Mutual produced "The Strike Eternal."

THE LONESOME SIX.—I'm sorry for you if you are lonesome. It's a dreadful disease and one that nobody knows until they have experienced it. Alma Reubens opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Americano." Your letter amused me so much that I am going to print part of it here: "Were your ears burning Tuesday? We were all talking *scandalous* about you, but I guess you are *used* to that. But here's what No. 1 said: 'Your carburetor needs adjustment, or your *clutch* has slipped, and *that's why* you *backfire* so.' No. 2 says: 'What *you dont know is torn out of the books*, and even if they *tore out some*, they couldn't *put anything over on you*.' No. 3 says: "You're an old *spitfire*, with the *voice* of an *angel*.' No. 4, who is something of a grouch, said: 'She'd *like* to *know* just *how big* a *fake you are* (she's also *light-headed*, I mean a *blonde*) and if your *head* is going to *grow* any *bigger*, and it's perfectly *scandalous* for a man of *your age* to be so *frivolous* and say such *spiteful* things. I wonder how old he *is*, anyway?' No. 5 says: 'She wishes you'd answer *her* question once in a lifetime, and I'm *jealous* of Olga, 17. You play *favorites* with that chicken.'"

BARBER.—Such a bet is beyond me to decide. You will have to settle that with George Walsh himself. Furthermore, I dont tolerate gambling.

CHARLES RAY ADMIRER.—No, thanks; I dont happen to need an assistant. So you are an F. F. F.—famous film fanatic. I should be delighted to go to New Orleans, but cant get away.

GERRARD T.—Herbert Delmore was the doctor in "Broken Chains" (World). So you liked Monroe Salisbury in "The Eyes of the World." Of course you haven't written too much. Write again.

PHANNY, 20.—You pay me a high compliment when you say that my answers are witty, sharp and clever, my information correct, comments comprehensive and my never-dying humor is infectious. Thanks indeed. Ann Luther and Earle Metcalfe in "The Debt," by Lubin. King Baggot is still with Universal. Disregarding your eulogy, your letter was a corker.

M. S.—Helene Ziegfield was the girl in "My Country First." The Librarian of Congress reports that the library last year gained 88,101 volumes and that it contains 2,451,974 books, or, counting also the maps, charts, prints and pieces of music, nearly 4,000,000 publications.

E. W. P., OAKLAND.—"The Iron Trail" has not been done as yet.

LILLIAN A. P.—That Keystone was taken in Los Angeles. You might write to Mack Sennett, care of Keystone. Thanks for the precious onion. They say an onion a day will keep the doctors away—and everybody else.

ELAINE C.; LITTLE BOBBY; PAUL H.; ELEANOR B.; MONSON, MASS.; PAULINE D.; ELMER B.; MRS. S. D., REIDSVILLE; HAROLD W.; M. S. L., MONTREAL; FLOSSIE D.; ANXIOUS PHILLIPS; ANNA M. P.; F. H. P.; MARIE C.; LEONARD D.; KATHERINE S.; MISS M.—Your questions have all been answered above.

CECILIA R. S.—Your letter was so intelligent and interesting that I have asked the Editor to print it, and he says he will.

SPOKANE.—Roy Neill was Dan in "A Corner in Colleens." Ann Luther has gone with Ince. Fox is doing "A Tale of Two Cities." Harry Morey has signed a two-year contract with Vitagraph.

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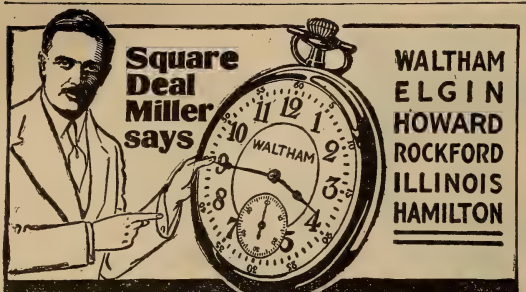
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Breaking Into the Movies in California

(*Continued from page* 122)

felt so happy. It takes about an hour and a half to go to Universal. I was early, so decided to call on Captain Ford at Lasky's. He was delighted to see me; told him I was on my way to Universal, so he 'phoned Mr. Stedman, saying: "I am sending Miss Booth out to see you; we think a great deal of her here, but as yet have been unable to place her." Well, that certainly was a boost. To reach Universal City, you must ride to the end of Hollywood—open country. Then a jitney to the studio. The ride was glorious. Thru shaded lanes, fields of yellow poppies nodding their golden heads in the brilliant sun, and the foot-hills miniature mountains covered with green verdure. Presently in the distance, looming up into view, a lot of white buildings, which look like tiny specks nestling amid these big foot-hills. "There is Universal," the driver said: "the largest Motion Picture studio in the world." Arriving at the studio, I was impressed by its vastness. The buildings are white, beautiful flower-gardens surrounding them. A caféteria and restaurant, hospital and hair-dressing parlors attract the eye. Then there is an immense gate where tickets at twenty-five cents each admit one to the grounds. I inquired at the office for Mr. Stedman, and an elderly gentleman of the crab variety quickly informed me that Mr. Stedman would see no one that day. I asked for Mr. Ferguson (formerly a director). "He's in the projection-room," said the crab, "and cant be seen." I picked up the 'phone to try and get Mr. Ferguson, but the ancient pickle refused to let me use it. "My! what a dear you are!" I said acidly. From menial to director, the biggest pest, most unwelcome and detested creature, in their eyes, is the movie aspirant looking for a position. As I was deliberating, also bemoaning the loss of my fifty cents carfare, a messenger came over, and with a merry twinkle in his eye said: "Mr. Stedman's over in the restaurant; go after him." I started to, but Mr. Stedman came out before I had a chance. I met him on the walk and accosted him. "Do you think you could use me,

Mr. Stedman?" I asked. "Well, come into the office," he said, "and we'll talk it over." I did so, and he said he had been looking for a girl of my type for a long time. He engaged me at $40.00 a week and promised me great things. He said I must move to Hollywood, as it is far from town, and be ready to go to work Monday morning for Robert Leonard and Ella Hall. Well, I had another spasm on my way home. Surely this life's immense!

(To be concluded in the June issue)

ANSWER DEPARTMENT—*Continued*

M. N. G., ITHACA.—Lillian Gish's plans haven't been announced at this writing. You might try the Triangle Co.

REGINA F.—The first Motion Picture studio building to be erected in America was the Vitagraph in Flatbush in 1906. The second was the Edison in the Bronx. Anita Stewart and Charles Richman were married only in "The More Excellent Way"—not in reality.

ELEANOR, 16.—Mary Pickford's curls are really real, and they grow there. George Cooper is playing. Charles Brandt was Joe in "Nanette of the Wilds." William Carroll was Dustin in "Purity." Thanks for your good wishes. Crane Wilbur and Mae Gaston in "The Painted Lie."

JULIANNA.—The man who wants to see perfectly clear before he decides, never decides. Make up your mind to enter the prize contest at once. Get it off your mind and into the mail today. Ralph Kellard certainly has played on the stage. He played with David Warfield in "The Music Master."

OLGA, 17.—Sorry you didn't get first prize. Arline Pretty is to play opposite Douglas Fairbanks now. Glad you like new position.

ANTHONY.—Thanks for yours. Beatrice Joy Ziedler is not on the cast for "A Girl's Folly." Yes, Knickerbocker and Balboa are the same. Arthur Shirley will play for Balboa. Thomas Chatterton is with American.

MARTHA T.—Lillian Gish leaves Triangle, and Edward Earle has joined Frohman. But isn't it so? God must have loved silly people —He made so many of them.

JUICY FRUIT.—Put on your brakes—you're speeding. You ask, "When the end of the play is reached, and the hero and heroine are in each other's arms, and the camera is stopped, what do they do then?" It all depends on who they are. Sometimes they keep it up, but more often they run for their dressing-rooms. Robert Harron is with Western Triangle, and Mae Marsh with Goldwyn in New York. I guess you mean Jack Brammall as Roy in "The Wharf Rat."

HAWAII.—Write any time you like. No, I dont know the first thing about graphology, so dont let that worry you. I must have a stamped, addressed envelope. William Humphrey is directing James Morrison and Guy Coombs.

What specialists say about cutting



Don't cut the cuticle. Cutting leaves a rough, ragged edge—makes hangnails.



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RUTH W.—David Powell was opposite Billie Burke in "Billie's Romance." Mae Murray in "A Mormon Maid." Hobart Bosworth opposite.

BILLY RODY.—Alma Reubens opposite William S. Hart in "Truthful Tulliver." The origin of the name "Gotham" as applied to the city of New York is contained in a humorous book called "Salmagundi," written by Washington Irving, his brother William, and James K. Paulding, and is used to signify that the inhabitants were given to undue pretensions to wisdom. Yes, I do think Homer Rodeheaver is handsome.

HARRY D. H.—Clara Horton is still with Universal. I know of no correspondence club in which movie stars take an active part. You would better take a chance and write direct.

M. B.—Italy expects some day to be comfortably seated on the Ottoman, snug as a bug in a Turkish rug. Mae Murray is about 5 feet 3 tall. We had a chat with her March, 1917.

PEGGY.—I believe in Christian Science to a certain extent. I once was in a railroad accident and met a mental healer who tried to fix me up—should I say met-a-physician?—but I wish he had been a regular physician. You want a synopsis of the lives of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. I suppose you will want the scenario after that. Beatriz Michelena now unattached.

JANE U.—No, my glasses are not three inches thick. You are very clever. I like your letters. Didn't I tell you that I did not have a funny bone in my body—not even a funny-bone? But I have a wishbone.

HERMAN H.—You are one of the many who want my opinion on the war. Heretofore I have said a few things about it, but they always give offense to somebody, so I have held off. Let me say right here that I am neutral. I admire the German race immensely, and think that in many respects it is the greatest that the world has produced. Yet, the Germans today are nothing short of buccaneers and outlaws, disregarding promises, treaties, honor and law. But we must not forget that the Allies have promised to wipe Germany off the map, hence Germany is fighting for existence, and perhaps all is fair in love and war. When a man is dying, he doesn't have time to think of honor and ethics—he fights to live. I think peace will come soon, because both sides are well nigh exhausted. No doubt the Allies can hold out longest if they want to, but at the present time the Germans have fought them to a standstill. I fear for the world if Prussian militarism should rule hereafter. I dont think America will get very much involved in the war. I approve of all that President Wilson has done.

J. ALBERT S.—Ethelmary Oakland was not on the cast. You think Marguerite Clark and May Allison resemble each other. I dont. You're really very kind. Universal are releasing a new 8 2-reel drama serial, "The Perils of the Secret Service."

CLEOPATRA.—No such character in "A Gentleman from Indiana." J. W. Johnson and Marguerite Clark in "Out of the Drifts."

JOSEPH L.—Thanks for the small fee. We printed an article on make-up in June 1916 Magazine, and another in October 1916 Classic. There are several books on make-up.

MAZIE A., PHILADELPHIA.—No; Bobbie Connelly's father is not a player, but a lawyer in New York. Lloyd V. Hamilton is Ham, and Albert Edward Duncan is Bud. Leah Baird is with Universal.

FLORENCE M.—Dont expect that everything you read in this department is bright. I do not have the time to polish it up. I doubt whether you can get in any of the studios in California without some sort of a letter.

ANTHONY FAN.—Absurd! We wouldn't print a picture of him.

R. M. W., PALESTINE.—About two years ago "Beulah" was produced by Balboa. Wilmuth Merkyl was with Fox last. Lasky produced "Brewster's Millions." You want a picture of Hobart Bosworth.

WYLMA, POCATELLO.—Jane Cowl is playing on Broadway now. She has played for Universal, and will play for Goldwyn.

PEGGY MOORE.—If motorcycles were taxed in proportion to the noise they make, they would be taxed out of existence. Thanks for your very nice letter. I hope you will write to me again.

EDITH L.—Yes, he is married. Thank you. Keep one foot on the soft pedal. Drama is a representation of human life taken at its crises and culminating in a grand crisis or climax. Its distinction from ordinary biography or narrative is that it is solely a series of closely knit crises—man's struggle against destiny, environment, evil, enemies, etc.

THE FAR AWAY GIRL.—Paul Willis was Billy in "The Fall of a Nation." He is now with Metro. I appreciate little gifts more than great ones, for the will, not the gift, makes the good giver.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Constance P. Bollard-Clasgens, 354 Court Street, West Washington C. H., Ohio, has raised her hammer aloft and is shattering ideals right and left—including a blow or two at ourselves:

In one of your recent issues, somebody undertook to "land on" those of your correspondents who criticized players and their work. That's utter nonsense. Without criticism, nobody would get any place or anything but swelled head. How would a player know how to please the public unless it told him?

Most of all in your magazine I enjoy the intelligent criticism from your readers which appears now and then. As much as it disgusts me to see perfectly good space wasted

(*Continued on page* 159)



Do you feel certain "he" thinks your complexion is as good as it might be? Do you desire that delicate charm which comes with a clear skin?

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Mrs. Charles B. Knox.
President.

Knox Rice Pudding

Soak ½ envelope of KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE in 1 cup of milk ten minutes and dissolve in 2 cups of hot boiled rice cooked dry. Add 1 cup of granulated sugar or brown sugar, maple sugar or maple syrup and ½ teaspoonful of salt, 1 cup chopped nut meats, if desired, 1 teaspoonful vanilla and when cool fold in 1 cup cream, beaten until stiff. Turn into mold which has been dipped in cold water. When firm, remove from mold and serve.

Maple Sponge

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
2 cups brown or maple sugar.
1 cup chopped nut meats.
1½ cups cold water.
½ cup hot water.
Whites of 2 eggs.

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Put sugar and hot water in saucepan, bring to boiling point and let boil ten minutes. Pour syrup gradually on soaked gelatine. Cool, and when nearly set, add whites of eggs beaten until stiff, and nut meats. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Serve with custard made of yolks of eggs, sugar, a few grains of salt, milk, and flavoring.

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Anita Stewart Caught in the Act of Beating Eggs—Also the High Cost of Living

By NINA DOROTHY GREGORY

We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books—
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

THE scribe of this little story wanted to add another useful book to her six-foot library shelf, and among the vast assortment in Brentano's found a really valuable five-dollar copy of cookeries by famous players. Five dollars! Who says cook-books are not going up? I was not surprised to find that my practical little friend, Anita Stewart, was one of the contributors, and when I read her tempting recipe for making corn muffins I felt hungry right away for some. Remembering that a ready welcome was always waiting for me to drop in any day for luncheon, I instantly decided to appease that inner cry of uneeda muffin.

To think was to act. In a very short time I was on a train for Bay Shore, Long Island, and ringing Miss Stewart's bell. After waiting a few minutes in the drawing room, I was greeted, to my great delight, on the maid's return, with this message: "Miss Anita's hands am in de dough, but she done told me to invite you-all to jest come right on out into de kitchen."

It was not, however, corn muffins I smelled, but good old-fashioned doughnuts—the twisty, crispy, browned-to-a-turn kind—the really truly kind like mother used to make.

Her rebellious curls were tucked under a bewitching little blue-and-white check-

ered gingham cap, made from the same material as the neat all-over apron which covered her from throat to toes.

"You will pardon me, wont you," she said, "for entertaining you in my kitchen?"

"Pardon you, Miss Stewart? Why, dont you know that I consider it a very great privilege to be permitted to invade this sacred domain?"

"So, too, does little 'Miss Muffett'—naughty puss! There's a dotted line from her sharp little eyes to that bowl of cream. I just gave her some, but, like Oliver Twist, she's begging for more."

"Miss Stewart, I'm sure 'Miss Muffett' isn't the only appreciative admirer of your extraordinary talent. I consider cooking one of the fine arts. I dont think or believe, but I just *know* that cooks are born, not made."

"I made some of my favorite little spice-cakes today," she remarked, as she removed a pan of deliciously tempting brown cakes from the oven. "If you wish, you may try one now," and generously added, "I'll give you my recipe if you like them." I took both, and will pass the latter on to you, dear reader. Just try them next baking day.

Like little "Miss Muffett," I wanted more—not only more cakes, but more recipes, and Miss Stewart kindly wrote out several of her choicest ones, and you can add these to your list of goodies.

While her pencil was busy, she explained her preference for the simple life and simple diet. "You see, I am just jotting down the tasty, economical sweets, for you know we must all try to keep down the high cost of food these days."

Like all other sweet little ladies, Miss Stewart has a sweet tooth, and I liked best her toothsome recipes for desserts.

"I can make such a variety of attractive dishes from gelatine, and find that, by adding one or more of many appetizing ingredients for flavoring and coloring, it makes one of the most inviting and inexpensive desserts.

"Test some of these yourself," she said; "you know the proof of the pudding is in eating it."

Anita Stewart's Strawberry Bavarian Cream.—Half envelope gelatine, quarter cup cold water, one cup strawberry juice



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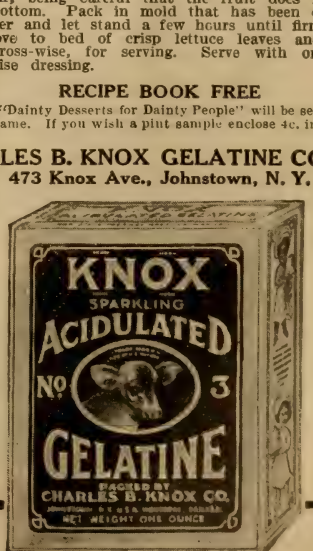
Knox Salad-Dessert

Soak ½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in 2 tablespoonfuls cold water 5 minutes. Melt 1 tablespoonful butter and add yolks of 2 eggs well beaten, 3 tablespoonfuls sugar, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1/3 teaspoonful paprika and a few grains of cayenne. Remove from fire and add gradually 2/3 cup milk, 1/3 cup vinegar and 1 spoonfuls canned pineapple juice. Cook in double stirring constantly until mixture thickens, and add soaked gelatine. Remove from range and beat two minutes. Cool, stirring occasionally, and when beginning to set add 1 cup prepared fruit, using Maraschino cherries cut in small pieces and strained, orange pulp, canned sliced pineapple cut in small pieces, and 1 cup cream beaten until stiff, being careful that the fruit does not settle to the bottom. Pack in mold that has been dipped in cold water and let stand a few hours until firm. When set remove to bed of crisp lettuce leaves and cut in slices, cross-wise, for serving. Serve with or without mayonnaise dressing.

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and pulp, one teaspoonful lemon juice, half cup sugar, one and a half cups heavy cream, beaten until stiff.

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve by standing cup containing mixture in hot water. Strain into strawberry juice mixed with lemon juice. Add sugar, and when sugar is dissolved, set bowl containing mixture in pan of ice-water and stir until mixture begins to thicken; then fold in cream. Turn into wet mold lined with strawberries cut in halves and chill. Garnish with fruit, selected strawberries and leaves. A delicious cream may also be made with canned strawberries.

Anita Stewart's Grape-Juice Sherbet.—Half envelope gelatine, half cup cold water, one and a half cups boiling water, one cup sugar, one pint grape-juice, four tablespoonfuls lemon juice, half cup orange juice.

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Make a syrup by boiling sugar and hot water ten minutes and add soaked gelatine. Cool slightly and add fruit juices, then freeze. Serve in sherbet-glasses and garnish with candied violets or fruit, if desired.

Anita Stewart's Salmon Mold.—One envelope sparkling gelatine, two tablespoonfuls cold water, yolks of two eggs, two teaspoonfuls salt, one teaspoonful mustard, few grains cayenne, one and a half tablespoonfuls melted butter, three-fourths cup milk, two tablespoonfuls vinegar, one can salmon.

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Mix egg yolks, slightly beaten, with salt, mustard and cayenne; then add butter, milk and vinegar. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Add soaked gelatine and salmon, separated into flakes. Turn into fish-mold, first dipped in cold water, chill and remove to bed of crisp lettuce.

Anita Stewart's Spice-Cakes.—Half cup butter, one cup sugar, three eggs, quarter teaspoon salt, one teaspoon each of ground cinnamon, allspice, cloves and nutmeg, one tablespoon New Orleans molasses, one cup milk, half cup chopped raisins, one heaping teaspoon baking-powder, two cups flour.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten yolks of eggs, then the milk, next spices and one teaspoon vanilla, sift baking-pow-

der in flour and beat all together thoroly, add beaten whites of eggs and beat again. Bake in patty-pans in moderate oven.

Anita Stewart's Corn Muffins.—Two cups yellow corn-meal, two cups flour, one tablespoon sugar, one teaspoon salt, two teaspoons baking-powder, two eggs, two cups milk.

Sift together corn-meal, flour, sugar, salt and powder, rub in the shortening, add eggs (beaten) and milk; mix into batter of consistency of cup-cake; muffin-pans well greased, fill two-thirds. Bake in hot oven twelve minutes.

Anita Stewart's Doughnuts.—Beat well together two eggs and two cups granulated sugar. Add two cups milk and two cups flour in which are mixed and sifted three teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon salt and one grated nutmeg. Beat well, then add more flour to make a soft dough. Roll out one-half inch thick, cut in strips, twist and fry brown in deep kettle of smoking-hot fat.

PRIZE CONTEST

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For the best article of not more than 250 words on the subject, "The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE"—$10 for the best, $5 for the next best, and $1 each for the ten next best. Each article must be neatly and legibly written (typewriting preferred), must have at the top of the paper the title, "The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE," and at the end the name and address of the contestant.

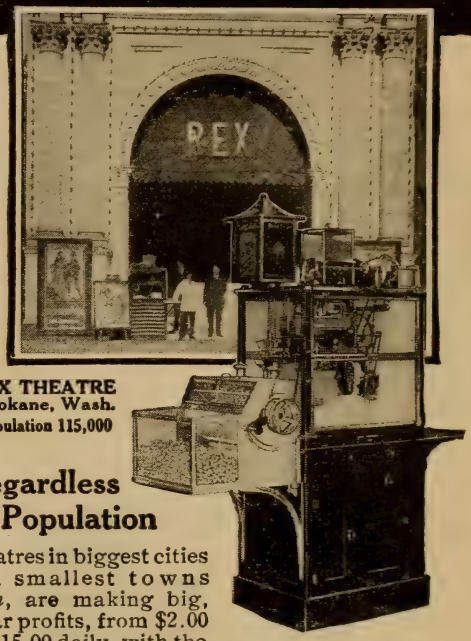
The following points should be covered, but not necessarily:

1. What do you think of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE?
2. What department or part of the Magazine do you like least?
3. What new departments or improvements do you suggest?
4. Would you prefer the Magazine printed the same size and shape as the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC?

Try to say much in few words, because 250 words is the limit. The object of this contest is to ascertain what our readers want and what they dont want.

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RIDER AGENTS Wanted—Boys, make money taking orders for Bicycles, ***Tires*** and Sundries from our big catalog. **Do business** *direct* with the leading bicycle home in America. **Do not buy** until you ***know*** what we can do. *Write Today.*

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It *isn't* B. V. D. Underwear

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The Adventures of Jackie

(*Continued from page* 106)

I had been told to secure a certain bit of information, and I hardly knew how to go about it, but I decided that, as she was remarkably intelligent, with a large percentage of brains beneath a mass of yellow curls, I would make an effort at securing the information offhand.

"Er—ah—and are you married?"

"I have ten rooms, and a sleeping-porch, and a garage, and the nicest back yard, and——" she cried blithely.

"Pardon me; did you say you *were* mar——"

"And it's awfully nice to live out here, far from the madding crowd," she went on, adding something that looked like talcum powder to the top of the cake.

"If you're not mar——" I persisted.

"When I get this cake finished, I want to show you my little sun-parlor. It's too lovely for any use, so I dont use it for anything. I've another cake in the oven, so cant show it to you this minute, but——" and she was again busy with that confounded cake.

"You have no idea, Miss—or is it Mrs.——" I cried, with more vigor than courtesy.

"Yes, I'm so fond of cocoanut cakes that I often bake them for breakfast," was her merry answer.

"The public, Miss Saunders," I protested desperately, with all the vigor and strength at my command, in an attempt to overawe her, "is very anxious to know whether you are married."

Just at that moment the kitchen door opened, and a tall, good-looking young man in tennis clothes, coatless, the sleeves of his shirt thrust above strong, tanned elbows, hatless, but grinning happily, hurled himself into the room, caught little Jackie up in his arms, kist her, mussed her curls, and finally allowed her to release herself, blushing, her arms full of the roses he had brought.

"Aha!" I cried Sherlockishly, "your husband!"

"My brother Jimmy," she grinned.

"But," I protested weakly, "I still dont see what you need with ten rooms."

"I believe in preparedness," she answered calmly. "Also plenty of room in which to avoid questions."

(*Continued from page* 153)

on that "Mary-Fuller-is-conceited" twaddle, it refreshes me to read the snappy articles of Mr. Whitely and Mrs. Leahy. Come again, you two.

Now for my kicks: I'm sorry to see your Magazine covers getting lurid again. I dont refer to the Classic, understand. For a while they were very pleasing to the eye—for instance, the April, June and July covers. But with the December issue your cover artist either went color-blind or lost control of his fingers when he got turned loose among the paint tubes. Not content with giving Cleo Madison a pale blue head-dress to match her scarlet robes, he must place her on a glaring yellow background, shadowed in blue, green and orange, and lettered in green, black and red. Ye gods! Valeska Suratt might get by in a jamboree of colors like that, but never Cleo Madison, and tell that to the elevator-man or whoever perpetrated that December outrage. (Pray forgive this—your Jan. and Feb. March Magazine covers, and Dec., Jan., Feb. Classic covers have been perfect beauties.)

Next: Why not run a greater diversity of portraits in the gallery? I cant open a magazine without running into a picture of Pickford or Bushman. That's all right, but everybody knows how they look. Why cant we see Alma Reubens, Elmer Clifton, Gloria Swanson, Myrtle Lind, or Ora Carew—some of those who never get any publicity? The best looking girls in the world are working for Keystone, but you'd never know it if you waited for the picture magazines to tell you.

This, I'm sure, is a universal complaint—the excessive use of *curls*. It's more than exasperating to see young women of twenty and upwards parading around with their hair down. If the actresses knew how it accentuates age, I imagine they'd put their curls up. Outside the studios no girl of normal mentality goes about with her hair shooting out in all directions—but on the screen they even go to the altar with streaming tresses. Heavy-featured women like Clara Williams and Margaret Thompson should particularly know how ridiculous they look all curled up. And Bessie Barriscale is old enough to know better. By the way, did anybody notice Margaret's get up in "The Thorobred"? Something fierce, wasn't it? They may have dressed that way in '63, Margaret, but "The Thorobred" wasn't a Civil War story. Southern girls today are as smartly dressed as those you see on Fifth Avenue.

Lastly: I sincerely wish William Fox would give more attention to his captions. A large portion of them are inexcusable for such an important company as his is supposed to be. I refer particularly to punctuation. In "The Unwelcome Mother" I saw a whole screenful of sentences separated from one another by commas. You never see such things in an Ince or Fine-Arts picture. However, I'm glad Mr. Fox has discontinued that lurid underscoring of words which he was so addicted to for a while. 'Twas like reading one of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth's teary tales.



There's the only man who controls your future. Nobody else can push you ahead. Nobody else can hold you back. Money, position, power—the things you want—it's up to *you* to win them. *And you can do it.*

If you want a better job than the one you have, there's just one thing to do—get ready for it. Don't worry about opportunities. Employers everywhere are looking for men who can do things. Learn to do some one thing better than others, and there'll be plenty of them looking for you.

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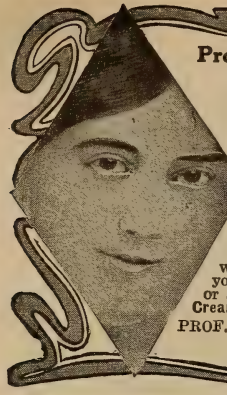
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ANY STYLE
at 1/40 the cost—IN SOLID GOLD RINGS
Stand acid test and expert examination. We guarantee them. See them first—then pay. Special Offer—14k Tiffany ring 1 ct. $5.98. Gents ring 1 ct. $6.98. 14k Stud 1 ct. $4.86. Sent C. O. D. for inspection. Catalog FREE, shows full line. Patent ring gauge included, 10c. The Baroda Co., Dept. E9, 1456 Leland Ave., Chicago



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In three hours you can have just the prettiest curls and waves! And they remain a long time, when Liquid Silmerine is used before rolling the hair in curlers.
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L. N. ROSENBAUM & CO., 80 Wall St., N. Y. City

I have no favorite among the players, for one can hardly discriminate among so many, many fine artists. I do think, however, that Mae Marsh is one of the sweetest, most whimsical little actresses that ever lived. Walthall, Hart, Fairbanks and Tully Marshall are indeed very fine. I cannot see anything remarkable in the acting of Bushman or Kerrigan. I suppose they get by on their looks, altho in that matter I think there are hundreds of minor actors who have it all over those shaggy-haired, sport-shirted gentlemen. Look at the striking, clean-cut faces of Earle Foxe, Matt Moore, Elmer Clifton, A. D. Sears, Wallace Reid and Creighton Hale, and then at the aforementioned two. *Good-night!*

That's all. Yours is an excellent magazine—the best in the field, in fact—but, for the love of Mike, keep feeding me handsome covers.

A letter like this from Daniel F. Crilly, 1714 LaSalle Avenue, Chicago, Ill., makes us realize the tremendous changes—the shifting scenes of actor, actress and producer that have occurred in Moviedom in the past few short years:

I feel rather reminiscent today, so I'm going to "take it out" on you. I wonder why it is we seem to forget the old-time favorites. How well I remember when Pauline Frederick, Marguerite Clark, Douglas Fairbanks, Theda Bara and many others were undreamt of as movie actors or actresses!

Do you remember how the girls went wild over Maurice Costello? I'm going to make a list of "Do you remember's?" I remember them all. Why not print this—just for old times' sake?

Do you remember—

1. When Dorothy Bernard played "The Rose o' Salem Town" and "The Blot on the Scutcheon" for Biograph?
2. When Peggy Snow and Jimmie Cruze played "She," and "East Lynne" for Thanhouser?
3. When Marion Leonard (where is she now?) was acknowledged "Queen of the Screen"?
4. When Arthur Johnson and Florence Lawrence "teamed" in Lubins?
5. When Edith Storey rode in Méliès?
6. When Florence Turner was *the* star?
7. When Darwin Karr and Blanche Cornwall played in Solax dramas?
8. When Mabel Normand played "heavies" in Biographs?
9. When Dolores Cassinelli was Essanay's main star?
10. When Alice Joyce and Carlyle Blackwell teamed in Kalem Westerns?
11. Martha Spiers (Pathé)? (I bet you dont!)
12. When Mae Hotely won the first MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE Contest?
13. When Mary Pickford played in Majestics?

(*Continued on page* 163)

The Photodrama

(*Continued from page* 120)

all other companies. I think it has done a great deal to tone down the screaming, blatant and vulgar advertisements that used to jangle in the advertising pages of the trade magazines.

On the other hand, the Bluebird has done another thing I cant commend. For all of the truculent sensationalism that it has left out of its posters, it has squeezed into "The Devil's Payday."

Herein we have a man deserting an innocent young wife for a woman of questionable character whom he marries. His innocent wife becomes a prostitute and drags him back to her and makes him desert his present wife and child. Amidst this slime of relationships a lover appears. The wife shoots him and puts the revolver into the hands of her libertine ex-husband who is taken out by the police. And so the pleasant party is broken up, and the audience leaves the theater with a decidedly dark-brown taste in its mouth.

I confess that I went to see "Paula Blackton's Country Life Stories" on the screen with something of a feeling of tolerance for an amateur effort.

I left the theater with a sense of having seen one of the finest screen visions of its type that the cinema has known.

In these little stories we have something refreshingly new, in that the effects were attained thru repression and simplicity, rather than by violent expression.

Mrs. Blackton has caught the spirit of the great out-of-doors and woven it together with the golden web of sunshine, made it vibrant with the laughter of little children, saddened and gladdened by the pure loves of healthy lives.

Here we have a delightful suggestion of old lace and mignonette, of our own happy day in that Long-ago and of the vanishing tales of childhood.

One number (there are seven) is "A Spring Idyl," further described as "a blossom-fantasie of delicate disasters, born of the call of the dogwood and cherry blossoms"—true in every word!

Here are real stories of real children for either children or grown-ups to be delighted with.

Then, for the lover of animals "The

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER
SAYS THE LEADING DRUGGIST :--
"We have a steady demand for LABLACHE from our best customers. It is very popular, protects a fine complexion—improves a poor one. Is daintily perfumed, delightfully smooth and adhering—makes friends and keeps them. It's a pleasure to handle it."
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES
They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send 10c. for a sample box.*
BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 56,
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

INVESTORS MAGAZINE FREE TO YOU
$10 invested with us has made others $290.00 in few months. "Hoffman's Investment Journal" tells how this was done. This Magazine gives facts about the real earning power of money. Tells how many have started on the road to fortune. We will send it three months FREE. If you want to make money, write for this Magazine today.
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IS THE IDEAL HAIR BEAUTIFIER
for it not only cleanses but gives new vitality to the scalp, and a fresh, soft, lustrous quality to the hair.
REMOVES ALL DANDRUFF
and delicately scents the hair.
Four-ounce jar—sufficient for several shampoos (sold by mail only), 35c
Write for Free Booklet, "The Charm of Any Woman," with catalog of Mermaid Products.
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6140 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Do not confuse the "Motion Picture Magazine" with any other publication. This magazine comes out on the 1st of each month and the "Motion Picture Classic" comes out on the 15th of each month. These are the only publications in which this company is interested.
THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO.,
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

LE PAGE'S GLUE HANDY TUBES
WILL MEND IT 10¢



Remarkable Bargain On the Newest Hat

Here is the newest spring hat. It is called The PATRIA and is the latest product of the master designer. For a limited time you can get it direct from the maker at a remarkably low price. **You actually save ½.**

The PATRIA is made of Poplin Silk with tiny rows of straw embroidered on the crown and upper brim. The facing is of flexible straw in contrasting colors, with fitted Satin lining to match. The following color combinations are carried in stock: Citron top, Delft blue facing; White top, Kelly green facing; White top, Pink facing; Kelly green top, Gold facing; Pink top, Delft blue facing; Old Rose top, Delft blue facing. SPECIAL.....**$2.95**

WRITE TODAY

Enclose $2.95 (check or money order) and we'll send you this remarkable hat value today, fully prepaid. Money refunded if you are not absolutely satisfied. Free style book upon request. **Write Today.**

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are used by thousands of the world's most beautiful women, to keep the skin clear, fresh and velvety. Kosmeo Powder adheres well and is invisible. Three shades—flesh, white and brunette. Price 50 cents at dealers or by mail postpaid.

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Diary of a Puppy" is perhaps the best animal film ever made.

Go to see these gems of the first water!

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE:

Questions and Answers

I invite you all to ask live questions about Photodrama.

Make them brief; I must make brief answers. No letters will be answered—Questions will be answered in this department ONLY.

I will read no manuscript nor promise the return of material sent me.

I reserve the right to refrain from answering all questions.

ANSWERS

The Vitagraph Company is in the market for 2-reel plays for Dorothy Kelly.

It is essential to typewrite all manuscripts.

Do not address the editor personally unless he knows you professionally or personally.

NOTE

Answers to the same question will not be repeated month after month.

It is suggested that interested readers get back numbers of BOTH the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC in which these articles are inter-continued. These articles began in both magazines November, 1916.

Pets—Freakish and Otherwise

(*Continued from page* 66)

kitten—a pretty little, black kitten—with white paws, tail and nose. From the way Louise is holding poor kitty, you'd think she doesn't love her. But she does. She wanted her in this picture, and she hadn't time to dress up and pose prettily, so she and Kitty agreed to do a bit of comedy for the camera.

And here we have Peggy Pearce and her milk-fed goat. She has raised this goat—whose name is *not* Billy!—from a kid (no slang intended), and now they are the best of pals. "Everywhere that Peggy goes, that darned goat goes, too," according to the boys on the Coast, who have fallen a victim to Peggy's blue eyes and golden curls.

And that'll be about all for now.

(*Continued from page* 160)

14. When Gene Gauntier and Alice Hollister went to Europe?

15. When Florence Barker died?

16. The Famous Thanhouser all-star casts —Margaret Snow, Jim Cruze, Flo LaBadie, Bill Bussell, Harry Benham, Marie Eline?

I'm only nineteen, but it makes me feel ancient when I think of the "good old days."

There are just a few of the old-timers who rank among the most popular now. They are Mary Pickford, Marguerite Snow, Dorothy Bernard, Alice Joyce, James Cruze, Edith Storey, Clara Young and Francis X. Bushman.

I wouldn't have existed, it seems, without the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. I cant exist without it now.

Miss Grace Trotter, 305 E. Tenth Street, Dallas, Texas, sends to Answer Man a charming little fancy well worth decking in print:

DEAR ANSWER MAN: We saw a wonderful little actress the other night. Her name is Margery Wilson. She played with W. S. Hart in "The Primal Lure." I had never seen her before, but she is the ideal leading lady for W. S. Hart. I think he is splendid, and I'm also afflicted with the following:

Wilburitis of the Cranium.

Cause.—Visit to theater showing a Crane Wilbur film.

Symptoms.—Slight interest in film followed by intense interest, appreciation, admiration, infatuation, etc. Victim leans forward in seat. Eyes appear to be on stems. This disease is what makes so many girls pop-eyed.

Treatment.—Patient should not be allowed to remain and see picture more than four times. Persuade him or her (women are usually victims of this disease) to leave theater. Force is sometimes necessary. For temporary relief take patient to see that charming actress, Theda Bara.

Theda Bara Fever.

Cause.—Caused by "A Fool There Was."

Symptoms.—If the victim is a man the case is hopeless. If the victim is a young girl she expresses a desire for black hair. Attempts to make eyes larger and darker. Is sometimes discovered practicing vampirish actions before mirror.

Treatment.—Take her instantly to see a Lockwood film.

Harold Lockjaw.

Cause.—Harold Lockwood.

Symptoms.—If the victim is a girl—unusual fluttering of heart. Dreamy spells. Violent dislike for his leading lady. If the victim is a boy—desire for splendid physique, blond hair, King Eight car and May Allison.

Treatment.—Instant application of a Mary Pickford poultice over the heart in the form of "Rags."

Mary Pickford Appendicitis.

Causes.—Petite figure, beautiful features, golden curls, splendid work, and winning charm of Mary Pickford.



However beautiful you may be, you cannot afford to neglect your skin. However plain you may be, you should not miss the possibilities for beauty and skin health in the regular use of

Ingram's
Milkweed Cream
50c and $1.00
At Drug Stores

Preserves Good Complexions—
Improves Bad Complexions

Its use overcomes skin disorders and sallowness, as well as undue redness, sunburn and freckles.

Send us 6c in stamps, to cover cost of mailing and packing, and get *free* sample of the above. Also Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge in novel purse packets, Zodenta Tooth Powder and Perfume.

Frederick F. Ingram Company
Established 1885
Windsor, Canada — **21** Tenth St., Detroit, U.S.A.

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder
is Powdered Perfection for the Complexion.
Four shades: pink, white, flesh and brunette.
Price, 50c at drug stores or by mail, postpaid. (9)





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Women all over America spend millions of dollars yearly for beauty treatments. *You* can get *your* share of this fortune. Do you know that the crying demand for Marinello graduates far exceeds the supply, and that every day we have big positions open and not enough graduates to fill them? Ours is the only school in America which positively guarantees to secure a good position for every student who qualifies. If you are tired of small wages and uncertainty, write today for details and free literature.

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—Every Deaf Person Knows That



I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address



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GEO. P. WAY

Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.), 19 Adelaide Street, Detroit, Mich.

Movie Acting!

A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if **you** are adapted to this work? Send 10c. for our **Twelve-Hour Talent Tester or Key to Movie Acting Aptitude** and find whether or not you are suited to take up Movie Acting. Instructive and valuable. Send dime or stamps today. Interesting, Illustrated Booklet on Movie Acting included FREE!

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EYEBROW-INE, a hair food, stimulates the quick growth to perfect, heavy, long, Luxuriant LASHES and BROWS, adding 100 per cent. to your beauty, charm and attractiveness. EYEBROW-INE is absolutely harmless—sure in results—one box does the trick. EYEBROW-INE mailed in plain cover on receipt of price, 25c, and 2c postage. Special strength 50c, and 4c postage.

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A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff.

For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair.

50c. and $1.00 at druggists.

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Get one of these highest grade Underwood Visible Writers on 10 Days' Free Trial. Then, Rent this

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5-Year Guarantee



Initials or date **Engraved Free**

Friendship or Anniversary RING

your size, for 12c., both for 23c. Warranted Sterling or Rolled GOLD.



Friendship Jewelry Co., 83 Chambers Street, Dept. 56, New York

Symptoms.—Usually a worthless poem of twenty-five verses or more, headed "Little Mary," is sent for the Editor of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE to print. Also a letter of about fifteen pages of Pickford praise is sent for the dear Answer Man to travel thru.

Treatment.—A case like this is seldom cured.

All these diseases are caused by a bite from that well-known insect, the Movie Bug, but after these attacks the patient is a full-fledged movie fan, subject to a relapse if not careful. I know, because I'm having a relapse now or I wouldn't have written this.

Miss Cecilia Smith sends the following interesting and enlightening letter to the Answer Man:

I like the Paramount program best. They have such lovely, artistic pictures. I think that Lasky releases are by far the best on this program, then Famous Players with Pauline Frederick. Of course, I love Marguerite Clark, but her pictures, like Pickford pictures, have a sameness about them. You can always foretell the end. I love suspense.

If I am permitted, I would like to make a few comments. I think one of the greatest Motion Picture evils is the happy ending. That is not true to life. We, most of us, witness only the tragedy in life. Of course, some argue we have enough grief in *real life,* so let us see only joy in *reel life.* As usual, a difference of opinion. I love deep tragedy. Along with the happy-ending evil is another evil—that of showing down to the finest point the cause and effect. We like to use our imagination. Some of our greatest writers leave all the finer points to our own mind. It is a good picture that has an ending which leaves one in doubt as to whether such-and-such a one did it and why.

Aren't the females ever going to forgive one of our best actors for his fatal mistake (?) in denying his family? We do not know his reasons for doing so. It is very trying to the wife, for one would imagine that she must be a drawback and a millstone. But, on the contrary, she is a dear, sweet wife, and he is a lovely husband, father (in every sense of the word) to five lovely children. His eldest boy is so like his father in looks and manner, I hear, that we hope for him as successful a career as his father had before him. My favorite, for he is that, I think, will have to try some other field besides romantic leads. His age is telling. In his last big feature, "Romeo and Juliet," he always had a strained, worn look. Perhaps it was sickness or mental trouble, but I think part is due to the years telling on him. I long to see him well cast in the near future. As I never make a habit of viewing serials, I will have months of waiting—"Patentia omnia vincit."

I wonder what is the standard of film beauty. So many people we call positively ugly are hailed as filmland's most beautiful ingénue (the actress being about thirty-three years).

In my humble opinion, three of our prettiest actresses are Pearl White, Norma Talmadge and Mary Anderson or Edna Purviance. Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Beverly Bayne, Lillian Walker and a host of others are all equally pretty. But the four mentioned, I believe, stand the acid test—they are beautiful in profile or full face, in rags or satins, weeping or smiling, in character or natural. They all have interesting, wide-awake, intelligent faces; they are active and athletic, and they can *act*. There is one actress in Universal who plays minor rôles. She is a raving beauty, with the most beautiful violet eyes and raven hair—my! she has the loveliest rosebud mouth—but then she has not the expression. Her eyes have a very sensual, calculating look, and at times she unconsciously draws her mouth into a straight, narrow line. You instinctively feel you cannot trust her, for she has the beauty that appeals to the male, not the female.

Of Pearl White's beauty I recall an amusing incident of a few months back. In a theater there was being shown "Perils of Pauline." When a close-up was shown of Pearl White, a man in the audience gave a prolonged whistle and whispered, "Some beauty!" His friend answered later, "Yes, a peach; suppose we stay and see it over again." They stayed! Is it close-up with "s" or "z" sound?

We often have players miscast—that is, young parts to the old—but the most interesting figures in the business are the really elderly actors and actresses. I just love to watch Charles Kent (Vitagraph), Harry Rattenberry (Universal, now Lasky), Helen Dunbar (Metro), Mae Benson (Universal) and a host of others. The favorite of the older actors I do not like at all—Mary Maurice. For me, for a poor woman, "Mother" Benson, and for a woman of wealth or social standing, Helen Dunbar. The elderly ones and the kiddies—they are what bring realism into the movies! They seem unconscious of themselves. They are not always thinking, "Do I look prettiest this way, or is this the most effective and picturesque pose?"

EDITORIAL NOTE—A "close-up" is a scene taken with the camera close up to the figures, which makes them large and gives the appearance of being close up to them. The word "close" is therefore pronounced with the "s" sound.

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Our Midwinter Novelty Puzzle Adds to Our Mail, Multiplies Our Work and Divides Our Votes

If addition is unpopular with dullards in school, it hasn't lost vogue with our readers, especially with the sauce of photo-stars' names added to old-fashioned 'rithmetic. Over eight thousand contestants responded to the Addition Puzzle announced in the February Magazine, and, to be exact, on the closing date, March 1st, just seven hundred and eighty-seven pieces of mail were added

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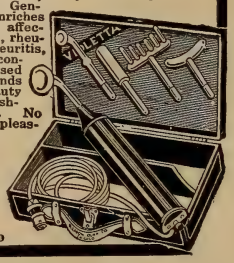


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to our post-office sacks. There are only three special-delivery postmen assigned to our district and—well, they will never forget Addition Puzzle closing day.

Over three thousand readers sent in an entire list of correct answers, so that the judges had to make some fine distinctions. In case of a tie, those submitting the neatest and most artistic answers were entitled to preference. Here are the correct answers by number:

(1) Bushman; (2) Pickford; (3) Earle; (4) Lockwood; (5) Clayton; (6) Storey; (7) Marsh; (8) Allison; (9) Ward; (10) Moore; (11) Sisson; (12) Mayo; (13) Joyce; (14) Stonehouse; (15) Courtot; (16) Dana or Neilan; (17) Oakman, Figman or Pearson; (18) Beban; (19) Bayne; (20) Robinson; (21) Kingston; (22) Walker; (23) Chatterton; (24) Fairbanks; (25) Hunter; (26) Washburn; (27) Caprice; (28) Holmes; (29) Minter; (30) Owen; (31) Stewart; (32) Moreno; (33) Bara; (34) Walthall; (35) Chaplin.

On March 2d our clerical force of sixteen young women put in a busy day checking up all the lists of correct answers. These were placed in piles, and from them a careful selection of the neatest and most artistic were chosen and hung around the walls of our library. The committee of seven judges, composed of the heads of our editorial staff, were then invited to make a final selection, and in submitting their lists consumed an entire afternoon. Each judge made his selection, without consultation or comparison, with a fellow judge, and the final decision was arrived at by a system of credits that left no loophole for a mistake in judgment.

The amount of skill, care, ingenuity and artistic talent displayed deserves no other word than astonishing. The fine handicraft on wood, paper, leather and metal, with brush, pen, carving-tools and scissors, would do honor to a far greater subject. We wish to congratulate every one of the contestants who showed such skill, and our only regret is that the hundreds of clever and artistic answers could not all receive a prize.

And now for the prize-winners:

First Prize, $10—Cora Johnson, 1514 North D Street, Richmond, Ind.; limp leather, hand-lettered and painted book.

Second Prize, $5—Mrs. Clara Robins,

1207 Buchanan Street, Nashville, Tenn.; artistic painting.

Third Prize, $3—Dorothy M. Glass, 236 Nashville Avenue, New Orleans, La.; hand-lettered panel painting.

Fourth Prize, $2—Wm. A. Miller, 5235 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; hand-painted American shield.

Fifth Prize, $1—Miss Germaine Maroneau, 25 St. John's Place, Torrington, Conn.; silk star and crescent cut-out.

Sixth Prize, $1—Marjorie J. Zander, 2036 West Thirty-first Street, Los Angeles, Cal.; hand-lettered cut-out panel.

Seventh Prize, $1—Frances Mitchell, 412 South Mill Street, Lexington, Ky.; artistic painting.

Eighth Prize, $1—Alma E. Hilton, 226 Main Street, Melrose, Mass.; illuminated and hand-lettered book.

Ninth Prize, $1—J. A. Lile, 2924 Portland Avenue, Louisville, Ky.; artistic and ingenious printed book.

Tenth Prize, $1—Riva Love Weil, 2933 Montclare Street, Los Angeles, Cal.; crayon and cut-out panel.

Honorable mention in the order of merit:

Louise McDowell, 2379 Rhode Island Avenue, N. E., Washington, D. C.; "Miss Public" (name undisclosed); Mrs. Juliet C. Fullilove, 380 Milledge Avenue, Athens, Ga.; Olga Stocker, 71 Fort Lee Road, Bogota, N. J.; Lily M. Hough, 76 Cambridge Street, Guelph, Ontario, Can.; Juanita Shannon, 1411 Grand Avenue, North Fort Worth, Tex.; Armin Schroeder, 3669 South Jefferson Street, St. Louis, Mo.; Herbert H. Schevahn, 1505 Fourth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.; Ruth Englander, 119 West 114th Street, New York City; Paul Sutherland, 228 S. Clay Street, Nevada, Mo.

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Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page* 125)

Marguerite Snow is bidding farewell to the Rialto to set forth for her new field of picture adventures in Toronto, Can. In the meantime she is posing for personal photographs—you never can tell what kind of a likeness they will give you in Toronto.

Because everything else is going up, Anita King has determined to go her transcontinental motor-trip one better and to cross the continent in a flying machine. The daring aviatrix is now taking finishing instructions at the San Diego Aviation School.

McClure Pictures offers for sale at a bargain a hand-painted, absolutely new dummy shaped in the likeness of Shirley Mason. It was to be used in an auto accident, but little Shirley put her foot down flat and would not allow the dummy to do the dangerous stunt. "It shant be said," she declared, "that my dummy can do something that I cant."

Miriam Cooper, Monroe Salisbury, Ralph Lewis and Charles Clary have just returned from Truckee, Nev., where they "shot" some magnificent mountain snow-scenes.

Stuart Holmes has kept an exact record of his film villainies, and here is the certified account: Persons killed, 1; deaths caused by S. H., 2; abductions, 10; families broken up, 13; reputations ruined, 3; friends betrayed, 1. To compensate for all these hardships, he has been killed five times.

The palm grove courtyard of the Ponce De Leon Hotel, St. Augustine, Fla., was the scene of Theda Bara's marriage to a Russian prince in her forthcoming "Her Greatest Love." It was a rare treat to the hotel patrons to be guests at a film wedding.

Patter from the Pacific

(*Continued from page* 13)

The big guns of the film business have been honoring Los Angeles with their presence lately. Harry Aitken, Ad Kessel, Pat Powers, Carl Laemmle and William Fox have all been out here giving their respective plants the "once-over." John Freuler and S. S. Hutchinson too.

Balboa has discovered a new child star, and are soon to feature her in some pictures. They will call her "Little Mary Sunshine," the name they used in the Baby Marie Osborne pictures, and Henry King will direct her.

The Pollard Picture Players are putting up a new studio down in San Diego where Margarita Fischer will work in features.

The Fine Arts new electric studio is now in full swing, and the actors and actresses have been getting few evenings to themselves.

Kathlyn Williams, the Morosco star, has received many letters recently inquiring why her late Morosco features in which she is starred aren't filled with animals.



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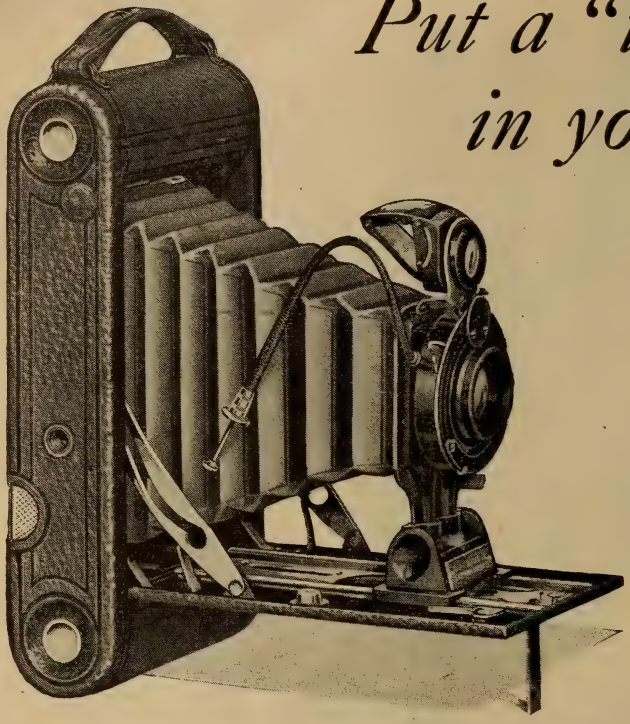
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The Danger of Stomach Acidity and Fermentation

By ARTHUR TRUE BUSWELL, M. D.



EUGENE CHRISTIAN

If I were asked to sound a health warning that would be of the greatest possible benefit to mankind, I should say emphatically—"Beware of acid stomach." For acid stomach is the cause of fermentation which, bad enough in itself, is the forerunner of a hundred ills that sap the energy and vitality of its victims. I venture to say that ninety per cent of all sickness starts with acid stomach.

Nature provides hydrochloric acid as one of the digestive fluids, but too much of this acid causes fermentation, hurries the food out of the stomach and carries the acid all through the body. As a consequence, poisons (toxins) are formed which are absorbed into the blood causing auto intoxication, nervousness, mental depression and countless ills of which this is but the beginning.

Every one of the vital organs in time become affected—the heart, the liver, the kidneys, the intestines, the nerves and the brain all decline, for the stomach is the Power Plant of the body. Even the teeth are affected by acid stomach, for the gums recede and pyorrhoea will be the result.

Stomach remedies only neutralize the acid because they are stronger than the acid. This ultimately ruins the lining of the stomach. The acid being neutralized is absorbed into the blood only to come back to the stomach in greater quantities at the next meal.

How much more sensible would it be to attack this disorder at its source. Instead of attempting to neutralize the acid after it has formed, why not prevent it from forming in the first place?

Superacidity is caused by wrong eating and the remedy must be found in the field of the cause—in eating correctly.

The individual sufferer from indigestion, acidity, fermentation, gas and such disorders has not carried his experiments with food very far. If he had he could easily cure himself as Eugene Christian, the famous food scientist, has proved beyond all doubt.

The reason which led Eugene Christian to take up the study of food in the first place was because he himself, as a young man, was a great sufferer from stomach and intestinal trouble.

So acute was his affliction that the best specialists of the day, after everything within their power had failed, gave him up to die. Educated for a doctor himself, Christian could get no help from his brother physicians.

Believing that wrong eating was the cause and that right eating was the only cure, he took up the study of foods and their relation to the human system. What he learned not only restored his own health in a remarkably short space of time, but has been the means of relieving some 25,000 other men and women for whom he has prescribed with almost invariable success, even though most of them went to him as a last resort.

Christian says that all stomach and intestinal disorders with their countless sympathetic ills—are caused by wrong selections and wrong combinations of food and that right combinations of food will positively remove every stomach and

intestinal disorder by removing its causes.

No one would think of putting salt into an open wound, and yet we do worse than that when we keep putting irritating acid-creating food combinations into our stomachs already surcharged with acid.

The word diet is one which has an unpleasant sound—it makes us think of giving up all the things we like for those we have no taste for. But Eugene Christian's method is entirely different—instead of asking his patients to give up the things they enjoy, he prescribes menus which are twice as enjoyable as those to which the patient is accustomed.

Christian believes in good foods deliciously cooked—the kind all of us like best and which may be obtained at any home store, hotel or restaurant. He says that most of the things we eat are all right—but that we don't know how to combine or balance them.

Often, one food good in itself, when combined with another equally good food, produces an acid reaction in the stomach; whereas either of the foods alone or eaten in combination with some other food would have been easily and perfectly digested.

Unfortunately, each food we eat at a meal is not digested separately. Instead, all of the foods we combine at the same meal are mixed and digested together. Consequently, if we eat two or more articles at the same meal which don't go well together, there is sure to be acidity, fermentation, gas and all kinds of digestive trouble.

At Eugene Christian's New York office there is a constant stream of men and women who go to him for treatment after having tried everything else, and rarely are they disappointed in the outcome. Some of the results he has attained read like fairy tales. I know of a number of instances where his rich patrons have been so grateful for their restoration of health and energy that they have sent him checks for $500 or $1,000 in addition to the amount of the bill when paying it.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a course of little lessons which tells you exactly what to eat in order to overcome the ailment which is troubling you.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering all conditions of health and sickness, including stomach acidity, constipation and all intestinal disorders from infancy to old age and all occupations, climates and seasons. They also tell you how to reduce and how to gain.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered and clearly explained that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will remove the causes of your disorder the day you receive the lessons and you will find that you secure results with the first meal.

If you would like to examine these 24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Dept. 285, 460 Fourth Avenue, New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or remit $3, the small fee asked.

Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the official blank adopted by the Society and will be honored at once.

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Department 285, 460 Fourth Avenue, New York City

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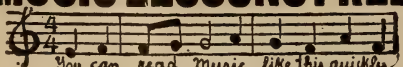
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PATTER FROM THE PACIFIC

By DICK MELBOURNE

"Ken" O'Hara, Ince publicity man, bought himself a French bull the other night, and it is now his steady companion. Ken says that it understands every word he says.

Margarita Fischer informs us that her English bull and pet wild-cat do not get along very well together. The said bull came up to her with a mouthful of brown hair and considerably scratched up. Margarita has decided not to let them play together, as they are too rough with each other.

The stars seem to have taken up photoplay writing owing to the scarcity of good plots. Charles Ray has written a very creditable story and Bessie Barriscale has received honorable mention for one which she has just completed. Kathlyn Williams is a member of the Authors' League and is working on a feature at the present time, and, strange to say, none of the above wrote the stories around themselves.

Max Linder, the famous French comedian, is in town making comedies for Essanay. He drove out to the Chaplin studio the other day and met Charles Spencer for the first time. Each said lovely things about the other thru the interpreter.

Bill Stowell seems to have given up playing "heavies." Universal is making him the hero of its features now. Bill is a good-looker and is every bit as acceptable.

George Periolat has given up having his wigs made by a wig-maker. He has cultivated the art himself, and makes all the head-coverings that he needs now. It has gotten to be a hairy hobby with him.

Rube Miller has returned to the Vogue studios and is directing Paddy McQuire in comedies for this concern. Rube will not play in the pictures himself any more.

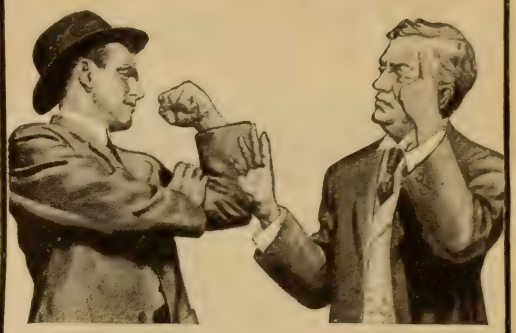
Colin Campbell took his company of Selig players to San Francisco recently, and along with the company he took some four thousand several hundred odd pounds of lighting equipment rented from Howard Hickman, Henry Otto, Franklyn Ritchie and Helen Holmes' supply company. They're preparing to clip their coupons early.

The Vernon Athletic Club is the regular meeting place of the actors on Tuesday evenings to watch the boxing bouts held there. They all go, and the club owes a lot of its success to them, too. Ben Turpin and Charlie Chaplin sit at the ringside each Tuesday evening and, while watching the bouts, remark that it reminds them of the bouts they used to have together in the old Essanay-Chaplin comedies. Chester Conklin insists that they were tame to the ones Chaplin and himself used to indulge in while turning out Mack Sennett laughmakers.

Things must be going along very nicely with Lamar Johnstone, who is supporting

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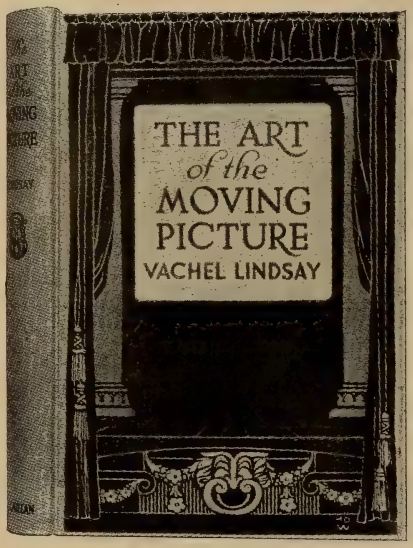
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Mr. Lindsay's book is one of the first to be written in appreciation of the moving picture. His purpose is to show how to classify and judge the better films. He describes the types of photoplays, discusses the likeness of the motion picture to the old Egyptian picture writing, summarizes the one hundred main points of difference between the legitimate drama and the film drama, indicates that the best censorship is a public sense of beauty and takes up the value of scientific films, news films, educational and political films. The volume closes with some sociological observations on the conquest of the motion picture, which he regards as a force as revolutionary as was the invention of printing.

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Tyrone Power in "The Planter" for the Nevada Motion Picture Company. Besides buying considerable stock in the picture, he has purchased a classy roadster painted a deep purple. The car creates quite a lot of talk each morning as Lamar speeds from his hotel in "Los" to the Pasadena studios.

A big electric sign is being completed on the top of the Ince-Triangle studios at Culver City that is a work of art. It is said to make and break several thousand times a minute.

It's about time that "Doug" Fairbanks was taking one of his regular trips to the Coast. Seems strange not to see his smiling face around every so often.

The cowboys at the Kalem plant all chipped in among themselves and bought Marin Sais a fine Mexican saddle. She was so tickled with the gift that she is using it on her mount which she rides in "The American Girl" series.

Henry King is certainly a much-sought-after man at the Balboa studios. Every mother with a good-looking youngster insists on bringing her pride and joy around to the studio for Henry to see, and insists that she has the makings of another "Little Mary Sunshine." Henry is very fond of tiny tots, and they are all just crazy about him, too.

Ben Turpin has changed his place of business from the Vogue plant to Mack Sennett's Keystone outfit.

We hear that Mabel Normand has almost finished her new picture, "Mickey." Why the rush, Mabel?

Eight bells and all is well! The picture Moguls have all returned to their haunts in the East.

With the leaving of D. W. Griffith, all the contracts of the Fine Arts brigade expired, and all have left that concern with the exception of Bessie Love and one or two others.

The plant of the Crown City Film Company in Pasadena burnt to the ground, and everything that was housed therein is a pile of ashes. Lamar Johnstone and Tyrone Power lost all their wardrobe—a $3,500 loss for Lamar, and $4,100 for Power.

Bill Stowell, Universal leading-man, got a five-day vacation from work at the completion of his picture, "Hell Morgan's Girl," in which Dorothy Phillips was starred, and it rained every one of those five days, too. "What was the use of calling it a vacation?" asked Bill. "I would have had the rainy days off, anyway."

Helen Holmes is rapidly nearing the final episodes of "The Railroad Raiders" serial, which she is starring in for the Mutual, and hopes to complete it without any serious injury to herself. Here's hoping.

Marin Sais, the popular Kalem heroine, has received many letters from the exhibitors thruout the country, stating that "The American Girl" is the best series that she

has ever done, and which is packing their houses at every showing. Marin says that this certainly is very gratifying and spurs her on to her very best efforts.

The Kalem studio in Hollywood has been taken over by Willis and Inglis, under a long lease, and is being entirely gone over with all the latest equipment installed.

Japan seems to be getting quite a movie-fan center, and all the photoplayers in the Hollywood colony are exhibiting letters from Japanese admirers.

Jay Belasco and Billie Rhodes are proving a very popular team in the Strand comedies that are being released on the Mutual program, and it has been decided that they shall continue to team in these laugh-extractors.

Pathé Lehrmann is getting all the residents of Hollywood excited over some of the daring automobile stunts he is putting on in the streets of this town. Harry Ham, former auto racing pilot, and leading-man of the Christie Comedy Company, is now doing all these daring stunts for Lehrmann's company, and from the way they look, they ought to be some thrillers on the screen.

There was more hard luck for Lamar Johnstone when a fire occurred in the Rosslyn Hotel and destroyed the remaining wardrobe that he had away from the studio—by smoke, however, and not fire. Lamar says that the smoke just refuses to leave his precious garments, and the only thing left for him to do was to buy himself a complete new array of clothes.

Monroe Salisbury has left his Los Angeles flat for a week and returned to his hog ranch to see how things are getting along with his stock. Monroe means to retire to his ranch when he quits the movie game.

Margarita Fischer has just signed a new contract with the Pollard Picture Players, and will be starred in their productions for another year. Her salary is in three figures now but with the first of next week, when her new contract starts, another figure is added.

Douglas Fairbanks is expected out here 'most any time now. It will be good to see his smiling face among us once more.

Alan Forrest has been a very busy youngster since he deserted New York for his first love, Los Angeles, at the earnest request of the Fox Company, where he has been supporting William Farnum since his return. Alan also has a new car.

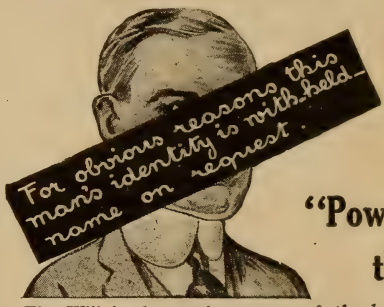
Ed Brady, of the Universal forces, has just purchased himself a new roadster. After two weeks' running Ed is now looking for the man that sold him the car.

Cleo Madison is living in Los Angeles proper once more. Cleo says that she is thru with keeping house when she is kept so busy with her acting duties. You cant do both justice is the opinion of the fair Cleo, so she gave up the attempt.

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Something must be wrong with George Periolat. He has not been seen in a Los Angeles tailor shop or outfitter's in three weeks.

Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran, of the Nestor Company, have been two of the busiest boys on the screen lately, and have all records smashed at the Universal City plant for turning out comedies in record time. Eddie and Lee get a bonus, so there's a reason.

Charles Ray, the Ince star, has had his Mercer, which he recently purchased, completely gone over by Ruckstell, the Mercer auto racing-driver, and has gained much added speed and power. Charlie certainly does burn up the roads between his home and Culver City.

William D. Taylor has taken up handball and has become quite a crack at the game.

The Coast colony was certainly sorry to see Bobby Harron leave for the East, but wishes him all the luck in the world.

PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"The Money Mill" (Vitagraph).—A well-done photoplay with such splendid stars as Dorothy Kelly, Charles Kent, Evart Overton. While it is interesting, one cannot help but feel that it is machine-made. The electric spark of genius is missing. P. A. K.

"Schemer Skinny's Schemes" (Rolin-Pathé).—It all happens to a fat boy on a farm. For pure inventive stunts, this is a record laugh-breaker. H. S. N.

"The Girl Who Lost" (Universal).—Cleo Madison's latest. Cleo takes the part of a chorus-girl, a I'm-holier-than-thou type of spit-curled chorus-lady who sticks to the straight and narrow and scorns the supper-giving Johnnies. Now, Cleo has a sister whom she supports out of her little twenty-five per. Sister must not soil her finger-nails with the dirt of honest toil; but sister's eyes work overtime ogling the boys. Being sent out of town with a road show, Cleo leaves sister with the landlady acting duenna. Immediately sister finds an old geezer with much money who employs her in his office mainly, we discover, to make love to. Sister had reached the crying-for-wedding-bells stage when Cleo returns, finds sister turning on the tear faucets. The perennially new story comes out. Whereupon Cleo turns vampire and lures the old geezer's son into her snare with much kissing. Son was so enraptured, or intoxicated, I couldn't tell which from his pantomime, that he offers to marry Cleo and chuck his perfectly good million-dollar fiancée. At this moment, old geezer and fiancée walk into Cleo's apartment *without knocking* and watch son crushing Cleo to the best of his ability in his arms. Then Cleo announces her ultimatum, "Marry my sister, or I'll marry your son." So since what is perfectly proper for a father is disgraceful for a son, old geezer consents. Cleo sends son away under the wing of his contented fiancée. Grand finale. Cleo telephones sister that old geezer is coming right over to marry her. Close-up of sister registering joy, while tears of emotionalism creep from Cleo's orbs. It seems she had loved son after all. That's the stuff the story's made of. The picture is freakishly entertaining, untrue to life, and Miss Madison's support is amateurish. H. S. N.

"School for Husbands" (Lasky).—Or a lesson for wives. Fannie Ward makes the mistake of caricaturing the wife who wanted to save hubby's money for him. Had she played the part seriously, it would have been more effective. However, Miss Ward is her own capable self in the latter half. Jack Dean gives attractive support and the settings are quite up to the Lasky standard of beauty. C. F. H.

"Aladdin from Broadway" (Vitagraph).—At last something new beneath the sun. Here is a photoplay brimful of originality. Its plot hinges on the Mohammedan religion, which permits a man to divorce his wife by saying, "I divorce you," three times; but he may not remarry her unless she marries a second husband between-times. The atmosphere of the East is admirably carried out. Edith Storey is in one of her most scintillating moods with Antonio Moreno and William Duncan ably assisting her. H. S. N.

"Shot in the West" (Nestor).—Those pleasing fun-makers, Edith Roberts, Eddie Lyons, and Lee Moran reel off another first-class comedy. P. A. K.

"Sapho" (Famous Players).—Wherein Camille is torn from her pedestal as champion woman with a past. Pauline Frederick makes of selfish Sapho, who plucks the jewels from men's hearts and hands until she tires of them, a flesh and blood creation. Among the weeds and flowers of the present-day movie, "Sapho" rears its head like a red rose of perfection. It is as champagne to vin ordinaire; it is Mary Garden out-Gardened. For masterly direction and excellence of cast and settings, "Sapho" could not be excelled. H. S. N

"The Darling of Paris" (Fox).—Theda Bara in a heavy, slow-moving vehicle of Paris in the Middle Ages. By far too much time is spent on uninteresting details. For instance, we watch Miss Bara climb to the top of her bedroom and peer thru the bars no less than ten times. For lovers of Theda, this is all very well; but, for others, once would suffice. The supporting cast is uninteresting. H. S. N.

"Lonesome Luke's Lively Life" (Pathé).—Recommended as a sure cure for the blues. You just cant help laughing at Luke's restaurant escapades. C. F. H.

"The Mysterious Mrs. M." (Universal).—A reminder of the beauty of innocent romance and religion. A clean story of sane ideals set in remarkably beautiful settings. Mary MacLaren and Harrison Ford are the youthful head-liners. C. F. H.

(*Continued on page* 14)

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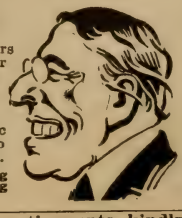


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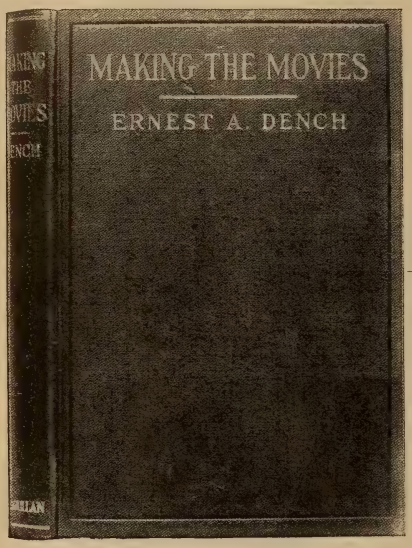
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(*Continued from page* 12)

"Brainstorm" (Fox Film Comedies).—Everybody's doing it! Doing what?—making comedies. Each day brings forth a different brand. This one is overloaded with trick photography and must have cost a pretty penny to produce. Item: destruction of a whole oil-producing plant. P. A. K.

"One of Many" (Metro).—Again we have the sex problem thrust at us. Sex treated in one way or another seems to be the reliable theme when others are scarce. This is noteworthy because of the good work done by its stars, Frances Nelson and Niles Welch. P. A. K.

"Poor Little Rich Girl" (Artcraft).—The film version of Eleanor Gates' play. A chain of incidents presenting Mary Pickford as a very saucy, tomboyish little girl. The element of pity which, if we recollect correctly, was the prevailing emotion of the stage version, is lacking here. Nevertheless, a thoroly enjoyable entertainment, lavishly produced. H. S. N.

"Stage Struck" (Triangle-Fine Arts).—Dorothy Gish is evidently an exponent of the repressed school of acting; in fact, at times her facial expressions are so repressed as to appear almost vacant. As for "Stage Struck"—inject some speed into the story, a pound of genius into the players, a little life into Miss Dorothy's countenance, a little reality into the settings and "Stage Struck" would be an A-1 comedy. As it is, it starts as a comedy and ends as a drama. Very anachronistic. H. S. N.

"Max Comes Across" (Essanay).—The début of Max Linder, the new Parisian acquisition of Essanay. The story is just what the title implies. Max is a very natty little man, really the first man I have ever seen who appeared attractive in pajamas and dressing-gown. (On the screen, *bien entendu.*) Max is also some osculator—ask the very pretty young girl who takes the part of his shipboard flame. It seems odd to see our erstwhile prince of heavy dramatics, Ernest Maupain, playing foil to Max's funny business, but he gets away with it O. K. All in all, a comedy de luxe, which is going to make C. Chaplin look to his laurels. P. A. K.

"Womanhood, or the Glory of a Nation" (Vitagraph).—Released on the eve of America's entrance into the world's greatest (and most ignoble) war, "Womanhood" is the first great super-feature dealing directly with the war. I would not call it a remarkable drama, but it is great because of its timeliness and the sincerity of its motives. The German invaders of the United States are thinly disguised as "Ruritanians," and the Teutonic doctrines of "Might makes right" and "War knows no necessity" are ruthlessly unfolded on the screen. At times, "Womanhood" rises to supremely beautiful heights, such as the meeting of the war-blinded lover (James Morrison) with his disfigured fiancée (Peggy Hyland). The great battle-scenes, employing every modern weap-

on, are more than thrilling—they are terrifying. Unfortunately, the limitations of the film make them too short. The naval battle is a most ambitious and cleverly conceived marine spectacle. The drama proper does not keep pace with its strong and ably presented motive. The "Awakened America" action in the second half is unnatural, overdramatic, and forced. Harry Morey makes a forceful hero, and Alice Joyce an appealing and beautiful heroine. E. M. L.

"The Honor System" (Fox).—This picture shows very clearly the terrible conditions existing in many of our prisons—this is its primal purpose. Milton Sills is excellent, as the young man who goes West to seek fame and fortune, and who is convicted of a serious crime, all because of circumstantial evidence. This drama will be a revelation to the outsider, and convincingly shows that modern prison life, save in a few States, is as terrible and blasting as in the Dark Ages. The scenes were taken at the Arizona State Prison. R. B.

"The Bond Between" (Morosco-Paramount).—A plot amateurishly constructed shows a possible method by which the Mona Lisa might have been stolen. A rather clever manipulation of electric light and telephone ires gives the crook his chance. The discovery of the real crook brings in some effectively presented secret service and police-station work. The poverty of correct and necessary detail of pictures in art gallery and patrons in Bohemian restaurant was painfully apparent. George Beban cleverly portrays the pathos of the old father in a plot which is singularly similar to that in which David Warfield as the old Grand Army man confesses guilt to shield his wayward son. N. D. G.

"Mothers of France" (World).—Mme. Marsay (Sarah Bernhardt) accompanies her husband Gen. Marsay, and son Robert, a lieutenant, to the Champagne front. She becomes matron of the military hospital at Rheims. She hears that her son is mortally wounded and makes her way back amid actual scenes of conflict, shot, bursting shell, and smoke of battle to the trenches. Robert barely lives to bid his mother farewell; she takes from his hand his last written message imploring her to overcome her grief and set a worthy example to the mothers of France. She returns to her work at the hospital. Martin, village schoolmaster, is brought in blinded. From him she learns of her husband's death. Doubly bereaved, she returns to give heart comfort to the stricken villagers of Meurcy. Here she is supreme. No picture ever staged approaches in strength the passion of agony, the tender sympathetic spirit, of that mute picture of the Gethsemane of motherhood. So powerfully compelling is her appeal to heart and mind that wave after wave of emotion sweeps over her audience in subdued applause and tears, and we are given a new and soul-stirring sense of the unlimited possibilities of Motion Picture drama. N. D. G.



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When the Stars Appear

An Up-to-the-Minute Résumé of Popular Players' Plays for April and May

At the request of thousands of readers who desire to find out, at a glance, when and in what photoplays the leading players will appear, we give herewith a condensed list of releases from mid-April to mid-May:

Max Linder (Essanay).—"Max Takes a Taxi," further adventures of the comic Parisian.

Mary Pickford (Artcraft).—"A Romance of the Redwoods," romantic drama of California in the '49 days.

Ben Wilson and Neva Gerber (Universal).—"The Voice on the Wire," a new serial.

Roscoe Arbuckle (Paramount).—"The Butcher Boy," a gingery "Fatty" farce.

Mabel Taliaferro (Metro.).—"A Magdalene of the Hills," a mountaineer drama starring a mountain lass.

Douglas Fairbanks (Artcraft).—"In Again—Out Again," a feature comedy full of verve and action.

Sheldon Lewis and Harry Benham (Edward Warren).—"The Warfare of the Flesh," a morality drama dealing with the forces of good and evil.

Mrs. Vernon Castle (International).—Further installments of the serial "Patria."

Mollie King and Leon Bary (Astra).—"The Mystery of the Double Cross," a new, speedy and thrilling mystery serial.

Florence LaBadie (Thanhouser).—"When Love Was Blind," a romantic drama.

William Desmond (Triangle).—"Paddy O'Hara," the rollicking romance of a laddiebuck.

Bessie Barriscale (Triangle).—"The Snarl," a stinging arraignment of the loveless marriage.

Mabel Normand (Mabel Normand Co.).—"Mickey," a character comedy-drama, with a whimsical little star.

H. B. Warner (Frohman).—"God's Man," a nine-reel feature from the George Bronson Howard novel.

William Russell (Mutual).—"High Play," a drama of high finance interwoven with strong love-interest.

Helen Holmes (Signal-Mutual).—"The Railroad Raiders," weekly chapters of a new serial packed with railroad thrills.

Crane Wilbur (Horsley-Mutual).—"The Single Code," which concerns the honor of a gentleman.

Jackie Saunders (Mutual).—The Wildcat," a comedy-drama with lots of opportunity for its star.

E. K. Lincoln and Edna Hunter (Monmouth)—"Jimmie Dale," further episodes of the adventurous and romantic serial.

Stuart Holmes (Fox).—"The Derelict," a humanology tragedy dealing with the pace that kills.

Marin Sais (Kalem).—"The American Girl," a series of two-part dramas of modern life.

Alice Joyce and Harry Morey (Vitagraph).—"Womanhood, the Glory of a Nation," a super-feature of love, war, preparedness and patriotism.

Charles Chaplin (Mutual).—"The Cure," a health-resort farce that is replete with laughs and Turkish towels.

Louise Glaum (Triangle).—"Sweetheart of the Doomed," a cyclonic chapter from the life of a siren.

STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

Cohan and Harris.—"The Willow Tree." In this age of murder, mystery and society plays, this little legend of Japan is as fresh as a lotus-flower. Beautiful stage-settings, charming dialog and clever characterization round out an evening of enchantment. Fay Bainter and Harold Vosburgh (of picture fame) play the leads most capably.

Booth.—"A Successful Calamity." One of the best plays that New York has seen for many a moon. William Gillette in the lead is simply immense and so are the entire company. A charming evening's entertainment that leaves a delicious flavor in the mouth.

Bandbox.—"Nju." An interesting Russian play. Something different. Very unique, entertaining, artistic, and capitally done.

Lyceum.—"The Case of Lady Camber." A strong, well-acted, English drama. Unusually tense situations and many surprises hold the interest from beginning to end. W. L. Abingdon, Lyn Harding and Mary Boland leads.

Hippodrome.—"The Big Show." A tremendous spectacle of dazzling scenery, music, ballet, dancing, skating, and fanciful acts that will offend nobody and delight everybody. A veritable circus, drama, opera and comedy combined.

Playhouse.—"The Man Who Came Back." A strong, gripping drama that holds the interest from beginning to end; superbly acted by Henry Hull and Mary Nash.

Century.—"The Century Girl." The biggest musical show New York ever saw, and in its most beautiful theater.

Cort.—"Upstairs and Down." A very clever and witty portrayal of life as led by the idle rich. One of the best comedies in New York. Courtenay Foote, the lead, as a universal flirt, very good. The whole cast strong.

Cohan's.—"Come Out of the Kitchen." Ruth Chatterton is always charming, but her opportunities in this Southern play are not so winsome as those in "Daddy-Long-Legs," even with Bruce McRae to assist her.

Eltinge.—"Cheating Cheaters." A thrilling crook-play, full of suspense, surprises and a few good laughs. Marjorie Rambeau and entire company are fine.

Empire.—"A Kiss for Cinderella." A dainty fantasy with Maude Adams as Cinderella, a girl of dreams. Sparkling, clever and full of delightful sayings all thru.

48th Street.—"The Thirteenth Chair." A weird but gripping drama written around a "spiritualist" and her séances. Margaret Wycherly scores heavily as the star, and the play is one of the best in New York. By author of "Within the Law," Bayard Vellier.

Fulton.—"Pals First." An intensely interesting comedy that is full of laughs, caused mostly by Thomas Wise, who adds to his long list of recent hits. William Courtenay also stars in a becoming rôle. This play should enjoy a long run—it certainly deserves it.

Winter Garden.—"The Show of Wonders." A delightful conglomeration of a little of everything for everybody, mostly music. "Submarine F-7" is an attractive feature.

Criterion.—"Johnny Get Your Gun." A very funny farcical entertainment in which a Motion Picture scene is shown in course of making.

Republic.—"Lilac Time." An absorbing, interesting dramatic play of modern French war-time in which Jane Cowl does some excellent dramatic work, supported by a good company. In spite of the unhappy ending, the play has a strong appeal and is no doubt destined for a long run.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Program changes every week.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

Once Upon a Time

By JOHNSON BRISCOE

April 11, 1900.—Eugenie Besserer (Selig) was giving a most convincing portrayal of that depraved creature, Cora Fay, in the melodrama, "Dangerous Women," causing all to shudder at her sheer wickedness, this at the Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., where the play was produced for the first time in America, two nights previously.

April 12, 1905.—Harry Benham (Warren) appealed mightily to the feminine portion of the audience assembled this night at the Loomer Opera House, Willimantic, Conn., where he was dancing gayly around as Alexander Nerveen, in "Peggy from Paris."

April 13, 1909.—Lovey Marsh (Goldwyn) was a dashing, spirited figure as one of Lorenzo's pages, Gabrini, in "The Mascot," which happy old opera Raymond Hitchcock had revived the evening before, at the New Amsterdam Theater, New York, but as these were the days long before little sister Mae made a famous trademark of her name, Miss Marsh's cognomen appeared upon the playbills as that by which she was long known in filmdom, Marguerite Loveridge.

April 15, 1904.—Eulalie Jensen (Vitagraph), after a faithful apprenticeship in the chorus ranks of "Peggy from Paris," was rejoicing in the opportunity of having a distinctive bit in "The Prince of Pilsen," being Olive Oriole, the Baltimore girl, in the famous "Song of the Cities" number, appearing then for a special engagement at Daly's Theater, New York.

April 16, 1900.—Irene Hunt (Universal) was rapidly making a name for herself among our talented stage children, upon this very date appearing upon a Broadway stage for the first time, being cast for Joseph, the little boy, in "Sapho," which was the sensational craze of the hour then, appearing at the Theater Comique, tho at that time some of you may have overlooked the present Miss Hunt, for she was billed as "Irene Clark."

(*Continued on page* 166)

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May Allison, who, after a meteoric career on the stage, became the "screen bride" of Harold Lockwood, with whom she co-starred herself into the hearts of the public. Now, perhaps, she is going off to star on her own hook.



Margarita Fischer rings the changes of her amazing variety of parts almost as fast as the camera purrs—Hawaiian maid, artist's model and a navy rookie are among her latest escapades.



Copyright

Not so long ago piquant Vivian Martin played on the stage "The High Cost of Loving"—now she's making amends by giving illustrated cooking lectures to all who will listen on "The High Cost of Living."



When Roscoe Arbuckle recently transferred his bulk and activities from the West to the East, his journey across the continent was hailed with all the triumphs of a Caesar. Perhaps it was because the great Caesar himself wanted only fat and fun-loving friends around him.



Creighton Hale, prince of the Pathé serials, gave his admirers a shock when he abdicated the studio to go on the stage. Now he's back again in his true kingdom of Picture-land.



From college campus to studio dressing-room is the flying leap of George Walsh. Georgetown University alma matered her stalwart son, it seems, to pit his strength against The Bara's lures.



Copyright

This beautiful child of the stage and World studios has already rounded out the career of the average full-blown star. Outside of her professional hours she has probably been the most photographed child on five continents.



Adele De Garde is one of the chosen few to break studio precedent. A few years ago she was a child star, with no future, so 'twas said—now she's playing leading woman for Vitagraph with both a triumphal past and a rosy future.

The Cinderella of the Cooper-Hewitts

by Pearl Gaddis

She's only a wee bit of a fluffy, golden-haired kiddie, with wide, blue eyes, a sunny smile and a sense of humor. She was discovered on her way from school one day, and captured for screen purposes by the Fox Film Company. When she protested that she had had no screen or stage experience, the captor just grinned and said nothing. You see, he had ideas—he knew that she was an ideal screen type, and he took a chance on teaching her the A B C of the acting part of it.

And so little Cinderella came to New York. With the natural good spirits and romantic impulses of Sweet Seventeen, she looked forward to a life of gay good times along the Great Bright Way. New York, to her, meant nothing else. But she was soon disillusioned. Housed in a very exclusive girls' boarding-school in Seventy-second Street, she goes to and from the Fox studio in Fort Lee, N. J., in a limousine provided by the company. When she wishes to go for a walk, in the evening, one of her tutors accompanies her; or if she likes, a limousine and chauffeur call for her, and off she spins, gayly. It is her first trip to New York, and Mr. Fox has promised the little mother, back in Boston, that nothing shall harm her—least of all, association with New York's so-called "Gay White Way."

She has been placed in the hands of one of New York's most fashionable (and exclusive) modistes, so that all her frocks will be exquisitely correct; a famous photographer is to have the privilege of photographing her in all her moods and feelings.

All of this sounds quite wonderful, and too good to be true. But lest other girls envy this bright little Princess of Good Fortune, let us say that the life of little June Caprice is not all concerned with pretty clothes and beautiful photographs; she works very hard. She arises at six o'clock every morning, has her bath, her breakfast, and dresses. At seven-thirty the limousine calls for her, and off she goes to the Fox studio, at Fort Lee, N. J. By eight-thirty, or nine o'clock at the latest, she is dressed and made up for her work. And at nine the camera begins to grind. From then until five or six on ordinary days, until three and four the next morning on quite a number of days, she lives the life of a ragged little street gamin, a hoydenish but lovable little daughter of the rich, or a mountain maid. She has half an hour for lunch, and in the evening she is usually too tired to want to go out. So her diary entries for the end of the day usually read, "Went to bed early—nine o'clock, for I was awfully tired and had lots to do the next day."

When I called to see her at the Fox studio, John Kellette, assistant to Director John G. Adolfi, volunteered to show me to her dressing-room. We were greeted by a warm little ripple of girlish laughter, and a merry voice cried "Come in!" Beside a big wicker chair knelt a slim little figure in a dull blue Chinese kimono, her golden curls rumpled, her blue eyes wide and warm with laughter. Curled in the chair, like a glossy bit of ebony, was a wee black kitten. And it was that same innocent, yellow-eyed kitten that had caused the mirth which had greeted Mr. Kellette and me.

Business of introductions. Business of exit on part of Mr. Kellette. The little blue-robed princess of pictures did not rise. She pushed a chair towards me and fondled the kitten.

"Isn't he a dear!" she cried, a little breathlessly. "One of the prop-room

boys found him for me. He was awfully hungry, and afraid of me at first. He cried so pitifully that I cried too. And then I gave him some warm milk, and snuggled him warmly in a little box here. And now he likes me."



As if to prove that he did, she rose, gathered him up and seated herself in the chair, holding him in her lap.

"I call him Opportunity," she went on.

"Opportunity?" I gasped. "Why, in the name of all that's sane——"

"Because every time I shut him out he 'comes knocking at my door,'" she answered, with a little twinkle in the innocently blue eyes. "Of course, he doesn't really knock, but he comes and mews, and begs to be let in. And I am sure he means it for a knock."

You see, I told you that she had a sense of humor.

"Do you know that you're being interviewed?" I asked, making an effort. Interviewing such people as June Caprice is an art in itself, and I wasn't quite sure of my footing.

"Yes, I know it," she answered readily. "And I suppose I'm expected to say that I like pictures much better than the stage, and that the Moving Picture industry is still in its infancy——"

"Stop!" I cried grimly. "You're too young to say such stale things!"



PRINCE CHARMING, TOO, CAME "KNOCKING AT CINDERELLA'S DOOR" AND IS MAKING THE MOST OF HIS OPPORTUNITY

"Oh, youth," she retorted, with a gay insouciance that was charming. "What is youth? Just a bubble!" and she laughed merrily.

"Quoting again, eh?" said a voice at the door, and I looked up to see a sweet-faced woman of the late thirties smiling down at the girl I was attempting—not very successfully—to interview. "Dont mind her cynical nothings, Miss Gaddis. She quotes them parrot-like."

Miss Caprice merely laughed again. The lady—Miss Caprice's companion and chaperone—informed her gleeful charge that it was time to dress. So, with a brief apology, Miss Caprice stood up, slipped out of the blue robe into a fluffy, adorable frock of pale pink chiffon, silver cloth and crystal. She looked like a Christmas-tree angel in it—all blue eyes, gold curls, pink chiffon, silver and crystals. After she was dressed, I watched her working in some scenes. She is already thoroly at home before the camera, and never seems to feel the slightest trace of "camera-consciousness."



SHE IS ALWAYS WIDE-AWAKE TO THE POSSIBILITIES OF EVERY MOMENT. THIS IS THE ONLY TIME MISS JUNE CAPRICE WAS EVER CAUGHT "NAPPING"

She has already played the lead in "Caprice of the Mountains," "The Ragged Princess," "The Mischief Maker" and "A Modern Cinderella." And as this is being written, she is in the mountains of Georgia, at work on two other plays. The first of these, "A Child of the Wild," gives little June a rare hoydenish opportunity, mixed with a bit of real pathos. As June Griest, the mountaineer schoolgirl, who aches her little heart out over the villainy of her schoolteacher, only to find out in the end that he is loyal and true, June Caprice climbs trees like a monkey, mothers a breed of "under-fry" and plays hookey like an arrant tomboy. Those plays already released have established her as a favorite in the minds of photoplay fans, and it seems quite certain that the year will, as her company believes, make her one of the best-known and loved figures on the screen. Will she, as they believe, be, within the year, a figure as popular and famous as Marguerite Clark, Mary Pickford and other diminutive screen stars? Her company *believes* it, and she shyly *hopes* so!

June Caprice's parents are English—the careful accent of her mother betrayed this to me—who settled in Boston just previous to the birth of their fortunate daughter. June will never be a large woman; she may, and probably will, round out some, but her frame is slight and at present she weighs scarcely a hundred pounds. Her color scheme is very charming—large gray-green eyes, russet golden hair and light complexion.



SEENA OWEN
(Fine Arts)

Photo by Witzel



Photo by Sarony

HAROLD LOCKWOOD
(Metro)

Their Golden Sunsets

By NORMAN BRUCE

"WHERE," inquires the poet mournfully—"where are the songs of yesteryear?"

"Where," ask the veteran theater-goers, gazing with gloomy eyes at the crook plays, the sex-dramas and the giggling girlies of the musical-comedy chorus — "where are the stars of yesteryear? The sterling men and women who supported Booth and Barrett, who made us laugh, weep and thrill as no one seems able to make us nowadays? Where are the actors and actresses who were young when we were young?"



MAGGIE BREYER



"MOTHER" MARY MAURICE

Buy a ticket to almost any Motion Picture show tonight and you will see some of them, hair whitened perhaps and well-remembered faces written with the fine strokes of Time's penmanship, but with their old art as potent to move as ever. To be sure, the debonair young lovers have become gray grandfathers or venerable bishops, and the golden curls that used to toss so merrily thru "The Black Crook," or drooped so forlornly thru "The Two Orphans," are powdered with silver frost. Perhaps on the speaking stage their voices might be hardly strong enough to carry, and they would be out of place in the strident modern dramas that prattle so freely on anatomical subjects in lines that an actor of forty years ago would have blushed to speak. But in the movies, Age has found its rightful place.

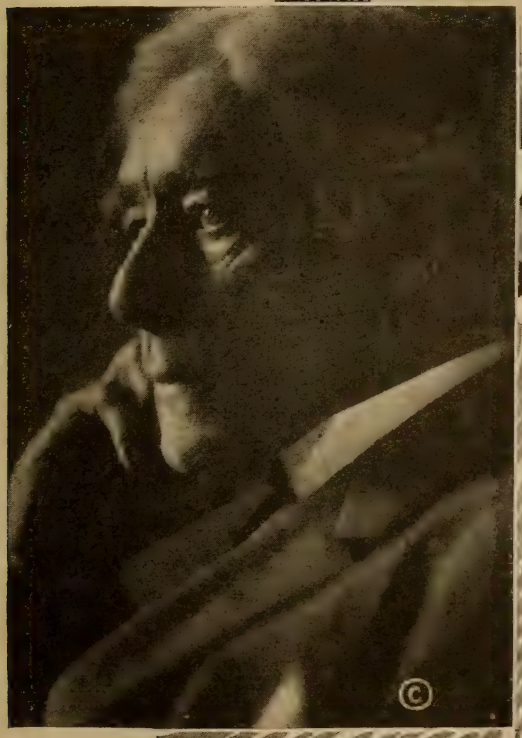
Hardly a photoplay is produced nowadays without some old or middle-aged character in it. Sometimes it is the millionaire broker, with the tall silk hat giving such stately dignity to his white locks; sometimes it is the trembling old mother in the quaint little velvet "bunnit" who comes to the governor to plead for the life of her boy in

prison. Judges, ministers, businessmen, dowagers and duchesses—there are a hundred calls in the studios for old age combined with experience, and the best actors and actresses of the past generation are answering them.

The fiftieth birthday is no longer a signal for retirement to the chimney-corner and the armchair, nor for the donning of caps and spectacles. Today, Grandfather—two million of him—takes a brisk stroll of four or five miles to his office, does a hard day's work and returns home ready to fox-trot all the evening, stretch the speed-limit in his twelve-cylinder Fierce Sparrow, or to take a little jaunt in his flying-machine. Grandmother carries a fifteen-pound suffrage banner six miles in a stiff gale, attends several club meetings and a bargain sale, and is fresh and ready to share his evening diversion. In all walks of life people have discovered that the seasoned experience that age alone can bring is worth quite as much as the vim and vigor of youth. And in the field of the theatrical profession this is especially true.



CHARLES KENT



What pretty, fresh-cheeked girl of the screen can bring the lump to the throat or dim the eyes as surely as Mary Maurice, the sweet-faced mother of innumerable Vitagraph pictures, with her frail little hands as delicate and lovely as bits of ivory or old porcelain? What youthful hero with curly black locks and melting eyes can thrill the blood like fine old Charles Kent, whose every movement breathes the gracious courtesy of the cavalier days of periwig and powdered frill? Their beautiful old age gives the pictures in which they appear a



HERBERT STANDING

EDGAR DAVENPORT

GERALD GRIFFITH

THOMAS COMMERFORD

human touch, a sympathetic quality that tugs at the heart-strings like an old song sung in the twilight. "Mother" Maurice brings an atmosphere of home-tenderness and serenity wherever she goes. In "Mother's Roses" we saw it on the screen, unconsciously shielding her reckless children from sorrow and sin. And those of us who had ever known the dear miracle of mother-love went away from the theater that night with moist eyes and proud hearts, remembering somehow the long-forgotten words of a childish prayer stammered sleepily at our mother's knee. Even into the clamor and confusion of the studio "Mother" brings her home serenity.

"She's always making something out of pink worsted or gray yarn," her fellow-players smile tenderly—"a baby's jacket, or a comfy pair

of slippers or stockings for her boys in the trenches. Oh no, not her own sons; but any one's son is one of her 'boys'—that's Mother Maurice—bless her!"

Across the great, cluttered Vitagraph studio, in a sheltered nook you will be likely to find Charles Kent reading aloud to a group of breathless studio kiddies from an old book of fairy tales!

"And then the Princess opened her blue, blue eyes and saw the Prince, very tall and gentle and knightly in the gold light of the setting sun——"

A prince, tall and gentle and knightly in the gold light of the setting sun—that is Charles Kent, loved alike upon the stage and the screen, enshrined in the memories of Age and the romantic visions of Youth and in the hearts of the little children.

Maggie Breyer, the "Granny" of the Metro Pictures, is an old-time favorite, still acting after a career of fifty years. Fort Recovery, the pioneer town where she was born, is no longer on the map; but there are few towns in America, large or small, that do not know her gentle, delicately lined face under the silver crown of hair. For years she made us laugh and weep as shrewd human Aunt Matilda in Denman Thompson's rural classic, "The Old Homestead." Her latest work on the screen is with Mabel Taliaferro in "The Sunbeam."

In the same play Gerald Griffith, another old-timer, takes the part of Rutherford, the candy king. Matinée girls in hoop-skirts and waterfalls wrote him romantic letters—they called them epistles then—nearly half a century ago. He first appeared in the opera-house in Pittsburgh, where he acted as a super in the stock company, after working in the iron foundry all day. The costumes and properties were simpler in those times than they are today.

"I played the part of an Indian brave in 'Metamora,' dressed in my working clothes, overalls and hob-nailed shoes," he relates, with a twinkle in his eyes. "A black wig cut out of an old fur rug, a tin tomahawk and a daub of red paint on either cheek formed my entire make-up, and I imagine I made a truly terrifying figure with my ferocious head and eminently peaceful and respectable legs! Crude days they were, but there are no players nowadays like Barrett and Booth, and Fanny Davenport, Clara Morris and Modjeska. Acting then was one hundred per cent. personality and power and art, not a head of wavy hair or a trick of wearing an evening suit as it is too often now."

Another actor with a past as well as a present is Edgar Davenport, one of the famous family of Davenports to whom belonged the charming and vivacious Fanny, toast of New York clubs before the Civil War. In the rôle of middle-aged men this dignified and versatile actor has made a great success on the screen. He is the stock-broker who reads the ticker tape so realistically and makes a fortune by selling Consolidated Tea on a shoe-string margin in the fourth reel. He is the hard-hearted parent who disowns his profligate son in the first reel, only to receive him with open arms after son has put down the strike at the copper mines, foiled the traitorous foreman and married the pretty telephone girl. Suave, distinguished, elegant in dress and manner, his characterizations in "Dorian's Divorce," "The Blindness of Love" and "The Upheaval" are a delight to the critical. In Mr. Davenport's long career he has seen history made, both on and off the stage. He has stood on the professional side of the footlights on many memorable first nights, sharing the honors with Sothern, Hackett and Otis Skinner, as he shares them now with the great artists of the screen.

Herbert Standing is a picturesque figure of the Pallas Pictures. He celebrated his seventieth birthday a few months ago. As Mary Maurice is the typical screen mother of our hearts, Mr. Standing is the typical father, benignant, tolerant, the sternness of his mouth belied by the kindliness of his eyes. There is a mellowness in his performances like the timbre of a seasoned violin or the flavor of choice old port. Instinctively one feels certain that he keeps a worn little volume of the Odes of Horace in his vest pocket to read in odd moments between scenes, or perhaps Cicero on the Privileges of Old Age. As the venerable monk in "Hypocrites" he achieved a

truly artistic triumph. He was Halib Bey, the father of Demetra, in the colorful fragment of the East, "The Rug-Maker's Daughter." He played Saint Peter in Peer Gynt, and in each widely differing rôle he was as completely merged into the character he played as David Warfield loses himself in his gentle portrayals of whimsical, lovable types.

reminiscent, gentle smile of the old upon the young couple just starting out on life's journey, the quick tears start to our eyes. It is a pathetic picture. But the pathos is that of Youth, that has so long and hard a way to travel; not of Age, that is so nearly safe at Home.

"Grow old along with me," sang the old poet Browning; "the best is yet to be



SCENE FROM "GOD'S HALF-ACRE," SHOWING A NUMBER OF WELL-KNOWN OLD PEOPLE OF THE SCREEN

In "God's Half-Acre" all but the two young lovers are old people, not actors made up to look like old men and women, but genuine, plump Grandma ladies and jolly, bewhiskered Santa Claus men. There are fifteen of these veteran players in the picture—stout, comfortable old ladies in basques and cameo pins; reverent old gentlemen in frock coats; frail little old women in caps and fichus, with peppermint drops — one is certain — in their pockets. As they stand smiling the

—the last of life, for which the first was made."

The hot restlessness of the noontime is gone, and the long day's tasks lie behind them, faithfully performed. In the mellow afterglow of the sunset they linger over their work as the gleaners linger in the fruitful harvest fields to gather the last sheaves. And the sheaves that they gather are our smiles and our tears, our love and gratitude. May the sunsets of all their lives be golden!



The Luxuriations of "Jackpots"

As Related by the Dog Himself

Of course you have heard all about many film stars, how hard they work and how they spend their days; but I am a little film dog called Jackpots, and I lead a very busy life too. I live with my little friend Peggy Hyland, who is also in pictures; in fact, I suppose many people would say I belong to her—and we get on very well together.

I can tell you, I have many advantages over her. In the early morning, for instance, she gets up about an hour before I do and rushes round putting on weird garments and twisting her hair about, etc. Finally, she puts a silly thing on her head—I think she calls it a hat—she doesn't always have the same one. Sometimes it has tails sticking up in it, but I always like to see it, whatever it is like, because then I know we shall soon go and I get very bored waiting for her. Now, I am much more sensible; I simply get up, shake and stretch myself, and



"JACKPOTS" LYING IN WAIT FOR A MOUSE

stand for a few moments while some one brushes me and puts a little strap round my neck, and there I am—already dressed.

Then off we go for our day's work. Mine starts at once. I carry my breakfast down in the elevator; I dont believe I should get any if I didn't, as Peggy always has her arms full of things—parcels, rugs, bags, etc.



BOBBIE IS VERY BIG, BUT AWFULLY LAZY

Then I just have to see that our bit of the street is clear of cats and other nuisances, and then we get into our car and drive over to Brooklyn to our nice "Big V" studio.

I have my own special window to look out of, and when I get tired of doing that I eat my breakfast and then go to sleep, as it is a terribly long journey. I always know when we are just getting there; and I cant help it, but I get so excited when I see the studio. We let them know we are there; we always blow our horn just before we go in at the gate. This brings out a friend of ours; he is very big and is called Bobbie and is the watch-dog at the studio; he is very fond of my little friend, which rather annoys me, but I hope I am "dog of the world" enough not to show it.

We all three go into Peggy's dressing-room. Then I go and inspect the yard and see that everything is quite all right there. Then I generally go round the corner to a house where there are some chickens and cats and another dog whom I dont like at all. Bobbie—our friend—is very big, but so lazy and good-natured he doesn't even try to protect himself against other dogs, so I have taken him "under my paw," so to speak.

One day we were doing a scene outside the studio, when the other dog I dont like came and knocked Bobbie over and began to bully him. He is very big too, nearly as big as Bobbie, but I didn't care—I just went for him. I am not particularly devoted to Bobbie myself, but Peggy likes him, so I wasn't going to allow any one to hurt him. I was so angry I jumped on the other dog from the back and buried my teeth in his neck and it took two men to separate me from him. I may tell you I go round to his house nearly every day since then and have a few words with him.



SUGAR, THE REWARD OF VIRTUE

One day, about a week ago, I dont know just how it happened, but he actually got the best of me; I managed to get away at last and went back to our dressing-room, trying to look as if nothing had happened,



TAKING IN THE STREET SIGHTS

but I really did feel badly and that horrid fellow had left his marks on me.

Peggy was so sweet when she saw me; she bathed my face and neck and petted me very tenderly. I wonder if she had noticed anything. I hope not, because I shouldn't like her to know "that dog" had very nearly beaten me.

When my little friend does scenes outside the studio I always go with her and I was in a scene myself the other day. We were in a garden, and the director never told me what to do, so I waited until they began taking the scene and then I started to dig a big hole in the ground. I like plenty of action in pictures myself, and when I



AFTER THE FIGHT PEGGY WAS A REGULAR RED CROSS NURSE TO "JACKPOTS"

About 11 o'clock I go and fetch Peggy's mail for her and then go over to the shops with our man to get our lunch. After lunch I generally have a rest; then, while Peggy is busy taking scenes in the studio, I take care of our room and hunt any mice which might try to come after our food.

saw it on the screen I thought it looked very good and so natural. I hope you wont think me conceited when I tell you that Peggy was so pleased with it that she is going to get me a really nice part in one of her pictures very soon.

Sometimes we have visitors in our room and then I am often asked to do my

tricks for them. I dont mind, because I get a bit of sugar or cake after each trick and I like nice things to eat, but only water to drink, thank you!

About 5 o'clock my little friend comes my dinner, I consider I have done a good day's work and go to bed.

So you see I am quite as busy and rushed as other important screen actors. Besides my daily work, I have Peggy to



"JACKPOTS" IS REAL STUCK-UP WHEN THE CAMERA CATCHES HIM POSING WITH PEGGY

and takes off a lot of yellow, messy-looking stuff she puts on her face before she acts in the pictures and then off we go home again, and then, when I have had look after. And a girl like that—especially an awfully pretty girl like Peggy—is a great care and responsibility for a young, unmarried terrier, I can tell you!

Ho! for a Bigger and Better *Classic*

For a year or more the *Motion Picture Classic* has been considered the handsomest magazine on the stands. We now propose making it even handsomer and bigger. The June number will be out on May 15, and it will be a surprise. The price will be 20 cents a copy, but you will find it well worth it. Dont miss it!

"Because"—or "Window-Wishing" with Marguerite Courtot

By EDNA WRIGHT



It is said that "because" is a woman's best word-weapon and seldom carries with it any force, save that of wriggling out of a situation. Miss Marguerite Courtot can smash this axiom into bits, for, after spending an afternoon with her recently, I learnt that at least one woman can use this weapon and make it very forcible. Two most delightful hours with her are as diamonds to me, for they will sparkle and glisten in my mind as long as I can remember. "Because" she has an extremely charming and welcome manner, I was fortunate in being able to take tea with this favorite of the screen.

"I love tea; dont you?" was Miss Courtot's first remark as I kept my appointment with her. "Let's have some," she continued; so, suiting the action to her words, we started out for one of New York's quaint tea-houses on Fifth Avenue.

Strolling—"because" we decided that the day was too ideal for riding—Miss Courtot asked me if I cared to "window-wish" with her. Most persons term it "window-pilling," but, "because" this dainty little lady gave it the new name, I agreed that her title was far more suitable, and henceforth I shall "window-wish"—"because," she enthusiastically resumed, "I just wish and wish for all the pretty things displayed." We *did* have great sport as we pictured, first ourselves gowned in the stunning models in a smart modiste's window, next tripping around in the fancy shoes another shop displayed. There were handsome, costly furs to wrap oneself in; lovely, inviting hats to tempt one, and gems of the choicest selection—all for us to fondle and wear in this "window-wishing." Could her admirers have heard her hearty laughter and the screamingly funny remarks that she made, they would



have readily understood that it is not envy, but the love of adventure, that dwells in the secret place of her soul, that leaps up and takes command of Marguerite Courtot's consciousness.

As the Avenue was crowded with the usual afternoon promenaders, it was not surprising that we

MARGUERITE COURTOT'S EVERY POSE SUGGESTS EASE—'CAUSE WHY? SHE USED TO BE AN ARTIST'S MODEL

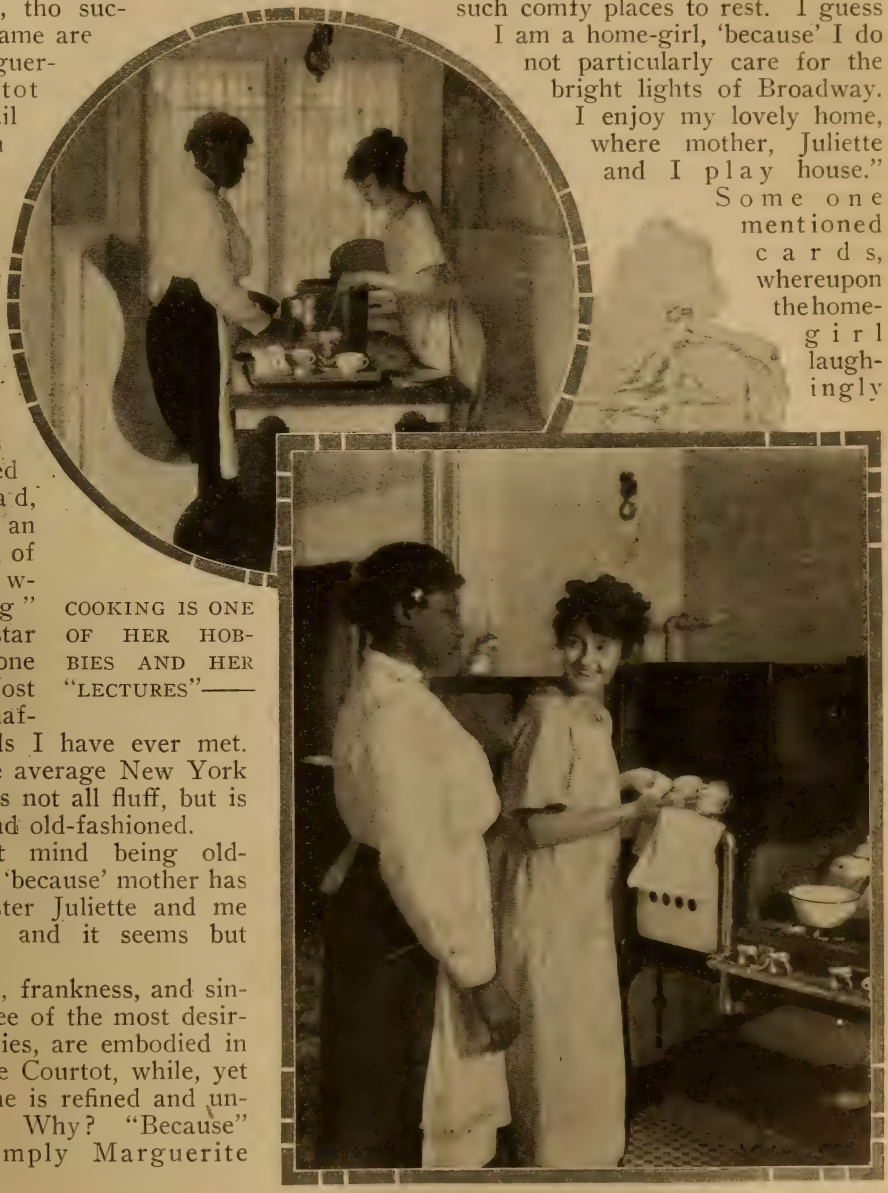
met many film celebrities on our way. "There goes Naomi Childers, of Art Dramas. I like her; she is so simple and sweet in her manner." It is perfectly obvious that, tho success and fame are hers, Marguerite Courtot does not fail to lavish kindly feeling upon those who, like herself, have achieved distinction. Popularity has not turned her head, "because" an afternoon of "window-wishing" with this star revealed one of the most natural, unaffected girls I have ever met. Unlike the average New York type, she is not all fluff, but is sensible and old-fashioned.

"I dont mind being old-fashioned, 'because' mother has reared Sister Juliette and me that way, and it seems but natural."

Honesty, frankness, and sincerity, three of the most desirable qualities, are embodied in Marguerite Courtot, while, yet further, she is refined and unassuming. Why? "Because" she is simply Marguerite Courtot.

By this time we had reached our destination. It was while waiting for our order, far back in a secluded corner, that I had the satisfaction of watching my guest iron out the various situations that are bound to arise when four girls are chatting. (Two other friends had joined us en route.) She rose to every situation magnificently. "Isn't this attractive? I just adore little nooks and corners," ardently exclaimed Miss Courtot, " 'because' they afford one such comfy places to rest. I guess I am a home-girl, 'because' I do not particularly care for the bright lights of Broadway. I enjoy my lovely home, where mother, Juliette and I play house." Some one mentioned cards, whereupon the home-girl laughingly said, "I simply cant play cards. My mind seems to wander, and I am miles away, when zip! I am brought back to earth with 'It is your turn to play, Miss Courtot.' "

"Well then, how about dancing?"



COOKING IS ONE OF HER HOBBIES AND HER "LECTURES"—— ARE ALWAYS ATTENDED BY THE "ASSISTANT" COOK

"Oh, I like that, 'because' I can keep moving and dont have to concentrate so much." "Because" she is ambition and energy from head to foot, this form of amusement affords opportunity for some of her confined vitality to give vent in the modern dances, of which she is a most graceful exponent.

As we sat drinking tea, unconsciously Marguerite Courtot was making it very difficult for me to see anything but five feet of loveliness, a mass of sepia hair and a pair of huge gray eyes. Reflected in my cup was her happy, vivacious face.

What do you suppose one of her hobbies is? Reading the newspaper accounts of weddings. "'Because' I love to picture where they are going on their honeymoon," she says. "'Because,' you see, if the bride's gown and the reception are elaborate, then I mentally see them traveling to Honolulu or some other far-off port, but when the account is more meager, then I know that the couple will not venture to so distant a land."

Did not this unusual hobby display her individuality? Becoming suspicious lest her mind was running in the honeymooning channel, I diplomatically questioned the young lady, but my doubt was immediately dispelled. There is certainly no "man in the case," "'because,'" quoting Miss Courtot, "I love to dance, to be with young people, to be free, far too much to settle down yet. Yes, I may some day become a victim of Cupid's dart, and then I suppose I will do as the rest of us girls, but as yet I am heart-whole and fancy-free."

Tea finished, we left, and, as we returned down the Avenue, Marguerite nudged me and merrily said, "Isn't this a strange world, after all? 'Because,' just think, you and I may be passing our future husbands right now. Well, I hope I go to Honolulu on my honeymoon!"



"TRICKS IN ALL TRADES." SHOWING HOW THE ABSCONDING BANKER, OR ELOPING COUPLE, IS PURSUED, CAUGHT AND SHOT BY THE DEMON CAMERA

THE SIDNEY DREW HOME AT SEA GATE



Country Homes of Illustrious Players

Intimate Peeps at Their Vacation-Day Retreats

By LILLIAN MAY

THE love of home and the spirit of home are neither dead nor sleeping.

Home may be within four walls, or it may be in a city house or apartment —cozy, homelike and quite satisfactory as a winter abiding-place. But to many restless spirits and tired business people it becomes cramped and crowded when the soft winds of spring are followed by the soothing breezes of summer. It is very true that "blue skies and mild winds, a few trees and scattered parks, are not enough to keep busy city workers in wholesome touch with the great out-of-doors."

Let us visit, for a little while, the homes of a few of our screen stars and see how they have satisfactorily solved the problem of housing and living in close proximity to the city, blending the roomy joys of the country home with the practical conveniences of the city house.

There are various celebrities of one kind and another at Sea Gate, Long Island, and many beautiful homes. But the Drews—the Sidney Drews, of course —are real celebrities, and there is no prettier home in that vicinity than theirs. It's such a friendly-looking house, too. It doesn't look grand and unlived in, and it isn't just a house; it's a home—with wide, vine-wreathed porches, a yard a-riot with flowers and shrubbery, and the whole place fairly radiating hospitality and good cheer.

The charming Drews are friendliness

personified. They love to share their home, which is not only artistic from top to bottom, but gives one the impression of being lived in and enjoyed, even tho their work of creating and producing the Drew comedies keeps them at the studio the greater part of each week.

Opening from the spacious hall is the den, and in the den alone are found any visible tools of their work. Here are manuscripts, papers, typewriter, and here they read and discuss scenarios. On the other side of the hall is the reception room—a room of squares and straight lines and contrasting colors; a real cubist room, not bizarre but delightful; a place to go when the world's awry; a place for inspiration.

The dining-room and sun-parlor are combined—all blue and gold, delightful in harmony with adorable chintz draperies and simple furniture; a room to revive drooping spirits, likewise flagging appetites.

Up-stairs are dainty bedrooms and bathrooms and a wide hall with a veritable cozy corner at one end.

"We love our home and are very happy here," said Mr. Drew.

"And the house, furnishings, everything, are the result of collaboration," laughed Mrs. Drew—"just as the Drew comedies are."

Their hobbies? Well, I forgot to ask, but think they are too busy to bother very much about hobbies. Besides, it is quite evident that their hobby is—each other.

Everybody knows Ralph W. Ince, for, besides his merited fame as a director of Motion Pictures, didn't he give us lovely Anita Stewart? And now he has outdone himself in generosity by giving us his wife, Lucile Lee Stewart, or, at least, he is giving us a share in her. She is not shining in any reflected glory, either. Her charm and talent speak for themselves, and she has a halo all her own.

The Ince home at Brightwaters, Long Island, is delightful in its simple architecture—a model country home—truly a place of rest and diversion to all who enter its hospitable doors.

Entering, we find at the right a billiard room with a spirited game in progress, while from somewhere music comes softly stealing. We investigate. There, at the right, is the music-room, and it is a real music-room, for Lucile Lee Stewart is an accomplished musician and her musicales are quite worth while.

We are invited to the dining-room—a charming room with sun-parlor at one end; a place where eating is a joy, a thing to linger over and to remember. In the middle of the house, right where it should be, is the massive living-room. Here the home-life centers, and especially in the chilly evenings, not rare at Brightwaters, when every one gathers around the big rubble-stone fireplace. The furniture is mission, beautiful, and not one piece too many, giving the desired effect of restfulness and comfort.

But it is in her own room that my lady has best exprest her personality, for she believes that one's room is a personal possession, to do with as one pleases. The blue-and-white tinted walls give the impression of daintiness; the Circassian walnut furniture adds dignity; the beautiful pendant lamps, softly shaded, are restful, and the atmosphere is one of peace and refreshment for mind and body. The sleeping-porch adjoining, with its protection from storm and its good circulation of air, is a modern solution of how best to provide for the hours of sleep.

Lucile Lee Stewart loves out-of-doors. The house fronts on a chain of lakes, and there is a yacht called *The Lucile*. She is much interested in floriculture and gardening. She likes to fish and to swim, and beach parties are her favorite way of entertaining her friends in summer. She owns a Pierce-Arrow limousine and a gray Oakland racer, and, it must be confessed, she enjoys speeding. The tennis-court, the garage, the dog-kennels with Mr. Ince's English bulls and terriers, are at the back of this charming home, which radiates the pure joy of living of its inmates.

Edith Storey tells an interesting story of how she found her heart's desire—an ideal location for her country home. "Mother and I were motoring on the North Shore one day," she said. "Apparently we were on pleasure bent—not a care in the world, not a wish unsatisfied. In reality we were in search of a 'location'—not a place to take pictures



THE HOME OF RALPH INCE AND HIS WIFE, LUCILE LEE STEWART, BRIGHTWATERS, N. Y.

for the movies, but a location for a home.

"It seemed like a hopeless quest. We wanted water-front or a share in it, but it was mostly monopolized for commercial purposes or by the great estates of millionaires. We wanted a place with natural beauty, with enough room around us to move and breathe in, some measure of seclusion, something like real country



THE PICTURESQUE BUNGALOW OF EDITH STOREY AT NORTHPORT, N. Y.

life but not too remote from my work. We couldn't find it. Evidently there was no such place.

"Finally, at Northport, we found a neck of land jutting far out into the bay —Eaton's Neck it is called. It was an ideal spot—secluded, almost primitive—and I could see in my mind's eye the home I had been dreaming of. But it was apparently owned by the 'landed gentry,' 'and we cant buy the earth, mother,' I said, 'even tho it's for sale.' However, we investigated, and, to my great delight, found that four acres were for sale, and then and there," concluded Miss Storey, "the four acres became mine.

"And I didn't rest," she resumed, returning with a handful of photographs, "until the house was completed. I selected the material; I planned and designed every inch and corner and spent every minute I could supervising the work. I tried to make my home individual and believe I succeeded. At least I had my own way about everything. Don't you love rubble-stone? I do, and I think the entrance or 'approach' to my house quite wonderful—if I do say it, that shouldn't. And cant you imagine the restful hours I spend on my big porch breathing in the energy-building salt air?

"I have a place for all my pets, and they dont bother anybody. I have fishing, boating, swimming. If I want exercise and want to be alone, there are solitary paths to explore. If I want to exercise in company, there are golf and tennis. If I want to be frivolous, there is the club-house near-by. All this, and only forty miles from my work. Of course that sounds like a long distance, but it isn't with my car. Coming over in the fresh, early morning is a pleasure, but going back is a greater pleasure, for at the end of the journey is home."

Pearl White makes no pretentions about her summer home. "It isn't mine at all," she confesses, "tho I live there in the summer. Why own a place when I can rent it and not be bothered about it when I'm not there? Of course, if I had some one to make a home for, it would be different, but I haven't," she said philosophically. "If I dont own a place there are no taxes to pay and no repairs, and if I dont want to live there I can move. This bit of philosophy is quite characteristic of matter-of-fact, unaffected, genuine Pearl White. She never poses, except for the movies.

"And it's a mighty good thing Miss White does take some things the easiest way," said her adoring maid at the studio when the "modern Joan of Arc" was being dragged forth and imprisoned in a scene from "Pearl of the Army," "or she'd never be able to stand all the things she goes thru in the pictures."

"And what do you do all summer in the country?" I asked when she had a few moments' respite.

"Work," she said, with that adorable, sidewise glint from her yellow-brown eyes. "Vacation is not in my dictionary. Serial pictures mean work all the time. But you know change of occupation is rest, and since I have had my new car I cant bear to have any one else touch it. I drove and took care of it all summer, and there's not much about a car I dont know. My overalls and my box of tools were always my steady pals.

"I was up early every morning to see that everything was in order, then came the long ride to the studio. The fresh, morning air was great, and I kept in fine condition. I usually found time in the evening for swimming, which I adore.

"The house was cozy, and homelike, and very restful, but I spent more time in the garage than in the house and all the time possible in the big outdoors."

When William Farnum decided that he was tired of the crowded and cramped life of the city and sought the comfort of a suburban home, he bought himself a big farm down at quaint Sag Harbor, Long Island.

When William Farnum works—well, he *works;* but when he isn't working he is a firm believer in the doctrine of relaxation. That's why he looks so care-free, so good-natured and so happy-go-lucky.

He owns something that many suburbanites dont own, too—a real horse. Perhaps it's because he has a ranch in the West, with all kinds of live-stock, and has the horse-habit. However, this is no ranch-horse, but a regular, faithful, Dobbin kind—the kind that will let the children ride all over his back.



"BILL" FARNUM GIVES HIS SAG HARBOR LAWN A CLOSE SHAVE EVERY WEEK

Mr. Farnum owns and drives a roomy, luxurious car, adequately equipped for the whole family, and enjoys nothing better than motoring over the beautiful country roads of Long Island. Yachting is another favorite pastime, and, in fact, there is no phase of outdoor life that Mr. Farnum does not ardently enjoy.



PEARL WHITE AND HER COTTAGE AT BAYSIDE, N. Y.

The Pinch Hitter



This story was written from the Scenario of

THE first time Obadiah Parker gazed upon his son, at the extremely interesting age of twenty-two minutes old, the shock nearly killed him. He had never before in all his horny, brittle, n a r r o w, fearfully God-fearing years laid eyes upon a young infant. He looked for a long, pop-eyed moment at this one, and a sort of despair bit into his soul. "He aint never goin' ter be good fer nothin'," he mentally averred. " 'Tis the hand o' God upon me—he's good fer nothin'."

He went down into the cheerless kitchen and lit his pipe. Over his pipe he ruminated on the twisted-up, dark red, futile little face, the beating, feeble, aimless, tiny hands, the skinny, bluish little legs, the weakness, the disproportionateness, the uncanny unloveliness of him. He did not know, and no one enlightened him, that many a red and futile infant attains at last to a majesty of beauty. He passed his verdict on his son in the hour of his birth, and Obadiah's verdicts, like those of most intensively narrow people, were final. He prided himself upon his finality and unchangeableness. He petted and fed and gave drink to his chiefest sin. It thrived and grew fat.

As a matter of fact, Obadiah's son, Joel, did *not* attain *any* majesty of beauty. As he emerged from unbeautiful infancy into unbeautiful small boyhood he clung persistently to a lankiness, an awkwardness, a general and persistent homeliness of feature. He was, however, beautiful to one person—and one alone—his mother. She clothed him in the garment of her love, after the fashion of mothers, and for her reward he showed her his inner self, which, paradoxically, was very beautiful. He gave her shy confidences and an ardent, adoring little friendship and worship. She came of a gentler, finer stock than did Obadiah, and she had handed her spirit down to the body of her son. She believed, Obadiah and his silent scorn notwithstanding, that she could make something of her boy. To this end she labored with all of good and strength there was in her. To this end she prayed. And then, when Joel was ten years old, she died.

He never forgot the night of her funeral. After their return from the unkempt little country cemetery he and his father had stood in the cheerless, fireless kitchen alone. On a sudden—terrible, cruel, scarring—it had come over little Joel that it would always be cheerless and fireless now—that all his lean, small life would be cheerless and loveless and forsaken. An ague of agony seized him—a very torment of lonely grief. He burst into shrill, despairful screams, and tearing sobs, and direful wails. He was convulsed — stricken. Obadiah cast an awful eye upon him; nothing in him yearned over the solitary thing he had begot.

"Go to your room!" he thundered. "Yer good fer nothin'—be off!"

From that moment on thru the ten ensuing years Obadiah Parker systematically and thoroly and apparently with relish broke to bits the spirit of his son. He had said what he had said in the hour of his birth and he maintained it. He forced him to heavy, uncongenial farm labor; he denounced him, browbeat him, derided him, scorned him. He held his "good-fer-nothin'ness" over him like a rod. Any little sudden gleam of tenderness the lad might show he quenched. "Yer aint no good and yer

By Gladys Hall ·INCE· TRIANGLE

C. GARDNER SULLIVAN



aint never *goin'* ter be!" was his slogan. It was the maxim under which Joel grew up.

The day he was twenty years old—a lanky, uncouth, gawky twenty—with a bruised, bent spirit and an air of general ineptitude—his father came to him.

"Ye're goin' ter college," he gave forth. "Not that *I* want yer to, 'cause yer aint no good nor aint ever goin' ter be, but yer ma wished it. 'Twas about the last wish she made layin' on her piller there, an' I promised her. I wouldn't do nothin' short of that with death along of us in the room. An' I'm a man o' my word; allus has been. So to college yer go. But thar aint no doubt but what you'll fail in it."

"Yes, sir," agreed Joel, vaguely.

He was dazed by his good fortune. It came, he realized humbly, swellingly, from his mother, as the only tender thing he had ever known had come. If it had not been for her, and the heritage of memories she left him, his sore heart would have turned, long since, to one of the clods his father moved amongst. But she had lived long enough to give him a vision—a vision which paled and dimmed thru the long, stern years, but which, somehow, stayed aglow.

He had a very vague notion of a college—none at all of college life—with its fun and its fellowship, its current of youth, its inevitable cruelty to the misfits.

Haleton was a small college, but it was a college composed largely of rich men's sons. Most of the men who dwelt beneath its wings were men who "knew" —men to whom life had been kindly, and soft-fingered, and sparing.

The arrival of Joel Parker was the joke of the season. His initial appearance on the campus, whence he had been directed en route to his dormitory building, was an epochal, an unforgetable thing. A few choice spirits took him in hand as he timidly proceeded.

"A h i c k! O God, we thank thee!" intoned Alexis Temple to his cronies, and he airily capered o v e r to Joel and began with great assiduity to pluck *hay* from his ears and hair. Having completed his toilette to his entire satisfaction, A l e x i s took the numb, and red, and speechless Joel by the arm and began a series of introductions to "the faculty" — all of which Joel absorbed, sponge-like and wholly confident.

"And this," wound up Alexis, indicating a particularly convulsed youth, "is our own James J. Slater, dean of astronomy, authority on every star that ever twinkle-twinkled along the Great White Way, chief dispenser of pa's surplus cash in the further pursuit and study of these same heavenly bodies—in short, an erudite, a very *learned* gentleman along his chosen line."

"Glad to know you, sir," humbly acknowledged Joel.

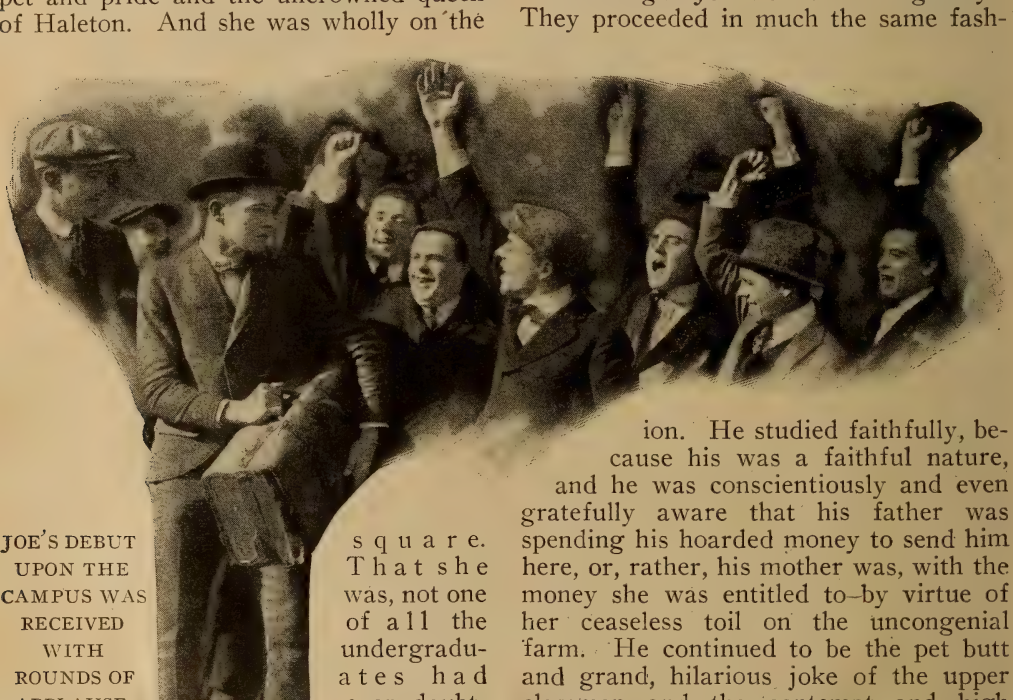
The bunch roared without mercy. Youth is devoid of mercy when there is laughter to be had.

"And now," concluded Alexis with a grandiose gesture, "you have, I believe, met all of our celebrities. You are passed by the board. You——"

"Except Abbie," interpolated a voice. Alexis came to a pause and gazed severely upon the voice. "You are a Freshie!" he said cuttingly. "Know thy place and save thy face! But true—he hasn't met our Abbie. What say you, boys—shall Romeo meet our Abbie?"

"Farewell, my Abbie!" groaned Jimmy Slater; "our days with thee is did!"

Joel rebelled futilely. The bunch were gently insistent. A "Fresh," Jimmy Slater told him, has no mind, and must never, *never,* in the austere presence of "Sophs," voice an opinion. Whereupon they convoyed Joel, red, embarrassed, travel-stained, dreary, to the small and delectable shop which Abbie maintained upon the outskirts of the campus. Abbie was equally delectable, and she was the pet and pride and the uncrowned queen of Haleton. And she was wholly on the square. That she was, not one of all the undergraduates had ever doubted, with the exception of Alexis Temple, who was, concerning women, born doubting. He had kist her insultingly. And she had slapped him vigorously. Ostensibly they had remained friends. But underneath the skin of Alexis Temple the rebuff rankled. He was not used to being rebuffed. His special lady friends were not given to rebuffing. And it went against his grain.



JOE'S DEBUT UPON THE CAMPUS WAS RECEIVED WITH ROUNDS OF APPLAUSE

Joel, shrieking farm at every angle, was shoved, hauled, mauled into the airy, sweet-smelling shop and halted before a fair-haired vision with amused eyes that turned, somehow, softly friendly as his gaze met hers.

"I'm *glad* to know you," she said, and her voice was gratefully warm and so was the ready hand she gave him—warm and soft and confident. Something about Joel Parker's sear heart stirred from the grave it had gone to with his mother. He needed, tho he did not know it—needed hungrily—a woman's touch in his life. He had been so long denied.

Thus began Joel Parker's college days. They proceeded in much the same fashion. He studied faithfully, because his was a faithful nature, and he was conscientiously and even gratefully aware that his father was spending his hoarded money to send him here, or, rather, his mother was, with the money she was entitled to–by virtue of her ceaseless toil on the uncongenial farm. He continued to be the pet butt and grand, hilarious joke of the upper classmen and the contempt and high laughter of his own class. Thus, mortified anew, the years of his repression clung to him. No friendly touch of comradeship, no genial clap on the shoulder, no single hint of "you're one of the bunch" sweetened the arid places of his way. He "wasn't no good." Here again it was brought home to him. Here, in a more diverse, in a more torturous form, it was held up to him. He was doomed; he was fated; he was foreordained. His mother had been wrong. He would never "make good"; he would never be a man among men. He would always and forever walk apart from the world, a "hick," a "butt," a "simpleton," a "boob." "The moving hand has writ, and having writ——" This became his catechism. He learnt it letter-perfect. And be-

cause it had been instilled into him in his plastic, formative years and grown with his growth, he made no effort at retaliation, no attempt to pull up. "The poor fool," observed one of his classmen, scornfully; "he hasn't the guts of a yellow dog!"

Probably there isn't an existence, be it ever so dreary and forsaken, that hasn't *one* ray of light in it. Sitting alone in his room at nights, Joel Parker's "ray" was Abbie Nettleton's friendly smile and



JOEL'S FIRST MEETING WITH ABBIE WAS RATHER DRAMATIC

friendlier hand. Out of all the world he knew she had smiled, womanwise. And he took the small favor into his lean soul and cherished it till it grew into a thing lovely beyond words, sacred beyond expression.

His real friendship with Abbie Nettleton came of one of his classmate's ever-recurring jokes and his father's penury, which consisted in depriving Joel of every cent of spending money. All bills for necessities, he had stipulated when arranging for his son's course, were to be sent to him. There were to be no luxuries.

Money runs swiftly and with astonishing ease in a college town. It seems to grow on the proverbial tree. It became the summit of Joel Parker's desires to escort Abbie Nettleton into the ice-cream parlor, jangle a pocketful of change and say nonchalantly, "What will it be?" Little things assume alarming proportions in a life so stripped of all the pleasantries as Joel's was, and this vision of himself and Abbie dominated him, waking and sleeping.

He never dreamed of appealing to the paternal Obadiah. Too thoroly he had learnt the lesson of that individual's code of frugality. And the God-fearing Obadiah would have ascended into heaven on a flame had his son asked for money to buy a girl ice-cream. Such frivolities were "sins." How *dared* life have sweetnesses with hell-fire and brimstone awaiting each lightsome foot?

Desperate, Joel found a sordid means to the delectable end. He was offered a job at cleaning out a stable each morning at ten cents an hour. He had to arise from his bed at 4 A. M. to accomplish these pleasing labors and he studied pretty generally till midnight. He was "grinding" at Latin, but the vision gave even this humble toil a dignity, and he achieved twenty-five cents the first morning.

That afternoon he presented himself at Abbie's shop and stammered out an invitation to "come on over to have some cream, Miss Abbie, wont you?"

Miss Abbie said she'd be glad to in an hour. And Joel, transported, blurted joyfully out that he'd be back.

A little snipe of a Freshman overheard the conversation, and bursting with his own importance and chortling obnoxiously over the exceeding humor of the situation, he hastened to Jimmy Slater's room and snickered out his tale. Jimmy Slater kicked him out and proceeded to make plans with the rest of the bunch to "guy the hick again."

"Gawd knows," drawled Alexis Temple, stretching his long length on Jimmy's much-cushioned couch, "Gawd knows he must love her! To part from that small change must bring the tears of blood. How many times has he been treated, and never a come-back! I repeat, how many times!"

Within the hour they concocted a bewitching scheme and hastened forthwith to Abbie with it. At first she demurred. They cajoled, teased, threatened, prevailed. Abbie really did believe he must be "tight," and thought, or made herself think, that a lesson would do him good.

The beautiful scheme was simply that they should all be around and about when Abbie and Joel entered the ice-cream emporium and that Abbie should dulcetly invite them all to join the party, and Joel should foot the bill.

It worked like magic. And Joel, with Abbie beside him, rather flushed and merry, felt a sort of a dull throb of pride as he asked the amazing crowd what they would have. They all "had." Then they all dwindled away—and with it Joel's first and very temporary vainglory as a host. The waiter presented him with a bill of $2.65. The 25 cents of stable toil wailed in his pocket. His mouth sickened. His face blanched. This moment had meant so much to him. It was the stuff of so many dreams. It was his sort of chance to be a regular fellow just for once. He felt like breaking down and blubbering. He felt hurt and bruised; he felt thoroly sick. The waiter discreetly withdrew. Joel fumbled for his watch. Abbie saw him, and something stung her eyes and her tenderness. Once he had shown her that watch. His mother had left it to him—the only thing she had had to leave. And she had left it, not to Obadiah, but to him. Her picture was in it—a sweet face, Abbie had thought, with sweet, sad, dreaming eyes. It was, figuratively and literally, the only golden touch this remote, cold young life had ever known. She leaned forward swiftly.

"Let me see that again—just a minute, Joel," she said. She took it, and as she did, she did something more. She slipped three one-dollar bills into Joel's sack-coat pocket.

The waiter approached again, with an abstract question in his manner. Joel's white face looked all awry. With a feeble air of amazement, he fumbled in his pockets and found the three dollars. He never suspected, he was very far indeed from suspicions of any sort. And he felt too weak and too unutterably relieved to question at the time. He paid the check, and Abbie Nettleton noted, with a peculiar little contraction of her heart, that his forehead was beaded with drops of sweat.

That contraction of her heart was the birth-pang of the larger tenderness that grew within her for Joel Parker from that hour on. It began as a maternal sentiment. She yearned over him, mother-wise, and did not know that no woman's love is a perfect love unless the mothering spirit renders it divine. She came to worship the stark simplicity of him. It filled a need in her that no gallantries had ever done. He was the raw stuff of a tremendous man, and she felt it.

As the winter waned into spring and the baseball season came on and the Seniors were preparing for Commencement, Abbie had effected a slight change in Joel. Only a slight one, for the thing that must change Joel Parker must come from within him, result from an upheaval of his quiescent nature, burst the bonds of his repression. But she helped him. She gave him friendship, confidence. She gave him a place in the cosmos. She made him feel that he had a link, a tangible, mutual, warmly congenial link with a fellow-creature, and as that fellow-creature was the one out of all the world whom she most ardently loved, some transformation was inevitable.

He had come to one realization, and that was that he must "make good," prove himself a "regular fellow." As he stood, he was detached, a thing apart—a laughable, ludicrous thing apart — his father's butt, the college butt—a no-good.

That must be remedied somehow. Else, all his life long, he must walk alone—desolate.

At home occasionally, when the arduous farm duties would permit after school, he had played baseball with the boys. A rough-and-ready and probably an unsportsmanlike game enough, but he had been good at it. He had been good at the bat; he had knocked many a glorious home-run. It had been rare sport. Perhaps—his little, unborn spirit shivered with a chill of ecstasy—perhaps he could *make the team!* What a glory *that* would be, what a benediction, what a triumph!

He told Abbie of his aspiration and she endorsed it enthusiastically. She was always just a little bit more enthusiastic with Joel than the occasion legitimately demanded. It took so *much* enthusiasm to imbue him with even ordinary aplomb.



THERE WERE GOLDEN MINUTES WITH ABBIE WHEN JOEL PERKED UP A BIT

The call for players had gone out, and Joel presented himself for the try-out.

It was a pitiable mess. In the face of his aspiration, his ancient nervousness assailed him and shook him as a cat would shake a mouse. He dropped his bat seven times on the way to the home plate, got it tangled up between his long and shambling limbs, missed throws a kindergartner would have caught, and looked so futile and red and flourished the bat so wildly and so widely of the mark that, had his father witnessed the performance, he would doubtless have been carried back to Joel's natal hour.

The coach, a former big leaguer, first swore, then stared, then had hysterics, then ordered him measured for a suit. "He plays ball like nothing human that ever lived," he said. "The darndest fool on earth ought to make a good mascot. Let him warm the bench! Play ball!"

Abbie saw Joel photographed in his spanking new suit and she was so pleased and so proud that Joel, in whom people were never pleased nor yet proud, had not the heart to disillusion her. And he was on the team when it came to that.

He also sent a photograph of himself to his father, who nearly had a fit when he beheld it. He knew just enough about college to know that it is no small honor for an obscure Freshman to make the team. It seemed to show man-stuff. Obadiah felt constrained to journey to the college and behold his son in the first glory in which he had ever been clothed. The "big game" with the Bensonhurst team was scheduled for the following week, on the very afternoon of Commencement, and Obadiah decided to make his trip on that date. He was growing old, and if he were to have a son with any sort of grit in him it would be against the providence of the Lord to deny such a good investment.

Abbie Nettleton, too, decided to see that game. Her tenderness for Joel Parker had grown to such an extent by now that the things of his life had become the things of hers — the nearest, dearest things of all things.

It would be impossible to describe the feelings of Obadiah Parker and Abbie Nettleton when, apart and totally unaware of one another, yet simultaneously they read the score-card and saw at the tail-end "Joel Parker, Mascot."

Obadiah Parker cursed the day this creature of futility first saw the light. He cursed himself for coming, perhaps to face the humiliation of being pointed out as the parent of the team *mascot*. Oh, ignominy for his gray hairs! Oh, shame for his reverend beard!

Abbie Nettleton felt the sudden, stinging, wrathful tears flay her eyeballs. Dolts, they all made just this of him—a mascot, a joke. And she knew — she *knew* how infinitely much finer, and sweeter, and cleaner, and higher he was than any of them—dolts, beasts!

And if truth must be told, she longed unutterably to take his head in her two arms and kiss his honest, wistful eyes and tell him over and over again—crooningly, eagerly—that he could be what he pleased to the rest of this blind world but he was a *hero* to her—her hero, just hers—alone.

The game was all but over before she came to life and consciousness of what was going on about her. Since Joel Parker was not out there in the heat of the fray, those shouting, sweating, flushed and ardent players were puppets to her. Somewhere a band was playing rousing college songs. The rooters for both teams were going it hard. They were raucous by now, but undiminished. The bleachers were jammed; the crowds were wild. It was a great game.

Abbie pulled herself together and inquired of her neighbor, a weirdly enthusiastic old gentleman, as to how the score stood.

He stared at her reproachfully. "I was some pinch hitter myself once," he observed irrelevantly. "I never miss a game. I've stood in line o' nights to see the big leaguers. It's the national game, young lady. I was some pinch hitter myself once. Ball is not played as it used to be. Ball is a science—er—— What was it you wanted to know?"

"How the score stands now," repeated Abbie. "I've — I've been thinking and have sort of lost track. They seem to be having some sort of argument about something."

The fan looked pained. "It's a crucial moment," he said, "vitally crucial. The game depends on who goes up to bat. It's Haleton's last one and *only* chance. Two men out and a man on third. *Who*

is going up to bat? There is a chance for Yates, Haleton's pitcher, to win his own game, but there seems to be some delay at the home cubby-hole. The last man soaked a scorcher at Yates and caught him squarely on the arm; suspect he's floored. Ah, they seem to have come to some sort of decision. The coach is talking to some one. Who's that the umpire's calling? Lordy, lordy—it's the *mascot!*

bright, desperate eyes on the pitcher, a strained agony, a helplessness, an ague in every line.

"I said it the hour he was born," muttered Obadiah.

"My hero — my hero — my hero!" chanted Abbie Nettleton, under breath.

"I'll fail—I'm doomed—I'll fail—it's written!" thought Joel, up at the bat.

The first ball was pitched. It went sev-



THAT $2.65 LOOKED LIKE A FORTUNE STILL IN HEAVEN

"Parker batting for Yates!" bawled the umpire stentorianly. A groan ascended from the Haleton contingent and assailed the heavens. "Good-night to my tenner!" sighed some one. "Name it and *we* can have it," chuckled the Bensonhurst rooters.

"Play ball!" yelped the umpire.

The gaze of the multitude centered on the long, awkward "hick" up at the bat, his body hunched over the plate, his over-

eral feet wide of the plate and so high the catcher had to stretch to heaven for it, but Joel leaped into the air like some clumsy, witless animal swung his bat, and stumbled back again dazedly.

"Strike one!" bellowed the umpire.

"Oh, God!" prayed a Haleton Soph aloud, "shoot it at sunrise!"

"Too late!" moaned a Haleton Junior. "Can it now!"

Joel stood at the plate, waiting for the

next ball, and his long-tormented soul twisted within him. A sea of faces around and about him, a thousand eyes upon him—everywhere animosity, everywhere scorn, and ridicule, and contempt. He stood alone—an uncouth, unfit, ludicrous specimen—up for ridicule.

"Strike two!" called the umpire. He had not even seen the ball. The noises from the stands assailed his ears like the rushing of tumultuous waters.

All at once it was as tho all the countless, myriad faces, the hundred hundred eyes, the scorn, the laughter, the ridicule were blotted out. A miracle had happened. One face loomed out at him. The whole of



JOEL WAS ACCEPTED AS THE TEAM'S MASCOT

everything was just *one face* — warm, white, eager—parted lips, and eyes—eyes that spelled, that sang, that *called* c-o-n-fi-d-e-n-c-e!

"You will win!" they peaned; "you will win. This is your chance—this is your *big* chance. You will take it."

An upheaval took place in Joel's stricken soul like to the breaking up of the ice in the far North. It had come at last—his confidence, his confidence in himself. It was born—his manhood. He had won it—his emancipation.

He straightened, he lost his slouch. He tautened, he gained stature. Quoth a bud at the "Prom" that night, "It was positively *queer!*" He smiled, a small smile—a smile to reckon with. He was ready.

The pitcher sent a sweeping curve. Joel watched it sweep calmly. "Ball one!" called the umpire. Another one, aimed sky-high. Joel ignored it. "Ball two!" called the umpire. "Ball three!" shouted the umpire as a low curve crossed the plate.

Hope sprang supernal in the college breasts. If Joel would get a base on balls, a sure-enough batter would get a chance.

"Spunk up, old man!" cautioned the Bensonhurst catcher to the pitcher; "dont let this escape."

The pitcher nodded. It was a dramatic moment. The stands were still. They were non-existent for Joel Parker, save for that one compelling face that had taken on this miraculous magnitude, so that it filled the earth and encompassed the very heavens.

The pitcher drew back. An utter silence fell on the field as, putting his every ounce of speed and twist and verve into the ball, he sent it, bullet-like, across the plate. Then came a crack—square, sharp, almost vindictive — and the left fielder started wildly for the back fence as the ball soared serenely overhead. The stands went wild. They rose to their feet en masse. Their roars and screams assailed the heavens. "She's going over!"

was the cry, and she did, making the longest hit ever recorded on the grounds. Two urchins outside gave chase to the ball, and by the time they recovered it Joel had galloped around the bases—and the game was won.

He had made the game. He had made the team. He was the man of the hour. He was a man among men. The "hick" was no more; the new "king" was crowned!

They jostled to get to him. They shoved to wring his hand. They carried him shoulder-high. They lauded him, and lionized him, and fed him full of the manna he was starved for. The air resounded with "Parker! Parker! Parker!" Obadiah slunk out. He was ashamed—not to meet the crowds now. Oh, no, but to meet his son, who could so justly fail to know him. As he slunk he abandoned his code of finality.

Down among the peanut shells, after the stands were emptied, Abbie Nettleton slid gently to her knees. "Thank you, God!" she whispered; "oh, God—*thank you!*"

He came to her that night—the new-born man—the man his mother had foreshadowed. The light of new-born freedom—the slave unchained—shone from his honest eyes.

And he took her into his arms.

"I love you," he said. "Oh, my dearest—my girl!" And the endearments came with a strange boldness from lips that had been sterile before of any tender word.



HE TOOK ABBIE INTO HIS ARMS

BUSHMAN AND BAYNE IN "ROMEO AND JULIET"



What Are They Saying?

By KARL SCHILLER

"I must hear from thee every day in the hour;
For in a minute there are many days."—Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. V.

WHEN—Charlie Chaplin sniggers, tilts his derby and commences a flirtation with the blonde manicure girl, and

When—Stuart Holmes sneers delightfully over his waxed mustache, as he reveals his dastardly designs upon the trusting country maiden, and

When—that manly hero, Francis X. Bushman, makes fervent picture-love to that beautiful heroine, Beverly Bayne—

Wouldn't it be simply scrumptious to know what they are all really saying as the camera-man grinds out the film?

The author of the photoplay should worry about that. He simply writes in his scenario—"love-scene," or "Jim registers love for Eleanor," or, perhaps, "love-stuff, hot," and washes his hands of the whole responsibility. The audience doesn't have to worry, either; they know that it is a funny scene because Charlie Chaplin is in it, and they recognize that Stuart is a villain by his mustache and his sneer, and they can see plainly that Francis is making love to Beverly. They can supply whatever brand of love-making they happen to prefer.



BUSHMAN AND BAYNE

"Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day."

(Shakespeare's lines were actually spoken in this production.)

The romantic "Duchess"—reading stenographer is sure the hero is murmuring passionately: "Adored one, be mine!" while the faded woman of the tenements, holding her baby to her breast, remembers a long-ago night when she and her Dan sailed home on a Coney Island steamboat and puts other words onto the



ALICE BRADY AND EDWARD LANGFORD
IN "A WOMAN ALONE"

"When he finds the right girl, Nellie, it's like coming home."



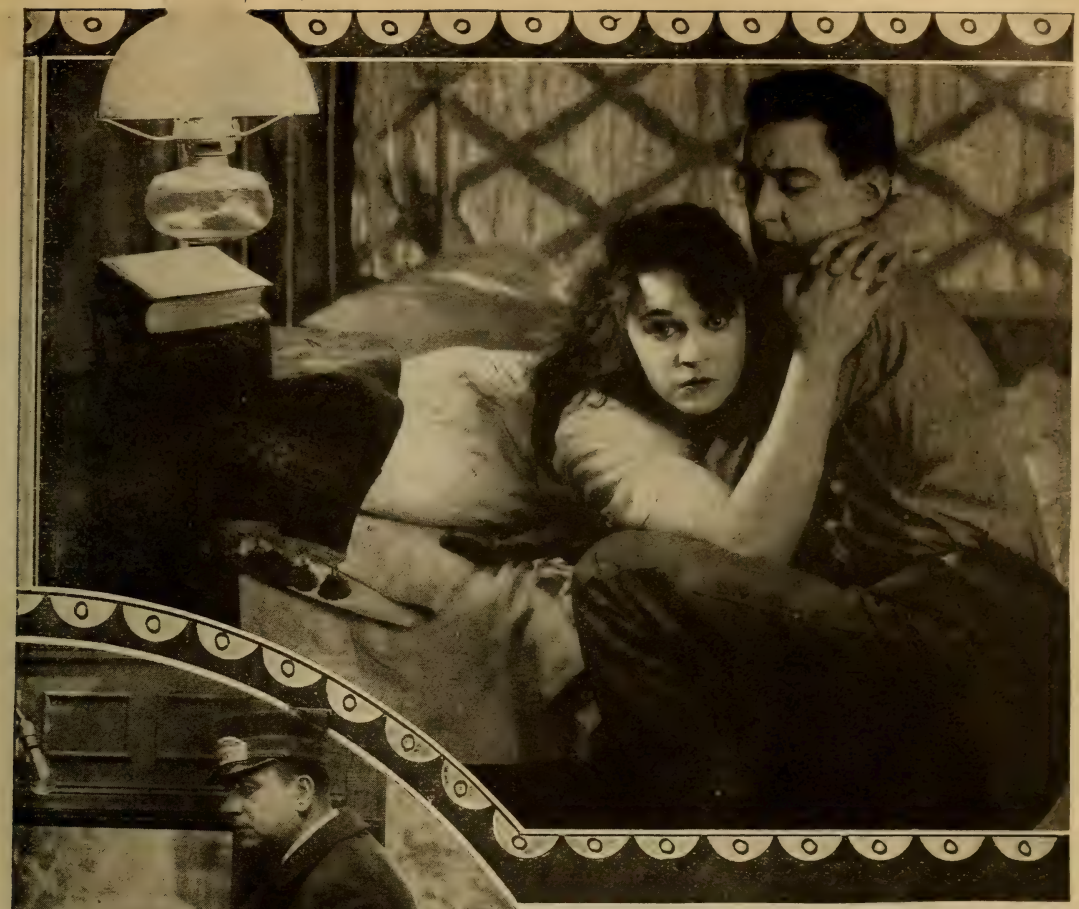
ROBERT WARWICK AND MOLLIE KING
IN "ALL MAN"

"This train dont go any further than New York."

picture hero's lips: "Say, kid, I'm strong fer youse—how 'bout getting spliced, you'n me?"

But the actors themselves dont get off so easily. Their lips must move as the camera-crank turns; they must say something, and nobody has given them anything to say. It is difficult to work up the proper fervor by repeating the alphabet or the multiplication table, tho no doubt it might be done in some such fashion as this:

"A-b-c [very tenderly, looking



ALICE BRADY AND EDWARD LANGFORD
"Dont let me go, Tom—dont let me!"

into the heroine's eyes] d-e-f-g-h-i-j-k [taking her hands — then with intense fervor] l-m-n-o-p [drawing her close] q-r-s-t [first stage of kiss] u-v-w-x [second stage] y-z!"

This is very much the way they used to do it, too, when Motion Pictures were very new. The actors said whatever came into their heads as they went thru their pantomime. "The price of potatoes is going up," the lover murmured tenderly to his lady. "Gee! but it's hot in here! If they make us do this scene over I shall scream—I'm going to a show tonight and I've got to get home and sew the hooks and eyes on my dress," replied the maiden with a languishing look as she fell into his outstretched arms.

Sometimes the results of this impromptu dialog were so curious that their fellow actors found it

difficult to listen with a straight face; still, on the whole, it did very well for a while. But one day a deaf-and-dumb asylum attended a performance of a very tragic photoplay. And while the



CARLYLE BLACKWELL AND MURIEL OSTRICHE, IN "PARASITES"

"Are you afraid to love me?"



ALICE JOYCE AND HARRY T. MOREY, IN "WOMANHOOD"

"I want to learn you by heart, every wonderful thing about you."
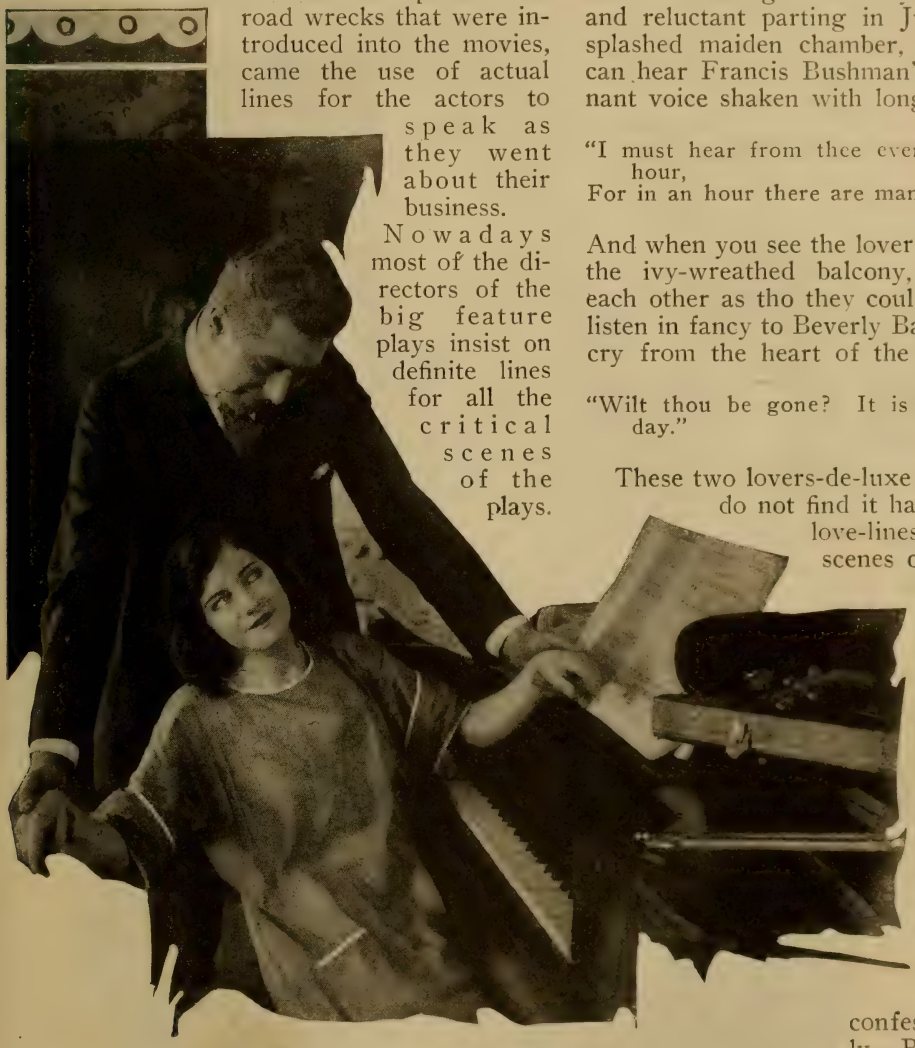
rest of the audience sniffed luxuriously into its pocket-handkerchiefs, the deaf-mutes rocked with mirth at the incongruous words they read on the actors' lips.

Then the managers put their feet down. "No more baseball scores or recipes for lemon-meringue pie!" they declared. "If you're playing a preacher, talk religion, and if you're supposed to make love, for the Lord's sake make it! If you dont know how,

take a course in Robert W. Chambers or look it up in the library under 'L.'"

This was about the same time that they stopped representing dungeon walls of stone with painted canvas curtains that waved whenever anybody passed, and began to try for realistic effects. With the real conservatories and churches, the ocean steamships and railroad wrecks that were introduced into the movies, came the use of actual lines for the actors to speak as they went about their business.

Nowadays most of the directors of the big feature plays insist on definite lines for all the critical scenes of the plays.



VIOLA DANA AND RICHARD TUCKER
"There's one piece I'd like to teach you, 'Love's Old Sweet Song.'"

Sometimes the scenario departments write them, sometimes the actors themselves supply them, but in either case they are learnt by heart just as they would be for a spoken play.

In Metro's recent wonderfully poetic production of that greatest love-play of all time, "Romeo and Juliet," Shakespeare's own words were actually spoken as the only ones worthy of the beautiful scenes. Of course the long speeches were cut to camera length, but they were not changed. So when you watch that heart-wrenching scene of young passion and reluctant parting in Juliet's moon-splashed maiden chamber, imagine you can hear Francis Bushman's deep, resonant voice shaken with longing—

"I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in an hour there are many days."

And when you see the lovers standing on the ivy-wreathed balcony, clinging to each other as tho they could never part, listen in fancy to Beverly Bayne's wistful cry from the heart of the girl Juliet—

"Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day."

These two lovers-de-luxe of the screen do not find it hard to furnish love-lines for their scenes of tenderness. If they forget the ones they had planned, they have apparently an unlimited supply of others at their tongue's end.

"Mr. Bushman never needs to be prompted," confesses the lovely Beverly, who is, as everybody knows, most maidenly in everyday life. "That is except for a man who had proposed nine hundred and thirty-one times on the screen, he is very diffident in ordinary conversation." She laughed softly, with a charming voice. "But his

audience is always completely satisfied." In the World release, "A Woman Alone," Alice Brady as Nellie Waldron, the little country-girl eager for life, and Edward Langford as Tom Blaine, her telegrapher lover, speak many fine lines which might have been written for a spoken play.

"Marry me, Nellie," Tom says wistfully. "I want you where I can hear you stepping round, where I can look up suddenly and see you and reach out and touch you. A fellow gets mighty homesick batting round alone, but when he finds the right girl, Nellie—it's like coming home."

Later in the same play, when the lonely little bride has been shown the kingdoms of the earth by handsome Stephen Carter, she wakes, sobbing, out of her sleep to clutch her husband desperately and cry:

"I'm stifling here in this lonesome place, Tom! I've got to get out where there are folks and things going on—where I can breathe!"

"You want to—go away—from me?" he asks, face drawn with terror.

"I dont want to want it!" Nellie cries in anguish. "Dont let me go, Tom—dont let me go!"

Robert Warwick as Jim Blake, in "All Man," looks anxiously into Mollie King's eyes as they sit on the observation platform of the car that is taking them beyond the reach of their hard-hearted parents.

"You've begun to make a man of me," he tells her as he draws her down on his knee. "But if you're afraid of the job—there's still time to back out. It's a life contract you're taking, you know!"

Mollie did not need any lines for her answer, which was a kiss of that thoro and long-drawn out variety known in the studios as a "twenty-five footer." An amusing incident occurred during the taking of this scene, which was actually staged on a swiftly moving Pullman car. The conductor of the train, unaware of the real nature of what was going on, passed the camera-man just as the star and the leading lady embraced. In unfeigned amazement he



WILLIAM S. HART AND ALMA REUBEN IN "TRUTHFUL TULLIVER"

A characteristically reticent Hart love-scene.



MAY ALLISON AND HAROLD LOCKWOOD IN "PIDGIN ISLAND"
"A large, wet Atlantic wave which had not been included in the cast."

WILLIAM S. HART IN "TRUTHFUL TULLIVER"
The crowd of supers and extra men listened spellbound, forgetting the camera.

surveyed the oblivious couple, while the director stifled the giggles of the rest of the cast, and the cameraman, catching the point, continued to revolve the film upon the conductor's predicament.

"Dont let me interrupt," he remarked at length, apologetically. "Go right ahead, on'y I just wanted to warn you so you wouldn't be took by surprise. In three hours we're due at the Pennsylvania Station and this train dont go any farther than New York!"

There are as many varieties of love on the screen as there are of pickles—fully fifty-seven, and of course each style has to have different words to fit it. "I love you" is a good basis to begin on, but it doesn't cover enough feet of film. It needs additions and embellishments such as this from the Vitagraph Company's great feature play, "Womanhood": "Look at me!" cries Harry Morey, fiercely, to Alice Joyce. "I want to learn you by heart, sweetheart—every wonderful thing about you! The way your hair grows on your forehead, and the way your lips curl like flower-petals, and the little violet shadows under your eyes——"

Or such as this from "Parasites," in which Muriel Ostriche and Carlyle Blackwell share the honors—the lady does the speaking here; this is leap-year, you know: "Are you afraid to look at me, dear? Are you afraid of loving me? Poor Great Big Man! Afraid of such a little bit of Me!"

Or perhaps you prefer the ingénue curls-and-dimples kind of love-making. If so you would have liked to be a little mouse in the wall when Richard Tucker

and Viola Dana were posing for "Threads of Fate" (if you see the picture, you will smile tenderly over the pretty love-scene before the old square piano in the country sitting-room. If you could have heard the words that went with it, your smile would have been a bit misty, perhaps, with the memory of other words you heard when life was foolish and sweet and young): "I'm no music-teacher, little girl, but there's one piece in that book of yours I'd like to teach you, and that's 'Love's Old Sweet Song.'"

William S. Hart, of Triangle-Kay-Bee, does not need lines, so his studio companions say. He seems to forget that he is acting before the camera, so completely does he enter into the spirit of his characters. In almost all his recent plays it has happened that he has had to address a crowd of people, sometimes as a preacher, sometimes as a natural leader of men. And his speeches have been so vigorous and so full of earnestness that the crowd of supers and extra men listened to him spellbound, quite forgetting the dollar-and-a-half a day they were being paid to do so. In his love-scenes he is always reserved and restrained. The one pictured from "Truthful Tulliver" is characteristically different from the other love-scenes of the article.

In "Pidgin Island," a Metro-Yorke release, the hero and heroine, Harold Lockwood and May Allison, entirely forgot their lines. Just at the crucial point, which means of course at the proposing point, a large, wet Atlantic wave, which had not been included in the cast, intruded into the picture with the result shown. But when such a desirable result can be attained without the use of words, what difference does it make?

The director's zeal for realism of effect does not stop with providing words for his scenes; he also provides psychological backgrounds of music for his actors. In the tender scenes a violin wailing and soaring behind the stage-settings lightly turns the fancies of the actors to thoughts of love. In solemn moments of soul-struggle a pipe-organ rolls out its majestic message above the clatter of scene-setters and the sputter and crackle of the calcium lights. A gay jig-tune on a piano puts the players in a mood for depicting merriment, and a small but excellent orchestra provides real dance-music for ballroom scenes.

An editor of the Magazine, recently visiting the Vitagraph studio, was puzzled and amazed to see a negro exhorter addressing a crowd of colored folk, raising them to a frenzy of excitement with the good-old-fashioned camp-meeting talk of hell-fire and wailing of lost souls. A camera and its operator stood near, but they were idle. Then, when the negroes were leaping up and down and shouting with wild gestures and every appearance of the greatest emotion, the camera-man quietly commenced to turn his crank, the exhorter disappeared and one of the characters of the play took his place, addressing the frenzied crowd.

"A mob like that is usually as stiff as wood," the director explained, regarding his work with a chuckle of pride. "So we warmed them up a bit with a little real stuff first, and look at 'em now! You can hear 'em yell even in the picture, and that's what we're after—to make people forget that a Moving Picture is a 'silent' drama. If we can do that, the movies will have the spoken drama taking the count on the mat!"

The next time you go to the Motion Picture show, watch the screen with your ears open as well as your eyes. And perhaps then you will know what the manly hero, Francis Bushman, is saying to the beauteous heroine, Beverly Bayne.



To a Child Star

By ELLA RANDALL PEARCE

Motion Picture child,
Three years old—or two—
I am nearly wild
With my love for you.

Fairy-like your grace;
Sweetly you beguile;
Flowers in your face,
Sunshine in your smile.

Wish I was your ma,
Wish I mothered three;
Lucky child you are,
With your sal-a-ree!

LIFE-SAVING WITH AN M.-P. MACHINE

By FRANK KAVANAUGH

When the governor of the State of Chiapas, Republic of Mexico, decided to use Motion Pictures to instil into the minds of his constituents some idea of how agricultural pursuits and domestic science were followed in the great republic of the North, the Pan-American Railway fitted out a car with an observation platform and room inside for a gasoline engine and a dynamo. The projecting-machine was placed on the observation platform. When it was possible to place the car in position, the pictures were thrown upon a dead wall. Otherwise an improvised curtain was erected on collapsible standards. The car was hauled from station to station, where pictures on various subjects, for farmers, stock-raisers and housewives, were shown. Plowing with a tractor, cooking with a fireless cooker, and the art of taking thirty cents' worth of stuff and making a Paris hat from it, were shown the rural Mexicans.

What the governor had not thought of, however, when he conceived the plan, or rather borrowed it from an American agricultural college, was that this same Moving Picture plant would be the means of saving a score of American lives.

The Pan-American Railway ran—and still runs, when the bridges have recovered from occasional criminal assaults by revolutionists and dynamite—from San Geronimo, where it connects with the Tehuantepec National Railway, south into the Republic of Guatemala. The country thru which it passes resembles Illinois, and with American farming methods would be just as prosperous.

When the American marines entered Vera Cruz in April, 1914, the action inflamed the natives even as far south as Tapachula, which is the last city on the railroad before entering Guatemala. Word was sent out by the railway officials that a train would be run along the line to take all Americans to the border on a certain date. It would be the last train out of the republic in that direction, operated solely by Americans. In response to this notice, the hated gringoes left their farms and coffee fincas, some of them their factories and stores, and waited for the train. They waited at any place they happened to strike the railway, and the train stopped on their signal. And at Tonala, where the Moving Picture operator and his car happened to be, the car was coupled to the rear of the train. The operator, a graduate of an American agricultural college, who had been lecturing with the pictures, was as anxious to get out of Mexico as were his countrymen who were not in the employ of the state.

Twenty-five or thirty Americans had gathered at the station at Tapachula. For two days they had been barricaded in the building. Armed men of the party patrolled the outside of the building. Inside huddled the women and children. They were, in many cases, leaving all they had—the product of years of toil; but they were going to safety.

The train had come slowly, and darkness gathered before it arrived. The telegraph wires were down, and no news could be had of the progress of the last chance of salvation for the men and women in the station. They could only wait. At intervals during the three days, mobs had gathered around the station, only to disperse when shots were fired in their direction by members of the American party.

Like all stations in Mexico, the one at Tapachula was fenced in by a high board-fence. The only entrance was at one end of the building. This entrance had been barricaded by the Americans. When the train arrived, the gates across the tracks were closed, and the locomotive engineer did not stop to have them opened. The engine ran thru them. This left an entrance for the mob.

The whistle of the engine, as it entered the town, was a signal to the people to congregate around the station. Once there, their anger grew at the sight of the hated foreigners being carried to safety. They hammered at the fence; they threw sticks and stones; they yelled curses and imprecations. The Americans were getting aboard as quickly as possible, and, while they were doing so, the tank of the engine was being filled with water necessary to feed the boiler of the engine for the run to the line.

The mob outside howled and cursed. They could not enter the enclosure. At length one of the natives saw the broken gates thru which the train had passed.

"To the gates!" he yelled, and the mob took up the cry.

"To the gates!"

"Kill the gringoes!"

"Do not let them leave—kill them!"

"They have sent their soldiers to invade our country!"

The tank of the locomotive was not nearly full when the mob surged to the gates.

It was then that the young agricultural graduate, who had charge of the Moving Picture outfit, took charge.

"Start the gas engine!" he called to one of the men. "And see that it doesn't stop until the train pulls out!"

Within a few seconds, the sharp exhausts of the little gasoline engine rent the air. This sound, coming from the darkened car, served to still the mob for a few moments. Probably they thought it was a machine-gun. Again their howls broke the stillness.

"Come here, some of you men," shouted the operator, "and shoot over the heads of that mob when they attempt to enter the gate. Dont try to hit the poor devils. We dont want to commit murder."

Just as the first part of the mob was entering the gate, the operator threw in the switch, and a dazzling light shone on the crowd. Their eyes were blinded. Those behind pushed those in front thru the narrow passage, but the Gundlach lens concentrated the rays on the gates, and when several Americans emptied their revolvers in the direction of the mob, aiming high, it wavered; the members turned their heads, and, within a minute, the opening was deserted. The locomotive whistled, and, without waiting to open the gates, the engineer drove the train thru them.

The light from the machine played on the platform of an empty station.

The operator wiped the sweat from his brow and, with a sigh of relief, took a seat.

"I used the last two carbons I had for that stunt," he remarked.



Who says a chap can love but once?
I fear it is not true;
For first I loved Miss Vaudeville,
Now Miss Movie, too.



OLLIE KIRKBY (KALEM) VIEWING HER LATEST BONNET

Ollie Kirkby's Easter Bonnet

By FRANK W. SALLEY

OH, see the pretty lady! What does the pretty lady see? Is she mad? No, my son—only human. The pretty lady is Ollie Kirkby, and she is admiring her Easter bonnet, which has just arrived from the milliner's. Ollie thinks it needs another layer of whipped cream, or—er—talcum powder, or whatever it is that a woman's hat needs. To a mere man, the only thing such a hat needs is the right girl to wear it—and any hat ought to do an Irish jig or a Highland fling at being able to belong to a girl like Ollie Kirkby, whose initials represent their mistress—O. K. See? It means "Oll Korrect" and "Ollie Kirkby" as well!

The hat? Oh, yes; we *were* talking about a hat, weren't we? Aw right, we list to duty's call. The hat—we struggle manfully with adjectives of the "opposite sex"—is a fore-and-aft affair, not so large as a roundhouse, but rather larger than a tea-cup. In color it is—er—blue (we are *sure* of that), and it is a three-decker with a tile roof. It has a floppy brim, part of which seems to be trying to look into Miss Kirkby's eyes, thereby, think we, proving its good sense. Scattered nonchalantly around the crown we find three pink roses that look as if they had been stepped on—the Milliner's Almanac claims that they are "crushed pink roses," all right. At the back is a bunch of—er—black ribbon.

Phew! We hope you appreciate the hat. It's worn with a dress that is sky-blue, all crusted with cloud-like webs, dew-sparkled — in other words, silver lace.

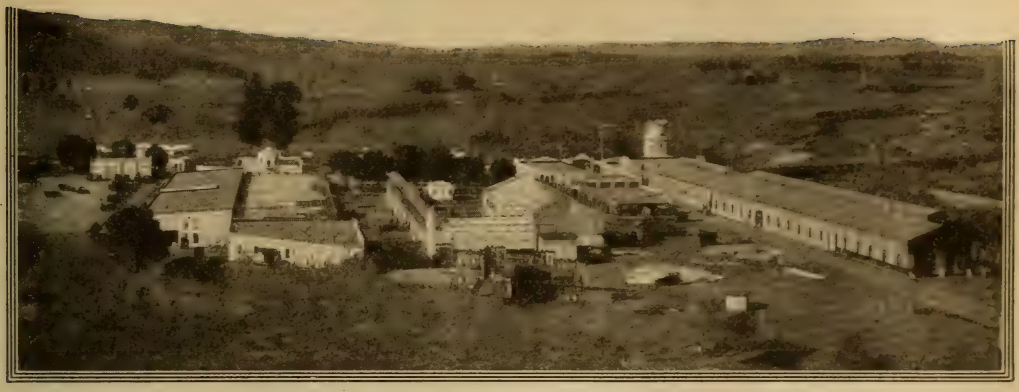
The hat and the dress, as well as the girl, are "O. K."



CHESTER CONKLIN—PAIN-KILLER

WE all have our secret aspirations in some direction—Chester had one ambition when he was the village cut-up in Oskaloosa, Ia., about twenty years ago. He wanted to jump thru paper hoops, yell "Whoop-la! What will the little lady have next?" to the queen of the sawdust ring, and do all the other jolly stunts a circus clown finds to do. He's always hankered to be a painless laugh-extractor, and now his dreams are realized in miles and miles of celluloid ribbon. There are lots of Chesters in real life—he's a very natural sort of a chump—but most of them are more painful than funny.

UPPER VIEW OF UNIVERSAL CITY



Breaking Into the Movies in California

A Diary

By SUZETTE BOOTH

(This series began in the January number, and this is the sixth and last instalment)

NOTE: To the many girl readers all over the United States whose one ambition in life is California and the movies, I dedicate this diary. It is not the great stars that can give advice. When they broke in, it was very easy; but the girl of today, that comes here alone and unaided and tries to get in, is the one that can relate the hard, cold facts.

APRIL 21, 1916.—Moved to Hollywood today, into a little apartment. Had my effects shipped from St. Louis, at a great expense, and purchased some new gowns.

APRIL 24, 1916.—I felt the most important creature in all Hollywood, this morning, as I rode to the studio. Mr. Stedman greeted me effusively. "I am at sea as to what dressing-room to give you," he said. "You know, I never have any trouble finding room for a new boy; I just put him in any dressing-room, and the rest of the boys give him a warm welcome. But with girls it's different." Finally he picked up my hand-grip and I followed. Down a narrow concrete walk we went, with rows of tiny houses on either side, crowds of people dressed in all sorts of costumes, laughing and chattering. They all poked their heads out of doors, to look me over, "the sensation of Monday morning." Stopping before one of the tiny houses, where three girls sat, he said, "Girls, I am going to put Miss Booth in here; hope you'll be nice to her." One of the girls was gray, fat, forty, and Jewish, while the other was a dainty little miss of sixteen, and the third was a short, fat blonde, whose ankles looked as tho she had stepped into a bee-hive. Their clothing was of the cheap, showy variety, and their conversation decidedly coarse. Mr. Leonard's assistant came over shortly, bringing my costume, a little Turkish affair, with satin trousers à la Fatima. I was to play two parts: a hypnotic subject and an adventuress. He said I could go home, as they would hardly get to me today.

APRIL 25, 1916.—Shortly after my arrival, Mr. Leonard's assistant came over to my dressing-room. He said: "You'll have to work tonight, so go home and get some sleep; report at six P. M." I did so, and was back at the studio on time; then he handed me an O K slip to get my dinner. After that, we all assembled over at the night studio, where we sang, played the piano and danced. About nine o'clock Mr. Leonard said, "Everybody ready!" Then we began. Well it was my first appearance at Universal, and truly they initiated me. As I glanced out at that sea of critical faces, all watching me in-

tently, occasionally a remark would reach my ears. Ella Hall laughed a supercilious laugh, then I was seized with a dreadful case of stage-fright. I shivered and shook; my heart beat loudly and I would forget everything just as soon as Mr. Leonard would tell me. We worked until twelve, then had lunch—then back again to the night studio, where we continued until three. So tired and ragged-nerved! Autos were waiting to take us home.

APRIL 26, 1916.—Have to work again tonight. Arrived at the studio at seven, but we did not start until nearly midnight. About two A. M. we started to make preparations for a big fight or brawl scene, with police raid. Beer bottles and water pitchers, made out of plaster-of-paris, were abundantly supplied, and we were told to break as many as possible. All were sleepy-eyed and tired, until I rushed into the room screaming: "They're after us!" and the police broke in. Such a fight! Crack! bang! went the bottles and pitchers over the raiders' craniums. Bric-à-brac came crashing down, the table was overturned, and so intense was it that no notice was paid to Mr. Leonard bellowing, "Fight over! Anybody hurt?" And then it ceased, and we all stood and laughed. How we did laugh! Some of the boys had blood trickling down their faces, their shirt-tails out; our hair was disheveled and our heads were sore and achy. While the bottles were made of plaster-of-paris, nevertheless they hurt. Well, I never enjoyed anything so much in all my life as that fight, even if I did get arrested and was handcuffed. At four o'clock we were still at it. Oh! how cold it was in that big, barren night studio! Salamanders were brought in, but they failed to keep us warm. Had to go over to my dressing-room, a distance of about a half-mile, and change my costume. I was so cold and sleepy, could hardly dress myself. We shot some more scenes, then the sun began to peep in at the windows. Mr. Leonard looked at his watch. "My God! folks," he said, "it's seven o'clock, and we have been working all night. Go home and dont show up all day tomorrow." It was my first experience in being up all night. Girls want to be movie actresses. Oh, if they only knew how exhausting it is! It matters little how much you must work by day, but all night—that's what takes the starch out of you.

MAY 8, 1916.—Been working about two weeks at Universal, and all at night. I look like a tubercular patient, great dark circles adorn my eyes, and from loss of sleep I have lost ten pounds. Met Mr. Stattler, the publicity man, this morning, and he said, "I dont see for the life of me how they expect you girls to play vampires, when they keep you up all night, ruining your health and looks."

MAY 12, 1916.—Left Universal today for good, after all that night-work—a total wreck. Many experiences have happened to me that I cannot relate in this diary. Why I left Universal is one of them.

MAY 16, 1916.—Have been dreadfully ill since my harrowing experience at Universal. Mrs. Francis Ford 'phoned for me this morning to come over right away. I did so, and she and Mr. Lloyd had quite a conversation about me. Finally she said, "I am very sorry, Miss Booth, but you resemble our star, Rita Jolivet (Countess Chippico) so much we couldn't tell you apart. I am afraid we couldn't use you."

MAY 17, 1916.—Started out to find Charlie Chaplin's studio today. It is also next to nowhere, on the other side of Santa Monica Boulevard. "Back of the Sunkist Orange Groves" was the way I was directed to it. I walked and walked, past many orange groves, until finally I came to what looked like an up-to-date apartment without any back in it. I recognized it as a studio "prop." A blonde stenographer bestowed on me a look of hauteur. "Mr. Chaplin wouldn't see you," she said; "he values his life too much to see any strangers; besides, he's bothered to death with people wanting money."

MAY 19, 1916.—Willis and Engles, agents, 'phoned this morning and said I should go at once to Lasky's. I lost no time in getting there. Mr. Hoffman called me into his private office. He was profuse in his admiration; said that out of nine girls sent by the agency I

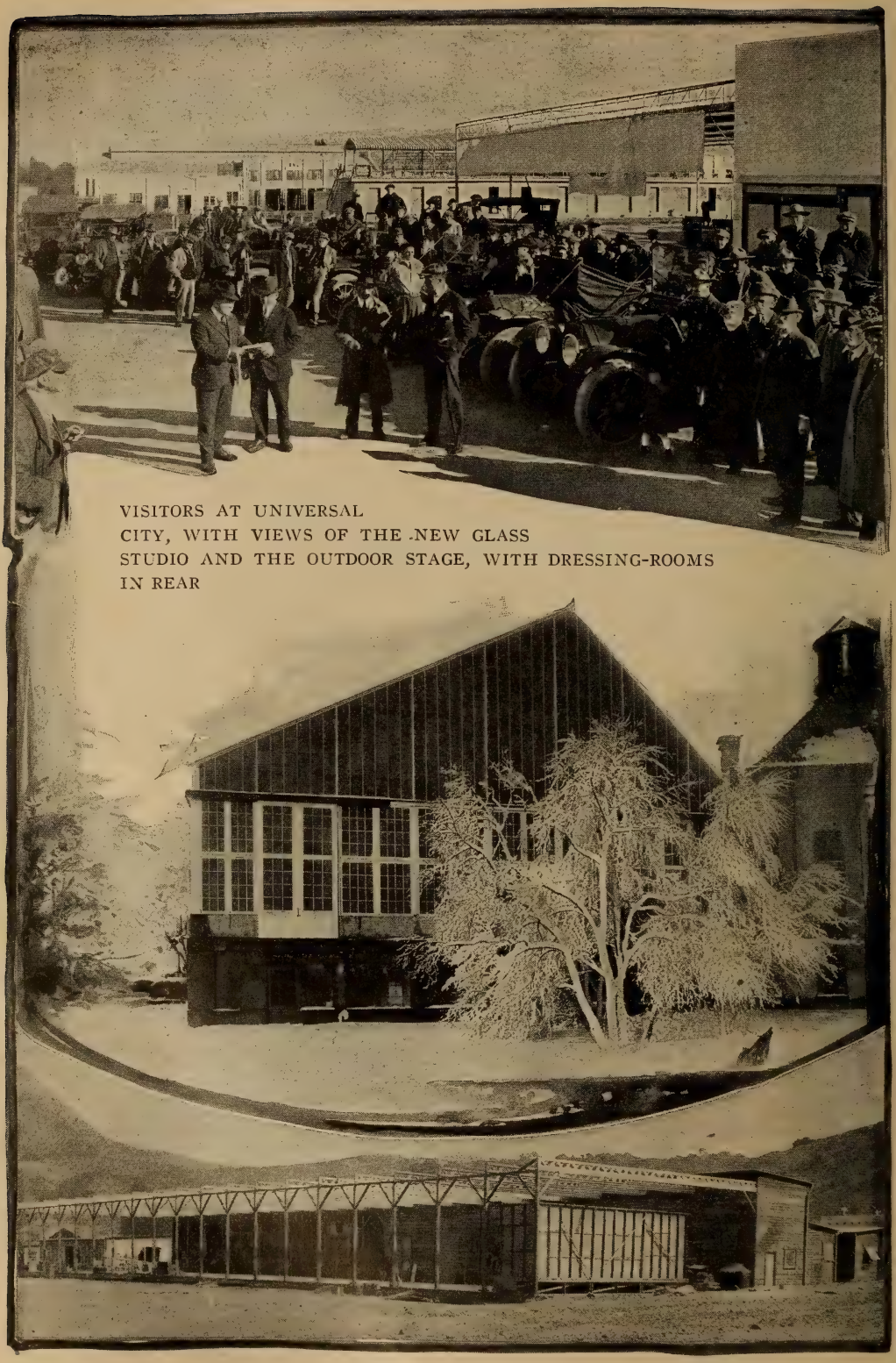
was the only one that suited. They were badly in need of a brunette to play the vampire and emotional rôles, he informed me, and were willing to give me instructions, etc., and $75.00 a week salary until I became a star. Then a test picture was made of me. Was told to stand against a black curtain, then a camera was shoved close up to my face. Mr. Melford, the director, told me to register the different emotions; to his counts—1-2-3-4, Terror; 5-6-7-8, Joy; 9-10-11-12, Grief, etc. Happened to glance over the camera, and there stood an audience of celebrities that fairly knocked me off my feet. Geraldine Farrar and her husband, Lou-Tellegen; Fannie Ward and her daughter; Marie Doro and her liege lord, Elliott Dexter, all intently watching poor little me. I trembled so, I know the test will look like as if I have St. Vitus's dance. Geraldine Farrar is undeniably beautiful, with the sweetest smile I ever beheld in a woman. Fannie Ward looks sweet sixteen, and they say she is three times that, and then some.

MAY 30, 1916.—Was sent for from Clune's to have a test made for the "Eyes of the World" picture, and to play the part of the deserted wife who threw the acid into the face of the husband's paramour and baby. Donald Crisp directed me, and I went thru the scene. On my way home, passing one of our specialty shops on Broadway, a great crowd of women had gathered, and I inquired of an elderly gentleman if some one was hurt? "No," he said disgustedly, "some fool merchant put a sign in his window: 'Women Wanted.' There are more women in Los Angeles than any other city in the world, and it's the movies that bring them."

JUNE 5, 1916.—Some weeks ago, at an agency, I met Colonel X— (perhaps I had better conceal his name). Today, while waiting in front of my hotel for a car, he passed me by in an automobile. Commanding the Jap chauffeur to stop, he called me to the car, saying that they were putting on a big serial picture at his studio and would give me the lead at $75.00 per week, that I should meet him at three o'clock, and he would take me over to his studio to see the director. I did so, but he had no intention of taking me to the studio, he informed me after we reached the foot-hills, but to his private yacht. Oh, how irrevocably blurred my brain became at that terrible moment! My woman's intuition told me I had only one alternative, that was to jump out, and I did.

JUNE 6, 1916.—I was somewhat surprised on opening my eyes this morning to find myself in a hospital. How I got there, who brought me, I do not know. But I knew that a bitter distaste for everything connected with the studios had come over me. Then and there I resolved to give them up for good. Then my thoughts would dwell on the past, back to my trip to the Coast. At the different hotels I stopped at in Denver, Colorado Springs, and Salt Lake, etc., they had waitresses in the dining-room. I was quite a curiosity to them all, traveling alone, and they would inquire for my destination. I would say, "Los Angeles and the movies," jubilantly. Three out of every four would answer, "That's my only ambition, and that is what I am saving my money for." Poor dears, I hope they never save enough!

NOVEMBER 25, 1916.—Just one year ago today I came to Los Angeles to win recognition as a movie star. I've had my joys and my sorrows, my trials and my tribulations. I dont believe I would care to go thru it all again, and yet I am glad it happened. Today I am on the threshold of success, and yet I would not advise any girl to come to Los Angeles alone and do as I did. At the studios you will see many girls of the nondescript type, without talent, that are never even cast, and yet earn from $30 to $40 a week. The studios are a conundrum. If you have an uncle who is a director, or your mother's father's uncle is related to one, then pack your little grip and come out. Influence and luck and lure are the most essential requisites. I hope, dear readers, you have enjoyed my first story. Perhaps you will hear from me again—maybe as Suzette Booth, Queen of the Movies; or Suzette Booth, successor to Laura Jean Libby; or as just plain Mrs. ——. Which shall it be?



VISITORS AT UNIVERSAL CITY, WITH VIEWS OF THE NEW GLASS STUDIO AND THE OUTDOOR STAGE, WITH DRESSING-ROOMS IN REAR



NO, THIS ISN'T RUTH CLIFFORD'S LATEST SPRING FROCK, AND SHE ISN'T TRYING TO EAT A PAIR OF FRANKFURTERS. WHAT SCOTCH REGIMENT WOULDN'T CHARGE THE BOCHES WITH SUCH A LURING PIPER AT THEIR HEAD?



FRANKLYN FARNUM ACCUSING "BOXER," THE STAR MOVIE ACTOR OF THE UNIVERSAL CITY ZOO, OF HAVING STOLEN THE HONEY FROM A TREE. "BOXER" DOES NOT EVEN PLEAD THE H. C. OF LIVING AS A DEFENSE



FLORENCE TURNER AND EARLE WILLIAMS ARE AS HAPPY AS THEY LOOK. WHY? —IT'S A REUNION, AND SHE HAS DROPPED IN FOR A VISIT TO HER OLD VITAGRAPH HOME

Dot Gish

Studio Star & Home Tomboy

By Edna Wright

HAVE you ever tried to interview a popular Motion Picture star? If so, you can appreciate the remark when I say that for some time I had been trying to "catch" Dorothy Gish. I wanted to coax this heroine of many film-plays to reveal her past history to me, but I didn't seem to be able to find her idle for a spare moment. At the studio she was always so rushed that I found it useless to try further, after I had attempted it several times; so one evening, as a final resort, I started out to "catch" her at home. Whether it was good luck or good management on my part I cant say, but, on the very first attempt, I was fortunate in finding both Dorothy and her sister, Lillian, in their apartment.

On entering I found the idol of movie fans looking very "Gishy" in the cunningest little apartment you can imagine. The drawing-room was richly furnished without being overdone, and was just the right sort of dove-cote for the beautiful Gish sisters.

Sister Lillian was struggling with a pianola and was being well rewarded for her efforts, as the music sounded anything but "canned," while Dorothy was reading, stretched out comfortably on a large divan. I did not want to spoil the cozy picture that the famous sisters were unconsciously making; but hadn't the maid told me to step right in? So step in I did.

With Dorothy and Lillian Gish cordiality does not stop at the front door, nor, for that matter, end when it closes again. Theirs is true Southern hospitality. I was soon so at home that I wondered if I had not by chance known them all my life, and, while we were laughing and chatting, it suddenly occurred to me that I had better remember the cause of my intrusion. The Gish girls are possessed of that frank wholeheartedness that is so often missing and yet desired by all. It was while I was having my glass filled with ginger-ale for the third time that I began firing the questions at Dottie (pardon the nickname, but you would intrude likewise if you knew her), and I found her a very approachable subject.

Dorothy is the younger of the two sisters, having been born in Dayton, Ohio, March 11, 1898. She made her début on the stage at the age of three, playing with Rebecca Warren in "East Lynne," and Robert T. Haines in "Fisk O'Hara." The footlights claimed Dorothy for five years; however, six years ago the lights changed, and since that time it has been the "overheads." She entered the film world under the Biograph Company, playing with them until David W. Griffith, forming his Reliance Company, latterly the Fine Arts, offered her a position with him, which she accepted. At the time of her entrance into the silent drama she held the title of "The Youngest Leading Lady in Pictures," as she played nothing but leads from the start. But since the field is now full of younger players, she has had to forfeit that title.

"What are your favorite plays of all that you have seen?" I asked.

It did not take Miss Dorothy long to answer: " 'The Birth of a Nation,' 'Intolerance,' 'Judith of Bethulia,' 'Home, Sweet Home' and 'Tess of the Storm Country.'

"Dont you adore Mary Pickford?" she went on? "Mary is such a darling; she certainly deserves all the love and admiration bestowed upon her. There will never be any other Mary Pickford."

This introduced a new phase of Dorothy's character—that she is not jealous of others' success, but instead takes a huge delight when laurels come their way.

"Oh, yes; what parts do I like to play best? I prefer comedy-drama, and always have liked the pictures better than the stage. I love my work, for it is always interesting and exciting."

I gathered, from outside information, that around the studio Dorothy is noted for her wonderful courage, and a director has yet to find a time when she has not willingly performed any kind of daring feat, proving that she *does* love her work. It's spontaneous with her, too. When the little star is "worked up," at home or afield, she's considerable of a minx-tomboy, maybe, and many's the harmless prank she has perpetrated on her friends and director.

Just recently, in a Griffith release, she jumped from a high porch onto the back of a prancing horse, upon which was seated a man. It was a risky stunt, as the jump was a high one and the animal very high-spirited.

"You must have a hobby," I inquired; "all actresses have, you know, so what is it?"

"Well, as for a hobby," she said, as her eyes sparkled, "why, they keep me too busy at the studio for one, or even to think of one, but Lillian says it is teasing her."



ANYTHING
BUT A "TOMBOY" IN THESE PICTURES

Here we all laughed, but I think Sister Lillian appreciated the joke least of all.

Not yet out of her teens, and





DOROTHY GISH IS ALWAYS A CHARMING-LOOKING CREATURE WHETHER *AU NATUREL* AT HOME

possessing an unfair share of good-looks, it is no wonder that movie fans all over the world have learnt to love Dorothy. But good-looks are not her entire stock-in-trade by any means. She is artless but experienced in her art, an enthusiastic and tireless worker, versatile to a degree, and possesses the confidence and friendship of all the studio heads.

In complexion Dorothy is a decided blonde, has a plentiful supply of sparkling curls, ivory-white teeth, and a pair of huge, blue eyes that make one desirous of jumping into them and splashing around a bit. She is what they call a "cozy creature" around the studio—playful, yet full of her rôles; joyous, yet



ready for instant pathos or perils in the parts assumed.

I learnt that she has an eminently practical side that ofttimes expresses



OR MADE UP AS AN AWKWARD DUTCH LASS OR A RAGGED MOUNTAIN-ELF

itself in all kinds of outward deeds. One of them was the decorating of her studio dressing-room. Armed with a paint-brush and pail, and armored in painter's overalls, "Dot" accomplished the unusual task of painting her dressing-room with radiant blue—an artistic job that called forth expressions of wonderment from the studio painting staff.

Dorothy could not understand why I was bothering with her history, for like many popular stars, she thought the public was not interested. When I explained that they *were*, she only laughed. Which proves that she is as unassuming as she is modest. But it was an infectious laugh—pure tomboy—and I'll wager she doesn't know at all why she's charming, on and off the screen.

IN ANSWER TO HER SHRIEKS, AN OFFICER RAN UP



Apartment No. 29

(Vitagraph)

By DOROTHY DONNELL

This story was written from the Photoplay of EDWARD J. MONTAGUE

WHEN Stanley Ormsby left the Beau Brummell Theater that evening, it was with his usual cocksure carriage and air of being in the confidence of Jove. He thought he knew precisely what the remainder of the night held for him—the Greenroom Club for a cigar, and his write-up of the "first night" he had just witnessed; supper at Henri's, with sleepy old Jules to serve the claret; then his rooms and bed, with a clear conscience and light heart. He did not guess that the events toward which he moved were already arranged by Fate, in whose gossamer web a man struggles as helplessly as an imprisoned fly.

Head flung back, he tasted the evening air, reviewing in his mind the play he had just seen.

"'Improbability reduced to the 'nth degree,'" he murmured. "Not a bad phrase, that. 'If any man outside the theater were to behave in such an imbecile manner as the hero of "One A. M.," a commission would, without doubt, commit him to an asylum for the feeble-minded.' That's a bit hot, but I cant let friendship stand in the way of the Truth."

His mind capitalized the last word a bit complacently, as was quite natural. When one man has made and unmade as many plays as Stanley Ormsby, a Delphic Oracle attitude toward his own omniscience is to be expected. Yet, altho he fully intended to jeer Bob Davis' first play off Broadway in the next half-hour with one of the biting, caustic criticisms that had made him the most feared dramatic critic in the country, he felt a genuine distaste for his task. He had hoped earnestly to be able to approve of this particular play. The memory of Bob's disappointment at the verdict he read in his face just now in the foyer made him as uncomfortable as a doctor about to amputate the leg of his best friend.

"But there's no help for it," Stanley murmured, quickening his pace unconsciously. "The whole plot is a tissue of impossibilities. Things like that dont happen to a man, and if they did, a grain of common sense would get him out of trouble. It's as if an average, perfectly normal, gum-chewing, subway-riding New Yorker were set down in the midst of an Arabian Night——"

He broke off the thread of his musings abruptly, conscious of other voices raised in loud dispute near by. Immediately behind him a man and woman were quarreling with the fervid gestures and candor of the foreign-born. The man, an enormous Russian by his appearance, appeared to be getting the worst of it from a purely verbal point of view, but, even as Stanley glanced around, he resorted to the favorite argument of the cave-man period, and struck his small, voluble companion full in the face with a large, ungallant hand.

"What the devil!" muttered the critic, hardly able to credit his eyesight. "Is the fellow drunk or crazy? I believe, in my soul, he's going to do it again!"

He swung on his heel and confronted the man, anger at his brutality augmented by the Anglo-Saxon horror of interfering in another person's affairs.

"Look here," he growled, catching the upraised arm; "what d'you mean by hitting a woman, you cowardly brute! You ought to be ashamed of yourself——"

The other loosed a torrent of invective, no less profane because it was cloaked in Russian gutturals, and the two men clinched. With feminine inconsistency, the little woman fell upon her rescuer tooth and nail. In answer to her shrieks, an officer ran up and separated the combatants with the judicious use of his night-stick.

"I dont care if yez was th' Czar of Roosia!" he growled in response to Stanley's somewhat breathless attempts at explanation. "If yez cant settle yer disputes rayfined and peaceful behind closed doors, I'll run yez in! Now begone wid yez an' let's hear no more."

Ruffled in appearance and mind, Stanley entered the Greenroom Club, a few moments later, and sought a table in the farthest corner for his writing.

"I'll bet," he reflected bitterly, as he unscrewed his fountain pen, "that the Good Samaritan would be hauled up in police-court if he tried to show a little decent sympathy and humanity in this rotten town. Never again, old man. If we see a gentleman playfully beating his aged grandmother, or a lady murdering her tender babe, we'll just pass by on the other side without interfering."

He drew a pad of paper from the drawer, where it was kept for him, and, with a frown, commenced to write. The irritation occasioned by the incident of the quarrelsome Russian flowed down thru his pen and into his criticism. It unrolled line by line, merciless, witty, cruelly effective. By the time he had finished and read it over, he was in high good-humor again. He had forgotten that the play, whose death-knell he was sounding so skillfully, was bread and butter to a friend of his. Regarded as a piece of satire, his work was good and none knew it better than he.

"I guess that'll get across O. K.," he reflected, as he struggled into his coat and folded his papers carefully into an inside pocket. "And now for Henri's. What is it, Morgan?"

The soft-footed butler of the club was at his side, bowing above a telegram. Stanley tore it open and read it aloud, with gathering dismay:

> Go at once to Apt. No. 29, Westphalia Bldg., and interview Mme. Mallini, the new grand opera star, for tomorrow's issue. JERON.

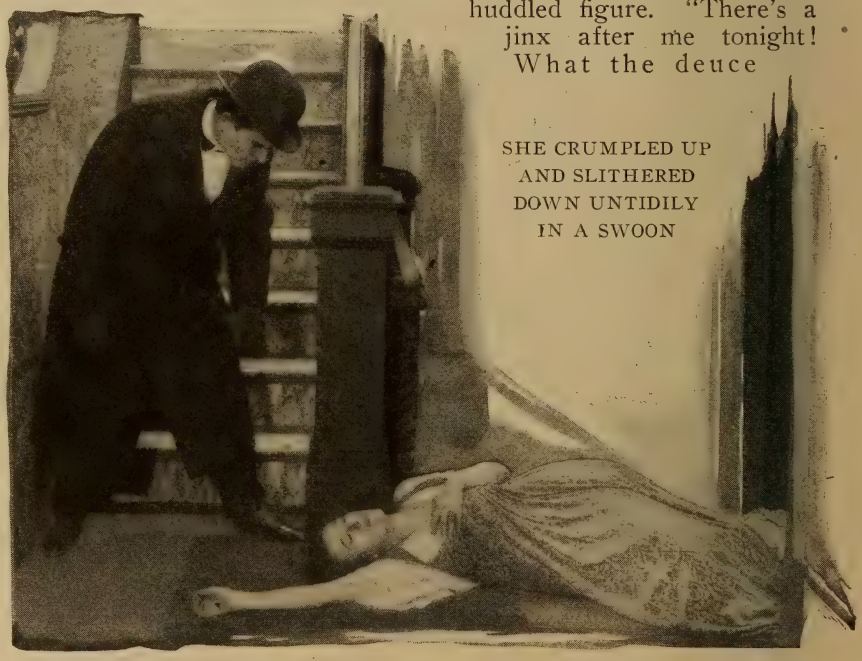
Well, what do you know about that?" He was distinctly aggrieved. His editor ordering him about on sob-sister duties as if he were a mere eighteen-a-week cub instead of the best-paid newspaper critic in town! But prosperity had not spoiled the instinct of good-sportsmanship that makes reporters willing at their editor's command to "do or die without reasoning why." When he emerged from the club it was to turn in the opposite direction from Henri's, the address of the Westphalia, hurriedly garnered from the club directory, in his hand.

"Almost one A. M.," he muttered, as he turned in under the ornate Corinthian friezes of the apartment house. "Who the deuce is Madame Mallini? Bet dollars to doughnuts her name is Sarah Skinner, and she's from Terre Haute and talks thru her nose."

He climbed two flights of stairs and located Apartment No. 29, in a pessimistic frame of mind. The sound of the bell far within the apartment was uncannily loud, like a noise in an empty place. But before he had time to formulate a hope that the lady might not be at home, he caught the shuffle of slow, almost halting footsteps along the hall within. For some reason he could not imagine why a childish impulse seized him to turn and flee before those languid feet should reach the door, but he thrust it aside and, as the latch clicked, raised his hat, with an ingratiating smile.

He was still smiling inanely, a moment later, as he looked down at the limp huddle of white kimono and loosened hair at his feet, but it was not from amusement, but merely because he had not had time to change his expression. The woman had not uttered a word—simply crumpled up and slithered down untidily in a swoon, or something worse which he dared not guess at.

"Here's a pretty how-d'ye-do," Stanley Ormsby heard himself muttering foolishly, as he stooped over the huddled figure. "There's a jinx after me tonight! What the deuce d'you do when a female faints—roll her on a barrel? But suppose there's no barrel——"



SHE CRUMPLED UP AND SLITHERED DOWN UNTIDILY IN A SWOON

He had lifted the limp figure, as he talked, and carried it down the hall into what seemed to be the sitting-room. He was quite too disturbed to reason clearly, or he would have felt for her heart-beats before summoning aid. But the sight of that rigid figure, propped up in an arm-chair, with drooping head and half-open mouth, was so ghastly that he fairly fled the room. In the hall he took down the telephone receiver and waited what seemed an hour before the sleepy voice of the superintendent answered.

"A woman has fainted in Apartment 29," Stanley called frantically. "Come quick, and bring water, for God's sake!"

"What's the matter with your getting

your own wife some water?" The superintendent was justly incensed. Stanley fairly shook the receiver.

"D—n it, she's not my wife!" he yelled. "I'm a stranger here! I dont know her from Adam—er—Eve! Are you coming? Hey there! Hullo!"

There was no reply. Stanley hung up the receiver with a violence that almost wrecked the machine. A new idea occurred to him. If there were a husband, where was he? In bed, probably, and his would be the pleasant task to awaken him and tell him his wife had fainted into his arms! He felt his way along the hall to a door, turned the handle and fumbled, by instinct, about the near-by wall for the light-button. His fingers met cold tiling—the bathroom.

"I'll get her a drink," he thought vaguely, "and then I'll beat it out of here. I'll——"

The light flashed on, and the seasoned critic—the sophisticated man-about-town—squealed like a frightened girl. There at his feet was stretched the body of the Russian, whom he had seen an hour ago on the street, a ghastly wound in his forehead, a bloody knife on the floor at his side!

How long he stood there staring he did not know. But the sound of feet running along the hall roused him at last to his position. He turned, with a white, shocked face, to meet the inquiring glances of half-a-dozen men.

"What's the matter here, and who are you, anyhow?" inquired the truculent person who belonged to the voice on the telephone. "Where's Mr. Senkevitch—the fellow that lives here?"

Stanley stood aside, pointing with an uncertain hand. "That must be he," he said huskily. "He's—dead, isn't he? I thought so. Quite remarkably dead——"

A murmur of horror ran thru the group in the hall, and the superintendent said something to the janitor in a low voice.

"Here, give us a hand with the body," he added loudly to another man, "and you, Davis, hang on to this stranger. He's got quite a lot of explaining to do."

"Bob Davis!" cried Stanley, in vast relief. He tottered forward and clung to his friend's sleeve with the desperate grip of a frightened child. "My God! Bob, your old phiz is the handsomest I ever saw! I'd forgotten you lived here—but I'm almighty glad you do. You can help me out of this. Of course it's perfectly simple—I must have got Apartment 28 instead of 29——"



THERE AT HIS FEET WAS STRETCHED THE BODY OF THE RUSSIAN

"This is Apartment 29." Davis' tone was strange. With a sudden start of terror, Stanley realized his friend was staring at him with an almost distrustful gaze.

"Bob, old man, surely you dont think I had any hand in this——" He tried to laugh, but it was a miserable failure. "Why, you know that's impossible——"

"Then, for God's sake, what's that knife doing in your hands?" said Davis, in a tense voice. Stanley looked down and flung the red blade from him, with a gesture of abhorrence.

"I suppose I picked it up!" he gasped. "I didn't know I did! It was a fool thing to do; I seem to have lost my wits tonight——"

Babbling incoherently, he followed the men with their ghastly burden down the hall and into the sitting-room, where the other occupant of the flat still sat motionless in the great chair.

"Shut up!" snarled the superintendent in his ear. "You can tell your fairy story to the police. Here they are now." Stanley Ormsby gathered his scattering wits together and turned. He would talk very quietly, show his credentials, and get out of this infernal mess at once.

"Officer," he began, with resolute calm, "I wish to explain——"

His voice failed him. Cold and distrustful, the officer, who had seen him quarreling with the murdered Russian and had separated them, was staring at him with recognition in his fishy eyes.



"MR. JERON NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A PERSON AS MADAME MALLINI"

'Aha! still explainin', are yez, me fine fellow!" he remarked, with a visible sneer. "What's all this? Murder, eh?" He swept the room with practiced glance, then turned back to Ormsby with hardening face.

"Well, spit it out. Who done this? Where do yez come in, annyhow?"

"I came to interview a Madame Mallini, who lives in this house," said the wretched critic. "I was told she lived in Apartment No. 29, but when I came here I found what you see now."

"There's no such person as Madame Mallini in the house," proffered the superintendent, importantly. A cold sweat broke out on Ormsby's brow.

"But Jeron of the *Mirror* sent me; call him up and ask him if he didn't."

The superintendent disappeared, and they heard his voice, in muffled soliloquy, in the hall. The atmosphere of the room was thick with suspicion. Stanley felt it all about him like a clammy mist, and it still further unnerved him. When the superintendent reappeared, he could have screamed with relief, but it was only momentary. Facing the room, the man spoke slowly, with a sort of malicious satisfaction.

"Mr. Jeron says he never heard of such a person as Madame Mallini!"

The officer took a step forward. "Then I guess you'd better come along with me, young fellow," he said in a voice like steel.

Stanley Ormsby looked about wildly. Close at hand was a window, with the red-rust enclosure of a fire-escape outside. Of all the foolish things he could have done, he chose the most foolish; but the hands of the law were close upon him, and he did not stop to reason. He sprang to the window, flung it open with a jerk and leaped out into the darkness beyond.

Down, down—below him, in the street, he heard, or imagined he heard, excited voices. A lighted window sprang to his dizzy eyes as he scrambled down. Still without the power to reason, he opened it and stepped within. A young woman, reading by a boudoir lamp, sprang up, with a startled cry, dropping her book as she did so. In one confused moment Stanley Ormsby gained the impression that she was a very lovely creature, with masses of soft hair and wide, violet eyes, alight now with fear. In another moment she would undoubtedly scream. Stanley went to her side, in three strides, and caught her arm.

"Dont scream—yet," he begged her.



"THERE IS NO CRIMINAL IN HERE, OFFICER"

"Look at me first. Dont I look like a gentleman—the kind of a man you might meet at a dance, or invite to call on you? If not—if I look like a burglar, or a murderer, or anything base or vile, scream for help, and I wont stir to stop you!"



DAVIS, LYING WHERE HE HAD FALLEN ON THE FLOOR, GAVE A NASTY LAUGH

Their eyes met. In the girl's gaze he read wonder, then trust and something like admiration. When she spoke, her voice was steady and calm.

"I shall not scream," she said quietly, "and you do look like a gentleman. Now, perhaps you will explain why you choose this time and manner of making calls on young ladies such as you might have met at a dance."

Somewhere, outside in the hallway, sounded the clatter of many feet. Stanley drew a long breath.

"I have no time—now," he said. "You hear those men in the hall? They are searching for me for the crime of murder. Wait! I did not do it, but the circumstances look bad for me. I am not at all sure I can prove my innocence. At least, I must have time——"

She looked straight into his eyes, and he felt his heart leap with hope and a something else he could not analyze.

"I believe in you," she said; "I dont know why, but I do. Come into the next room, and I will hide you till the search is over. I dont know *why* I will hide you, but I will."

Ten moments later, crouched in a fragrant covert of silken ruffles and woman's-wear in a great, wardrobe trunk, the hunted man heard her say, in answer to the policeman's questions:

"There is no criminal in here, officer. I have been here for the last hour and would surely know."

The sounds of pursuit grew fainter beyond the outer door of the apartment.

"Dont stir," said the girl's voice, very

low, above his hiding-place; "it is safer to wait a while——"

Stanley Ormsby seized the small, white hand so close to him and brought it to his lips.

"You angel of mercy," he cried, "tell me one thing. If you had met me as you meet other men, would you have liked me, do you think?"

He felt the fingers in his begin to tremble.

I was gone for an hour or so, and you could have another man in! Too bad I interrupted, I'm sure!"

"Bob!" the girl's voice seemed to plead. "Bob! Dont say such things to me!"

"And why not?" sneered the man. "Dont you suppose I've suspected you for a long time, you sly puss, with your pretty airs and ways of pulling the wool over a man's eyes——"



"NO! NO! DONT ARREST HIM! IT WAS I!"

"I—might have." He could barely catch the words.

"And even now—if I find some one to introduce us—could you forget tonight and like me even yet?"

This time her voice was lower still.

"I might—even yet——"

A door in the apartment creaked open and soft footsteps padded into the next room. Stanley felt her fingers snatched away, heard the catch in her breath as she sped across the room.

"So I've caught you at last, dearie!" It was Bob Davis' voice, incredibly hateful and full of ugly meaning. "Thought

"Bob!" This time it was a shriek of terror. It drew Stanley Ormsby out of his hiding-place in a bound and into the dining-room. Even as he struck Davis to the floor with one furious blow, he was conscious, somewhere within him, of a dull ache of sorrow that this most wonderful of women should belong, rightly or wrongly, to another man.

Davis, lying where he had fallen on the floor, gave a nasty laugh, and before Stanley realized the significance of the gesture, whipped a police-whistle from his pocket and blew it three times. In another moment the pursuers were in.

"There's your man!" snarled the playwright, viciously. He crawled to his feet and seized the girl's arm in a close grip. "He's some bird! Flirts with the woman upstairs and kills her husband, comes down here and flirts with Adele, and tries to kill me!"

Two rings of cold steel circled Stanley's wrists. Suddenly the girl gave a piercing cry,

"No, officer; you got the right man," he said quietly. "I killed the Russian. It wasn't she."

Then the room went quite black before his eyes. But after a moment he knew that he had not fainted, for he heard voices and swift movements of many people about him. Some one had turned off the light. Quite as suddenly, the same hand turned it on. Before him Stanley Ormsby saw a semicircle of people, ranged as if taking a curtain-call on the stage. Dazed, unbelieving, his eyes traveled from one laughing face to another—Davis' grinning broadly, the Russian's smiling under the smudge of red paint on his brow, the policeman's winking above a suit that suddenly seemed too large for him.

"IF YOU DIDN'T ACT AS STUPIDLY AS MY HERO IN THE PLAY!"



"No! no! Dont arrest him!" she moaned, struggling in Davis' grasp. "He didn't do it. It was I! She was my sister, and that Russian brute abused her—he struck her when I was with her tonight, and I couldn't bear it, and killed him—with a paper-knife——"

The world seemed to go back before Stanley Ormsby's eyes. Suddenly he knew that, fantastic as it was, he cared more about this girl, sobbing out her pitiable story in this strange, midnight room, than he had ever cared for a woman or would ever care.

It was as tho he had rehearsed the words that he spoke now, so readily did they come to his lips.

"It was all a put-up job, old man," said Davis, laying an apologetic hand on his friend's shoulder. "You see, I couldn't have the play ruined, so I got a lot of the cast, and my sister Adele here, to rig up a set of circumstances like the ones you

(*Continued on page* 158)

Stories That Are True

Athletic Achievements Come In Handy

By DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

We took "The Americano" in Mexico a few months ago. You know the conditions down there, and we had a devilish hard time. Those fights were on the level, with real Mexicans playing the other parts. Gosh-darn it, I got a few good punches with my fists before it came to guns. I said, "America first," and I dont think we suffered much.

Talk about excitement, in the big fight scene, which takes place in a cell after I rescue the Presidente, my opponent, a full-blooded Mexican, was instructed by the translator to put up a real fight—and he did! Gee whiz! Ten minutes after the camera stopped turning, said boiling Mexican was stopped and locked up, knife in hand, by a military officer and his staff, who were acting as our guides.

In another scene it was my business to communicate with a lady who was held prisoner in her room by the revolutionists. About fourteen feet from the balcony was the top of a tree, forty feet high. I climbed to the top of the tree, and stood in a crotch formed by two branches, got the thing swaying forward and backward, and at the right moment, when about six feet from the house, I jumped, caught at the coping of the balcony and drew myself up, hat in hand, to the window of the astonished lady's boudoir. If I'd missed the ledge, I never would have lived to tell the tale. Such is life—a chance if we grasp it.

On leaving the place, I had to make a standing jump of twelve feet, landing considerably lower down in the branches of the tree.

A Genuine Thrill Where the Thriller Was Thrilled

By MARY ANDERSON

The ordinary daily life of the movie performer is so exciting, as compared with the life of the man or woman in the usual business world, that it takes a very unusually thrilling episode to really excite, upset or surprise any one who works in movieland, but the other day something happened that gave me a real thrill.

The story on which we were at work carried us into a railroad-trestle scene. My part was a jump from an auto and a frantic run-away from a gang of terrible thieves. Of course they chased me, and I ran onto the trestle.

Just as I reach the center, the crooks in pursuit of me reach the beginning of the trestle, and a locomotive suddenly rounds a curve and speeds towards me from the other end. I climb over the edge and hang onto the trestle while the train passes.

This was all written very neatly in the scenario.

"Well," said the director, "I guess we will have to 'trick' it."

So we hired a train and told them we would go by auto and meet them at nine-thirty.

The next morning we started bright and early and arrived at the chosen location before our train.

While we were waiting, I decided to make a few investigations. The trestle itself was not so formidable, but oh, when I looked over and saw that river below! It looked miles down! I was still looking down, when suddenly I felt the whole structure quiver. When I raised my head I saw all of the men jump from the auto and rush towards me—not as a pursuing, but rescuing band! Of

course they would be too late to help. I was right in the center of the trestle, and a train, not our special, was coming at an awful rate. The grotesque appropriateness of a line from "The Charge of the Light Brigade" flashed thru my brain—"Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to do and die," only with this difference, it wasn't a case of do *and* die, but of do *or* die, and I suddenly acted my part without any prompting as to my cue. I took a *real* chance, as I was supposed to do in the reel story—scrambled over the edge and *hung* while an engine and four cars thundered over me.

I had all the sensations of Leslie Carter, swinging in midair, clinging to the clapper of the bell in her famous scene in the "Heart of Maryland."

Of course, it was all over in an instant, but it seemed like acting a five-reel play while it lasted.

I hung there, suspended like a limp rag. I was keyed to the shrieking point, and, believe me, when the danger was past, my sensation was nothing like the pleasurable one after a "thriller" scene has been taken.

When the rest of the company came up and started picking splinters out of my hands, I smiled, but I felt as cold and shivery inside as tho I had taken the plunge to the cold water beneath.

A little later our hired special came along, and we went thru the work for the required pictures. But you may believe me when I say that this time, when I hung onto the trestle while the train passed over, I was able to judge very nicely the difference between a pictured thrill and real danger. The feat then seemed comparatively tame.



NO, THE TURKEY IS NOT THE CHILDREN'S PET. KATHERINE LEE HOLDS HIM CAPTIVE WHILST BABY JANE EDGES THE DEADLY CLEAVER. HORRORS! THEIR MINDS ARE SET UPON A MASSACRE AND A FEAST



PLAYING LITTLE MOTHER IS ANITA STEWART'S SPECIALTY. SHE IS MOTHERING THIS STORMY BABE WHILE WAITING TO APPEAR IN A SCENE FROM "THE GLORY OF YOLANDA"



IT'S HARD TO EAVESDROP ON ANITA STEWART AND EULALIE JENSEN IN THIS BETWEEN-SCENES CHAT, BUT MAYBE ANITA IS TELLING EULALIE HOW TO PUT A LITTLE ANGEL IN HER DEVIL, AND EULALIE COUNTERS BY SUGGESTING A LITTLE MORE DEVIL IN ANITA'S ANGEL

The Road Was Rocky and Bare in Places

By HARRY LONSDALE

ABOUT a month before Lord Cavendish and Frederick Burke were assassinated in Phœnix Park, Dublin, I accepted my first engagement on the professional stage with Richard South's Comic Opera Company. In the opera I had four bars to sing, which was quite a task, believe me!

Like a fictional hero, I left home without the consent of my parents. I was to receive thirty shillings a week for my services in the opera. With the one-pound note I carried away with me I treated my friends to a farewell supper and began broke, which seems to be a fad with actors.

But the first three weeks, instead of thirty shillings, I collected twelve a week. The fourth week we opened at Shrewsbury. Eight of us were staying at a commercial hotel. We were taxed fifteen shillings each for board and lodging. When Saturday came we received only ten shillings—a descending scale, sure enough, and our prospects were anything but bright.

The "ten" I tendered to the landlord at supper after the performance. He was very kind about the matter, and informed me my breakfast would be there on Sunday morning as usual. He was true to his word. But after the meal, when we looked for our boots and hats, we found, to our dismay,



HAROLD LOCKWOOD IS NOT GOING TO LET THE OTHER MCGRAWS STEAL A MARCH ON HIS NINE'S INDOOR PRACTICE. HERE HE IS BACKSTOPPING THE "VILLAINOUS" SHOOTS OF LESTER CUNEO

that they had suddenly disappeared. We held a hurried meeting and decided to send the proprietor down to our manager. But that worthy refused to see our messenger. I never saw a man return so full of wrath, and justly so. As he entered our room, he very loudly exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I can afford to keep you a few days, and I am going to do so."

When we left the apartment, we decided to make a search of the house. We did, and brought forth a pair of old boots and a derby hat. We cast lots to see who would don them and go to interview our manager. I won. While passing down the street, I noticed a crowd of people before the newspaper bulletin, and it was with sorrow I read the announcement of the deaths of Cavendish and Burke.

The manager received me cordially. I explained our position. He returned with me to the hotel and gave an "I O U" for our indebtedness, which, of course, being a manager, he



MARY IN MUDDY MOVIES

IT IS HARDLY TO BE EXPECTED THAT, AFTER FIGHTING A HALF-DOZEN SCRAPPY CHILDREN IN THE LILY-POND OF A LUXURIOUS CONSERVATORY, A LITTLE PERSON LIKE MARY PICKFORD WOULD RETAIN HER USUAL IMMACULATE APPEARANCE. HERE WE SEE THE FAMOUS "LITTLE MARY" BEING SCREENED FOR A SCENE IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE BATTLE, IN WHICH SHE ENJOYS THE TASTE OF VICTORY AS WELL AS THAT OF THE SOFT MUD FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE LILY-POND. THE SCENE IS FROM "A POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL," ADAPTED FROM THE WELL-KNOWN ELEANOR GATES NOVEL AND PLAY

never met. That was the beginning of the end of my career, because a few weeks later I was stranded in Dublin, half-starved and penniless. And so has been my experience. Soon after I began all over again, and finally had my own company. The call to America drifted across the water, and like many another Englishman, I harkened to its siren voice. The camera had not yet been crowned king, but I felt it was coming. Then I drifted into pictures, where I have remained, to the best of my ability, ever since.

Sparrows Make a Scene

By ROBERT WALKER

IT is not the difficult, dangerous stunts we are called upon to perform that "get one's goat," but the trivial, out-of-the-ordinary and humorous incidents which arise unpremeditatedly.

To appreciate my little story, you must understand our studio is all glass-and-steel, except one brick wall. It is sixty feet high and as large as a first-class theater. The many swing-



WHEN VALENTINE GRANT VISITED THE CENTRAL PARK ZOO IN NEW YORK, KEEPER "BILL" SNYDER FORMALLY INTRODUCED HER TO HIS PETS. SHE STRUCK UP SUCH A RAPID FRIENDSHIP WITH PAPA ELEPHANT THAT HE IS ASKING HER FOR THE NEXT TANGO

ing windows are opened occasionally, and sparrows fly inside and perch on the crossbeams and gossip. Those same birds are noted for being "fresh" and absolutely "indifferent" to people generally.

On the afternoon in question, a photoplay was being staged that depicted an excellent couple, but who, thru some misunderstanding, were about to become separated. However, for appearances, they had agreed to go to a family wedding.

Nobody at the wedding even suspected our mutual disagreement. As we were about to leave the house, a little girl poured a handful of rice on my soon-to-be-divorced wife's hat.

As the scene progressed, my wife and I were shown at our own house. When she removed her hat, the rice trickled down on the carpet. She went into another room. Sitting there alone, I am supposed to see the rice, which brings to my mind my own wedding just five years before. That scene necessitated some dramatic acting, I assure you. I endeavored to throw every expression into it.

Presently I removed my face from between my palms, surprised to see several sparrows on the floor pecking up the rice. I endeavored to continue the scene. How could I do it when a bunch of companion players were hilarious in the doorway?



A BIT OF REHEARSAL IN "THE HAWK," THE FAMOUS STAGE-PLAY THAT STARRED WILLIAM FAVERSHAM, NOW BEING ADAPTED TO SILENT DRAMA. EARLE WILLIAMS AND HIS LEADING WOMAN, ETHEL GRAY TERRY, ARE "CONNING THEIR LINES" IN CONSULTATION WITH DIRECTOR PAUL SCARDON



WILLIAM RUSSELL, THE AMERICAN COMPANY'S ADONIS, HAS DISCOVERED THAT THE CLASSIC IS A TREASURE-HOUSE OF FRIENDS' PICTURES AND HEART-TO-HEART TALKS WITH THEM

The Man from the North Woods

"There's a bronzed and stalwart fellow who will grip you by the hand,
And greet you with a welcome warm and true."

By MARTHA GROVES McKELVIE



"SAY," DRAWLED TRAVERS, AS HE SPIED MY NOTES, "WHAT'S THE IDEA?"



"SAY, Dick," I said quite flippantly to that nice, eminently dignified person, Richard Travers, "you admit that you are a Canadian; that you are a lover of the great outdoors; that you love hunting, fishing, snow-shoeing—that in fact you include in the catalog of your favorite diversions almost every sport except that of riding a prancing steed when you're wearing a suit of armor. Now, why is it that we fans never by any means hear about that interesting side of you? Tell me something about your glorious North woods?"

"Have you gazed on naked grandeur where there's nothing else to gaze on,
Set pieces and drop-curtain scenes galore,
Big mountains heaved to heaven, which the blinding sunsets blazon,
Black canyons where the rapids rip and roar?"

"That's a nice picture over there," replied Dick. "Do you care if I smoke?"

"Hope you do!" I answered irritably and with double meaning.

"Dick," came a voice from one corner of the room, "tell her about being lost in the woods last fall and running short of food."

"Have you suffered, starved and triumphed, groveled down, yet grasped at glory?"

I queried with apt poetic sympathy. "I believe it's going to snow," he volunteered. "Seemed to be turning colder when I came in."

"It's going to turn lots colder before you go out!" said I, in my sweetest tone.

"This is a nice room," he replied admiringly, "and the heating facilities are in excellent order. Shouldn't wonder if it got too warm."

Now, there's just one thing to do with a man like that. Ignore him! The only trouble is—he wont know he's being ignored unless you tell him.

But, turning our backs on the horrid person, we mere women began exchanging experiences—I, enjoying the town girl's stories of the city, while she listened with interest to my own stories of experiences on mountain trails.

We talked and talked, while Dick Travers alternately listened, talked to himself on his fingers and meditatively smoked.

When I had finished telling of one



"IN THE SUMMER WE HAVE GOOD FISHING. HERE'S A BUNCH OF SNAP-SHOTS TO PROVE IT"

experience with mountain storms, where I had slept in a rain-soaked covered wagon, or on the wet ground with my head on a saddle, for a period of ten days without removing my clothes, Dick, forgetting the press, asked: "Did you ever sleep in the snow?

"Have you known the Great White Silence, not a snow-gemmed twig a-quiver?"

With a wink at Dolores that said plainly, "He's off!" I consented to include our modest friend in the conversation.

"Never did!" I answered.

"Then you've missed a lot!" he asserted.

"Glad of it!" sez I.

"But really," he insisted, "it's a great experience. You know, you can build a little dome-like shelter of the snow, scoop out the center of it, build a fire in the middle of it and make yourself quite comfortable."

"It would take *some* dome, well scooped out, to admit your six-feet-some," I grinned. "And wouldn't it be fun to go to sleep in a nice little snow-house, with a cozy fire in the middle of it, and wake up to find that the house had inconsiderately melted during the night?"

"Yes, wouldn't it?" agreed Dick. "But you dont. You want to remember that we have a good grade of snow in my country. During certain seasons in northern Canada there are parts of the country where, looking for miles and miles in every direction, you can see nothing but stretches of snow. Not even a twig breaks the surface. That's where men go snow-blind. The glare during midday is awful."



"The winter! the brightness that blinds you! The white land, locked tight as a drum!"

"Have many animals up there?" I asked.

"Surely, that's the trapper's paradise," he replied. "I'm not very strong for trapping. Do you know that a trapped animal will frequently chew its own foot off to free itself from a trap? That seems rather horrible to me."



"Have you broken trail on snowshoes? Mushed your huskies up the river?"

"We travel with dogs in that country. They dont break thru the snow like a horse would, and the underbrush —scrub-oak, etc.—is so dense that a horse would be lucky if he did not have his harness scraped off, including his hide. The dogs have only one thing against them—you dare not give them their heads if you happen to get lost. With a horse, you can safely turn him loose and he will take you back again to camp. Try the same thing with the huskies and you would have a pretty fight on your hands. They fight among themselves.



"You have heard the expression, 'crafty as a fox'? Well, I can tell you the word 'crafty' is aptly applied. It's great sport to watch the dogs chasing a fox.

"As you know, the paws of a fox are heavily padded and they can draw their claws in until their paws are nothing but soft balls of fur.

"Well, Mr. Fox will start off at a good clip across the snow with the dogs in hot pursuit. Because of his fur-padded paws the fox will not break thru the snow-crust, but the dogs will. So, naturally, their progress is slower and the fox knows it.

"Mr. Fox will get a good lead, turn around to gauge the distance between himself and the dogs, sit down on the snow facing them, wrap his bushy tail around his paws to warm them, and, with jaws hanging, literally laugh at his floundering pursuers. Just as they begin to get close to him, he is up and away like a streak of lightning.

"A fox can collect the greatest variety of vermin of any animal on earth. If there's anything loose in the woods, it gets on the fox. But, again his craftiness comes to the rescue. When things get too lively, he kills a rabbit, takes the fresh hide in his teeth and backs into a swift stream with it. Naturally, the water washes the vermin off and they collect on the fresh rabbit-hide. When the fox is free of them, he lets the skin



drift down-stream and comes back to land."

[Silence meets the above. Then—]

"I should think that a wonderful country like Canada would have sufficient true stories of interest to divulge, without having to hand out stuff like that!" I said.

"Say, young woman, if you dont believe that fox-story, you just run right home and read your natural history. I haven't any fiction in stock. That's history," according to Travers.

[Hope some natural historian calls him on it.]

"I suppose that nice frozen country is also inhabited by birds?" I asked, a bit sarcastically.

"Oh, sure," replied Dick, good-naturedly.

"How do they live during the season when there is nothing but snow?" asked Dolores. "You just got thru saying that one could see nothing but snow for miles and miles, without even a twig to break the surface!"

"Well," explained this North woods man, "I've seen birds fly high in the air and suddenly let themselves drop with a thud, in an attempt to break the snow-crust with their bodies and get to the shrubs and berries underneath.

"It's a great country. I want to go back to it some day to make a few pictures. I know many of the unfrequented passes in the Canadian Rockies, and with a good story, say like Ralph Conner's stuff, I could secure wonderful results in the picture line."

"There's a land—oh, it beckons and beckons, and I want to go back—and I will."

"When you snow-shoe it into these wastes, what do you have to eat?" I interrupted.

"Well, we usually carry a baked potato in each pocket, and of course we get game as we go along. Believe me, a bear-steak cooked over a camp-fire is the best thing the world affords in the way of food.

"Then, during the summer months we have great fishing. Here's some snap-shots to prove it," and with this remark he dug up a bunch of pictures which he immediately lost.

"The summer! No sweeter was ever!
The sunshiny woods all a-thrill,
The grayling a-leap in the river,
The bighorn asleep on the hill."

Dick's folks still live in Canada, and he has a younger brother now in the trenches, fighting for their flag. The boy has been injured several times and Dick speaks with pride of his bravery.

At the Essanay studio, Travers is exceedingly popular with every one, from the scrub-lady to the president of the company. Men like him especially well and this recommends him to the ladies.

His latest work is with Nell Craig in the feature picture, "The Trufflers."

Personally, we think that this man from the North would show to better advantage in pictures of the great outdoors —pictures of the country he loves, the Canadian wilds. We cant help quoting our beloved Robert W. Service again:

"They have cradled you in custom, they have primed you with their preaching,
They have soaked you in convention thru and thru;
They have put you in a show-case; you're a credit to their teaching—
But, cant you hear the Wild? It's calling you!"

As I crossed the room to my desk and began to scribble down a few notes, Dick glanced suspiciously in my direction and drawled:

"Sa-y! What's the idea?"

And I replied:

"I have got a little bill—get wise while yet you may,
For the debit side's increasing in a most alarming way.
The things you had no right to tell,
The things you should have told,
They're all put down, and shortly your story will be sold."—(Apologies to Service.)



IT WASN'T LONG AGO THAT MAY HALL SUPPORTED HER CHARMING LITTLE DAUGHTER ELLA—NOW SHE IS THE LITTLE STAR'S "SUPPORT" IN ALL HER UNIVERSAL SCREEN SUCCESSES



HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

The Photodrama

A Department of Expert Advice, Criticism, Timely Hints, Plot Construction and Market Places

Conducted by HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Staff Contributor of the Edison Company, formerly with Pathé Frères; Lecturer and Instructor of Photoplay Writing in The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay" and many Current Plays on the Screen, etc.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW?

A Glimpse of the Practical Side of Writing Photoplays

Close Views and Inserts

Granted that you have mastered the theoretical rudiments of Photoplay writing—which is saying a great deal—what shall you do next?

Listen to a little advice first. It might not come amiss.

In the first place, dont imagine that your student days are over. He who ceases to be a student begins to go backward.

Set your heart, if you must, but not your mind, on selling your first manuscript. For when it comes back to you, you will need your mind for work that will never grow easier.

Remember that you are not writing something that you want, but a play that the producer needs.

Become reconciled to the fact that the editors do not care a rap who YOU are; they are concerned only with what you can DO.

Do not seek advice of the Editor and win his dislike when all you need is to exercise common sense, which he is not in a position to give you.

Enter the ranks of Photoplay writers just as you would any other BUSINESS, convinced that you can deliver the goods, but not expecting to sell that for which no demand exists.

WORK intelligently for yourself, just the same as others have to work for other employers.

Realize that no market exists for your work until you create a demand for it by making it above the average.

Be convinced that Producers want material; convince them that you can write what they want.

The fact that you have a splendid idea is not sufficient.

In the first place, it may not be a Photoplay idea at all.

In the second, while it may be a Photoplay idea, it may not be presented in a Photodramatic way.

Furthermore, you must have more than a single idea, or be master of a method that inspires you to produce without end.

I speak of nothing that is impossible.

Granted that you know what a Photoplay Plot is and how to present it, now you must cultivate *effective* presentation, which is the process of making material become DRAMATIC.

Theoretically, you have now gained favor with the Editor and his readers, as a writer who knows his business.

But you will never get a step further until you have solved the problem of novel and original presentation, that will make your work stand out from that of other intelligent craftsmen.

Then comes the topmost step of the ladder, which is combining original and effective craftsmanship with the immediate needs of the market.

That is the whole story in a bomb-shell.

But we dont intend to leave you in doubt or despair, for this Department shall do its best to supply the essential Knowledge that you may be lacking in the intermediate grades of progression.

You may assimilate that knowledge thru diligent STUDY—not mere reading—and PRACTICE.

Plotting the Photoplay

The mere recital of facts, or animated Pictures, are interesting only in so far as they inform or entertain the audience. Photodrama must do more—infinitely more.

It must elicit their sympathies, prey upon their hopes and fears and rouse their imagination to a pitch of actual service.

All this is accomplished by means of artificial devices employed in the Plot, chief among which is *the obstacle.*

Your perfect Plot must have an obstacle.

The chief function of the Plot is to create an obstacle.

The obstacle is the forerunner of Conflict, which is the basic element of all Drama.

Screenings from Current Plays

Audiences are not altogether without sin—not by a jugful.

I find that a large part of the average Audience is inclined to be a bit mushy.

They love their little "movies"—that goes without saying—but there is always a mental reservation which they are too kind-hearted to add, "but then, you know that Little Movies, poor dear thing, is just a little light in the head!"

Tommyrot!

There is no excuse for a Photodrama having less gray matter than its sister, Drama, or its cousin, Literature, or its kinsfolk, the Fine Arts.

Dont mistake the childish, growing pranks of this new art and drama, the Photodrama, for its maturity any more than you'd accept the innocent inanities of other children for the zenith of their mental development.

The Photodrama, however, is now grown up.

While it is not always expressing itself in terms of great art, yet it should no longer gibber in the language of its childhood.

Love it, by all means, but dont pamper a silly child.

When you witness a Photoplay that is "not all there," or that acts like an idiot, be assured that it is not the child's fault, but its parent's.

The public Audience is the only children's court we have for the prevention of cruelty to Photoplay offsprings.

Tell the box-office that you dont intend to stand for it.

And do be careful, for the reputation of your own intelligence, when you recommend a play to your friends.

I heard from not less than a dozen sources that "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" was a wonderful play.

They meant "play" or story, not spectacle.

One woman said she wept at the death of Captain Nemo.

Another said she could hardly sit in her seat during the enactment of some of the island adventures.

I took my six-year-old son to see the above, and he was delighted because his mind perfectly appreciated the six-year-old story.

Its maturity could not have been much more than that.

I'm speaking of the story, bear in mind.

The story is an absurd hodge-podge that does credit to no one.

It is the rankest kind of "movies."

The marvelous spectacle of the under-sea pictures is another matter.

There are about one thousand feet of film out of the total of eight thousand that is worth the while of any one seeking Spectacle that is novel, scientific and wonderful.

Bearing that portion of the entertainment alone in mind, you will feel compensated for your visit.

Fix your mind on anything else and you will be disappointed.

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE:

Questions and Answers

Contrary to my NOTE that appears in each issue, I am daily receiving correspondence that violates its intent.

Most of the letters are entirely "personal," bringing in problems that are of no general interest.

Manuscripts are being sent to me for criticism and perusal—frequently without even return postage.

I have received inquiries about actors and the parts they have taken in plays.

I am concerned only with the technical requirements of the Photodrama.

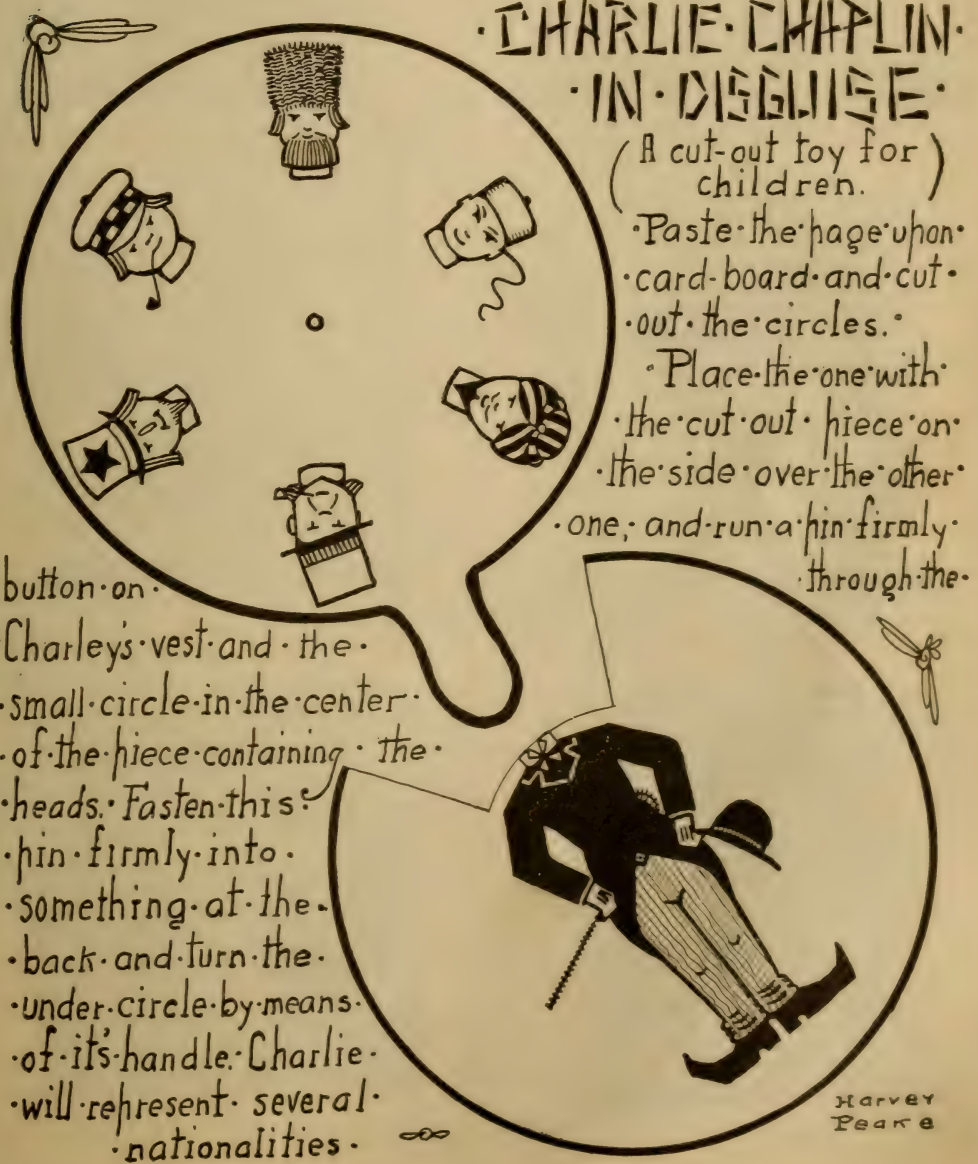
Producers do not want Working Manuscripts at all—only Synopses are desired or required.

Theda Bara is also using star parts that exploit the sympathetic heroine to alternate with her vampire plays.

Prices paid for 5-reel Synopses vary from $100 to $1,000.

NOTE.—Answers to the same Question will not be repeated month after month.

It is suggested that interested Readers obtain back numbers of BOTH the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, in which these articles have been intercontinued since December, 1916.



Just Kids By GUS MEINS



Now doesn't he look cute a-sittin' there just so? He's been inspired to write his first big long Scenario.



When you see little Johnnie with hair all mussed up so, you'll know his work's all done and he's to see a picture show.



Just see this youngster running, to you it should appeal, 'cause just around the corner he'll see a Chaplin reel.



Now why is Jimmie laughing and bobbing in his seat? He sees that little funny man and thinks it quite a treat.



Here comes Miss Annie Grey as happy as can be, she's heading for a picture show, some pretty girls to see.



Poor Harold and his Towser, they each have shed a tear, for just behind them you will see "No Dogs Allowed in Here."

An Added Dose of Filmericks

Swallow the Extra Mess This Month and Get a Jingle-Jag!

A HURRY call for less taffy from the Limerick Editor and more film jingles has cut down his ballyhoo—his "gather around me, children"—to the ghost of a whisper. Dont let that discourage you nor your monthly high-tide of contribs. These are your pages, beloved partners in crime, and it's up to you to keep 'em filled and to us to display them. Let's clink glasses, everybody! To the veteran readers and founders of the Limerick pages no more need be said; to neophytes, fledglings, first offenders, new readers, we might say that each month we offer prizes of $12 for the niftiest Limericks about plays and players in hand-outs of $5, $3, and four $1 shoves. Sit in, kids; there's room for lots more. The prizes this month go to the following "jingle-jaggers" in the order named: Francis Rush, Agnes Moritz. Irene Murphy, L. Juza, A. Berton Reed and Harry J. Smalley.

THEY'RE GOOD SETS AND PROPS, BUT—

WILLIAM GARWOOD (I knew him as Billy)
Over Eve's daughters never was silly.
Oh, he likes them around,
They're a charming background,
But a meal-ticket? No, that's not Billy!

VERA KING.
Hotel Kingkade, Oklahoma, Okla.

TULIPS AND HEART'S-EASE.

SAID Alice, "Oh tell me what this is?"
Said Tom, "Dont you know what a kiss is?"
It took long to tell,
But she liked it so well,
That her letters are now addressed "Mrs."!

AGNES MORITZ.
608 Washington Ave., Natchez, Miss.



"DOUG" FAIRBANKS

A MATRIMONIAL PROBLEM.

THERE was an old duffer named Swain,
Whose screen fraus near drove him insain—
If two are made one
And one is made twain,
Since swain is a Swain not a swain?

GRACE R. STALKER.
Amityville, N. Y.

HIS MILLION-DOLLAR SMILE.

MY favorite actor is "Doug,"
Who sure is some "bear" with the houg;
His smile is so winning
He keeps us all grinning,
Which is fine exercise for the moug!

CORA F. MURPHY.
1679 West 23d St., Los Angeles, Cal.



SWAIN

WHY DRAG MAMA IN?

A prize for a duke or an earl
Is this genuine jewel of a girl,
But altho Mrs. White
Is a gem quite as bright,
She is only "mother of Pearl."

Francis Rush.
57 Roberts St., Crafton, Pa.

MISS KELLERMANN "SANS."

Perhaps you will tell us, Annette,
(And this is to settle a bet)
Are the girls in Australia
All like you—sans regalia?
If so, I may go out there yet!

Jos. S. Haight.
230 South First Ave.,
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

THE KINDLINESS OF KICKS.

When Ham makes an omelette of Bud
It sure does arouse my young blood,
But you never can tell
When actors mean well,
You cant gauge a soap from its sud!

A. Berton Reed.
Bensonhurst Yacht Club,
Ft. of 20th Ave., Brooklyn,
N. Y.



STYLES MAY CHANGE, OLD TOP!

Said a gay old rounder shifty,
Commenting on screen styles nifty,
"With skirts going higher
My eyes never tire,
I'll live to the year 1950!"

Lionel Grant.
Box 455, Raleigh, N. C.

"CONSTELLATION" MARY PICKFORD.

I've summed up the whole situation
Regarding screen stars of our nation;
Compared with the bunch
(I'll pass you this hunch)
Our Mary's a whole constellation!

Mary E. Rouse.
1942 Warren Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

THOSE "OH-COME-CLOSER" ORBS!

It's a fact that where'er Theda roams,
The marital sea boils and foams.
By the troubles that rise
From a glance of her eyes,
She should have been called Helen Holmes!

Len Ketchum.
439 East 46th St., North,
Portland, Oregon.

TSURU AOKI.

O rare little gem from Nippon,
In those soft things you never trip on,
Do you look just as sweet
When you dress for the street,
And our "honorable" toggery slip on?

Lizzie Cheney Ward.
958 Acoma St., Denver, Colo.

THE MAIN DIFFERENCE!

Marguerite—Adolph Zukor's best bet,
Is of thousands of film fans the pet,
She is "different," you see,
For the fact seems to be
That she hasn't been married, as yet!

Len Ketchum.
439 East 46th Street, North, Portland,
Oregon.

EATING HIS HEART OUT.

A chef who was very "katish"
Was dippy 'bout Lillian Gish,
He made a big tart
Filled in with his heart
And asked her to sample the dish!

M. C. Moloney.
1227 E. 44th Place, Chicago, Ill.

WHY DO MEN GET SO GLAUMY?

Tho of vamps there's a sinuous host
A-wiggling o'er mountain and coast,
Culver City will swear
That Louise as a snare
Has the rest of 'em tied to the post!

Frederick Wallace.
Bristol, Conn.

IS THIS "THE GREAT SECRET"?

So Bushman's the father of five—
My goodness, gracious alive!
Dont you think Mrs. Francis
Is taking some chances
Allowing sweet "Bev" by his side?

Mary Phœbe Foose.
611 8th Ave., Altoona, Pa.

HIS BACK AGAINST THE WALL!

I used to think "beauty" was "art,"
I demanded good looks for each part,
Now they count not at all
And I've plastered my wall
With pictures of William S. Hart!

Frederick Wallace.
Bristol, Conn.

NO MORE CO-STAR FOR MAY ALLISON!

There was a young girlie named May
Who screened well in 'most any play
But her star's in eclipse
(From Harold's own lips)
And now she's cut loose for more pay!

Jessie Rollins.
2237 84th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



MAY ALLISON (METRO)

HER PRICELESS TREASURE!

"To the boats!" he commanded; "we're sinkin'!"
She rushed madly about, without thinkin',
And saved none of her clothes—
Not even her hose—
Just a photo of Eddie K. Lincoln!

L. Juza.
181 11th St., Portland, Ore.

EVE HAD NOTHING ON HER OFFSPRING!

A youth with weak heart said, "Great Scott"!
When the screen showed a gown that did not
Half cover the wearer—
Then saw Theda Bara,
And gave up the ghost on the spot!

Lionel Grant.
Box 455, Raleigh, N. C.

ALMOST AS DEXTEROUS AS ELLIOTT!

Marie Doro, the name and the dame
Vie with each other for sweetness and fame.
Oh fain would I be
A film if Marie
Would consent to appear on my frame!

George Oliver DeSourdis.
Worcester Auto Club, Worcester, Mass.

PEG AWAY!

Peggy Hyland, the beautiful maid,
Many rôles most bewitching has played;
She'll play always one part,
'Twill be "Peg o' My Heart,"
Till movies and managers fade!

Miss Gwladys Louise Williams.

Bethany College, Bethany, West Virginia.

"MUGGSY" JACK RICHARDSON.

He is really a good-looking chap,
And acts like the divil—
Gidap!
On the screen, he's uncivil,
And looks like the divil—
What an artist, to alter his map!

Jos. S. Haight.

230 So. 1st Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

AT LAST A PYGMALION FOR GALATEA!

Now Cleo has taken her Joe—
They're snug in a cute bungalow—
No more can the actors
(Some scandal contractors!)
Claim she's a carved image of woe!

Clarence Clayton.

Cliff and John Sts., New York City.



WALLY REID.

There is a young actor named Reid,
Who acts for the screen with some speed;
The hearts he has broken,
By this very token,
Is a warning to girls to take heed!

Irene Murphy.

1679 West 23d St., Los Angeles, Cal.

ROBERT MANTELL.

There is an actor named Rob,
Who at tragedy ne'er was a slob.
When he rolls his great eyes
The heroine cries,
And we in the audience sob!

Mrs. Arthur W. Warner.

447 Thorn St., Sewickley, Pa.

ALICE BRADY.

Tho with many a smile I have dealt,
My heart never threatened to melt
Until Alice I spied;
Now it cant be denied
That she's wearing my scalp at her belt!

Frederick Wallace.

Bristol, Conn.

CARMEN DE RUE.

Tho you're not very big, Miss De Rue,
And the years that you've lived are but few,
Some day you'll be queen,
Little girl of the screen,
And the rest will all bow down to you!

Harry J. Smalley.

1207 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

AN EASTER INTERVIEW.

I called for a nice little chat
With dark-haired Valeska Suratt;
The "Soul of Broadway"
Had nothing to say,
Only: "How do you like my new hat?"

James Flynn.

10 Hicks St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



Here's the tallest girl in pictures—and one of the smallest stars. The girl is Wilna Wilde, who lives at Inwood, N. Y., and the man you all know—Sidney Drew. Miss Wilde is just making her debut in pictures. She is a society girl, of wealthy parents, and does not have to work, but she likes pictures and intends to make it her profession. She is about 6 ft. 3 in. and weighs 265 pounds



YONA LANDOWSKA

Miss Landowska is a Russian dancer, granddaughter of a famous ballet-dancer, and pupil of Madame Mariquita, of the Opéra Comique in Paris. She has danced all over Europe, and is now appearing in Universal pictures



WALTER McGRAIL

A new Vitagraph leading man who is rapidly coming into popularity because of his handsome face and pleasing personality

Helen Gibson

By HECTOR

If there is anything that this daring girl cannot do, from repairing an auto to "busting a bronc," it has not yet been discovered. As for taming the giant Moguls of the rails——

WHAT! You never heard of Helen Gibson? The girl who laughs in the face of the most perilous feats that can be devised for her? What? Oh, you have; well, that's better. And now that we understand one another, I'm going to tell you some gossip that directly concerns this charming "daughter of daring," but she mustn't know anything about it until it's in print and too late to object.

Helen Rose Gibson is her full name, but I'll confess that she is better known to thousands of screen-goers as "Hazardous Helen." Her middle name really should be "Modesty," for she is the personification of all that's shy and retiring. "Full many a rose is born to blush unseen"—not so our Rose. Altho she isn't the blushing kind, she's the up-and-doing kind, and the



The Kalem Madcap

AMES

things she does before the camera seem so easy to her that she cannot understand why they should be considered unusual.

Twinkle, twinkle,
little star,
How did you
climb to where
you are?
Was it beauty
brought you
fame,
Or was it fate—
all in the game?



HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE UNDER THE DRIVING-WHEELS?



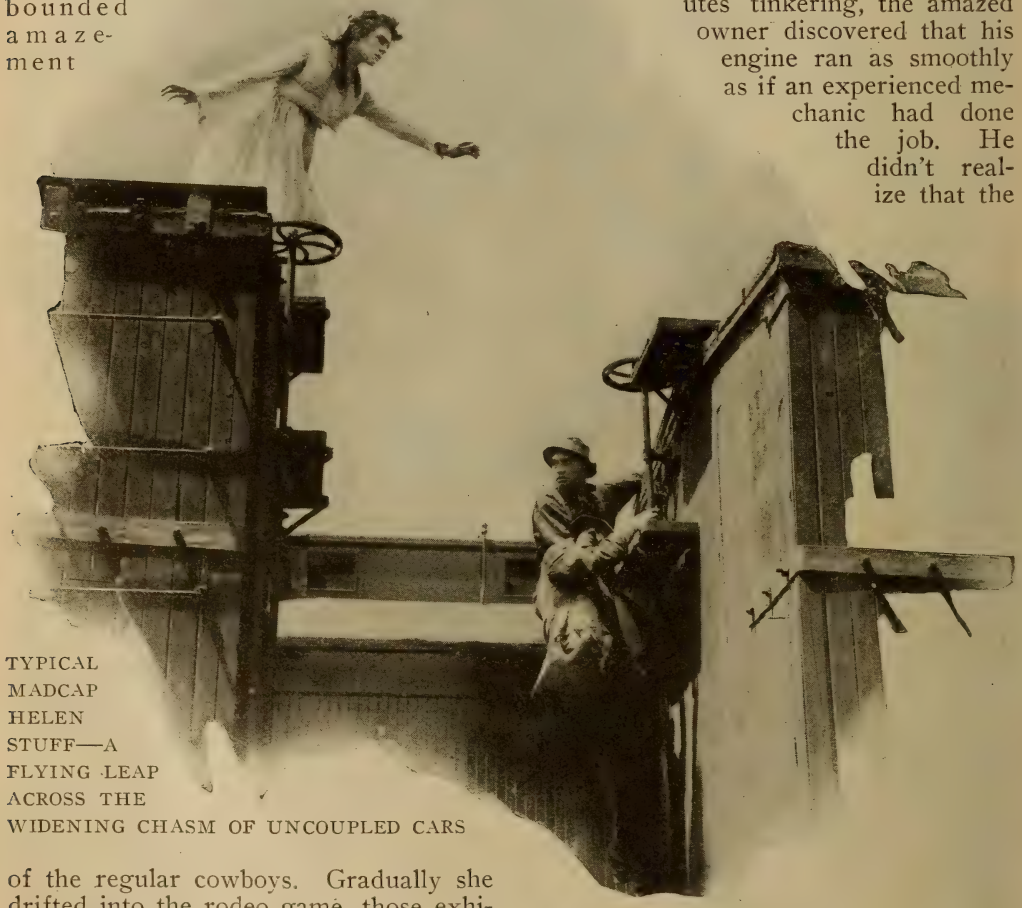
PRETTY TAME, MAKING READY TO SHOOT A STANDING TRAIN

Now for the gossip. Helen was literally born in the cab of an engine. Before she was nine years of age she was accustomed to taking long trips with her father, who taught her the use of the throttle and the air-brake. From the fireman on her father's engine she learnt how to bank fires under the boiler, read the steam-gauge and take on water from tanks along the roadway. You might almost say that father was disappointed that Helen was not born a boy, and that being a dutiful daughter, she tried her level best to make it up to him. If you said that you wouldn't be far from the truth.

The telegraph operator near Helen's girlhood home was in his glory when his pupil had mastered the Morse code under his guidance. And so it came about that when she began to star in Kalem's railroad dramas she was trained to the minute for her position.

While the tomboy was still uppermost, Helen's parents carried her off to grow up in the "great outdoors" of California. Here Helen made the acquaintance of all the work-horses on her father's ranch, and then, as she gained confidence in herself, she would mount one of the

broncos that had been turned into the corral after a round-up. Now, it's funny, yet perfectly natural, how devilish these horses are that have been running the range for a few months. The "feel" of a saddle nearly drives them mad; yet intrepid Helen Gibson successfully tamed those on her father's ranch. to the unbounded amazement



TYPICAL MADCAP HELEN STUFF—A FLYING LEAP ACROSS THE WIDENING CHASM OF UNCOUPLED CARS

of the regular cowboys. Gradually she drifted into the rodeo game, those exhibitions of daredevil riding that are really far more dangerous than auto-racing. Having won every contest staged in California, she looked around for other worlds to conquer, and finally persuaded her parents to let her join Miller Brothers' "101 Ranch" show. For two seasons her absolute fearlessness and her marvelous feats of horsemanship kept her in the public eye.

In 1914 she made her screen début with the "Hazards of Helen" Company, and today she is starring in "A Daughter of Daring," a Kalem series of weekly thrillers that will probably continue to be released indefinitely.

As if to demonstrate that nothing feazes her, Miss Gibson recently stopped on her way to the studio to help a stranded motorist fix his car. When she "got out from under," after five minutes' tinkering, the amazed owner discovered that his engine ran as smoothly as if an experienced mechanic had done the job. He didn't realize that the "Kalem Madcap" is just that—an experienced mechanic. Or should I say—"mechanictress?"

You've often seen Helen chasing runaway trains on her motorcycle. You've seen her bouncing over the ties at a great rate, riding the length of speeding flatcars, and making flying leaps to the broken trains ahead, while her motorcycle was left to shift for itself. But this you did not know, I'll wager: Helen always

does the necessary tinkering herself to put her machine into running shape again, after putting it thru its paces. And, save for numerous dents and punctured tires, it responds most readily to her course of treatment.

So many and so varied have been the stunts performed by this girl with the nerves of steel that the budding scenario writers whose ambition it is to write her plays have gone to extreme lengths in their hunt for new material. One play recently sent to Helen for her approval read as follows: "You must be chasing train-robbers. Have your horse tied outside the station. As the train rushes by you look up and see that the engineer's cab is vacant. You ride to a steep cliff overlooking a deep cut thru which the train must pass and jump your horse to the top of a box-car. I am sure you can do it, Miss Gibson, and I know your horse is trained to make jumps like this."

"What do you think of it?" her director inquired, fighting to suppress a laugh. To which Helen in all seriousness replied, "It might be done, but my horse would have to be blindfolded, and that would spoil the thrill." Need I say that the story was returned to the author?

Some day, tho, this reckless girl will attempt something quite as foolhardy—and come out unscathed, 'pon my word she will.



IT OUGHT NOT BE NECESSARY TO SHOW ANITA STEWART HOW TO BE EMBRACED—SHE'S BEEN WOOED AND WON HUNDREDS OF TIMES—BUT IN "THE MORE EXCELLENT WAY" DIRECTOR PERRY VEKROFF IS INITIATING RUDOLPH CAMERON INTO THE DELICIOUS MYSTERIES OF HIS FIRST ANITA HUG

The One and Only Dorothy Kelly

By MARJORIE GLEYRE LACHMUND



"I AM putting on my make-up and my hands are greasy," she called down the corridor. Then she came out of her dressing-room and regarded me reproachfully. "I really *cant* be interviewed with greasy hands," she pleaded. "Do wait awhile."

So I wandered off into the studio, and gazed for awhile at Earle Williams, clad as a farmer—a ragged but handsome specimen. Almost before I knew it, some kind soul was escorting me back to Miss Kelly.

"Now sit down, and we can have a nice talk while I eat my lunch," she said cordially, sweeping a number of articles from a chair with reckless hospitality. "May I give you something?" she offered. I declined with thanks. I was hungry, for the lunch hour had long gone by, but it did not seem consistent with my professional dignity to accept.



I drew a long breath preparatory to the process of "drawing her out." But before I had a chance to speak, she quite startled me by stating:

"I'll interview *you.* 'Turn about is fair play,' and, anyway, it will be a pleasant change. How old are you? Where are you from——"

"See here," I expostulated weakly, "I wasn't going to ask you questions like that; but I'll tell you my age if you'll tell me yours."





Photos by Apeda

"I'm twenty-two," she confessed, not a bit disturbed, and began to pick her sandwich apart daintily, explaining as she separated the fat from the lean, "I hate fat!" Ah! a bond of sympathy—I, too, hate fat. And after that we got along beautifully together.

A knock at the door announced Eulalie Jensen with a tumbler for Dot. It might be explained that, not long before, Miss Kelly had keenly missed her glass, and her dressing-room door had been open. Shortly after Miss Jensen's departure, Nellie Anderson poked her head in; following the head came a hand clutching a water-glass which she duly presented (the glass, not the hand). And a moment later another thoughtful lady brought a third glass. When the next knock came we looked hopefully for a fourth—our appetite for collecting not having been whetted—but this time it was a load of flowers for a window-box. Miss Kelly is passionately fond of flowers. She loves those with bright, glorious colors, such as the poppy and the peony, but the unassuming violet has a place in her heart, too.



"When I am asked if I have a hobby," she told me, "I dont know just what to say; but if love for flowers can be called a hobby, that is certainly mine."

After I had admired the flowers sufficiently to feel myself "in her good books," the talk turned to plays.

"I'm doing a villainess now," she said; and, in reply to my inquiry as to whether she liked to "vamp," continued, "I'm really too small to be a regular vampire. Anyway, the parts where physical magnetism is employed do not appeal to me greatly; I much prefer a villainess who exercises her wits.

"In this play the earrings I wear add greatly to the effect; but I have so many pairs that they are hard to keep track of. The other day, after a scene had been taken, I clapped my hands to my ears and cried, 'I think I've been wearing the wrong earrings!' and there was general consternation, but it was too late to do anything. A funny thing happened recently; in the outdoor scenes I lost one of a pair of big, black earrings. I was unable to replace it because they are unique. As they are very conspicuous something had to be done. Things were at a standstill until I thought to pull my hat down over the offending ear; and in the indoor scenes I tried to keep that side away from the camera. I do hope it isn't noticeable. These details are such a strain on me."

In response to a question as to her fellow players, I learnt that she was at present acting with Charles Richman.

"I should think he'd be a little overpowering," I murmured, having passed him in the studio and been awed by his size and bearing.

"He is, a little," she acknowledged, "but he's very nice." However, Miss Kelly is "true to her first love"—on the screen—and would be glad to be opposite Jimmy Morrison once more, as they "hit it off" so well together. Some of her best work has been with Mr. Morrison before he left Vitagraph.

"And I want you to know," she said seriously, "that I consider Edith Storey the greatest Moving Picture actress. To me her work seems simply wonderful; and if I can ever achieve the heights she has I will be content."

I asked about vacations, and Dorothy pouted just a little as she said she had applied for a rest of only a week, to be told gently but firmly that she was cast for another play, the production of which would start immediately upon completion of the current one.

"I love my work, and enjoy every bit of it," Miss Kelly assured me, but added a bit wistfully, "a short vacation—just for a change—would be *so* nice. Why, even when I married and left for my honeymoon, they wired for me before I had gone two days, to please come back and start a new picture." And she sighed mightily at the memory of that lost vacation honeymoon. The trials and tribulations of these poor picture actresses! Not even a honeymoon can they call their own — much less their souls. (Should any curious-minded person wish to know, we will tell them that the lucky other half of this matrimonial skit is Harold Hevener, a very prosperous and handsome young business man of Brooklyn.)

Miss Kelly likes home-life and would wish for nothing better than to spend her leisure at home—but fate wills it not so. For one in her position of popular star it becomes a necessity to be seen in public.

"I have to attend a movie ball tomorrow," she complained. "I hate balls and expositions, where I go to be *gawked* at! I feel like an animal at the Zoo."

By this time the lunch was disposed of. I accompanied this awe-inspiring villainess out upon the studio floor to her set. She had to recline on a bed and read a bloodthirsty, Diamond-Dick-looking dime novel—"which is *not* my taste in literature," she explained. "Outside of this kind of trash, I like to read anything that is interesting."

Then they started to take the scene, and I beat a hasty retreat, running once more into Mr. Williams, who was now seated disconsolately upon a property sofa. We greeted each other and started to talk—but that's another story.

Dorothy Kelly is certainly an interesting and charming young lady, and I'm going to put on my holiday clothes some day and have a chat with her "on my own."



JACK MULHALL (Universal)

MOVIE THRILLS

BREAKING INTO THE MOVIES



PLAYTIME in STARLAND

Hart and the Graflex Man Spent a Busy Day with "Doug" Fairbanks

By NINA DOROTHY GREGORY

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is known to have a way of extending impromptu invitations to his old-time chums to join him in little "at home" affairs. I had heard that he is absolutely like a fifteen-year-old boy when it comes to having his fun. So when I overheard William S. Hart call out to John Emerson, "Hurry along, old man; dont you know that when 'Doug' orders you to take 'pot-luck' with him you are in for a great old time—no Carnegie medals will be hung on you for having the nerve to keep him waiting," I knew that these two latest screen celebrities had been booked for a joyous half-holiday.

As they were starting for the Fairbanks domicile, I asked Mr. Hart if he wouldn't take the Graflex man along for a few shots at their home-made movies, and give me a good story.

"Sure," he answered. "Where is the man—here? Oh, all right. All aboard!" and as their car shot away he shouted back something that sounded like "sorry for you."

I was not sorry when I got the results. The pictures and his breezy account of their Wild West stunts tell us once more that "boys will be boys."

He told me that after they had had a real old-time midday dinner they went out on the veranda for a smoke. One of the tables was piled with toys, where Mr. Fairbanks' little boy had been as busy playing as papa ever was and is. Picking up a toy block, Fairbanks, as he held it up to view, said, with a beaming smile of fatherly pride: "Bill, my son is just seven years old."

"Well, Doug, when you were at that age, I'll bet you dreamed of becoming a desperate cowboy hero and of fighting real Indians when



"HEADS I WIN, TAILS YOU LOSE," SAYS "DOUG" TO BILL

you grew up. Instead, you became a White Way screen hero." And, turning to John, I said: "Do you remember when we played together at the old Broadway Theater?" Fairbanks broke in with a hearty laugh, saying, "I'll bet you

"I'll be hanged if I do," said Emerson, ready for his exit.

"You'll be hanged if you dont," replied Fairbanks. He always keeps a rope handy and in a flash it appeared. Rapidly

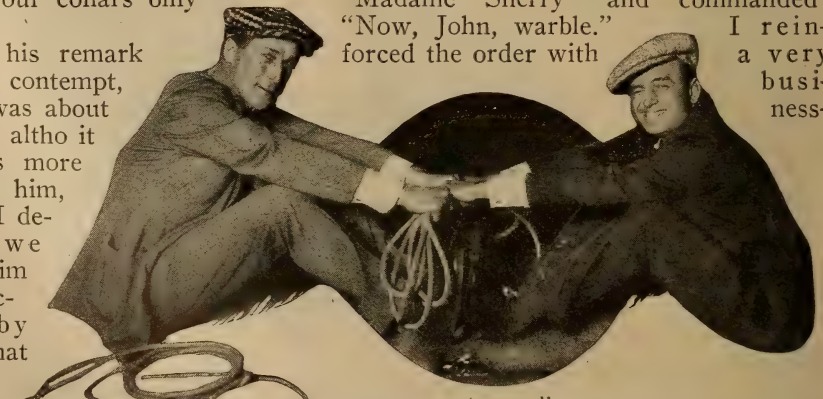


"THIS BLOCK WAS IMPORTED FROM HOBOKEN"

both were as serious then as freshmen in college. A case of 'I respect my art too much to play the part as you suggest, Mr. Manager!' I suppose it also meant that you changed your collars only twice a week."

I told him his remark amounted to contempt, for which he was about to be punished, altho it would hurt us more than it would him, and John and I decided that we would make him sing a song accompanied by himself, as that was the worst thing we could think of. To my surprise he gleefully consented, only insisting that John should sing too.

twisting a noose-knot, he lassoed John in less time than it takes to tell. Leading him to the piano, Majordomo Fairbanks played a little well-known refrain from "Madame Sherry" and commanded: "Now, John, warble." I reinforced the order with a very business-



BILL AND "DOUG" PLAYING TUG-OF-WAR. THE STAKES ARE IN FRONT OF THEM

like frontier 45 Army Colt. John proceeded to warble: "Every little move-

ment has a meaning all its own; every thought and feeling by some gesture can be shown."

I was just about to take the "count" on "Doug" when he stopped playing, gasping: "Time! I cant go any further with this. I haven't laughed so much since the days of my cradle."



"DOUG" PULLING A CARUSO

"Very well, then; and now, John Emerson," I said, in affected court-room tones, "you are released on parole if you promise never to repeat this performance."

John's boyish spirit was rapidly developing into a warlike spirit; he wasn't going to play any more—was going to put on his hat and coat and go home! We lassoed him again, and, after a mock tug-of-war, I suggested a real one.

"All right; you're on, Bill," said "Doug." "John can be referee."

"Let's go to it," was the eager response of the newly appointed referee. John always did like "umpiring." I thought I was pretty strong and it would be a draw, but "Doug" fooled me. He is a modern Hercules.

We had outgrown the age of leap-frog, but the strenuous "Doug" made a flying, acrobatic circus-leap over the hedge, just to show how easy it was to play over-the-fence-and-out.

"Mr. Hart, what were you matching pennies for?"

"We were not matching pennies; it was a little game of our own—Indian pennies hunting nickel buffaloes. But that is another story, as R. K. says."

All of Mr. Hart's real story hadn't yet run out, but his time had, and he had to also. Mr. Hart's stories are as well worth reading as are those of Rudyard Kipling.

I was slowly and surely drawing him into a confiding mood. I wanted to know the real truth about the fabulous sums of casualty insurance Mr. Fairbanks is reputed to carry.

I suggested that it was not difficult to understand how Paderewski's fingers or Pavlowa's toes could be considered insurable, and large indemnities collected for broken bones or heads, "but," I quietly persisted, "Mr. Fairbanks' greatest asset is his charming smile. How can he insure that, Mr. Hart?"

The spell was working. He unconsciously followed my lead and blandly replied: "Oh, Doug cracks a smile only occasionally. As to the bet, I was wagering a Lincoln penny against a buffalo nickel that no company would insure him against damage suits for broken hearts." So I got Mr. Hart's little story after all.

From this little glimpse of a day's doings on a day off, it is quite apparent that Douglas Fairbanks is as speedy off the screen as he is on.

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

A WAVE of patriotism has swept over the studios and no longer will actors fight only "canned" battles. There is every probability that a regiment will be enlisted composed solely of picture players. W. Christy Cabanne, Metro director and Annapolis man, has already offered his services, as well as Robert Carson, Jack Prescott, Fred Herzog. Mary Charleson is ready to become a Red Cross nurse. A pathetic offer of service is that of J. Van Courtlandt, the blind actor, who says that he can teach soldiers blinded in action to take care of themselves.

Vitagraph's bugle-call feature, "Womanhood," is likely to be used as a navy recruiting appeal. If present plans go thru, recruiting offices may be established in the lobbies of picture theaters showing "Womanhood," and the National Guard may be asked to coöperate by parading in each city on the nights "Womanhood" is run.

From the chorus ranks of the "Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic" to picture star in three months is the dizzy rise of Olive Thomas. Miss Thomas has packed her trunks and hurried to Culver City, where Tom Ince has a starring photoplay awaiting her.

From busy Jacksonville, Fla., comes the news that Valeska Suratt is trying out scenes for "She" on the innocent inhabitants; that Edwin August has come to life again as manager-director of a new company, New Arts Pictures, and that Robert Warwick and company are making a flying visit to capture scenes for his forthcoming "A Modern Othello."

Sessue Hayakawa is about to attempt something startlingly new for him by presenting a series of pictures portraying Hashimura Togo, the studious and blundering Japanese schoolboy, as writ into immortal short stories by Wallace Irwin.

Herbert H. Van Loan, well-known novelist, for the past two and one-half years Publicity Manager for Universal, has resigned to join the staff of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE as a feature writer.

Harold Lockwood will be minus May Allison for his next three or four productions at least—perhaps for ever and aye. Billie West, formerly of Fine Arts, is his new leading-lady in "The Hidden Spring."



ALICE JOYCE

With the arrival of Marie Doro in New York, "alone and unfriended," comes the news that husband Elliott Dexter followed her on the next train from the Coast. No domestic jar, thank you—simply business. The distinguished couple will co-star hereafter in productions made in New York.

Los Angeles film-players are getting together two "all star" baseball teams which will play their one and only game for the benefit of the American Red Cross Society. Here is the line-up: Charlie Chaplin, pitcher; Slim Summerville, catcher; first base, Charlie Murray; second base, "Walrus" Conklin; short stop, "Lonesome" Luke; third base, Hank Mann. The outfield will be made up of Keystone Cops. Opposed to the Comedians will be the Tragics, including such well-known filmites as Lou-Tellegen, Jack Pickford, William Farnum, Dustin Farnum, William S. Hart, Herbert Rawlinson, George Beban and Wheeler Oakman. Jim Jeffries, the ex-world's champion "pug," will journey in from his ranch to umpire the big game.

Nell Craig has just returned to the Essanay studio from Hot Springs, Va., where she spent a week resting up after the filming of "The Trufflers," her latest feature offering.

The inseparable Gishes, Dorothy and Lillian, are putting in a fast and furious shopping tour of New York, preparatory to their separation. Dorothy stays in Manhattan to star for Selznick, while Lillian remains with Triangle, either Los Angeles or in the new Yonkers (N. Y.) studio.

Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, of Vitagraph, has offered a prize of $1,000 for the best article on preparedness. The contest has no restrictions, and full details will be published in the July MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

The word has just gone forth that House Peters' contract with Morosco has expired and that Mr. Peters is starting the first days of an extended vacation. Future plans are either another alliance or a company of his own.

After being married sixteen times in sixteen weeks, Marguerite Clayton has demanded a well-earned vacation. The overdose from Dr. Cupid happened in "Is Marriage Sacred?"

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Prepare to see your favorite headliners during late April and early May in the following productions: H. B. Warner in "God's Man"; Jack Pickford in an adaptation of Owen Johnson's novel of Lawrenceville School, "The Varmint"; William S. Hart in "The Desert Man," directed by Mr. Hart himself; Bessie Love and the Fine Arts Kiddies in "The Cheerful Givers"; Douglas Fairbanks in "A Regular Guy," and Marguerite Clark in "The Valentine Girl."

Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne have finished "The Great Secret" and are already far advanced on a five-reel feature of an entirely different nature. It's called the "Voice of One," and is laid in the mining and lumberjacks' country.

Anita Stewart and company, consisting of Director Wilfrid North, Rudolph Cameron, Eulalie Jensen, Julia Swayne Gordon and William Dunn, are off on a flying trip to New Orleans in search of local color (and spring foliage) for "Rebellion," which is not a war-play, but a modern society comedy-drama.

Ethel Clayton and her husband, Joseph Kaufman, narrowly averted death in a head-on automobile collision, while recently returning to New York from the World studios at Fort Lee, N. J. Outside of several gashes from broken glass and various painful bruises, the fortunate couple escaped unscathed.



HENRY B. WALTHALL

Jack Barrymore is returning to the stage to play the title rôle in "Peter Ibbetson," by George du Maurier, author of "Trilby." Constance Collier will be his leading-lady.

Speaking of changes, here is a grand spring house-cleaning: Marguerite Courtot goes from Famous Players to Pathé; Harry Benham leaves Fox in favor of World; Louise Baudet retires from Vitagraph to enter Selznick; Monroe Salisbury "fades out" from Balboa and "fades in" with Fox; Romaine Fielding has been discovered and will direct for World; Carmen Phillips frisks from Fox to Lasky; and Herbert Standing forsakes Morosco to cast in his lot with Metro.

Having completed "The Lonesome Chap," in which she co-starred with House Peters at the Pallas studio, Louise Huff packed her trunk and departed for Hollywood, where she is again "in residence" at the Lasky studio, ready to co-star with Jack Pickford.

The Fine Arts studio (formerly Griffith's Reliance) is no more. Like the Arabs, the players have folded their wardrobe trunks and departed. Among the survivors are Bessie Love, Alma Reubens, Mildred Harris, Kenneth Harland and the Fine Arts Kiddies. This "Old Guard" of a one-time dazzling array of names will depart for Culver City and become a part of the Ince forces.

Vivian Martin has followed Louise Huff's route (including several more trunks) and now at Laskyville is an unregenerate rival of Louise Huff for the privilege of playing opposite Jack Pickford.

Here is a cluster of May-time offerings by leading stars: Margaret Illington will make her screen début in "Sacrifice"; Mae Murray presents "The Primrose Ring"; Kathlyn Williams and House Peters co-star in "The Highway of Hope"; Blanche Sweet and Thomas Meighan share the honors in "The Silent Partner"; and Fannie Ward stars in "Unconquered."

At last all doubts are cleared up as to the continuance of the Allison-Lockwood combination. There is a complete severance. May Allison is starting for New York to accept another engagement, and Harold Lockwood (worse luck!) will have a different leading-woman in each succeeding picture.

Wilfred Lucas has come out of the West to star in the new Triangle studio at Yonkers, N. Y. The grounds and original home of Clara Morris are part of the studio. Elda Furry, otherwise Mrs. De Wolf Hopper, will support Mr. Lucas, and Winifred Allen and Jack Devereaux, of Broadway stage fame, will work there also, under the direction of Alan Dwan.

And now for another bouquet of important changes of residence: Constance Talmadge leaves her new-found Triangle star home and soars to Famous Players; Baby Marie Osborne has toddled from Balboa to Horsley; H. B. Warner railroads from Frohman to Selig; Hazel Dawn casts aside her stage triumphs in "The Century Girl," to be starred with Selznick, and Sally Crute has hastened to the same field of endeavor.

A drawing card of the Actors' Fund Fair, to be held in New York, May 12th to 19th, is the fully equipped Motion Picture studio in which the Friars and Lambs will act. Roscoe Arbuckle, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford have consented to "do their bit" before the charity camera.

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Anna Luther has gone to New York for a month's vacation—the first in many moons. It is two years since the White Lights of Broadway have vied with the glowing red of Anna's tresses.

Building a palatial houseboat is the recreation-hour task of Henry B. Walthall. The emotional star will spend a portion of his summer cruising from Chicago down the Mississippi River to New Orleans.

Ambition stirs the breast these balmy days and each star avers that "the latest effort is by far the best." Here are some of the May gifts of favorites: Antonio Moreno will present "The Magnificent Meddler"; Norma Talmadge is in love with her rôle in "Poppy," a South African play; Viola Dana wears the most stunning Oriental clothes in "Lady Barnacle"; Jackie Saunders is a ragamuffin boy in "The Wildcat"; and Nance O'Neil will thrill and palpitate in Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler."

California is suffering with an over-production of blondes, according to Max Linder. When the Chicago studio wired him if he needed any more, Max replied: "Blondes are as numerous as oranges here." There will be forty-two misses with foliage of blonde shades in Max's next production, ranging from carrot to old gold and young corn.

In these days of sweet birdpipings, Charlie Chaplin has taken to his violin and receives all musical callers at the studio with the gusto of a real virtuoso. Among others who have attended his concerts are Mme. Mariska Aldrich, soloist of the Metropolitan Opera House, and Josef Vecsei, the Hungarian pianist.

Two old friends got together on a long jaunt recently, when Carlyle Blackwell and Romaine Fielding took a trip to Galveston, Texas, to work on exteriors. Romaine will direct his old pal Carlyle, and June Elvidge will share the playing honors.

Helen Holmes and her Signal players are about to set out adventuring on the trackless Nevada desert in search of locations for "The Railroad Raiders." It is still undecided where the big trek will end up—perhaps in Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Bryant Washburn celebrated his twenty-eighth birthday on April 28th. Bryant says that last year when he announced the natal event he did rather well in the way of gifts. Are we dense, or can he be "gently" hinting?



MARY PICKFORD

Just to show that the Greenroom Editor never sleeps here is another newsy batch of spring changes: Edward Earle has forsworn Metro and sworn allegiance to Art Dramas; Harry Meyers and Rosemary Theby are divorcing Vim to tie up with Pathé; George Melford crosses over from Lasky to Fox, and John Stepping leaves American to stir up trouble with Ham and Bud, of Kalem.

Little Muriel Ostriche took her brand-new automobile out the other day and the fractious thing torpedoed an Amsterdam Avenue trolley-car. Muriel and her mother were badly bruised, and the brand-new automobile lost its shin-guards and several ribs.

Roscoe Arbuckle has taken unto himself a new and newly discovered leading-lady. She is Josephine Stevens, a charming girl with "boo'ful" eyes, and her studio première will be in "The Butcher Boy," "Fatty's" first release for Paramount.

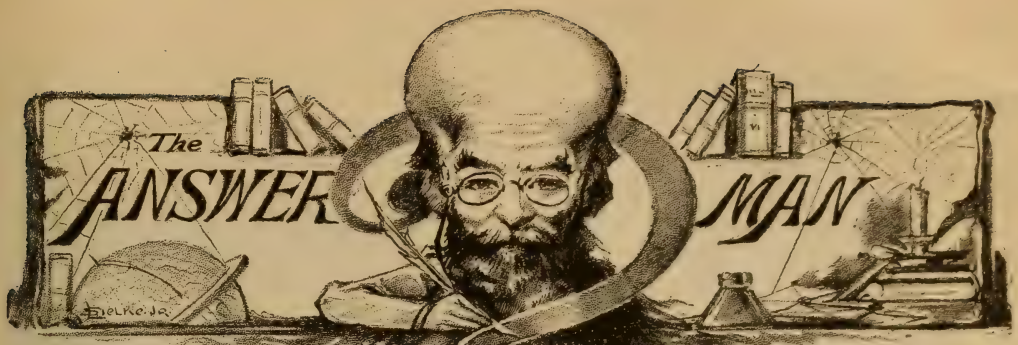
Helen Holmes has been the victim of thieves in which she lost an auto-load of precious possessions near the Mutual studio—a bag of potatoes, nine onions, a pound of butter and a dozen eggs. Kindly telegraph other cities.

Added boosters for the Actors' Fund Fair are the Sidney Drews, who will assist Amelia Summerville at the Shamrock booth; Norma Talmadge and Violet Mersereau are busy dressing dolls.

Keeping up with "Doug" Fairbanks is worse than a runaway baby-chariot on a steep hill. Here he is now giving a farewell dinner to his army of newspaper and magazine friends in New York and departing for the Coast. We attended and toasted "Doug" to a fare-ye-well in vari-shaped glasses. He is taking a new leading-lady with him—Eileen Percy, another blossom-bud from "The Century Girl." "Doug" will produce "A Regular Guy" in Los Angeles, and then may go to Honolulu or enlist for the war (but this statement was far along in the farewell banquet).

The Hollywood Studio Club recently had Rose Tapley as its guest of honor. Many of the screenites knew Miss Tapley in the East and welcomed her and her talk on "The Extra Girl in the Movies."

Harry Morey and Antonio Moreno are about to change scenery. On completion of "The Lady Sheriff," handsome Tony will wend East, and handsome 'Arry is just about starting Westward ho.



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

MRS. D. C. M.—The highest paid movie actor? I suppose you would say Charlie Chaplin. Edna Goodrich was one of the famous "Floradora" chorus, most of whom married millionaires. Dont know whether Edna got her $1,000,000.

CANADIAN MOVIE FAN.—Yes, I think Wallace Reid is a fine actor also. You must not ask about Francis Bushman's private life. I dont know anything about it and dont care to. Send along the fudge, and I will answer that. Thanks for that cigar.

W. W. P.—Thanks for the clipping. Dorothy Hayde was Eunice in "The Great Secret." That's true, the girl who falls in love with a married man should get a divorce from the idea.

DADEDEER'S GIRL.—And you never came to see me. Sorry, but I cant help you. William Sorelle was Cartouche in "The Fortunes of Fifi."

S. A. MCD.—Pauline Frederick played in "Sapho." She is still with Famous Players. Robert Warwick was featured in the World Film Co.'s presentation of the picturesque play Clyde Fitch wrote around the historical character of "Nathan Hale." Yes, briefly stated, "Strenuosity is the soul of grit."

ANTOINETTE G.—Thank you for the card.

HERBERT S.—Vera Sisson was with Metro last. When that young writer asked Mark Twain if he recommended fish as a brain-food, Mark replied, "Yes, eat a whale; eat two whales"; but your remark means the same thing—sardines, evidently, are the limit of some people's fish diet. Frederick Warde played "King Lear" (Thanhouser).

MARIE C. S.—You were a little late for May. I am not so patient as Job. Neither do I sit like Patience on a monument smiling at Grief. I am just plain Job on a monument—that's me. Drop in any old time; you'll never find a placard reading, " This Is My Busy Day."

ORPHA.—Do the best you can in all cases. Thanks for the picture. Captain Nemo, shorn of his disguise in "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" is a young, handsome six-footer. His real name is Allen J. Holubar. When he isn't otherwise engaged, he directs the Universal productions as steadily as he did the wheel of Nemo's boat, the *Nautilus*.

EBBIE.—William Garwood was the nice-looking man in "His Picture." Thanks. Just because you doll up like an Easter egg is no sign that you are one.

PARAMOUNT FAN.—Frank Morgan was the Secret Service man in "The Girl Philippa." Roy Laidlaw was El Salvador and J. P. Lockney was Col. Ellis in "The Gun Fighter." Why not complain to the Sales Manager? I have troubles of my own.

MOVIE MAD. — Indeed! "The Yellow Streak" was produced by four different companies. Which do you refer to? American produced "Oil on Troubled Waters," with Warren Kerrigan and Vivian Rich. Douglas Fairbanks and Seena Owen in "The Lamb."

GIRL SCOUT.—No, June Caprice and June Daye are not the same. They were real live monkeys. See December Classic for final ballot in the Popular Player contest. The shepherd dogs used by the police of Berlin cost $18 untrained and $72 trained. This information passed the censor. All canines are neutral.

INEZ L. T.—Warner Oland was Delaveau in "Destruction." Yes, you refer to the late Arthur Hoops. You dont think William Hart gets enough "pep" in his love-scenes. I thought they used sugar. Your verse is very fine. Even the hungry man draws the line at eating his own words.

OLGA, 17.—That's so, Olga, but the wise youth passes up the doll and marries the girl who can broil a steak. So now you like Frank Keenan.

THEDA BARA, No. 2—Yes, I shall tell the Editor you want something about Montague Love. Irving Cummings was Prince Boris in "The Gilded Cage."

LITTLE EVA.—You want a chat with E. H. Sothern. Alice Washburn was the witch in "Snow White."

HERMAN.—Thoughtful think—sending me a dime-safety-savings-bank. Am counting five feminine friends on my right hand, and on the other hand five masculine ones who may send me enough dimes to fill it. Lucky Luke!—then treats all round on the old Answer Man.

VERY LONELY.—I'm sorry. You ought to join the correspondence clubs. Paul Willis was Billy in "The Fall of a Nation."

J. M. F.—I am sure you will get your picture if you are patient. Max Linder's next is "Max Wants a Divorce." Kangaroos go sixteen feet at a jump. They have roomy, fur-lined vest-pockets big enough to carry a family of little ones in. No H. C. of rent or landlords bother Mama Kangaroo.

BIRDIE B.—Thanks for that delicious cigar.

IDA D.—Valeska Suratt was with Fox last. If you could tell a girl's age by her teeth, we would soon arrive at the toothless age. She would prefer to eat with her gums.

GRAND FORKS, N. D.—You must sign your name hereafter. I think you refer to "The Shine Girl." We carried that story in the October 1916 Classic.

MISS MAY M. A.—You're right, but it takes mighty tempting lips to offset a garlic salad. You want to know if Captain Paine and M. O. Adams are one and the same.

AGNES S., PITTSBURGH.—You just bet I get all "riled up" when some one calls me a woman. My feathers all ruffle the other way then. You must let me hear from you again. Thanks much, indeed.

MARGARETTE K. T.—Thanks very much for the cake. It was delicious. Please send your address so I can return the fancy thing. Yes, Peggy Hyland is coming along fast now. Broncho Billy's one-time "bad man" was Prince Henri—Brinsley Shaw. So you think "Poor Little Rich Girl" is the best Mary Pickford has done.

MARY M.—Biograph aren't producing, anyway. Francis Bushman hasn't been with Essanay for some time. I doubt whether Frank Mayo ever did play with Lubin. You were right, their initials are the same; Rosetta Brice and Richard Buhler in "Love's Toll." Your *IF* is the only peacemaker; much virtue in *if;* it's also half of life.



RIP AWAKES

OLD HERMIT—Quick, stranger! Indians! And they are on the war-path.
YOUNG PROSPECTOR—No danger, old-timer; sit down, and we'll watch the movies.



IT ISN'T VILLA, CARRANZA AND HUERTA THAT DISTURB THE AMBITIOUS WORKER

LEADING-WOMAN—Say, for goodness' sake, director, what's the ailing? I've rehearsed this scene six times.

DIRECTOR—Say, do you think I'm taking any chances with a tarantula on my lens and a rattlesnake giving me the "high sign" to remove myself from his camping quarters? Bing! Bing! Action!

IDA E.—Yes, it is more blessed to give than to receive—sometimes. I know an athlete who gives a 900-pound punch. Dr. Haiselden was the merciful surgeon in "The Black Stork," presenting a forceful moralistic argument in favor of the eugenic theory. Your letter has been forwarded.

INEZ.—Welcome. One mild word quenches more heat than a whole bucket of water. Harold Lockwood was Paul and May Allison was Grace in "The End of the Road." Alfred Paget was Manuel in "In Old Mexico." Walter Belasco was Julian opposite him. You just keep on writing just the same.

MALVALVEA.—That's not the way to do. You are not expected to love your neighbor as he loves himself. Stop in.

HERBERT H. D., MELBOURNE.—"The Mating" is quite old. Of course I want you to write again. From ten to twelve ounces a day is the quantity of meat required for a healthy adult who takes an ordinary amount of work and exercise. Once a day is enough—perhaps too much.

DINA.—Mary Fuller isn't playing now, I understand. Your letter was interesting.

B. B., FAYETTEVILLE.—You didn't put the name of your city on the letter. Olga Petrova is with Lasky, 485 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

INEZ.—You here again? It is estimated that getting born costs the people of the United States $225,000,000 annually; getting married, $300,000,000; getting buried, $75,000,000. Helen Badgely was Helen. Leland Benham was the boy and Ruth Elder was Marion. Stella Razetto was Nana.

SASKATOON.—I think Barbara Tennant was with Metro last. No, Robert Warwick didn't play in that. Some of the peaches you see on the streets in New York have a wee mite too much bloom.

REDMOND H.—I dont know what the answer is. No, I am not married. An onion can go anywhere without losing its identity.

D. B. W., AUSTRALIA.—Horace B. Carpenter was Carlos and Rita Stanwood was Princess Maria in "The Ghost." Anna Little is in New York at this writing.

OLD BAY STATE.—Your verses to June Caprice were quite literary and well worth printing, but we haven't the space.

MARIAN A. — Juanita Hansen is with Unity. Read "The Long Trail" in next month's Classic with Mary Fuller and Lou-Tellegen. Your letter was very interesting. Tom Powers playing on stage now.

MARGUERITE K. T.—Wayne Arey was the man in "Her Beloved Enemy."

A PERSON UNKNOWN.—You ask why more American classics are not put into pictures. Many of them have been, and more will be. We have had "Ramona," "Hiawatha," "Barbara Frietchie," "Molly Pitcher," "The Raven" (Edgar Allan Poe), "Rip Van Winkle," "Joan of Arc" (Mark Twain), "Huckleberry Finn," "Tom Sawyer," Bret Harte's stories, O. Henry's, and Wilfred Lucas in the immortal "Jim Bludso."

B. J. G.—Thanks for your letter. I shall know better next time.

INEZ.—James Corbett was Raffles in "The Burglar and the Lady." Lulu Bowers was Gilberta in "A Matrimonial Martyr." Forrest Stanley in "He Fell in Love with His Wife." Harry Keenan was Yar Khan and Herschel Mayall was the captain in "The Toast of Death."

JAMES M. P.—Conway Tearle was Nevills in "The Common Law." All of "God's Country and the Woman" was taken in California. Our general health is a speedometer that tells how fast we are living. Be sure to keep within the law, or you'll have trouble.

MAYE P. Y.—Maury Stuart was the child in "The Awakening of Helena Richie." Yes to your second. Seena Owen is back with Triangle. Have you read the constructive words by E. M. Smith, being a fine thought for each day in the month? Here they are: Ambition, beauty, bliss, bravery, charity, cheerfulness, compassion, conscience, contentment, courage, courtesy, devotion, duty, mastery, fortitude, forgiveness, God, gratitude, happiness, honesty, hope, immortality, liberty, love, mother, music, self-control, prayer, prudence, freedom, and soul, in the order named. Max Linder is in Los Angeles.

JUNE, BRANDON.—Ina Claire was Alexia in "The Puppet Crown." Margaret Thompson in "Honorable Algy." Ethel Terry was Helen in "Bought." Yes, Norma Talmadge was the girl in "The Devil's Needle." George Walsh and Anna Luther in "The Island of Desire."

JERRY. — Robert Whittier was Jim in "Threads of Fate" (Metro). Jack Pickford was the boy in "Seventeen." So you send your love to Olga, 17.

POLLIE H. H.—The contract for transfer of Panama Canal to U. S. was on April 22, 1904. James Kirkwood was formerly a woodcarver.

COO-EE.—Kitty Brown was Cleo in "Out of the Drifts" (Famous Players). Well, I'm glad you did write to me. Some day we hope to use coated paper in the Gallery again, when it gets cheaper. Yes.

J. R. B., READING.—The *Maine* was blown up in Havana harbor Feb. 15, 1898. Arthur Hoops died on Sept. 13, 1916. I dont know where Romona Langley is playing now. Why should I ever get tired of my job?

INEZ.—Roland Sharp was the boy, and later, as the priest, Charles Clary took the part. Harry Lonsdale was Kenward Wright. Owen Moore is still with Famous Players. You refer to Joseph Kilgour as Irving in "The Writing on the Wall" (Vitagraph).

BLANCHE V.—Thanks for yours. Stop in when you come.

MARIETTA.—I enjoyed your abusive letter very much, for I remembered that sticks and stones are hurled only at fruit-bearing trees. No fibbing, Shorty Hamilton eats fifteen peas on a knife at a time in "Shorty's Adventures" series. I find a spoon much more convenient.

BETTY, 19.—Bert Busby was Uncle Henry in "Snow White." Conway Tearle was the lead in "Helen of the North." You say your three interests in life are "school-work, athletics and beloved movies."

MAURINE S.—No, I dont know how to knit, but I can sew on buttons. Ann Murdock likes to knit. She gave away fifty pairs of mittens she made for poor children on Christmas. Vivian Rich is with Redland Co.

GLORIA M.—That Biograph is too old. Did you see the ankle-watch on Lillian Hamilton? I did! Remember that geniuses, heroes, writers and actors are very nice to think of and to look at, but awfully hard to live with. Beware!

OLYMPIA M. DE 1 M.—Conway Tearle in "Seven Sisters." So you dont like Beverly Bayne with her hair combed the way she has it in "The Great Secret."

E. T. C., BAYSHORE.—H. B. Koch was David in "Anton the Terrible" (Paramount). Herbert Brenon has fully recovered.

HEDLEY S. W.—Yes, send along the snaps. I dont know who the strongest man in the movies is. Edward Earle in "The Innocence of Ruth." While I never tried it, I am convinced that marriage is not a failure in most cases.

GEORGE C.—You think I ought to get at least double what I am now getting. What would I do with $16 a week? Thomas Chatterton has dark complexion and curly brown hair and brown eyes. He likes all athletics.

ELSIE N.—Anna Laughlin was with Vitagraph last.

EDNA C. R.—Gladden James in "The Social Secretary." Winifred Westover was Kate. Yes, I am a bit garrulous, but seldom quarrelsome. It's good practice to drop the subject when you cant agree. David Powell, Ann Murdock's leading-man, has never worn plaid socks. Mary Pickford wore 'em in "The Pride of the Clan." So there!

JESSIE F.—Your questions should have been sent to me rather than to Miss Tapley. Elmer Clifton was Howard in "The Little Schoolma'am." It was a Triangle instead of Mutual.

MARGUERITE CLARK ADMIRER.—Glad you got the subscription. Of course you can be one of my friends. Marguerite Clark is about 4 feet and weighs 95 lbs. She did not play in "Morals of Marcus."

WILLIAM FARNUM FAN.—Really I dont know how that information about the Farnum boys got out. I shall investigate and answer you later. Thanks for yours.

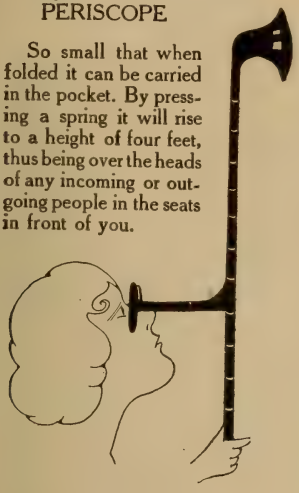
STELLA S.—I doubt whether Jane Lee's people are professionals. Yes, call again. Arthur Albertson was born in Waycross, Ga., in 1892.

New Inventions for the Comfort of Motion Picture Patrons

By HARVEY PEAKE

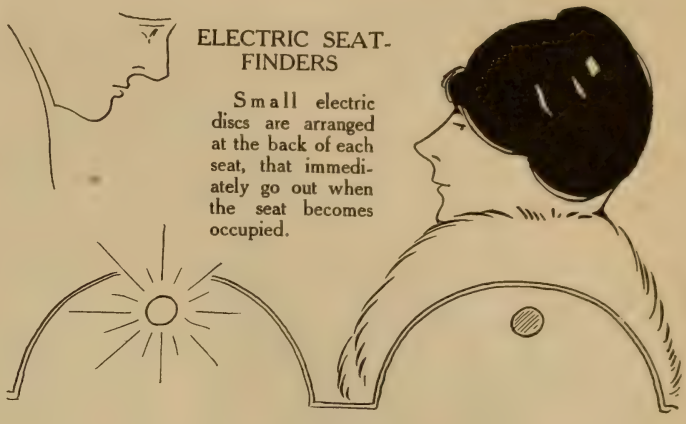
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So small that when folded it can be carried in the pocket. By pressing a spring it will rise to a height of four feet, thus being over the heads of any incoming or outgoing people in the seats in front of you.



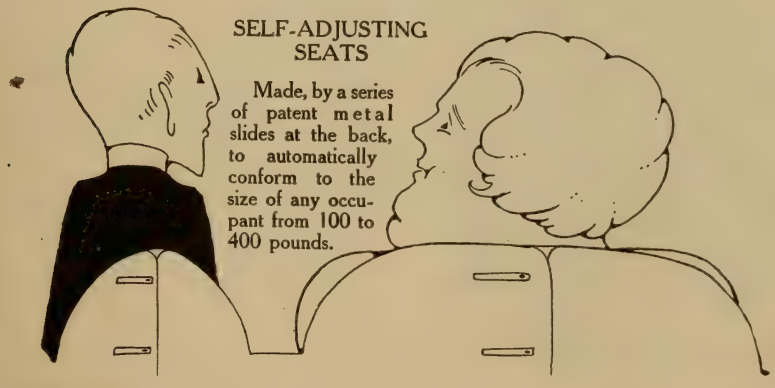
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Made, by a series of patent metal slides at the back, to automatically conform to the size of any occupant from 100 to 400 pounds.



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For putting on when you find yourself seated beside a human monstrosity, that has partaken of a combination of whisky and onions.



ELECTRIC HAT-REMOVER

Attached to every seat, so that the moment a woman sits down, her hat is automatically removed from her head and deposited in her lap, provided the button is punched from the back of the seat.



MARY LOUISE L.—Bert Hadley was Fred in "The Flower Girl." You send your love to the old man. Thanks.

RUTH G. — Anna Nilsson is with Art Dramas. It was Mme. Petrova you saw as a cook, nurse, etc., in "Bridges Burned." To dream of ice is a favorable omen to a lady, provided she relates her dream to an agreeable young man on passing a confectioner's on a hot day.

WILLIAM VAN H.—Marie Dressler is with Mutual. Your joke was splendid, indeed. When we are not worrying about what we haven't, we are worrying about what we have.



THE FIRST MEETING AT THE LASKY STUDIO OF STAGE-STAR AND DIRECTOR —MARGARET ILLINGTON AND WILLIAM DE MILLE

IRENE M. N.—Earle Foxe was the doctor in "Public Opinion." Thanks to you.

FLORENCE Q.—Thanks for yours. Marin Sais is in California. Yes, the film fans of Australia are badly hit by the new government tax on amusements. The tax will be one cent on every six-cent ticket, two cents on every twelve-cent ticket, etc. It is estimated that five million dollars will thus be raised in six months. Only in war-times could such a tax be enacted in Australia and especially in the U. S.

VERY WEEK.—You have changed it a bit. Thomas Holding was Nigel in "Bella Donna." Elliot Dexter was Pierre and Conway Tearle was leading-man in "Helene of the North." Larry Payton was Buck in "Golden Fetter."

BANDON BY THE SEA.—Why, Douglas MacLean was Newt in "A Woman's Power." Earle Foxe and Tom Forman were the two young men in "Public Opinion." Jack Mulhall was Dick in "A Place Beyond the Winds." He also was Dr. Prine in "Wanted —A Home."

ONCE IN A WHILE.—That's a good title for you. Bobby Connelly was born April 4, 1909. His first professional work was with the Kalem Company. His first picture with Vitagraph was "Caught Courting," and his second, "Love's Sunset."

G. P. D.—Yes, that was Edith Storey in "Captain Alvarez." William Taylor played opposite her. Monroe Salisbury opposite Marguerite Clark in "The Goose Girl." You would like to see her in "Baby Mine."

BEATRICE DE BARDI.—You ask me why I wear an unsanitary beard and what do I do with that mass of hay floating around in my tub when I take a bath. Why, I use it for a bath-brush. I never saw the swallow in my throat, but I have seen the one on the tail of my dress-coat. I am glad that time has been lenient with you as it has with me. You say you could pass for Marguerite Clark but for your boy. Oh, I could pass for Jack Pickford but for my beard. Frank Borzage played in "The Wrath of the Gods." I agree with all you say about "Fortunes of Fifi" and "Great Expectations." It is a pleasure to read letters from intellectual persons like you. The verse is excellent, but the drawings—alas! *Auf Wiedersehen!*

MOVIE CRAZE.—Send in your list to the Editor of the people you want to see on the covers. Paul Willis is with Metro.

FRANÇOIS.—They might send you their photos, but you had better write direct to the companies.

BILL BAILEY.—Thanks for your kind letter. Let me hear from you again. Edwin August is in Florida now.

MARY E.; ALEXANDER R.; BLUE EYES; MRS. W. H. O.; JESSIE D.; E. M. B.; CHARLES H.; E. M. BRADEN; MARGARET S; SLAPPING SHADOW; SKINT; ALMA H.; K. K. K. FAN; LEE W.; OH, BOYS; TALMADGE ADMIRER; ANNIE L.; SLIM O.; M. B.; MURIEL C.; BESSIE B.; FAY W.; ROBERT G. T.; GRACE A. F.; MARGUERITE C.; BERTHA M.; JOSEPHINE A. L.; MABEL W.; JAMES J. K.; H. E. I.; HAZEL L. N.; JOHN S., WINNIPEG; CAPRICE; MARION K.; FLOSSIE; MARY C.; ROSETTA; E. & E.; ELIZABETH D. F.; E. O. S.; JAMES C. and PEGGY M.—Sorry, but your questions have been answered before.

GODWIN J.—Grace Cunard never played opposite Francis Bushman—that should have been Francis Ford. Alice Joyce and Harry Morey, Peggy Hyland and Marc MacDermott, Dorothy Kelly and Evart Overton, and Anita Stewart and Earle Williams are the four co-leads in Blue Ribbon features.

HOPELESS. — No cast, sorry. Romaine Fielding was on the stage last.

HELEN O.—I would rather not answer. Write direct to the companies for pictures of players.

Miss Ruth Roland is one of the beauties of the modern photoplay who use and endorse Ingram's Mi kweed Cream.

Since Sarah Bernhardt began the use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream over twenty years ago, this preparation has been a favorite of theatrical stars.



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Ingram's Milkweed Cream is a time-proven preparation. 1917 marks its thirty-second year. It is more than a "face cream" of the ordinary sort. It is a skin-health cream. There is no substitute for it.

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"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color of the cheeks. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Daintily perfumed. Solid cake—no porcelain. Three shades—light—medium—dark—**50c.**



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CLARA M.—William Collier, Jr., was in only one Triangle. Most of your questions are out of order. You had better write direct to the secretaries of the different clubs.

J. D. WATSON.—Thanks, I was glad to get your letter. Robert Harron is following in Mae Marsh's footsteps. He has joined Goldwyn. Van Dyke Brooke is with Thanhouser.

ANITA S. ADMIRER.—Why dont you speak to your manager about it? It is true that Page Peters was drowned. Shirley Mason's sister, Edna Flugrath, married Harold Shaw. They are in South Africa.



WILLARD K. WILSON, WHEN NOT CREATING MOVIE MASTERPIECES AT THE UNIVERSAL STUDIO, IS CREATING, IN HIS OWN STUDIO, IMMOVABLE ONES IN MARBLE

VRYGYNYA.—I read your eighteen-page letter all thru, and since it is all about J. Warren Kerrigan, and since you start it by addressing me "Rippy dear," in honor of my old friend, Rip Van Winkle, but end it by calling me "scrumptious old bald-headed eagle," I am getting back at you by sending the whole letter to J. W. K. himself. Now will you be good?

SARAH K.—Eugene O'Brien in "Poor Little Peppina." John Bowers opposite Mary Pickford in "Hulda from Holland." Allah forbid!

REIDE ROMIG.—You remind me of Walt Whitman and I would just like to tramp the fields with you and my dawg. I somehow kinder like you, comrade.

GEORGE B. G.—Olga Petrova is with Lasky. She lives on Long Island. Kalem Company claim that they were the pioneers in the scheme of organizing and sending a company out of the North in the winter-time in search of sunshine; in sending a company abroad; in creating a serial that has lasted three years; in identifying its players on the screen and exploiting them, and among the first to produce a five-part film.

HAROLD W. PARTRIDGE, EDITOR *The Reel Correspondent*, 420 W. 60TH ST., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—I acknowledge receipt of your dandy little monthly paper. I may be asking you for a job on it some day.

INFORMATION.—If you will write to Mr. George K. Spoor, Essanay, 1333 Argyle St., Chicago, mentioning my name, I think he will send you a permit for your party to be shown thru the Essanay Studio. Please, all Chicago readers, dont listen!

HERMAN H.—Your letter was funny, but then, I dont mind. Douglas Fairbanks says to mix fun with your work. By nature all men are alike, but by education different.

PEARL WHITE ADMIRER.—Charlotte Stevens was Gwendolyn in "Millionaire Baby." She is with Selig now. As Walt Whitman says, "The real war with its seething hell and infernal background will never get into the books."

CHARLES W.—Thanks for the leaf. They are very cleverly done. Yes, I have seen that article before. You know it is easier to win love than to keep it.

KEWPIES.—Famous Players was the last company Creighton Hale was with. Charlotte Burton was with Essanay last. Violet Mersereau is still with Universal.

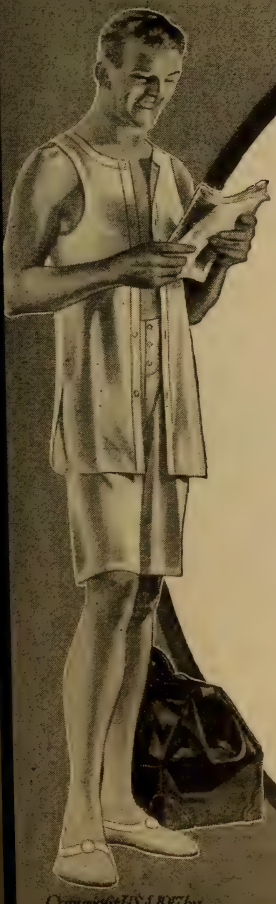
MASS FAN.—George Fisher was the minister in "The Thorobred." You want to see John Bowers in the Gallery. Will pass the request along to the Editor. Nobody can for certainty say what the daily attendance at the Motion Picture theaters in New York is, but the commissioner of licenses estimates it at 600,000. Of these 50 per cent of the afternoon attendance and 10 per cent of the evening attendance are children. There are 864 licensed theaters and the seating capacity is 630,266. This shows that the number of theaters is diminishing, because there were 1,169 in 1915 and 1,036 in 1916.

H. C. M.—Helene Rosson was the actress in "The Undertow." The first parliament of Great Britain and Ireland met February 2, 1801.

JANET A.—From hovel to palace, from bluejeans to broadcloth, it's all in a day's work to "Shorty" Hamilton. His real front name is John. His reel friends call him "The Loot." John Bunny and Flora Finch in that Vitagraph. Victoria Bateman in "Freckles."

JOAN.—No, Eugene O'Brien is not married. Wheeler Oakman plays opposite Mabel Normand. Yes, Earle Foxe is much married. He is with Pathé. You say I ought to get Charlie Chaplin's salary. I agree with you. Jewel Carmen is with Fox. Thanks.







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THE B.V.D. COMPANY, N.Y.

MRS. D. A. S.—The Motion Picture men want a fifteen-cent piece coined, while on the other hand a director of the Philadelphia mint is in hopes of having a 2½-cent piece passed. William Courtney was with Vitagraph. I'm not sure that Jack Dean came from Bridgeport. You've scored a point.

DOOMED.—Cheerful name! You want William Henderson to come back with his *Henderson Monthly*. So do I. So you like my short, sarcastic answers, but those who get them dont.

JOE M.—Edith Storey and Earle Williams in "Vengeance of Durand." The first battle fought under the American Flag was at Brandywine, Sept. 11, 1777. Pauline Frederick in "Her Better Self."



BESSIE EYTON SEEKS THE SECLUSION OF THE SELIG PRIVATE OFFICE AND ATTENDS STRICTLY TO THE BUSINESS OF ANSWERING LETTERS FROM HER ADMIRERS

LAURA ED.—Surely I was glad to hear from you. Your letter was interesting, indeed. Well, I would not call Delilah, Jezebel, and Lilith vampires, in the modern acceptation of the word, and certainly not Mary Magdalene.

E. H. T.—Pathé has favored me with the following information which answers your letter better than I could: "In reply to the inquiry from one of your readers about the octopus in 'The Shielding Shadow,' we beg to advise that Mr. Louis J. Gasnier, General Manager of the Astra Film Company, who directed this scene, considers it one of the greatest achievements of his career. The picture was not taken as it actually appeared on the screen. It was taken by the process known technically as 'reversing.' In other words, the scene was taken backwards. When the camera started to turn, the octopus had its tentacles wound around Ralph Kellard, who played the part of the hero in 'The Shielding Shadow' serial. The tentacles were held by invisible wires in such a way that there was little chance of Kellard being seriously harmed. But even this assurance of Mr. Gasnier failed to save him from considerable worry and mental anguish while the scene was being filmed. As the octopus backed away from Jerry and into the sea, the camera continued to grind, still backwards. The result, shown on the screen, pictures the octopus coming out of the sea and crawling along the sandy bank to the unsuspecting hero. Mr. Gasnier tells us that he will have some scenes of even greater interest in 'Mystery of the Double Cross' serial, which is being produced by the Astra Company. The scene of the fight between Mr. Kellard and the octopus in the closing episode was taken in a tank in the Jersey City studios, probably the largest one of its kind in the world. It was not intended to kill the octopus in this scene, but Mr. Kellard was forced to do so to save himself. The octopus was brought to this country at an expense of $3,000 and, of course, its loss was regretted. There is a new invention, also used in filming the Universal 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea,' by which a photographer can take pictures under water."

EULALIE.—I suppose by the time you read this Warren Kerrigan will have his own company in California. Yes, stop in. Louise Huff is with Lasky. George Le Guere is with McClure. Oil paintings, etchings, etc., used in sets are obtained in various ways. Most studios have an art gallery attached, the walls of which are studded with paintings, prints, chromos, etchings, etc. These are used according to suitability. Where the home of a connoisseur or a millionaire is depicted, handsome paintings are rented or borrowed from an art dealer. You write a charming letter.

KATHRYN.—You might write Wallace Reid. You refer to Donald Hall. Yes, Yale Boss is back with Edison. Let me hear from you again.

RED SOX FAN.—All right, just wait until the Dodgers get after you. Horace Hollacher was the child in "Hulda from Holland." Blanche Sweet in "Those Without Sin." Wallace Reid and Myrtle Stedman in "The Prison Without Walls." House Peters in "As Men Love."

CRANE WILBUR.—I quote your letter which speaks for itself: "Will you mention in your columns that I have just had finished thousands of beautiful 8x10 photos in sepia which I ordered especially to send to my friends and supporters? Will gladly send one of these photos personally autographed and at no expense to any one who writes me at David Horsley Studios, Los Angeles, Cal." Thanks! Now your troubles begin!

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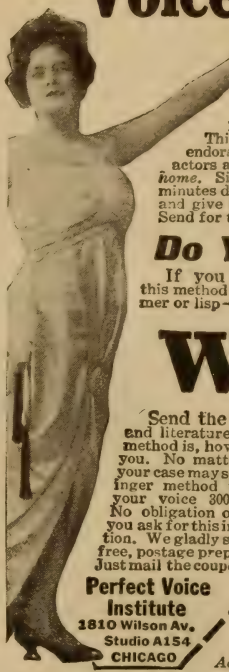
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ETHEL'S DOUBLE.—What do you mean by saying we haven't printed anything about Ethel Tearle? Look up her interview in June 1916 Classic. You can send it to me and I will forward it to her.

LILLIAN G.—Well, if you follow the rules eggsackly, you will get your questions answered. Sorry, but I cant take on any more personal correspondents. There are about fifteen who write to me two or three times a month, and it keeps me busy, altho I dont want to lose them.



A POPULAR CONCEPTION OF CHARLIE CHAPLIN BEING INTERVIEWED

DAWN.—Mary Boland is no longer with Triangle. If more would get the habit of Charles Clary, we would be a happier lot. He rises at five o'clock, and after a five-mile run over the hills and dales takes a shower and rub-down, eats a hearty meal, smokes a good cigar and is ready to begin work in the studio at eight. As Cyril Chadwick would say, "That's the existence."

G. E. D.—Yes, Dee Lampton is with Keystone. He does extra work mostly. Roland Bottomley was born in Liverpool. He has brown hair and dark blue eyes. He played in "The Black Crook."

JUICY FRUIT.—Robert Walker was Alexis in "Cossack Whip." I agree with you about that. Dont invest your money in a film company unless you have received the best kind of financial advice. Many companies are being organized simply for stock-selling purposes. Odd as it may appear, there has been more money lost in producing pictures during the last three years than there has been made. The reason for this is that many of the so-called companies were inexperienced or never really intended to put their product upon the market.

DORIS MARIE.—J. P. MacGowan is Helen Holmes' real husband. Yes, I wouldn't mind being on a ranch now. Well, Herbert Brenon started as an office boy at $3 a week. He is now directing big features.

ETHEYLE C.—You, too, have a passion for scribbling—*cacoethes scribendi*. You want to see more of Elizabeth Burbridge and Virginia Kirtley. Zoe Bech is now Zoe Du Rae.

VIVIAN VEE.—You want Owen Moore on the cover. Harry Carey was once a lawyer—once a lawyer always a lawyer. He studied at New York University. One day he shut up his law office and hiked to Montana to try the life of a cowpuncher. His underworld screenwork is distinguished for its sincerity and restraint.

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July Motion Picture Magazine

We think that every one of her thousands of admirers will want this picture. When they *see* it, we *know* that they will! And the beauty of the cover is an appropriate index of the excellence of the contents. Articles, stories, pictures, and departments far above the average are being prepared for the July magazine, for we are still clinging confidently to our ancient motto, that the next number be always "The Best Yet."

Space forbids giving a table of contents, but we take pride in announcing a very important article by the world-renowned

HUDSON MAXIM

the great inventor, author, and man of affairs. Mr. Maxim is one of President Wilson's personal advisers, for he is on the official National Defense Board. His article is entitled *"How the Movies Move the Nation"* and it should be read by every patriot as well as by every "fan." We also announce with pleasure that we have added to our staff H. H. Van Loan, the well-known feature-story writer, already known to our readers, and who will now join our official family. *Dont miss the great July number! Order it now!*

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

175 Duffield Street **Brooklyn, N. Y.**

MARGARET A.—Yes, Charles Clary was Father Kelly in "The Rosary." Some day the Editor will print a real picture of me. You say you would like to see me eating spaghetti. Terrifying thought!

BEATRICE.—Lowell Sherman was Wilfred with Mary Miles Minter in "Always in the Way." Valli Valli and Frank Elliot in that play. Dont be chicken-hearted. You say you wept briny tears when you saw that beautiful song-bird, Geraldine Farrar, broiling over the flames in "Joan the Woman." Let the weeps trickle down on the inside next time. Remember, things are not always what they seem.



AT THE MOVIES IN DEADMAN'S GULCH

RATTLESNAKE TOM—Hands off that woman, yeou coyote, or I'll plug ye full o' lead! Savvy?

A LITTLE BIRD.—I dont think you drink enough water. Drink a glassful on rising in the morning, on retiring at night, an hour before each meal, and two or three hours after eating. "Little Lady Eileen" was taken in Saranac Lake. Tom Forman is not married. You will have to get a personal interview with the director.

LENICE K.—The next Marguerite Clark play was "The Amazons." Creighton Hale in "Snow White." Nobody knows for sure, but the National Board of Censors said that in March, 1914, there were about 17,000 places of exhibition of Motion Pictures in the United States.

POLLY.—Lillian Walker has signed up with a Utah company. More news elsewhere. Marie Chambers was Clair in "The Woman in the Case."

NELL.—Cleo Madison's husband is an automobile manager and not a player. You show good taste. Marguerite Clark and Mae Marsh are not married. The fifteen great American inventions are the cotton gin; planting machine; grass mower and reaper; rotary printing press; steam navigation; hot-air engine; sewing machine; india rubber industry; machine manufacture of horse-shoes; sand-blast for carving; gauge lathe; grain elevator; artificial ice-making on a large scale; electric magnet and its practical applications; and the telephone.

JUICY FRUIT.—So you are here again—Allah be praised! Perhaps the film was old. I saw "The Wolf Woman" and liked it. Your description is pretty near right. Of course I am interested.

VYRGYNYA.—Your brilliant letter was much enjoyed, despite the fact that it was all about J. W. Kerrigan. I have weighed you in the balance and found you wanting—wanting only information about J. W. K. Well, he was here, and I talked with him. He is all you say and more, too. He came, he saw, he conquered. *Veni, vidi, vici!*

THELMA.—Bessie Barriscale did not die, she collapsed at the end of the play as the scene petered out. About 35 per cent of the people in the United States are engaged in agriculture, 35 in Germany, 12 in Great Britain, and 41 in France.

RADDA.—Very well. No, I dont agree with you. I dont think we neglect the people you mention. You certainly write a very clever letter.

The Bigger and Better Classic

makes its first bow to the public on May 15th. It will be a triumph. It surpasses anything of the kind that has ever come from the printing-press in the shape of a magazine.

A beautiful painting of Juanita Hansen by Leo Sielke, Jr., will adorn the cover, and for extra measure we have had the same artist paint a portrait of

William Farnum

This painting will be reproduced in all its original colors, and it is intended for framing. No printing will appear upon it.



Other New Features

Additional NEW features, including eight more pages of bright, snappy, timely news of the players and studios, a new page of music dedicated to a prominent player and many exclusive illustrations, will make the June and succeeding issues of the Classic a real *magazine de luxe*.

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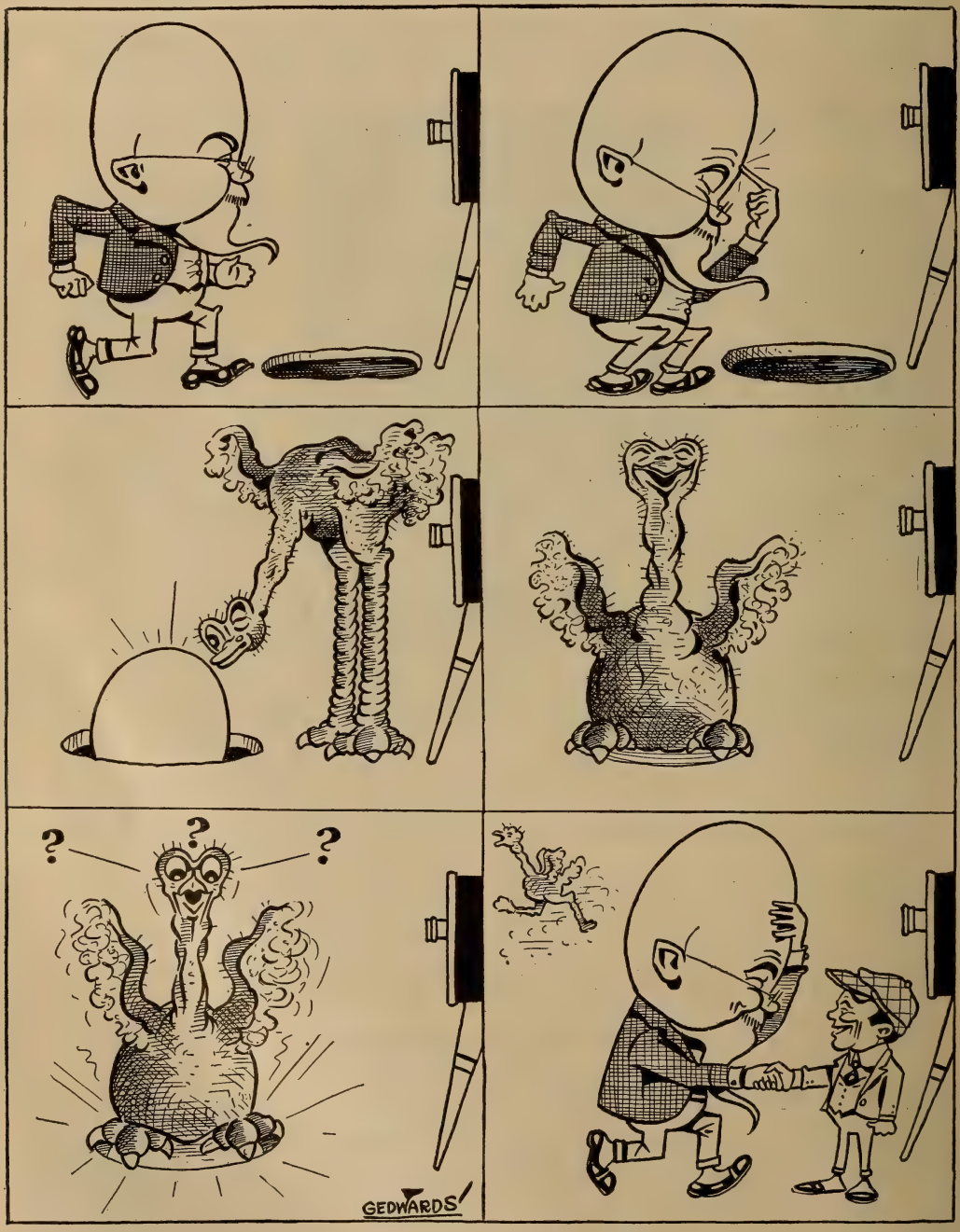
C. G. CONN, Ltd., Dept. A154 **Elkhart, Ind.**



EDITH B. C.—Mildred Gregory was with Gaumont last. Blanche Sweet's birthday was June 18.

MOVIE FAN.—Victor Moore and Thomas Meighan and Florence Dagmar in "The Clown."

C. W. MONTESANO.—William Collier, Jr., is not playing now. He played in "The Bugle Call." A woman is very thrifty with her income, but very foolish with her capital; a man spends his income, but safeguards his principal.



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SUNSHINE.—Thank you very kindly for the Scroll Club pin. I shall wear it with much pleasure and consider it a great honor. Many thanks for thinking of me.

DON ROBERTO N.—It's sadly true that directors are careless with the fine points of foreign customs, subtitles, manners—even characterization. Your points are well taken. Just like the evolution of the stage from bare boards and crude scenery and speech, so the silent drama must gradually purify itself.

D. M. D.—We have no stills of the plays you mention. Only of those that have appeared in the Magazine. The man who was looking for a job stood a better chance of getting it than the one who was seeking a position.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—So you just want to keep me busy. You are a wonder if you can do all those things. No, sorry, but I have no cast for "Eye of Night." Nila Mac was Amelia in "War Brides."

VERA NUTTI.—So you are there again. Why should I wish that Thomas Holding part his hair on the side, or brush it straight back in the prevailing style? It is a fine thing to have confidence in human nature, but you shouldn't risk it by going on another man's note.

ADELE T.—Napoleon once said that "God was on the side of the heaviest artillery." The Germans made artillery their god, and found that he was only an exploded theory. Pearl White and Ralph Kellard in "Pearl of the Army." We are having real spring weather here, and you just bet I expect to parade on Fifth Ave. Easter Sunday.

RUTH.—I read your lengthy but charming letter clear thru and was much impressed. I do not see how I can give any specific advice except to advise you to keep up your art work and forget about the other things. My prayers have gone up to Allah for you.

J. L. I.—Peggy Burke is still with Thanhouser.

WILDROSE.—"Carmen" was taken in Los Angeles. That Fine Arts was also taken on the Coast.

ETTA E. S.—Miss Etta E. Seeley, South Paris, Me., tells me she is running a correspondence club. Write her.



JANE LEE, FOX STARLET, IS GOING TO TAKE CARE OF HERSELF WHEN SHE GROWS UP. LES DARCY, THE AUSTRALIAN "CHAMP," IS GIVING HER A LESSON IN SELF-DEFENSE. NOTICE HER PUGNACIOUS EXPRESSION. SOME DAY SHE WILL PUT OVER A KNOCK-OUT ON AN OFFENDING ROWDY THAT WILL MAKE HIM SEE MORE THAN PHOTO-STARS



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Earle Williams	Vivian Martin	Clara Kimball Young	Harold Lockwood	Mary Miles Minter
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PETER SKILLET.—You address me, "Dear Old Baldy." Look out for the person who smiles without a chuckle back of it. You want to call me "Wissy." Olga is a very charming girl.

LUCILLE N. B.—Mary Fuller is no longer with Lasky. The babies in pictures are hired for the occasion, and sometimes they



MARIE DORO, LOST IN THE WOODS, IN HER LATEST RÔLE IN "CASTLES FOR TWO," BUT NEVER AT A LOSS WHEN THE CAMERA-MAN IS THERE

belong to one of the extras. Most companies have wardrobes. Lillian Gish was Elsie in "The Birth of a Nation." Thanks—you say my head was made for more than a hat-rack. Your letter was very, very clever.

HO YO SAN.—The day has passed when one can pretend to know things—people want to be shown. You refer to Conway Tearle. Martha Hedman was with World. Your letter was very helpful and I shall pass it up to the Editor.

CAMILLUS FAN.—You ought to be satisfied with this Magazine cover—your favorite. I may be old, but I have "young ideas."

A RAILROAD SLAVE.—So you are driving a delivery wagon for a dentist—that's news. Greedy one! Wanting to be like that hundred-eyed god, Argus, watching a hundred picture plays at once; you sure would have a great old time; some brainstorm, too, my lad. Argus is an appropriate name for a watch-dog.

UNA A. M.—No to your first. Irene Boyle is Mrs. Robert Ellis. Martha Erlich was the girl in "Max Linder Comes Across." Frank Morgan in "A Modern Cinderella." Send it along.

ALEXANDER P.—All I can advise you to do is to send your stories direct.

JOANNA B.—Please excuse delay. Mr. Walthall played a dual rôle. Marie Doro is the stage star you refer to. You should ask your exhibitor to show "The Island of Regeneration" again. Read our Magazine for the true story of Theda Bara. Glad you like Tony Moreno—so do I.

CLYDE H. H.—There has been a general rise in everything except stair-steps—they come down as often as they go up. Myrtle Stedman in Jack London's "The Valley of the Moon" (Bosworth). Essanay, Kalem, and Vitagraph produced "The Woman Hater."

JUST CALA.—Thanks for all the information. It was very interesting. Yes, Wallace Reid was leading-man in support of Geraldine Farrar in "Joan of Arc." Married Dorothy Davenport, niece of Fanny Davenport. Joan of Arc burned at the stake in Rouen May 30, 1431.

NEW SUBSCRIBER.—Welcome, indeed. Irene Howley is playing in Triangle.

JEWEL.—Yes, Grace Cunard is now married to Joe Moore, and is house-keeping in Los Angeles. Really, you never know "who's married to who" at the present time. Jack Standing opposite Mary Pickford in "Fanchon the Cricket."

GABY L., ATLANTA.—So you didn't get an answer from "Doug." Sad! Arline Pretty is playing opposite Fairbanks. Your letter was a bit long—very bright, tho.

ESTHER S.—Miss Tapley is still touring the country lecturing. She will not conduct the Answer Lady Department for a while.

EDITH STOREY ADMIRER.—That's so, the more you talk to a man about himself, the more intelligent he thinks you are. Ralph Kellard was Jerry. Lola May was the queen in "Civilization."

Q. E. D., 10.—Well, I have never seen a jack-rabbit. So you really think William Farnum could beat Jess Willard. Pretty rash statement, you know. Joseph Henabery was Lincoln in "Birth of a Nation." Henry Walthall was Edgar Allan Poe in "The Raven." Come again.

J. F. R.—Your letters look like my last will and testament. All you say about Dorothy Kelly is true. She is a fine type. So you think she doesn't get enough publicity. I saw the Editor *tout de suite*. I find that a dandy chat with her has been scheduled for this issue, and that she has a rotogravure page in the June Classic. What more do you want?

NICKABOLATOTATO.—Excuse me—I meant the wife. But then the man who doesn't know when he makes a fool of himself will not be sorry for it afterwards.

ALBA L. S.—As Doc Limerick says, "It is better to labor than to be worked." So you think I'm young and handsome. Thanks, I've never been told that by any one who has seen me. A gargoyle in architecture is a quaintly formed impish head of man or animal, employed as a decorative cornice piece. Myrtle Gonzalez is one of my favorites, too.

FLOSSIE.—You're not the original, tho. Your coupon is a little out of date.

F. C. M.—ROXBURY.—I dont know where you can obtain stills with sheep in them. The human voice may be heard 150 yards; military band, 2,500 yards; rifle, 5,300 yards; cannon, 35,000 yards.

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For the best article of not more than 250 words on the subject, "The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE"—$10 for the best, $5 for the next best, and $1 each for the ten next best. Each article must be neatly and legibly written (typewriting preferred), must have at the top of the paper the title, "The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE," and at the end the name and address of the contestant.

The following points should be covered, but not necessarily:

1. What do you think of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE?
2. What department or part of the Magazine do you like least?
3. What new departments or improvements do you suggest?
4. Would you prefer the Magazine printed the same size and shape as the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC?

Try to say much in few words, because 250 words is the limit. The object of this contest is to ascertain what our readers want and what they dont want.

The contest closes on June 1, 1917. Address all communications to Managing Editor, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, published MONTHLY, at 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y., for APRIL 1, 1917. State of NEW YORK, County of KINGS. Before me, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared EUGENE V. BREWSTER, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the EDITOR, MANAGING EDITOR, BUSINESS MANAGER, SEC.-TREAS., of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, THE M. P. PULISHING CO., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Editor, EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Managing Editor, EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Business Manager, EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) J. STUART BLACKTON, E. 15th St. & Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; ELIZABETH M. HEINEMANN, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; GASTON MELIES, 326 Lexington Ave., New York City; FRANK J. MARION, 325 W. 23rd St., New York City; ALICE M. LONG, 325 W. 23rd St., New York City. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (If there are none, so state): J. STUART BLACKTON, E. 15th St. & Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear on the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, thru the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is ———. (This information is required from daily publications only.)—EUGENE V. BREWSTER. (Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this Twenty-third day of March, 1917.—GOTTFRIED J. KOHLHEPP. My commission expires March 30, 1918.



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A Screen Star Reigns Supreme—As a Kitchen Queen

By NINA DOROTHY GREGORY

THAT popular Metro screen star, Mabel Taliaferro, and sister Edith too, when on the speaking stage were usually cast in "nice-little-girl" rôles, as in "Polly of the Circus" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," but when I called at Mabel's home I found her playing a new rôle—that of a grown-up little lady, queen of that magic realm, the kitchen.

She told me that she remembered her first birthday party, when, to her unbounded joy, she found, among the many gifts, a complete toy kitchen-range, utensils and all. The cue to her first rôle was a rolling-pin, and she has been making new rolls ever since.

Luncheon was almost ready, and, taking off her long white "bib and tucker," this grown-up little artist lady of the flour-bin invited me to join her. I am glad I did. One taste of one of her Parker House rolls won the way to my heart; and that wasn't all I had. Here is the menu:

Boston Baked Beans with Boston Brown Bread
Asparagus Salad
Parker House Rolls
Tea
Orange Cream Sherbet
Waffles

I begged this enchanting little trickster to reveal something of the white magic of her art and craft. She laughed and said: "You see, I dont always work in 'white' magic," as she passed me a plate stacked with thin slices of her Boston brown bread. I didn't intend to let anything as good as that escape, by politely remarking, "Not just now, thank you." I hadn't seen any real home-made brown bread in a very long time, and I believe there was actually a sob in the way I pronounced "h-home-made bread" when I asked her if it really was and the secret of its making.

When the last crumb of my golden brown V-shaped waffle had disappeared, I unhesitatingly said: "Miss Taliaferro,

will you tell me what mysterious ingredients besides 'condensed sunshine' and magic you mixed in your orange cream sherbet?"

She obligingly copied it for me, and I advise you to do the same. My next question was as to that awesome topic—eggs!

"At two per dime, I appreciate what



MABEL TALIAFERRO'S KITCHEN IS A MIRACLE OF NEAT PREPAREDNESS

a royal treat you've given me in serving waffles. I usually use three in making waffle-batter." Right then I learnt one of her tricks in cookery.

"You certainly have not mastered the H. C. of Living problem," replied my bright hostess, "if you have overlooked the fact that by doubling the quantity of baking-powder you can reduce the number of eggs in your recipe; instead of putting 1½ teaspoons of baking-powder and 3 eggs in my waffle-batter, I



Ruth Roland

and her

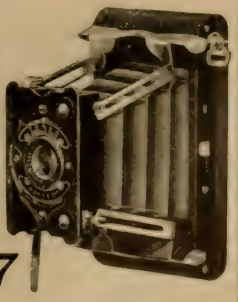
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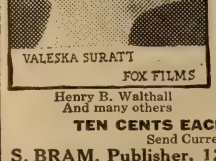
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used only 1 egg and 3 tablespoons of baking-powder. You can see," she explained, "we have had a well-balanced little luncheon, with sufficient quantity of nourishment and calories for two unethereal beings like ourselves, yet it was almost an *eggless* meal!"

I hadn't forgotten about the rolling-pin and the rôles and rolls, so to complete my list of my favored Miss Taliaferro's favorite recipes I asked her how she made those delicious, light Parker House rolls, and I jotted down these several seemingly intricate but really simple and valuable processes of cooking gleaned from this expert "chef-erette's" experience, for the book I am compiling to be known as "The Motion Picture Star Cook Book."



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Mabel Taliaferro's Boston Brown Bread: 2 cups yellow Indian corn-meal, 1 cup rye meal, 1 cup flour, 2 cups milk, 1 cup molasses, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons baking-powder. Mix well to-

gether, pour into greased brown-bread mold, steam 4 hours. Dry off 10 minutes in moderate oven.

Mabel Taliaferro's Asparagus Salad: 1 envelope gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 2 cups vinegar, 3 slices onion, 3 cloves, 3 cups asparagus-tips, ¼ teaspoon salt. Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Add onion and cloves to vinegar and bring to boiling point. Strain and add soaked gelatine. When mixture begins to stiffen, add asparagus-tips, and turn into mold, first dipped in cold water. Chill and remove to platter lined deep with crisp lettuce-leaves.

Mabel Taliaferro's Parker House Rolls: 4 cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 cups milk. Sift together flour, salt and baking-powder. Melt butter and add to milk; stir this into flour, etc. With spoon mix to a smooth dough easily handled. Flour moulding-board, turn out dough, knead and roll out ½-inch thick. Cut into 3-inch circles. Press pencil down across middle of each; rub edges with soft butter. Double each, lay 1 inch apart on flat, greased pans. Brush with milk and bake in hot oven.

Mabel Taliaferro's Orange Cream Sherbet: 1 teaspoon gelatine, ½ cup cold water, 1½ cups boiling water, 1½ cups sugar, grated rind of two oranges, 1 cup lemon-juice, 1½ cups orange-juice, 2 cups heavy cream, ½ cup sugar, 2 eggs, ¼ teaspoon salt. Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Dissolve gelatine and sugar in boiling water; add orange-rind, lemon-juice and orange-juice. Turn into ice-cream freezer and freeze to a mush. Beat cream until stiff, and add sugar and salt. Separate yolks from whites of eggs. Beat yolks until thick and lemon-colored and whites until stiff, and add to cream. Turn into frozen mixture and continue freezing.

Mabel Taliaferro's Waffles: 1½ cups flour, 2 tablespoons corn-meal, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, 2 cups milk, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons shortening. Sift and mix dry ingredients into bowl, add milk and melted shortening. Separate egg; beat in yolk and fold in well-beaten white. Bake in very hot, greased waffle-iron.



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Concerning Cut-Outs and Covers

DEAR MR. EDITOR—I wonder if you people ever stop to think in how many, many ways the contents of your magazine may be used? I "dessay" you haven't. I can imagine you, sitting back in a big, leather-padded chair, with a lighted pipe (editors *always* sit in leather-padded chairs and smoke pipes, dont they?) and saying, "Now, I wonder what she's talking about?" Well, I shant keep you long in ignorance.

First of all, when the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE or MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC comes, I sit down and read every word in it, from the front cover to the back. I read even the advertisements. Then I begin to plan. I have enjoyed it thoroly—I wonder how I can make it bring even more enjoyment.

The covers are very beautiful. Sometimes I cut them out very carefully, so that they wont have a ragged look. Then I mount them on art-paper or cardboard of a harmonizing shade. Then I either frame them in a narrow, black frame or else passe-partout them. The February Classic, with Mrs. Vernon Castle as cover-girl, made, I think, about the prettiest picture I have ever framed. I mounted it on a rather large mat of pale lavender—almost the shade your cover-artist had used. Then I bought, for ten cents, a narrow white frame that just matched it in size. For ten cents more I bought a can of purple paint and a brush. And I painted that frame a beautiful rich purple—almost a violet. Perhaps it doesn't sound very attractive—but, oh! the picture is a beauty. It's a vivid note of beauty in a hall that is all ivory-white woodwork and cream-colored walls.

And then there's another way. I have several girl friends who are movie fans of the first water. They can recite the names and love-affairs, the salaries and favorite sports of nine-tenths of the actresses and actors almost as fast as *I* can! And we've got a movie club, in which there are six members. Each one subscribes to the Magazine and Classic. So when I was trying to think of something nice to give them to celebrate the

founding—the first anniversary—of the club, I hit upon what I considered a brilliant scheme.

I knew the girls each had a list of favorite players — we squabble over our favorites regularly — so I cut out the "Art Gallery of Popular Players" and saved all my covers for several months. Then I bought six packages of art-paper, such as the children use at school. They cost twenty-four cents for a package of one hundred sheets, and they are tinted —ten sheets of pale pink, ten of lavender, ten of brown and so on. I also bought a bottle of paste and brush and a pair of scissors. I cut out from the "Art Gallery of Popular Players" the prettiest pictures and mounted them on pages of paper that harmonized best. For the covers of the book I used cardboard of the tint that harmonized with the cover-picture which was to decorate it. This called for six copies of the Classic, for I used the covers of them. And I put twenty-five pictures into each book, leaving the rest to be filled up by the girls themselves. For we are always discovering new pictures of our favorites, and we like to keep adding to them. Beneath each picture a typewritten, brief biography of the player is pasted. The books are then bound together with ribbons, the name of the owner is painted with water-colors on the cover, and the gifts are ready. They were beautiful books, and, fired by the example, we made several of them for Christmas gifts to people we knew who admired movies—and, in these enlightened days and times, who doesn't?

But the last use was best of all. We have a club-room, an attic room formerly used as a trunk-room, which has been devoted to our club. With our own hands, we painted the walls a pretty blue and the woodwork white. For pictures—well, we hunted up old copies and new of the Magazine, cut out pretty profiles of players and had blue-prints made of them. This gave us a white silhouette against a dark blue background. The blue-print paper was twelve cents a yard, and the work cost us nothing, since my brother did it for us. The effect, when we had placed a panel around the wall

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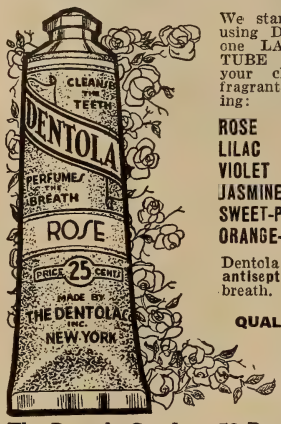
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Dept. 33 Aurora, Ill.

of these blue-and-white pictures, was beautiful.

A fish-net was hung in one corner, and the pretty cut-outs that we discovered and the covers were placed there, until, at the end of each month, we met and decided on what use we would put them to.

The interviews and chats with the players were also carefully cut out and mounted in a big book, under the title "Who's Who—and Why." This makes us buy two magazines each month to cut, for we must have both sides of the page. But if you could see our club-room and our own rooms at home, I'm sure you'd agree that it's well worth while. We have wondered whether other girls have discovered other ways of making use of this "best of all Motion Picture magazines!" Anyway, we wanted to tell you what we had done.

With best wishes to the most artistic magazine in the market, we beg to remain

Most cordially yours,
THE MOTION PICTURE CLUB.
Anderson, S. C.

("Names furnished on application, as the baby-food ads say!")

The Letters of Lucy

In Which Lucy, a Southern Tourist, Writes Her Friend Back Home All About the Movies in Jacksonville, Fla.

DEAREST NAN—Just think, I have at last, really and truly, met a movie-player! I'm so thrilled! And I have attended a Motion Picture ball! Isn't it wonderful! How surprised the folks back in Keokuk will be when they discover all that!

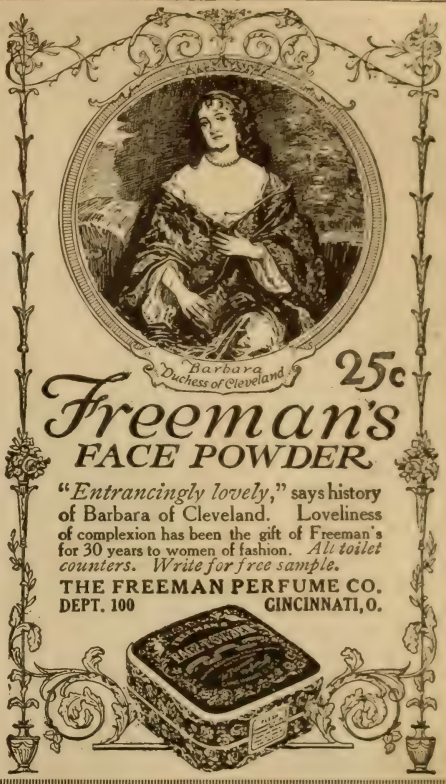
The movie-player that I have met is Viola Dana, and she's such a tiny little thing—perfectly adorable! Anybody would fall heels over head in love with her. She is staying at the same hotel as I am, and I have ridden down in the elevator with her lots of times, and, of course, I recognized her. But I didn't dare speak to her! But the other evening, when Dad and I were having dinner up in the dining-room, we saw her coming. It was fearfully crowded, being

Saturday evening, and ours was the only table there that wasn't full. It was a table for four, and only Dad and I were there. So, when we saw Miss Dana and a tall, good-looking chap looking about for a table, and the waiter assuring them sorrowfully that there wasn't a table, I nudged Dad, and whispered that there was Viola Dana, and that there was no table for her. And immediately Dad played up, like the little gentleman he is. He rose and, in his most courteous manner, invited Miss Dana and her escort to sit at our table. She hesitated for a moment and flushed with a sweet little-girl shyness that made me want to hug her. I could see that she didn't want to intrude, but just at that very moment our crab-meat cocktails were served, and she gave in, thanking Dad very prettily and introducing the young man as "Mr. Walker." Of course, I recognized him then—Robert Walker, her leading man. Dad introduced me, and there was a pleasant flurry of introduction, and getting settled, and their order. While the men talked, she and I proceeded to get acquainted. She's a dear—just as wholesome and unspoiled as any other girl of twenty who has never seen the back of a Motion Picture stage.

And when dinner was over, she suggested that, as she and Mr. Walker were going on to a ball given by the Motion Picture people — the Screen Club, I think she called it—they'd be very glad for Dad and I to go with them. Dad was going to refuse, but I stepped on his pet foot, *hard*, with my heel, and he accepted quite nicely.

The ball was at its height when we arrived. Yes, I know that statement is a bromide—but in times of excitement only something trite and conventional comes to one's mind.

I never saw so many picture players in my life—off the screen. Grace Darmond—the girl who played in "The Shielding Shadow," you know—was the first who crossed my dazzled path. She has soft, golden hair and big, dark blue eyes. And she wore the dearest frock—a dull blue panne velvet, cut very low, and on almost daringly simple lines. She looked stunning. Marguerite Snow



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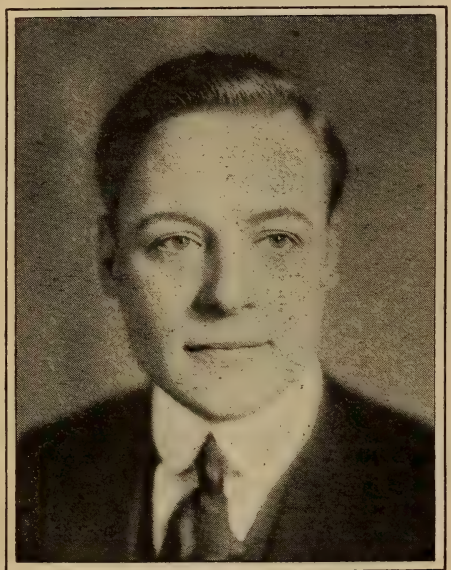
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was there, too, in ivory-white satin and silver lace. Little Mrs. Jimmy Cassidy—she's a darling, Nan, and you must watch for her and her husband in the Black Diamond Comedies for Paramount—looked like an artist's conception of "Such a *Little* Queen"! She is tiny, with soft brown hair and soft blue eyes—a regular Marguerite-Clark-sized star—and she wore a frock that made her look even more babyish. It was golden embroidered net over golden taffeta. The bodice was a mere width of some sparkly stuff, and the straps over her shoulders were the same stuff, with puffy, saucy bows of golden tulle, that was draped down the back of the gown. The only touch of any other color was a perfectly huge corsage bouquet of violets. Ethel Barrymore, in black chiffon and satin, with touches of old blue and silver; Emma Littlefield (Mrs. Victor

(*Continued on page* 159)

Apartment No. 29

(*Continued from page* 90)

called impossible, and, by Jove! old fellow, if you didn't act fully as stupidly and unreasonably as my hero in the play!"

Stanley Ormsby opened his lips, shut them again, fumbled in his pocket, and brought out the criticism he had written a few hours ago. Still without speaking, he tore the sheets to bits and put them into Davis' hand. A storm of clapping arose; under cover of it he turned to Adele.

"Was it *all* play-acting?" he asked, very earnestly. "What you said in the bedroom when I was hiding—was that just play-acting, too?"

A spark of mischief lurked in her violet gaze.

"It might—not be," she admitted; "it might—be true."

"And after your brother has introduced us—as people are introduced at dances," he said whimsically, but with a serious meaning undertoning the words, "could I perhaps come to call on you?"

A smile touched her lip-corners, but the eyes above it were shy and tender and woman-sweet.

"You might—try!" she said. "Why dont you—try?"

(*Continued from page* 158)

Moore) in a stunning frock of silver cloth, with a picture-hat and paradise (she occupied a box and didn't dance), and a dear, quaint little Spanish girl, called Babette, the wife of the man who is starring in the "Tweedledum" comedies at Eagle City, in a frock that breathed Paris in every line, added to the color of the picture.

The ball-room was decorated in Japanese style, and there were tons of flowers everywhere. I saw so many, many pretty frocks and pretty girls! Just at the height of the dancing, a megaphone-voice asked the picture-players to take seats in their boxes, for a moment, until they could be introduced to the two thousand visitors. Dad and I went with Miss Dana and Mr. Walker to the Metro box and were introduced to Miss Barrymore and dear little Mabel Taliaferro, who had just arrived, and who was demurely adorable in palest green and a tulle head-dress effect of the same shade.

Babe Hardy, a Vim comedian of great popularity and greater girth, walked thru the place, with a megaphone, stopping at every box, introducing the people and mentioning their company, with some brief and witty remark. I was so interested in watching and listening to him that I completely forgot that the Metro box, where Dad and I were, was to come in for this same publicity. But when Mr. Hardy stopped at the Metro box, it was too late to do anything but sit still. I felt like something at the circus and was tempted to do a Highland fling, a back-hand spring or in some other way accept the honor. Dad was quite apologetic, and I could see that the players themselves, while somewhat hardened to such publicity, felt little better than Dad and I.

"Thank goodness, that's over!" breathed Miss Dana, and her thankful sigh was echoed by the other Metro people—not to mention Dad and I. Dad danced next with Miss Dana and I just sat still and watched. Theda Bara was late in arriving, and was thus spared the ordeal of the box introduction—or so we thought. But she reckoned without her host. Mr. Hardy started with her

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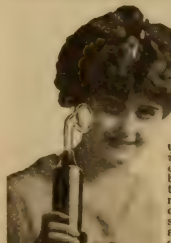
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Film Information Bureau, Sta. W, Jackson, Mich.



up the steps of a box, and at the top paused, signaled to the musicians, who stopped playing, and then, with his megaphone, introduced Miss Bara. In an almost severely simple frock of dead-white, with no jewels except a small, perfectly matched string of pearls, Miss Bara had, I thought, looked very regal and a little haughty. But her composure and touch of hauteur fled before her introduction. When the people clapped, she merely tried to escape, and, finding that impossible, made a funny little speech, in the midst of which, forgetting herself, she tumbled into French and wound up with a burst of Spanish. Thus she made herself immensely popular.

At the intermission, I had met enough of the picture people to feel quite at home. And when Dad came to look for me, I was cozily ensconced in the Kalem box, with Ollie Kirkby and George Larkin, co-stars of "Grant, Police Reporter." Miss Kirkby was tired, because she had worked all day long, only finishing in time for a rush home, dinner in her rooms, dressing with all the speed she and her maid could manage, and a wild trip to the club-room, in time to be in her place for the introduction, and thus do her duty by her company and the club. She didn't look as if she had dressed hurriedly — her frock of black chiffon and jet, with a touch of silver, her wavy hair dressed very daintily and adorned with a narrow jet band, looking exquisitely dainty and sweet. And her cloak! Nan, I know it's wicked to envy any one their possessions—and, of course, a hard-working movie actress deserves her lovely things! But that coat was sufficient provocation for murder, much less envy! I cant describe it, except to say that it was a veritable creation of Nell-rose and dull-blue velvet, lined with brocaded satin in a rosebud pattern. The collar was seven inches wide and of white fox fur, as were the four-inch cuffs and the four-inch band around the bottom. I stared at it with my heart in my eyes, and when Dad came for me, I just stared again and gulped. Being wise in the ways of his only daughter, Dad followed the direction of my eyes, gulped himself, and

informed me gently but firmly that we were going home.

I suppose it's just as well that we did, for if I had gazed upon that coat much longer I'd have gone mad and bitten somebody, or else attempted to steal it, which wouldn't have been so bad—or worse—just as you choose to look at it.

Having been up almost all night, I'm a bit sleepy, so I shall go to bed and dream of lovely cloaks of rose-and-blue and Moving Picture players who have such splendid good times.

Yours sadly (but with hopes),

LUCY.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

If the poignant suggestions of A. C. Cox, Logan, Utah, could be carried out, this world would be Heaven, indeed:

Since their first inception, the women's magazines have been pleased to formulate rules of conduct governing all occasions, from the kind of shirt studs one should wear to how to deport oneself upon being presented to a distinguished person.

Believe me, I do not wish to belittle the importance of these burning questions—they are as food and drink to many of us—but why, since the movies have become so vital a part of the national scheme of things, have not these same women's magazines prescribed a few guides of conduct for movie fans? And, since they have not, why do not the Motion Picture magazines devote an occasional page to "Good Manners and Good Form at Picture Houses" or "Helpful Hints to Movie Fans."

I live in a college town of about 8,000 population, and since we are "off the main line," our opportunities for hearing concerts, grand opera and legitimate drama are as rare as blackbirds in December. Unless, of course, we happen to have time and money for the four-hour ride on the interurban necessary to reach our capital city. Consequently many of us confess to an acquired taste for the silent drama, and we flock to the Lyric, down on Main Street, to see our film favorites with far greater zest than many of our Metropolitan friends evince when they fare forth to $5 seats in "the horseshoe."

Now a movie audience in our town is as cosmopolitan as a Socialist rally, and one expects occasionally, on say a Mary Pickford night, to sit in too near proximity to garlic and the unbathed. But has it ever fallen to your lot, gentle reader, to sit in front of a woman who crunched steadily on peanut-brittle for one hour and forty-five minutes? If that is yet in store for you, may your hand be stayed from violence!

Or perhaps you have had the misfortune to have a seat near to a "brainstorm" with the detective instinct who is always working just a

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Then work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Almost at once you will find that you can wipe off the dead surplus skin. Rinse the hands in clear water.

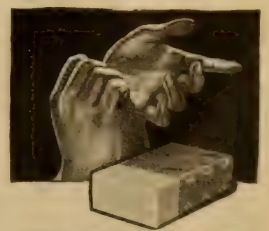
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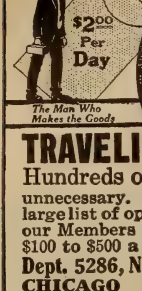
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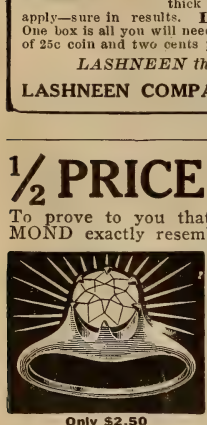
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little in advance of the operator and who generously spends his time telling every one within range of his stage whisper what is going to happen next and why.

Then there is the local Mark Twain who feels that his reputation as a humorist hinges on the flippant remarks he makes, sotto voce, as the hero and heroine, after many misunderstandings and miraculous escapes, are reunited in a long embrace.

I might go further and point out the hardships of sitting next to a person afflicted with the gum habit, portraying with well-chosen phrases the exhilarating effect of the emotions upon the motor power of the jaw, or I might devote a paragraph to the well-meaning individual who reads aloud all of the "cut ins," but you know how it is.

So, fellow fans, a standing vote of those in favor of electing a committee who shall formulate a code of etiquette for movie fans.

Mr. Editor, honest, it's unanimous!

It appears that whenever a prominent player is criticized, a hitherto hidden army of admirers rushes to his defense. Mrs. Walter Crawford, 372 Eleventh Avenue, Roanoke, Va., is an able and enthusiastic defender:

Will you please print this letter in reply to Miss Clark, of New Orleans, La., on her criticism of Mr. Francis X. Bushman in the April MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE? I see Miss Clark says Mr. Bushman has lost *much* of his "personal charm." Surely she has forgotten that Mr. Bushman has just *won* a contest in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE which proclaimed him as the most popular man player in pictures today, and I dare say she didn't know that he was personally presented with a solid silver loving-cup at the Belvedere Hotel in Baltimore on February 4th of this year. This cup was donated by his "loyal" friends and admirers from almost all parts of these United States. Some of Mr. Bushman's friends from Canada and even from far-off Newfoundland were in on it, too. This doesn't look like Mr. Bushman was losing his personal charm, does it? *Good-night!* Surely Miss Clark has been *asleep* or *dreaming!* Mr. Bushman may have lost his charm to Miss Clark, but he surely hasn't for the hundreds of other folks in this world. He draws Mr. Heins (our exhibitor here) a better crowd than any other man or woman. It is nothing for Mr. Bushman to draw a capacity house for hours and have a stream of people, a hundred or so, standing in lines outside. I have seen every picture that Mr. Bushman has made for Essanay and Metro now for three years, and I have never seen but one picture where I thought he had too much make-up on his eyes, and that was one or two scenes in "The Wall Between," but it was a fine picture nevertheless. Now, she wont find any of them perfect all the time. It is a wonder she didn't say something about some of the others who use too much make-up occasionally—Carlyle Blackwell for one. I'll

admit Mr. Bushman was *extra good* in those old Essanay pictures, and I go to see them over today when I have the chance. If this is all the "kick" she has coming to Mr. Bushman, it can be very easily remedied. I notice she objects to his playing romantic parts. These suit him best and he likes them. *No question,* he is the most dignified and also the most perfect "screen lover" on the screen today. If she doesn't believe it, I advise her to see "Romeo and Juliet." Mr. Bushman's every act and gesture was simply perfect in every foot of that 8,000 feet of film. Our big player certainly hasn't lost any ground since he left Essanay, but he has steadily *gone up right in the face* of all kinds of prejudice and opposition. I think Miss Clark must have written that letter to see how many letters she would get or for the sake of a controversy; anyway, she must remember if Mr. Bushman is not always *well cast* it is not his fault. He plays the part as well as any one could play it. If the story isn't a good one Mr. Bushman cant make it good just because his "big handsome presence" is in it, and then, too, he is supposed to play what the Metro Corp. say or walk out; so the next time she sees a picture she doesn't like, let her blame the Metro company, and not Mr. Bushman.

In conclusion I will say this, if she should ever meet Mr. Bushman personally, I dont think there would be any doubt that she would be a Bushman "fan" forever.

Brayton Blake, 56 Elm Avenue, Wollaston, Mass., shows how a confirmed invalid can become an ardent picture fan without entering a theater:

One year ago this month I didn't know Mary Pickford by sight. Strange as it may seem, that is an actual fact. Today I have four hundred girls of past or present movie fame smiling down at me from the walls of my room, with half a hundred more waiting for a spare moment to take their place among the ranks. It came about in this way:

In February last, owing to a slight lung trouble, I was ordered by the doctor to keep away from theaters, or crowds of all sorts. And so it came about that on the first of every month I was besieging the book and magazine stalls for the current issues of every movie magazine going.

I commenced cutting out the photos of the fair sex, and today I have the likenesses of two hundred and four different actresses and countless (almost) duplicates. No two, however, are the same. "Little Mary's" smiling face is to be found seven times, in photos ranging from a 14″x8″ to a 1½″x2″. Anita, the "Goddess"—whom, by the way, I would rather see than any other of her profession—is second with six likenesses. For instance, on the smallest section of my walls, the following are grouped: Mary Fuller gazes wistfully from a brown sepia; beside her, Jackie Saunders waves a cheerful greeting from the beach; Fannie Ward and June Caprice smile from a



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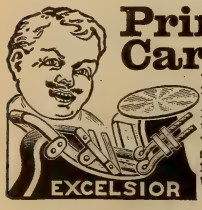
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couple of miniatures; to see Mabel Normand, one would never think of her in a pie-slinging contest, for she is wearing one of "Lucille's" latest; Geraldine Farrar cuddles a pet goat, while Mabel Taliaferro just "looks pleasant." Anita is surrounded by Kathlyn Williams, Anna Little in cowboy garb, Blanche Sweet, and Grace Cunard; Ivy Close, late of Kalem, shows her gleaming teeth, and Rena Rogers romps with a pup. Myrtle Stedman is just stepping into her runabout, as the Talmadge sisters sip sodas; Nell Craig smiles across at Kitty Gordon, and the gay Fay Tincher witchingly winks at "vamping" Valeska.

But enough of myself. Just a few general remarks and then I'm thru. Dont think I ignore the males. Far from it. I'd go far to see Bushman, Fairbanks, or Arbuckle. Chaplin is good, but I'm getting a little bit tired of him, as a good many are. For polite comedy, John Barrymore; for "vamping," Theda, of course, but for the girl in the play of today, Anita Stewart of Vitagraph.

In closing just let me say that of all the periodicals dealing with the moving pictures, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is by far the best.

This letter, from Dorothy Newton, Parrell, Auckland, New Zealand, shows that the most far-away audiences are lovers of American pictures and players:

We have very real reasons for enjoying the Motion Pictures as we do in New Zealand. This little country is in a very out-of-the-way corner of the world. With very few exceptions, we can see better acting on the screen than we can on the legitimate stage. Another big reason—and perhaps the biggest of all—is that we can see so many really world-renowned artists which, perhaps, some of us would otherwise not know, except by name. For instance, Geraldine Farrar; it was a treat to see her in the big six-reel drama, "Temptation," a short time ago. Until then we had only read of her or heard her on the victrola, which, of course, is not the same as seeing her on the screen.

And now a word about the plays and players, and that is all. The plays themselves, in most cases, are exceedingly enjoyable and often interesting, but I get tired to death of sinning women and murders, and am only too glad to forget all about them long before leaving the theater. On the other hand, it is an absolute luxury when a healthy outdoor drama is shown and a constant delight to keep in memory. The American scenery is really lovely. I could never tire of seeing it as a setting for a picture, whether it's glorious snow-scenes, as in "Hearts in Exile," "The Come-Back," "Out of the Drifts," or scenes in the pine-woods, as in "The Silent Battle," and there have been other beautiful bush, mountain, river and sea scenes too numerous to mention. The sports, too—riding, swimming and motor-boating—are a perfect joy, but *not* the tennis; I haven't seen a good stroke played yet! Suppose pic-

tures like these appeal to me because in New Zealand we are so keen on outdoor life and sports.

As to the players themselves. For the girls, my favorite is Mary Pickford first of all; her charm is quite irresistible and her smile the loveliest ever. Very close to her comes Anita Stewart, who, like Mary Pickford, has beautiful eyes and hair. Hazel Dawn is another favorite, and, like many others, has that wonderfully fascinating "something" about her known as screen personality. For the men, J. Warren Kerrigan easily heads the list; he's a very good actor and a splendid type of man. There are others, Harold Lockwood, Edward Earle, Vernon Steele, Wallace Reid and Maurice Costello, all of whom are very fine.

Will conclude by wishing your very excellent Magazine every success.

A deep responsibility rests upon Motion Picture producers to educate as well as entertain. Blanche E. Tapson, 379 West 127th Street, New York, discusses a matter that the manufacturers may well heed:

I wish to file with you herewith a protest against the present careless manner of writing the subtitles on the so-called "first-class" photoplays. This applies, not so much to the actual wording, as to the incorrect spelling.

Inasmuch as so many children of all ages attend the pictures, it seems to me a great pity that the different film companies should be allowed to exhibit pictures showing incorrect spelling of such words as "bosom," recently written by G. M. Anderson (or his associates) in "Vera the Medium," featuring Kitty Gordon, as *"bossom."*

In a photoplay released by the World-Brady Company, the word "Roman" was written with a small "r." This may be open for discussion, as I believe a sacred few believe in using as few capital letters as possible. This was in the photoplay, featuring Robert Warwick, entitled "The Man Who Forgot." In another instance "compel" was spelled *"compell."* This particular picture was passed by the Board of Censors of Pennsylvania, according to the statement, but really, if the censors paid a little more attention to the spelling and less to the actual story, there might be more good done, and they would certainly be more appreciated.

There have been many, many more instances where bad spelling has been noticed, but they are too numerous to mention here, and I would be glad to submit them upon request.

Dont you agree with me, Mr. Editor, that this matter should be taken up by those in authority, and, if possible, a remedy effected? Proof-readers are employed by all the newspapers and magazines; surely they could be used to good purpose by the film companies.

As I have never dared to write to you before, I hope my protest will be recognized, and that you will try to do something to remedy matters.



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PAUL RIEGER, 20 First St., San Francisco

Thomas Finnerty, 73 South Second Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., refuses to idealize. He wants plays of the earth earthy and containing the essence of trueness to life:

Why preparedness? Why military training? With "Pearl of the Army" White, Marie "Liberty" Walcamp and Vernon's beauteous frau we should ask for waivers on our army and navy, start these three for Europe and then sit down and await developments.

General Walcamp would just act natural and start in by imitating the "Liberty" serial, in each reel of which she douglasfairbanks nine —count 'em—nine Mexicans or Japs or whatever they happen to be who are trying to steal the fortification plans of Gowanus Canal. Assault and battery predominates in this serial and Marie should feel quite at home over in the trenches. Pearl would mesmerize 'em with her justly famous March 17th orbs, and General Castle would assume a heroic attitude and announce that it was her intention to maxixe it out on this line if it took all summer.

From which you will gather that I have outgrown the days when I read breathless stories of bloodshed and violence and that my heart no longer rejoices at the sight of the savage Mexican being squelched by the brave American who packs a kick in each mitt and a six-gun on each hip. And it sure is rather tiresome to see our beautiful blonde shero maltreat some husky villain who could, if he cared to, eliminate her from the tournament by presenting her with a vigorous slap on the wrist.

If they must have "action" plays, for the love of Mike let the producers have a little regard for the public and keep their stories within the bounds of possibility.

ONCE UPON A TIME

(*Continued from page* 17)

April 18, 1906.—Harry Von Meter (American) is not likely to forget this particular date in his life as long as he lives, for he little thought when he retired that night that he would be awakened a few hours later by such a thing as an earthquake, the greatest disaster ever visited upon the city of San Francisco, where Mr. Von Meter was playing at the time, a member of the stock company at the Alcazar Theater, his final rôle being Ernest Morrison in "Are You a Mason?"

April 19, 1910.—Margarita Fischer (Pollard) was at this particular moment testing her powers at the game of vaudeville, having been specially engaged to create the rôle of the troubled heroine in a sketch by Joseph Medill Patterson, called "By-Products," which was the headliner act at the American Music Hall, Chicago.

April 20, 1905.—Henry B. Walthall (Essanay) was making a modest plea for footlight recognition, playing the part of Robert Culver, a hotel clerk, in "At Old Point Comfort," which was in the midst of a week's engagement at the Murray Hill Theater, New York.

April 21, 1911.—Arthur H. Ashley (World) was completing a most profitable and agreeable season in one of the juvenile rôles of that vastly diverting play, "Brewster's Millions," reveling in the joys of a week's engagement, at the Bijou Theater, Atlanta, Ga.

April 23, 1906.—Edward Boulden found it an easy task to keep his auditors entertained in the comedy rôle of Johnny Hobbins, in "Why Girls Leave Home," which family fireside favorite this day began a week's stay at the Grand Opera House, Brooklyn, N. Y.

April 24, 1904.—Ruth Roland (Balboa) was a shining light as a "single" in vaudeville—meaning that she did an act by herself—in which field she flourished for quite a time, this day concluding a week's stay at the Chutes Theater, San Francisco, where she was billed as "The Juvenile Singer and Dancer."

April 25, 1898.—Edwin Thanhouser (Thanhouser), who, as president and head of the Thanhouser Film Corporation, can now write his personal check for any sum running into seven figures, was at this time an humble recruit in the acting ranks, happy in the chances afforded him in the part of Captain Larolle in "Under the Red Robe," this night beginning the final week of the company's season, at the Park City Theater, Bridgeport, Conn.

April 26, 1912.—May Allison (Metro) was a happy vision of blond loveliness, this as Vanity in "Everywoman," playing then at the Shubert Theater, Newark, N. J., and great was Miss Allison's joy when the cue came each night for her line, "She faint, forsooth! But a faint for effect. Eh, Greed?" And then the plot could go on.

April 27, 1900.—Dustin Farnum

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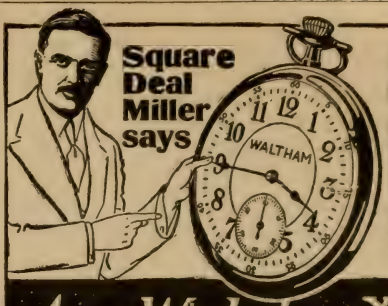
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(Fox) was quite some distance removed from the eminent stage position which he ultimately knew, being a member of Chauncey Olcott's company (a star, by the way, in whose support at some time or other no less than a round hundred of our present-day film stars have appeared), playing the juvenile rôle of Francis Ronayne in "A Romance of Athlone," holding forth this night at the Lyric Theater, Allentown, Pa.

April 28, 1906.—Leo White (Essanay) was making a most extensive, not to say exhaustive, tour of the one-night stands, being a dashing figure as Lieut. Sorel in "Captain Debonnaire," in which Paul Gilmore (Pathé) was the star, affording considerable diversion to those assembled this night at the Burtis Opera House, Davenport, Iowa.

April 29, 1909.—Lillian Wiggins (Pathé) was a shining light in the front row of "The Beauty Shop," displaying all her well-known charms to their very best advantage, this with Jefferson De Angelis and Marguerite Clark (Famous Players), being in the midst of a successful run at the former Herald Square Theater, New York.

April 30, 1900.—Lionel Barrymore (Metro) had not then become permanently associated with American theatrical affairs, having come to this country as a member of the supporting company surrounding Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, this night playing the part of Charles Leguay, in "Robespierre," at the Metropolitan Opera House, St. Paul, Minn.

Overheard in the Studio

By JOSEPH F. POLAND

"Now, let's see, Edith; what were you wearing the other day in the exterior scene for this set?"

"Oh, dear! I cant recall whether I wore a green hat and my blue suit, or my blue hat and this green suit."

"Well, we'll have to make sure before we take this scene."

"Lights, lights! Overhead in Number Twelve."

"Mr. Fatt, I'm sorry, but you'll have to repeat that fall down-stairs—not that you didn't do it perfectly, but because those extras rushed into the scene too soon."

"Oh, Danny—Daa-a-a-anny! I need some black velvet; I'm going to take some close-ups."

"My dear boy, you're supposed to be proposing marriage—not selling vacuum cleaners. More warmth; that's better. Now, you back out slowly—like this. Hang it! who left that basket just where any one would trip over it?"

"Lights, lights! In Number Seven, *please!*"

"Now, Bobby, you sit here on the stairs, with your toys, and cry, and say: 'Please, father, dont take me away from mother!' That's it—that's it! (Gee! isn't that child a wonder?) Grind—grind! Go ahead, Bobby!"

"Now, when the Prince enters, you boys all cheer, raising your hands above your heads. For the love of Pete! who's that back there with a *wrist watch?* My good man, do you realize that this action takes place in the Dark Ages? Off with the wrist watch!"

"Keep these lights on—we'll take some stills. Oh, Daa-a-a-anny, the still camera, please!"

One of those "easy times" that movie folks sometimes have:

The director, at five P. M.—"Well, people, in order to have this picture ready on schedule time, we'll have to work in the studio here all tonight, straight thru until three o'clock in the morning. The chief promises us a banquet when we finish, in recognition of the extra effort."

"Ed, I need some bright stuff for the publicity sheet. Give me something—you're a scenario writer."

"Sure! Here's a story: A rich man's *sun* falls in love with a movie *star,* and he goes *moon*ing around, then thinks of an elopement, and they both *planet,* so they go to a *sky*-pilot and get hitched. The forgiving pa dips in his jeans for some money for them—that makes him the Great Dipper——"

"Enough! Back to the scenario room, before *you* see stars!"

"Lights out! Lights out in Number Twelve—and *strike!*"



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At first it seems a long way from the simple, human fun of Hickleberry Finn to the spiritual power of Joan of Arc, **but look closer and you will find beneath them both the same ideal, the same humanity, the same spirituality, that has been such a glorious answer to those who accuse this nation of being wrapped up in material things.**

He did many things—stories, novels, travel, history, essays, humor—but behind each was the force of the great, earnest, powerful personality, that dominated his time, so that even then he was known all over the face of the globe. Simple, unassuming, democratic, he was welcomed by Kings, he was loved by plain people.

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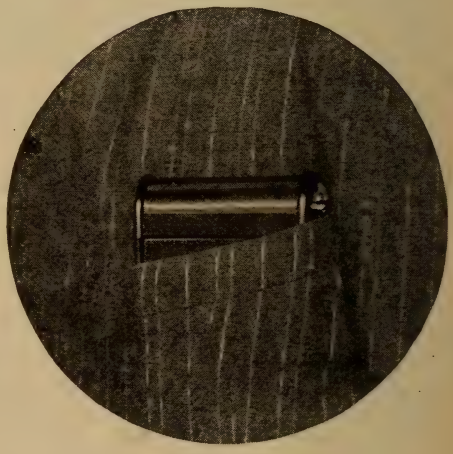
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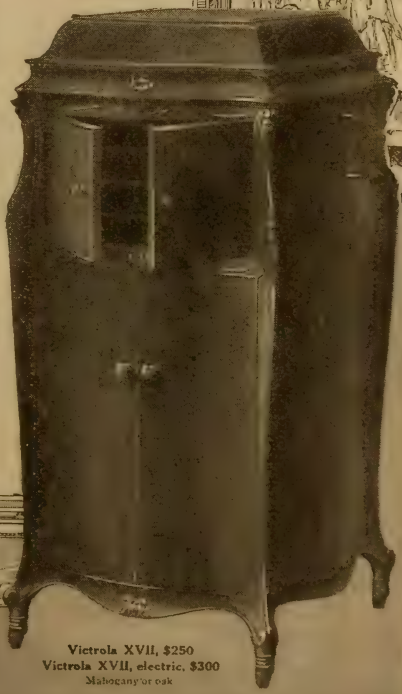
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PATTER FROM THE PACIFIC

By DICK MELBOURNE

Theda Bara is expected to arrive in Los Angeles 'most any day now, where she is to make at least two productions for the Fox Company. J. Gordon Edwards will arrive with her to direct the features in which Theda will appear.

Mack Swain, the former Keystone fun-maker, has returned to work with Mr. Sennett's aggregation of gloom-dispellers once more.

Charles Ray is well into his fourth starring vehicle since the first of the year. Charlie is working early and late these days, and his pictures are meeting with big success.

Chester Conklin is out of bed once more and busy on his ranch when not engaged in ducking custard pies.

Jack Standing and Jennie Lee have allied themselves with Fox. Jack is returning to the concern, but this is Jennie Lee's first experience on the lot.

William D. Taylor and his company of players, headed by Kathlyn Williams and Wallace Reid, have just returned from a long stay at Fort Bragg, where they filmed a number of scenes for a forthcoming Paramount feature. Kathlyn and Wally succeeded in keeping the members of the company in good spirits by their wit.

Douglas Fairbanks is getting along famously with his second Artcraft production, "A Regular Guy." It seems good to have "Doug" capering about in Los Angeles once more. Eileen Percy, his new leading-lady, seems to be adapting herself quite readily to the silent drama.

Lamar Johnstone has at last finished work on "The Planter," in which he was supporting Tyrone Power. Lamar says that it feels good to get a rest after more than fourteen months of continual work. He is taking a short breathing spell in San Francisco.

Henry King is now directing Gail Kane at the American studios in Santa Barbara. Henry has received some wonderful notices for the way he handled the "Little Mary Sunshine" pictures at the Balboa. He first discovered Baby Marie Osborne, who is now enjoying a five-hundred-a-week salary.

The Fox Home Guard, which is made up of members of the Fox studios, is rapidly perfecting itself in drilling. They have been organized only a short while, and if they keep up the improvement they are showing, they will soon be near perfect.

Herbert Rawlinson's better-half won a furnished home, known as "The House Beautiful," in a raffle in New York. She wired "Herb" of the fact, and they are now trying to decide what they shall do with it. The chance cost Mrs. Rawlinson just fifty cents, and the house is worth several thousands of dollars.

Isadore Bernstein has given over an acre of his studio site to farming, and has offered a prize for the best vegetables raised by his employees, who will keep their families supplied with earth's products in this way.

Henry Lehrman has quite a collection of well-known people working on his Sunshine Comedies, which are released thru the Fox Film Corporation. David Kirkland and Craig Hutchinson are directing for him, and the other members of his aggregation consist of Dot Farley, W. E. Lowry, Billie Ritchie, Gertrude Selby, Harry Ham, Ernie Shields, Al Ray, Billy Bevans, Victor (Slippery Slim) Potel, E. A. Lawrence, Max Davidson, Harry Russell, Eddie Gribbon, Hank Simmons, Gertrude Griffith and many others.

William Stowell is becoming quite a favorite in Los Angeles theaters. Bill has been heroing with the Universal for quite some time now, and his work has met with great success. The fans seem to like him much better as a hero than a villain. Bill always did seem a bit too good-looking a chap to be doing dirty work in films. He seems to have his right calling now. Dorothy Phillips and he are proving a very popular team.

Margarita Fischer has been visiting Los Angeles quite frequently lately from her studios in San Diego. Her dressmaker and milliner have been the chief reasons for Margarita's many trips. It seems like old times to see her beaming face again.

Mary Pickford seems to be looking around for a new home to build herself in our midst. Maybe she reasons that she makes so many trips to and from the Coast that it would pay her to have another home out here as well as her home in the East. She would be in one as much as in the other.

George Periolat, the man of all parts at the American, has just returned from San Francisco, where he did some scenes for a new Mary Miles Minter feature that James Kirkwood is producing. George stopped in Los Angeles for a few hours on his way to the Santa Barbara studios and stated that they had enjoyed a vast amount of fog and rainy weather while away.

Jay Belasco seems to be prospering quite well in the new Strand-Mutual comedies, in which he plays opposite Billie Rhodes. The comedies seem to be making quite a hit, and Jay makes a dandy side-partner for pretty little Billie.

William Farnum, the Fox star, and his director, Frank Lloyd, have left sunny California and gone to New York, where they will make several features. Lloyd and Farnum proved such good coöperators that the Fox firm decided to have Lloyd as Farnum's permanent director.

Lloyd Ingraham, former Fine Arts director, and H. O. Davis, vice-president of the Universal, have left the Coast for the East. Lloyd has gone to direct a feature for Selznick, while Davis is expected to return soon.

Ora Carew, the Keystone beauty, has been learning all kinds of tricks lately, which she thinks will be of great value to her in forthcoming Keystone comedies. She has suffered several bumps and bruises, but doesn't seem to mind them a bit. Her last accomplishment is bareback riding.

Will have lots more to relate next month.



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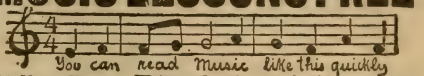
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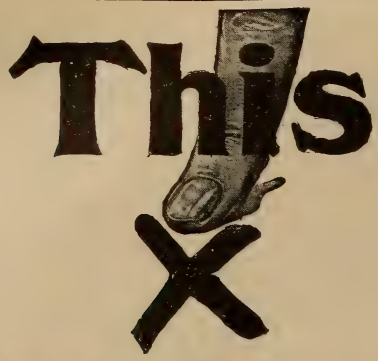
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Cohan and Harris.—"The Willow Tree." In this age of murder, mystery and society plays, this little legend of Japan is as fresh as a lotus-flower. Beautiful stage-settings, charming dialog and clever characterization round out an evening of enchantment.

Booth.—"A Successful Calamity." One of the best plays that New York has seen for many a moon. William Gillette in the lead is simply immense and so are the entire company. A charming play that leaves a delicious flavor in the mouth.

Knickerbocker.—"Disraeli." An absorbing comedy-drama in which George Arliss has abundant opportunity to display his remarkable ability of characterization.

Belasco.—"The Very Minute." An interesting preachment against King Alcohol. It creates a strong part for Arnold Daly, who takes full advantage of it.

Playhouse.—"The Man Who Came Back." A strong, gripping drama that holds the interest from beginning to end; superbly acted by Henry Hull and Mary Nash.

Century.—"The Century Girl." The biggest musical show New York ever saw, and in its most beautiful theater.

Cort.—"Upstairs and Down." A very clever and witty portrayal of life as led by the idle rich. One of the best comedies in New York. The whole cast strong.

48th Street.—"The Thirteenth Chair." A weird but gripping drama written around a "spiritualist" and her séances. Margaret Wycherly scores heavily as the star, and the play is one of the best in New York. By author of "Within the Law," Bayard Vellier.

Fulton.—"Pals First." An intensely interesting comedy that is full of laughs, caused mostly by Thomas Wise, who adds to his long list of recent hits. William Courtenay also stars in a becoming rôle. This play should enjoy a long run—it deserves it.

Globe.—"Out There." Laurette Taylor's best since "Peg o' My Heart," but it is a play of characterization rather than of plot and story, of which it has practically none. A preachment on recruiting and interesting to all who like scenes in military hospitals.

Harris.—"Lilac Time." An absorbing, interesting dramatic play of modern French war-time in which Jane Cowl does some excellent dramatic work, supported by a good company. The play has a strong appeal and is no doubt destined for a long run.

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PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"Darkest Russia" (World).—A story of old Russia and Siberia that is quite impossible in new Russia. Alice Brady is the star, and acquits herself becomingly, altho she does not shine as she has in previous efforts. The story is strong and gripping, and the play is decidedly worth while in spite of one or two weak characterizations. H. S. N.

"Max Wants a Divorce" (Essanay).—This was written, directed and starred in by the versatile Max Linder. It has a good, original plot, is luxuriously staged and enacted by good-looking principals. Above the ordinary run of comedies, but cannot compare with "The Cure." H. S. N.

"Mutiny" (Bluebird).—In the days of old, when men were bold and fathers cruel and lovers kept apart, this tale was told. The thrilling dash of the sea flavors this slightly old-fashioned film, whose capable stars are Myrtle Gonzalez, Val Paul and George Hernandez. C. F. H.

"Locked Out" (Metro).—Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in another easy-going, domestic-jar comedy.

"The Promise" (Yorke-Metro).—This picture is distinguished for a splendid use of contrast. While the girl luxuriates at Palm Beach, her lover toils in a snow-bound lumber camp. Their youthful fads, follies and love form a clean, human story. The out-of-door scenes are especially interesting, and there is a train-wreck worthy of mention. The unusually large cast is splendid thruout. Paul Willis, an excellent boy actor, almost snatches the laurels of stardom from Harold Lockwood and May Allison. H. S. N.

"The Cost of Hatred" (Lasky).—"Revenge is mine, saith the Lord." But an arrogant man attempts to play the master and exact payment for his wrongs from the son of the man who stole his wife. A most dramatic play, which from start to finish grips one with its vital action, forceful logic, extraordinary settings and strong acting. Kathlyn Williams, J. W. Johnston, Theodore Roberts and Tom Forman constitute an unsurpassable cast. H. S. N.

"His Military Figure" (Klever Komedies).—Nice, plump Victor Moore struggles to get a slender figure in order to win a fiancée and affords much amusement for the spectators of this original comedy. P. A. K.

"The Square-Deal Man" (Triangle-Kay-Bee).—William S. Hart in a typical Western play by W. G. Hawkes. He is ably assisted by an adorable baby girl, who wins every heart in the audience. H. S. N.

"Friends in San Rosario" (Broadway Star Feature Co.).—The first O. Henry story put into films. It loses some of its charm in picturization mainly, I am afraid, because of the unappealing cast. P. A. K.

"Dubs and Dry Goods" (Vitagraph).—Very similar to a Chaplin comedy of the past. Critically settled by one word from the audience, "Truck." H. S. N.

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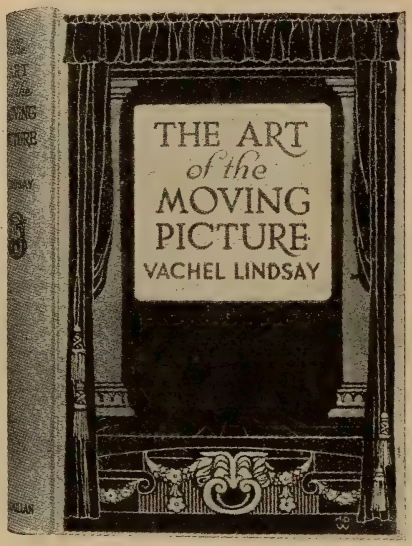
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PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"Christus" (Historic Features).—Produced by Cines, the producers of "Quo Vadis?" this super-feature is the only truthful photo depiction of the life of Christ since the "From the Manger to the Cross." Much of the picture was photographed in the Holy Land, and thruout it shows an intelligent—and at times soulful—grasp of man's one great and ideal Life—the Saviour's. Like all Italian photography, the lights and tones are clear, soft and beautiful. The characters are reverently handled and the tableaux are sometimes magnificent (posed from the canvases of great masters of painting, Correggio, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, Donatello, etc.). E. M. L.

"Even As You and I" (Universal).—A photo-allegory. Because it was so perfect it will be easy to forget the details of the splendid interpretation of Ben Wilson as the artist, Carrillo, and Mignon Anderson as his gentle wife, Selma. The crumbling of "Youth" at the powerfully convincing touch of Saturniska (Harry Carter) after "Honor" and "Love" have been bartered away leaves an impression that will last as long as memory itself. Maud George, as Cleo, Satan's emissary, is a tempting siren. Lois Weber's presentations are always artistic. This one is transcendently so. N. D. G.

"The Easiest Way" (Selznick).—Another link in Clara Kimball Young's cycle of erring women. Adapted from the famous stage-play of Eugene Walter, the photodrama loses little of its force, altho some of the crucial situations lack the sledge-hammer blows of Walter's lines. Miss Young cannot be excelled in the portrayal of "experienced love," and her support was excellent. E. M. L.

"The Lincoln Cycle" (Charter Features Corporation).—A splendid educational film, divided into three parts, "My Mother" (The Spirit Man), "My Father" (The Physical Man), "Myself" (The Lincoln Man), in which Benjamin Chapin plays both Tom Lincoln, the father, and President Lincoln. An important contribution to the human documents that feature the martyred President and a most interesting and excellently done film. F. R. L.

"Her Greatest Love" (Fox).—A Russia-Siberia story featuring Theda Bara and Harry Hilliard, principally the former. While the story is ancient, it is fairly well done and is therefore entertaining, but it is hardly up to the Bara standard. Imagine a thirty-year-old face in a twelve-year-old dress, and you will get some idea of how Theda looks in a Mary Pickford or Marguerite Clark part. But as she grew in years she improved in appearance, and she made a fairly attractive "good woman," but not so attractive as when she plays the bad woman. C. R. M.

"Flatheads and Flivvers" (Vitagraph).—Two cleverly driven Fords furnish the chief fun in this quick-moving farce. H. S. N.

PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"Apartment 29" (Vitagraph).—Here is our one and only Earle Williams as a difficult-to-please dramatic critic whose author-friend arranges a melodramatic setting to prove that his play could happen in real life. Ethel Grey Terry is charming opposite Mr. Williams. P. A. K.

"Man's Woman" (World).—A strongly motivated plot dealing with the trouble a man's relations can cause between young married people. Remarkably true to life and exceptionally well directed. Ethel Clayton is the star, assisted by Rockcliffe Fellows and Johnny Hines. C. F. H.

"A Finished Product" (Triangle Comedy).—A great deal of effort wasted in a vain attempt to induce a few laughs.

"Our Fighting Forces" (Pathé).—An assembled exhibition of our fighting units. Particularly worth while as an educational feature at this time.

"Sally In a Hurry" (Vitagraph).—Variety is the spice of life. No play can stand too much of any one thing. The main action in "Sally In a Hurry" is eating, setting tables, clearing them, sitting down to a different type table, then eating again. Lillian Walker, Donald Cameron and Eulalie Jensen must have hated the sight of food by the time this film was finished. Nevertheless, it is a pleasant entertainment, with two or three moments of sparkling comedy. H. S. N.

"The Law of Compensation" (Selznick).—I cannot honestly say that I consider this play worthy of the talents of Norma Talmadge. It hinges on the old plot of the terrors that come to a woman who forsakes her home and child for another man. On the other hand, as a preachment it is decidedly worth while and a veritable bit of human life. The first reel sadly needs cutting. The boarding-school episodes seem unnecessary and too long-drawn-out and tire one before the vital action of the drama begins. Chester Barnett lends attractive support. H. S. N.

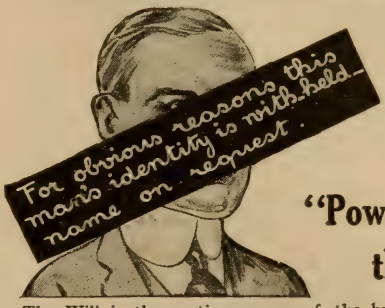
"The Marionettes" (Broadway Star Feature Co.).—Another O. Henry story and a decided improvement in production, direction, etc. J. Frank Glendon gives an excellent interpretation of the doctor-crook-righter of a wrong. He is ably supported by Mildred Manning and Frank Crayne. C. F. H.

"Happiness" (Triangle).—"And a little child shall lead them." Dolly Temple (little Thelma Salter) is the leading-lady in this perfectly delightful play. There isn't a dull moment from the time you are introduced to "Nick" Smith (Andrew Arbuckle), the wealthy uncle of Doris Wingate (Enid Bennett), her austere Aunt Priscilla (Adele Belgarde), and the man, Robert Hollister (Charles Gunn), who earns his way thru college and straight to the heart of the right one, until the one hour of complete happiness is reeled off. N. D. G.

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PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"The Family Honor" (World).—Robert Warwick, June Elvidge and Gerda Holmes in a play of little originality of plot but well directed and attractively screened. H. S. N.

"A Berth Scandal" (Triangle Comedy).—Lillian Biron, a pretty little blonde, and Jack Dillon in a snappy farce on the order of "Excuse Me." C. F. H.

"The Cure" (Mutual).—Wherein Charlie Chaplin proves himself a great comedian. There is little slapstick comedy used in this burlesque on sanatorium life. Chaplin's inimitable expressions and postures are so spontaneous that one cannot for a moment think of his work as preconceived effort. It is interesting to note that of each of Mr. Chaplin's latest comedies one feels like saying "the best yet." H. S. N.

"The Secret of Eve" (Metro).—The not unusual story of a Quaker girl who longed for the beauties and excitement of the world, only to discover how hollow they are and that true happiness comes with service. It is a mistake to cast Olga Petrova as young innocence. Her face and figure spell sophistication whether dressed in Quaker garb or otherwise. She is essentially a beautiful woman of the world and not an ingénue. William Hinckley is charming as the young idealist. P. A. K.

"The Deemster" (Arrow Film Company).—Photoplay from the novel of the same name by Hall Caine. The author's son, Derwent Hall Caine, appears in the leading rôle, supported by an all-star cast. The story is faithfully done, and the photoplay should prove as popular as the book itself. Those who like Hall Caine's works should not fail to see this film. An absorbing drama, interesting to the end. F. G. B.

"Within the Law" (Vitagraph).—Whether the credit lies with Vitagraph—its director, W. P. S. Earle; its cast or its screen adapter—"Within the Law" is as big and vital a play on the screen as it was on the stage. The big, human, resourceful, compelling life-story is there, and the players could not make nor mar it. Credit should be given, however, to director and cast for their interpretation—it was truthfully and artistically done. Alice Joyce is sincere, womanly, untheatrical and rises to the big scenes; the same can be said of Harry Morey, thruout the eight reels. The characterizations of Eugene O'Rourke as Inspector Burke, Bernard Randall as English Eddie and Adele DeGarde as Aggie Lynch were the most finished in a supporting cast that was convincing thruout. One of the strongest in a season of strong photodramas. E. M. L.

"The Girl at Home" (Lasky-Paramount).—The home-girl, Jean Hilton (Vivian Martin), and the boy's widowed mother, Mary Dexter (Edythe Chapman), reap the reward of their devoted, self-sacrificing efforts to convert a weakling into a man. The boy, Jimmie Dexter (Jack Pickford), is finally

PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

extricated from the difficulties into which association with a fast set of college pals, a cabaret singer and a raised check involved him. The prodigal's return, thru the dreary, sodden snow, to the cheery fireside of the old home, where all is forgiven and then forgotten in the good cheer of a real tho belated Thanksgiving Day dinner, is the welcome climax to a sympathetic story forcibly told in the very well-acted scenes of this appealing photodrama. N. D. G.

"The Sixteenth Wife?" (Vitagraph).—Here is something deliciously new for jaded screenites—a comedy played in the dramatic tempo. The plot, the situations, the action have all the tense elements of drama and are played as such, but the clever and sparkling comedy leaders warn the audience not to take the concurrent action seriously. The effect is surprisingly satisfactory. We see a clever and gripping plot unfolded and smile with its author at the perplexities of the performers, who are apparently taking their tale all too seriously. Marc MacDermott presents, both in make-up and acting, a convincing "Terrible Turk," and Peggy Hyland is in her real element as a butterfly dancer, who is almost caught in the spider's web—his harem. Her toe-dancing does credit to a *première danseuse.* E. M. L.

"The Silent Partner" (Lasky).—Every time the old, theatric, "manufactured" plot crops up we want to rap it on the head soundly. Here is one. The partner who tries to ruin his unsuspecting partner, as well as win his wife; the come-to-the-rescue stenographer in love with the persecuted partner; the faithless wife (and oh! how screamingly faithless!) who marries for money and then (most consistently?) tries to ruin her husband; the garbled stock-market scenes, in which "The Silent Partner" (said stenographer) becomes a Napoleon of finance with her $10,000 savings—all these ghosts, and many more, of arbitrary and manufactured plot confront us in Blanche Sweet's latest vehicle—it is no star-chariot, rather the original "One-Horse Shay." It's a pity, for Miss Sweet is a real actress. E. M. L.

"The Primrose Ring" (Lasky).—A photo-drama with a message. Imagine a doctor so devoted to science that the helpless children in his "incurable ward" are no longer subjects of tolerance, and imagine a girl, most miraculously cured, who dedicates her life to the condemned children. The little nurse believes in fairies and eases the pain of her wards with her vivid imagination, but she is discharged, and the "incurable ward" is broken up by the heartless young doctor. Then comes his awakening, thru his discovered heart and—— Why tell the romance? It speaks for itself in a story that hums with sweetness, pathos, daintiness and charm. Mae Murray, as the little nurse, makes Mary Pickford look to her laurels, in a typical Pickford rôle. E. M. L.



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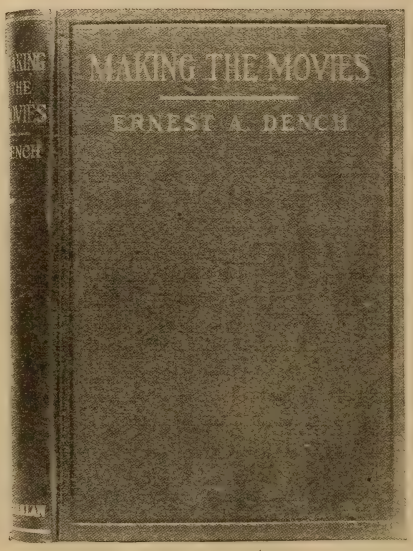
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Chaplin's screen-face is a blank of stupidity, never altered except for a fleeting smile or a twitch of his mustache; Linder has a face as changeable as a kaleidoscope—the face of a thousand expressions, as a press-agent might say.

When it comes to versatility, Chaplin has the advantage of having been seen in a great many capacities, but Linder, in his first American Essanay picture, "Max Comes Across," does some remarkable things, and gives promise of an ample fund of surprises in store for movie fans.

You laugh when Chaplin falls down; but you will also laugh when you see Linder's face with its varied expressions.

Whether Linder can take away any of Chaplin's laurels remains to be seen.

IVAN L. GADDIS.

BOOK REVIEWS

"Laugh and Live," by Douglas Fairbanks. Published by Britton Pub. Co., N. Y. Cloth bound, 190 pages. Illustrated with eighteen half-tones, price $1 net—in leather, $2; ooze, $2.50. An interesting, breezy essay on the value of laughter that is calculated to make everybody happy.

"Fire Prevention and Protection." By A. G. Hutson, G.E. Published by the Spectator Co., Chicago, and 135 William St., N. Y. A compilation of insurance regulations covering modern restrictions on hazards, and suggesting improvements in building construction and fire prevention and extinguishment. Particularly valuable divisions on Cellulose and other explosives used in film manufacturing and exhibition. Bound in limp red cloth, 778 pages. Price, $4.25.

COMPOUND INTEREST FOR PUZZLERS

THE pair of puzzles—"Hidden Motion Picture Artists" and "Beheading Favorite Players"—published in the April Magazine, proved to be a fitting climax for last winter's puzzle campaign. Several thousand readers stayed indoors on off nights to grapple with solutions. Thousands of readers got some of the answers right, hundreds got over half-right; but it remains for Mrs. Anne C. Plath, 3304 Karnes Boulevard, Kansas City, Mo., to be crowned "Queen of the Puzzlers." Mrs. Plath submitted entirely correct answers, and is herewith awarded the first prize of $5.00. Catherine S. Austin, 3645 Blaisdell Ave., Minneapolis, Minn., did almost as well, and wins the second prize of $2.00, while Vera Hassert, 314 Kensington Ave., Westmount, Montreal, Can., wins third prize and a year's subscription to either the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE or MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC.

Many artistic solutions were received, and those deserving of honorable mention were submitted, in the following order of merit, by Emma Eloise Quest, 1010 Second St., Louisville, Ky.; Helen Hopkins, 812 N. Market St., Wichita, Kan.; Catherine H. Enwright, 1 Lake St., Amesburg, Mass.; Marie Brown, 340 N. Pauline St., Memphis, Tenn., and Mrs. R. E. Adams, Malvern, Ark.

These correct answers follow:

HIDDEN MOTION PICTURE ARTISTS

Marguerite Snow, Beverly Bayne, Alice Joyce (or Ernest Joy), Jane Lee, Fannie Ward (or Sidney Drew), Kate Price (or John Cook), Anita King, Neal Burns, Vivian Rich (or Fred Church), Francis Ford (or Victoria Forde), Louise Vale, Mary Fuller, Edith Storey, Walter Long, Edna Payne.

BEHEADING FAVORITE PLAYERS

Marguerite Clark, Frankie Mann, Ella Hall, Louise Vale, Kate Price, Marguerite Snow, Blanche Burns, Wm. S. Hart.

In "The Sunbeam" there's a scene where Prue (Mabel Taliaferro) sees a vision of her lover (Raymond McKee) in prison. In this scene Prue wears a striped frock.

"Well," mused the perennial wag in the audience, "*he* may be behind the bars, but it's *her* that's wearing stripes."



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Motion Picture Magazine

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IN THE CRYSTAL

Verse and Design by W. S. CRAWFORD

Oft, in my youth-impassioned days,
When I would a Seeress be,
I, kneeling, gazed in the Crystal Globe,
The Far-away to see.

Dim visions there, with meaning vague,
Would anon in the Crystal rise,
Yet these might have been my fancy's flights
That took form to my wond'ring eyes.

But I've now forsaken the Crystal Ball—
The Magic Screen holds sway,
And in darkened halls I sit and gaze
At the scenes in the Far-away.

But the Pictured Plays and the foreign lands
Are the least of the things I've seen;
For a "First Aid" nurse I've learnt to be—
I was taught from the picture-screen

At home, in my little garden plot,
Quite startling things you'll see,
For farming is one of the useful arts
That the picture-screen taught me.

I've been shown how to make the best of life,
Should I travel its path alone,
Since the pitfalls along the path of Youth
The movies to me have shown.

They've preached me sermons, taught me arts,
And of crafts they've shown me all;
Therefore, no more do I kneel and gaze,
Enrapt, in the Crystal Ball.



The Gish Sisters



After having "biographed" and "triangled" together for several seasons the inseparable Gish Sisters are about to part company-Lillian remains with the Triangle Company and Dorothy becomes a Selznick attraction.



Actor, author, student and director, with a long schooling under the "over-heads," Crane Wilbur faces the camera to-day, knowing every trick of the fickle lens.



No two careers are more amazing than those of the Talmadge Sisters—Norma rose from the ranks to stardom in three years; Constance soared to the stellar kingdom in less than two.



Arline Pretty, best known as Charles Richman's "screen bride," is "divorcing" him in favor of the strenuous Douglas Fairbanks and his new studio.



Another ltttle ingénue has made her début "under the guns" of William S. Hart. Nigne Byron is as chic and pretty as her name and she uncovered her first screen blush in support of Hart in "Truthful Tolliver."



Selected solely for her beauty Alice Joyce was supposed only "to look pretty" three years ago—now she is playing emotional leads for Vitagraph with an art that has dumfounded her critics.



Playing leading man to Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country" made Harold Lockwood famous overnight; since then he has become the dominant star and helps to introduce his leading women to fame and fortune.



From Philadelphia to Fort Lee is the arc-light span of Ethel Clayton. Lubin discovered her and named her a star but Brady made her a world-star.

"He, She, Or It"

By Pearl Gaddis

When the Pretty Ladies of the Screen Don Breeches and the Men Don Skirts



PEGGY PEARCE

FANNIE WARD

In these days of suffragets and long-haired poets, bifurcated skirts, and lisping laddies, it's hard to know who's who and what's what. It's getting to be quite the rage—this exchange of

identities. One never knows, when admiring a particularly beautiful woman on the stage, whether "she's" going to doff her wig, with a boisterous laugh, and stand forth as a man. It's terrible! Why, one night, when an exquisite little dancer fluttered across the stage and executed the charmingly, graceful "danse excentrique" of the season with the charms of a certain young woman with a face like the Madonna's, and an expression like the Mona Lisa's (I had come in in the middle of the picture), I was much chagrined to discover, at the dénouement of the play, that my "lovely lady" had been, in reality, George Larkin—muscular, distinctly masculine, a former circus acrobat, and a "stunter" in Motion Pictures for five years.



MARY PICKFORD

BESSIE BARRISCALE





ORA CAREW



ANNA LITTLE

—but that's another story, as Mr. Kipling would say.

However, having been much smitten

That reminded me of seeing a very nice-looking young "Jackie" in a recent naval picture. He was quite the nicest young chap you ever saw—small, and rather cherubic, but with an expression that made mothers yearn towards him, and started quite a feminine flutter when he smiled. And "he" turned out to be Margarita Fischer, in "Miss Jackie



PAULINE FREDERICK

khaki trousers, and high-laced boots of a rough miner, in "The World's Great Snare." And just as Miss Frederick is one of the most beautiful of screen-women, she was one of the best "men." Her impersonation was more convincing than any other seen that season. Grace Cunard is



MARGUERITE CLARK

of the Navy." Clad in spotless white uniform, with the white cap of a "Jackie" clinging to her soft, curly black hair, she made an irresistible boy. And with her face grimed with shoe-blacking and machine-oil, barefoot, and clad in the blue "everyday" uniform, she was a most pathetic youth whom one felt impelled to comfort.

Pauline Frederick, lithe and graceful, thought nothing of sinking her delightful femininity in the rough gray flannel shirt, the



ENID MARKEY

another stunning young woman who thinks nothing of disguising herself as a man, and riding far to do deeds of might and valor. In "The Broken Coin" and in a series of "king-and-queen" plays that followed it, she wore the uniform of a young lieutenant just as often as she wore skirts. She was quite a stunning "young lieutenant," one might mention.



BABE

This large, frightened, quaking person is not "Aunt Ruth," a dear, kindly old soul, the studio mother, who shoulders the burden of confidence of the younger players about the studio, between scenes. She has not been famous for a quarter of a century for her splendid portrayal of mother, aunt, and grandmother rôles. Indeed she has not! "She" is Babe, otherwise Norwell Hardy, the "Plump" of the team of "Plump and Runt" comedians who disport themselves under the Vim banner.

Helen Holmes likes to play railroad dramas, because Helen's father was for a number of years division superintendent of one of the biggest railroads in America, with offices in Chicago. And Helen was born in her father's private car, somewhere between Chicago and Salt Lake. Everybody was so excited at the advent of the embryo star that they didn't take note of the exact location. She grew up in the railroad yards, almost, and now she likes to don overalls (the 75-cent-a-pair kind), clamber aboard the "tame" engine which is maintained by Signal, and run it up and down its own track. Thus she gains inspiration for "The Hazards of Helen," "The Girl and the Game," and so on *ad infinitum*. This slim, seductively



LEE MORAN



GEORGE A. LARKIN



MARGARITA FISCHER

IRENE BOYLE

rounded young woman, with the luring lips and the "come-hither" eyes, looks a most dangerous person. No doubt she would be under ordinary circumstances. It's a matter of pride not to notice the existence of "these wicked vampire creatures"—and this is, most patently, one of that type. Of course, women will instantly criticise her dress; men wont notice anything but that her eyes are big and dark—and soulful—that her hair is blond and curly, and that her throat is slim and shapely. Well, I hate to spoil an illusion—provided you have come this far with such a thing! which I doubt—but, as a matter of fact, truth will out. In this case, the truth is that the seductive young villainess draws "her" mail at the Universal studio and that it is usually directed to "Mr. Lee Moran."

Irene Boyle makes a most delectable young soldier—for all that Robert Ellis, the gentleman with the gun, doesn't seem to agree. You see, Robert has a perfect right to object to Irene's donning the deceiving garments, because, you see, just about two and a half, or maybe it was three years ago, Robert asked for this right, and Irene, looking blissfully lovely in white satin and orange blossoms, blushed beautifully and said "I will" or "I do," or whatever it is that girls in such cir-

cumstances say to good-looking young gentlemen who measure the regulation six-foot-two in the regulation stocking-feet. So if Robert wants to gasp like a fish at his enormously pretty wife in her decidedly becoming outfit, he may. But the law says that he may not strike her with the gun, no matter what the provocation—which is perhaps the reason Irene is waiting, with threatening brows and a hand which, unfortunately, the photographer cut off. Otherwise she might use it to slap her husband. "Such things really happen," tho not, be it known, in the Boyle-Ellis household, which is a peaceful and happy one, the accompanying evidence—Exhibit A—notwithstanding.



MAE MARSH



BESSIE LOVE

VALENTINE GRANT

Pants are becoming to all girls—but all pants are not becoming to all girls. But there's Mary Pickford!

Every night about a million people say "Hello!" to her over the footlights. She is the "golden beauty," the "sweetest girl in the world," the "best-loved girl on the screen"—all "them things"—but in pants she is adorable.

Can we ever forget her dainty loveliness as "Mistress Nell" in a blue satin cavalier suit, sword at side and her wonderful fair hair cascading over her lace collar?

And in "Poor Little Peppina," as the young girl who flees from an unwelcome suitor in the guise of an Italian boy, she made a picture that will live long in our hearts. When little Peppina, aided by her brother, prepares to leave her native land, she steals behind a hedge and dons a shabby velveteen blouse and jacket. About her small ears and pure forehead crisp the bright masses of her hair—golden and amber and burnt orange. As her brother sees her he starts forward and his hands



HELEN HOLMES

fall on the misty curls—he takes his case knife from his belt and falls to work shearing the girl's head, the long light curls falling from his fingers one by one.

As he places a cap on her head and she seems to face the audience, their dismay is audible. "How could he do it? Little Mary's curls are gone! How can we ever get used to it?" But thru the remainder of the play they became "used to it,"



PAULINE FREDERICK

following the little Italian lad thru the various vicissitudes of life in a new, strange city, to the play's happy ending.

But they did not forget. Hundreds of letters came, asking: "Is it really true? Are little Mary's curls really gone?" To which queries we truthfully replied: "Wonderful and incredible as it may seem, it was only a trick of the camera. Little Mary still wears her curls—and they are just as golden, sunshiny and girlish as ever."

There remains one remarkable change of sex—Edith Storey in "The Florida Enchantment." She not only changed her sex before her audience, but was compelled to be a man in girl's clothes—a most difficult bit of acting.

Flickerville's Big An

The call to arms (and to tootsies) has sounded! A star without a fetching
page assemblage of water-nymphs called upon the witchcraft of our



ANITA STEWART

JUNE CAPRICE

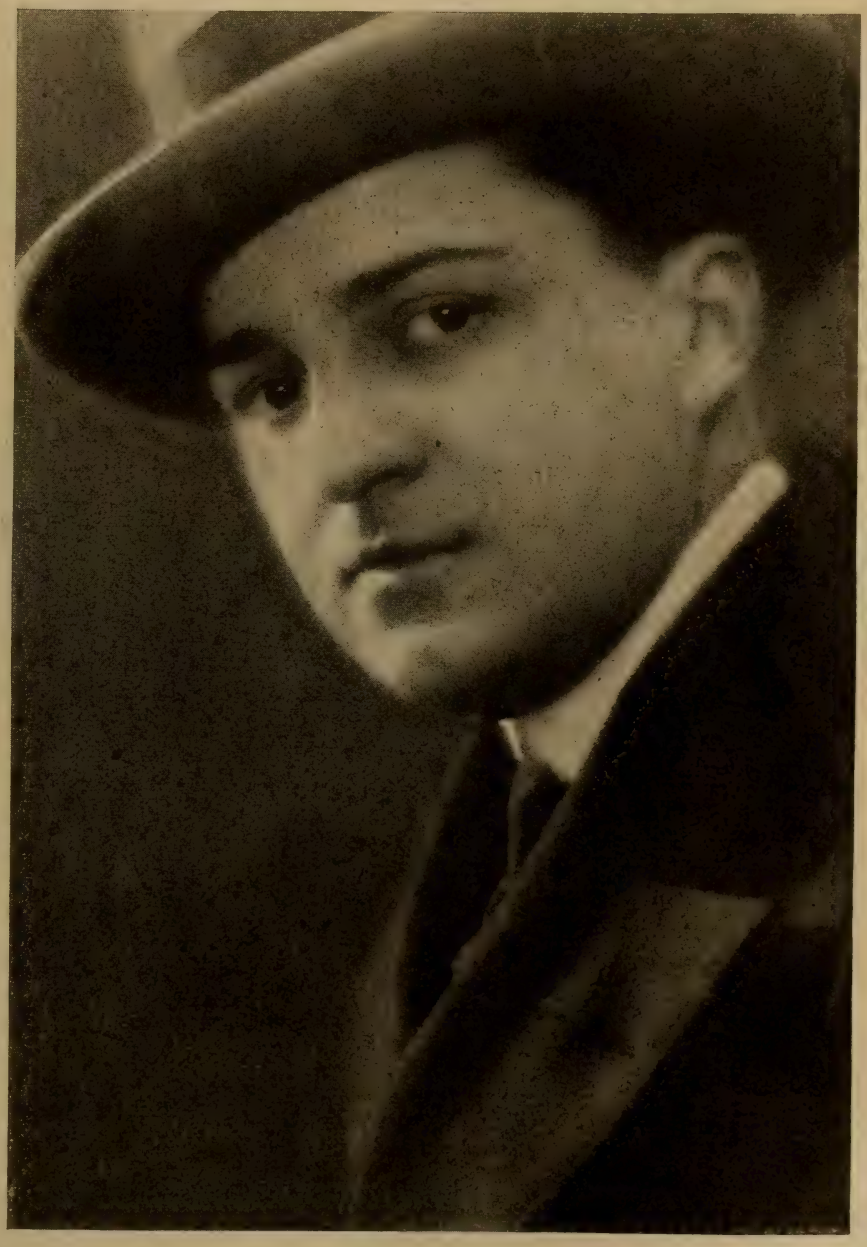
BEBE DANIELS



RUTH STONEHOUSE
MARGARITA FISCHER
WM. S. HART
MINA CUNARD
OLLIE KIRKBY



MARY FULLER (Lasky)



BRYANT WASHBURN
(Essanay)

Photo by Lewis-Smith

Any Day in a Movie Studio

The Hurly-burly and Topsy-turvy of Running Ten Stages All on One Floor



The three-ringed circus going full blast is as tame as a "property" lion compared with the turmoil of a studio in full cry. It's one of the reasons why directors and actors get "nerves" and "temperament." The world of make-believe is ten times more crammed with hard knocks and stormy scenes than the good old work-a-day planet.

Nicholas Dunaew

Of the Many Arts

By
NINA DOROTHY GREGORY



THERE is a transition that is almost indescribable from the tiers of human hives of "Little Old" New York, with its layer on layer of minutely subdivided and numbered apartments where myriads of tenants are pigeonholed, to the free, open air, the sunshine and flowers so profusely showered upon the individual bungalow-homes of the mighty host of artists, musicians, authors and players who find their way to the well-known Mecca of the liberal arts at Los Angeles.

Many an interesting interview I have had in this artists' colony—and none stands out more vividly in my mind than the fascinating hour I spent the other day with Nicholas Dunaew, a member of the Universal Company. Full of enthusiasm and filled with the ambition of the successful artist, he seemed to fairly radiate the joy that springs from youth

Photos by Lumière

and rewarded endeavor. Of a distinct Russian type, with the high brow and deep-set eyes and strong features which we have come to expect in the Russian artists, it was no surprise to learn that Dunaew was born in Moscow and educated in the University of St. Petersburg, where he received a literary degree. After that, Dunaew studied law for two years, and he became interested in dramatic work, making a great many friends in the dramatic profession.

Finally he gave up the legal profession, and in January, 1904, when he was twenty years old, he accepted his first theatrical engagement, with Bilief, to appear in Schiller's great drama, "The Robbers." He attained an immediate success, after which he organized a company of his own and toured continental Europe. During this tour he played the leads in Russian, of Ibsen's "Ghosts," of Tolstoy's "Power of Darkness" and "Trilby." He also staged several



Photo by Central

Photo by Lumière



of his own plays which became noted successes, among these being "The Spider," "The Vampire," "The Terrible God" and "The Two Nationalities." It was after the end of this tour that Dunaew came to America and appeared in New York at Daly's Theater, and at Adler's Theater, on the East Side, in Russian drama by Tolstoy, Gorky and Ibsen.

When I asked Dunaew how he became interested in Moving Pictures, he smiled and said: "Just Fate." He explained that Blanche Walsh required a man who knew Russian topography and conditions to give necessary local color to the screening of "Resurrection," and she selected Dunaew as the man best fitted for the work. After his engagement with Miss Walsh, he signed a contract with the Vitagraph Company, becoming a stock member. Having become thoroly acquainted with the screen story, Dunaew has taken up scenario writing in addition to acting before the screen.

Photo by Central

He has received permission from Mme. Tolstoy to put into scenario form the dramatic work of her late husband, and he has completed for the screen two of Tolstoy's most powerful works, "War and Peace" and "The Power of Darkness."

Among the more important pictures in which Dunaew has appeared since joining the Vitagraph Company are "My Official Wife," "The Call of the Past" and the "Win(k)some Widow." His characterizations range from light comedy to the heaviest of tragic rôles. He subsequently appeared under Universal management in two Bluebird productions, "The Pulse of Life," in which he played the part of Domonico, brother of the heroine, and as Feodal Strogoff, a Russian author, suitor to the hand of Princess Dione in "The Reward of the Faithless."

Besides all this work, Nicholas Dunaew has found time to contribute most charming sketches to our magazines and newspapers. When Drummond wrote "The Greatest Thing in the World"—love, he struck a chord to which every fiber of this strangely sensitive being vibrates. He seems to live only in the tensely keyed emotions he so clearly expresses. His face was radiant—I had almost said glorified—as he exclaimed: "Ah! it is we of the world of art and letters who know the real brother-love. Read," and he handed me this, one of the many productions of his prolific pen:

THE POWER OF LOVE

There's a flower that blooms in the lowliest breast,
It sends out its perfume afar;
It rises thru space to the high mountain crest,
It illumes the earth like a star.

It pierces the gloomiest caverns of night,
It rides on the billowy wave;
Its radiance rivals the sun's golden light,
It follows us down to the grave.

Then nurture it gently and guard it with care,
For it leads to the portals above;
It transforms the whole world into visions more fair,
This sweet little blossom called love.

Here you have his creed, the inspiration of his genius.

When I asked him the old question: "What do you think of America?" there was a sweetly yearning pathos in his voice as he replied: "I have been all over the world—around it three times, and I want to live in the United States."

When a man has been able, before his thirty-third year, to accomplish all this, winning laurels in many strange lands, in a foreign language, one can readily see that his name must loom large in the future.

There is certainly room in the profession in the United States, and a warm welcome in the "land of the free" for the sincere talent of an artist like Nicholas Dunaew.



Movie Morals

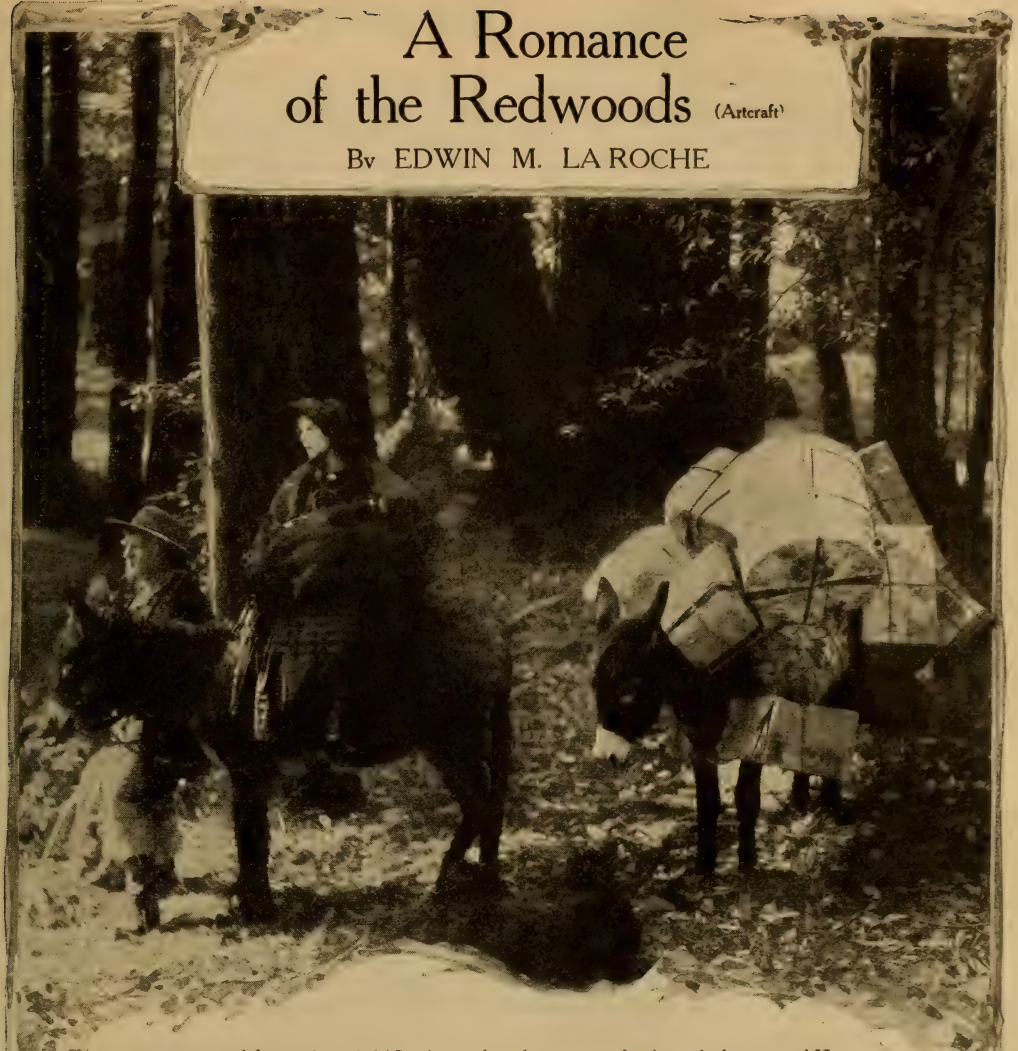
By WALTER JONES WILLSON

When Daddy sighed in former days
To go and see a lively show,
Mother, who knew his little ways,
Kindly, but firmly, told him "No!"

But, now that movies are the vogue,
Mother silences her strictures.
Because, altho he's still a rogue,
Daddy cannot flirt with pictures!

A Romance of the Redwoods (Arteraft)

By EDWIN M. LA ROCHE



THE gold rush of '49 tipped the world on end and spilled its four corners into the primal streams and forests of California. By wagon-train across the desert; by steam-packet and sailing-vessel, the fit and unfit, the brawn and brain, the concentrate and the scum of the globe poured over the divides or thru the Golden Gate, and spread out along the gold-bearing creeks beyond.

It was a man's world. Man reduced to the elemental—greedy, unloving, hard-fisted and wolf-cruel.

Towns were flung up overnight where crime and riot ran hand to hand; mountain-trails were rutted deep with the feverish tread of hoofs and wheels; crystal streams were trodden and sucked bare with sluices, riffle-boxes, and the ceaseless gouging of shovels.

Yet, above all this moil and turmoil—the pick, the bottle, and the grave—the majestic redwood forests stood supreme, untouched—a barrier that seemed to screen man's frailties from the eyes of God.

Perhaps little Jenny Lawrence did not realize all this when she set forth from her prim New Hampshire village to find her only living blood-relative, her mother's brother, John Lawrence. Uncle John had caught the gold-fever like so many others, had forged his blacksmith tools into miners' implements, and had set his face to the West just a month before her mother had died.

Then came the gathering of minister

and neighbors around the marble-topped table in the darkened parlor, and the rendering of prayers for the departed. As for the child, her future was devoutly prayed for, too, but left for her own little hands to shape.

She chose to follow Uncle John to the unknown West, and to take up her abode in his miner's shack. How to find him in the midst of vast primal places and an army of invaders did not concern her. She did not know the West, and not knowing was not bewildered.

On a certain blithe May day it was a strange sight that greeted the towering shafts of redwood-trees as a little cavalcade wound its way among them. Jenny-in-search-of-an-uncle, seated on a burro, with her gear piled high on a pack-mule, was making the last stage of her interminable journey.

In Sacramento, a Mexican had informed her that he "knowed el Señor Juan Loorens ver' mooch," and that he lived in the mining town of Strawberry Flats. Jenny forthwith engaged the Mexican for her guide, and paid out to him almost the last penny of her little hoard.

The procession of two wound its way along dry creek-beds, over steep divides, and stumbled, hot and dust-grimed, into Strawberry Flats. If a circus had suddenly appeared and paraded down its one and only street, a greater excitement could not have been aroused. At little Jenny's advent the industries and dissipations of Strawberry Flats came to a sudden standstill. Storekeepers and clerks deserted their counters; Sam Sparks' saloon went dry, and even the faro-bank suspended payment.

The strange little cavalcade came to a halt, and Jenny looked forlornly around for any signs of Uncle John. Nowhere in that double line of curious faces were there any features that housed the kindly smile of the missing uncle.

It isn't good etiquet in the West to address a lady first, but Jim Lyn caught the helpless look in Jenny's eyes, and stepped up to the burro's side.

"I reckon you done be lookin' for some un, miss?"

"Yes," she said relievedly—"John Lawrence."

Jim Lyn's eyebrows raised in a startled query, but he answered calmly enough that he would be pleased to show the lady out to John Lawrence's cabin. So the little procession started up again, and everybody looked blankly at everybody else, and fell to discussing the latest sensation.

As the young miner led Jenny up the hillside he pointed out to her John Lawrence's slab cabin, a rather dingy affair compared to the miners' shacks spread out along the creek-bed below.

Presently the door opened suddenly, and a man bolted down the hill and was lost in the brush beyond.

"That's Manuel," volunteered Jim Lyn; "he's John Lawrence's hand—'bout the only one of us as keeps a hand."

"What's he running away for?" asked Jenny.

"I reckon," surmised Jim Lyn, "that yore comin' was a bit sudden, and he's run off to notify his boss."

Escort and girl approached the silent cabin. Jim Lyn hesitated a moment, took off his hat awkwardly, and turned back down the hill. So also did the silent Mexican guide, leading his burros.

Jenny did not like the look of the heap of empty tin cans in front of her uncle's cabin. He had been as tidy as his own neat little garden in New Hampshire, and she felt just a bit shocked at his sudden downfall into disorderliness.

Her bird-like peering into the cabin's interior disclosed an even worse condition. Candle-ends, grease, and cigaret-stubs littered the floor in unholy confusion.

Jenny waxed indignant as she looked around for a clean spot to set down her belongings.

"I know I'm not going to get along with that man Manuel," she surmised. "It's something scandalous the way he takes care of Uncle John."

The thrifty little creature set out at once to put things in some kind of order. Empty cans and broken bottles were hustled from their shelves and a dust-cloth vigorously applied.

"I wish Uncle John would stay away long enough," she gasped thru a dust-cloud. "I just wish——"

A tall, slim man, dressed in somber

black, darkened the doorway. Jenny was too busy to pay much attention to him, but he came inside and stood watching her appraisingly.

"I suppose you're looking for Uncle John?" the girl said finally. "I expect him home soon."

The man blew a little cloud of cigaret-smoke ceiling-ward. He spoke very quietly for such an astounding statement.



A TALL, SLIM MAN, DRESSED IN SOMBER BLACK, DARKENED THE DOORWAY

"You haven't got long to wait," he said. "I am your Uncle John."

Jenny dropped the dust-cloth and stood stock-still, her fascinated eyes upon the stranger. A feeling as if a thousand little pins were stabbing her rushed from feet to brain.

"I mean *m-my* Uncle John," she stammered. "John Lawrence from Zanesville."

The meditative cigaret was not the least discouraged. "I reckon," its owner said, "I'm your uncle—John Lawrence from Zanesville."

"But—but——" The words died in her throat. The panic of fear descended upon Jenny, and she ran nimbly toward the door.

The man instantly rose up and blocked her way. Every move he made was calm, pantherine, without apparent effort.

"Sit down," he said. "I wont hurt you. I've got a story to tell you."

The prim little housekeeper crouched back deep in a chair and stared at this masterful, utterly different John Lawrence. Then suddenly a new horror confronted her. There was something real about this horrible day-dream, after all. Her frightened eyes drank in the heavy watch-chain that dangled from the man's pocket. It had the distinctly odd, heavy links and amethyst seal of Uncle John's heirloom.

"Uncle John!" Jenny cried. "Oh! you have killed him!"

The man's unreadable eyes did not move from her. "Hear me out first," he said, "then decide. Three months ago I was cheated out of a mining-claim, and put back from the diggings for Sacramento, broke and desperate. I hadn't even a strip of bacon or a crust of bread. That second day out

on the wilderness-trail I could have killed a man—yes, I was ready to. I was nothing but a hunger-crazed wolf.

"Then Providence, in the shape of your uncle, stepped in. I found him sprawled on the trail's edge, quite dead."

The man was decent enough to stop speaking a few minutes until the girl could force back her tears.

"The Paiutes or the greasers," he went on, "had gotten him, but something must have scared the jackals off before they had stripped him. Necessity made me take up the job where they had left off. I appropriated all your uncle's belongings—clothes, jewelry, outfit. When I had buried him decently and had read some of his letters, I set back over the trail again, a new man with another man's name. I became John Lawrence, and set up here in Strawberry Flats."

There was an earnestness, yes, almost a charm in the way the man spoke and looked, but even if his story were true, the sight of him there with peaceful Uncle John's belongings bedecking him made Jenny rise in rebellion.

"I hate you—oh, how I hate you!" she burst out. "You are the thief of an honest man's good name."

"But perhaps it has reformed me," the self-styled John Lawrence defended. "I've made it stand pretty well in this stinking community. And now, with that settled, you can go on with your housekeeping."

"Do you think I would stay here another minute?" she cried.

"It's a case of have to," the man replied, and drew his chair up across the open door.

Quick as a wildcat, Jenny reached within the bosom of her staid dress and drew out a little derringer. She felt that now she was fighting for her life and honor.

With crimsoned cheeks and blazing eyes she aimed the weapon at the man's breast and pulled the trigger. The derringer omitted a slight clicking sound, but no protective bullet. Again she tried—and failed. Womanlike, Jenny had forgotten to load it.

The man had watched the entire operation amusedly. "Here, take this," he advised, drawing a murderous-looking revolver from his belt; "it's sure-enough loaded."

All the fight had been whipped out of rebellious Jenny. She knew that the man thought her nothing but a scratching child, and she flung herself down and let the tears come freely and plentifully.

"It's good to have a cry," said the man, after a while, "and you can take instructions better. It's settled that you are to stay here and be my niece. Manuel and I have been pretty poor housemaids," he added, grinning for the first time, "and you're going to respectablize us a whole lot."

Little Jenny, filled with a thousand terrors, shrank from each word like a whip. The man studied her.

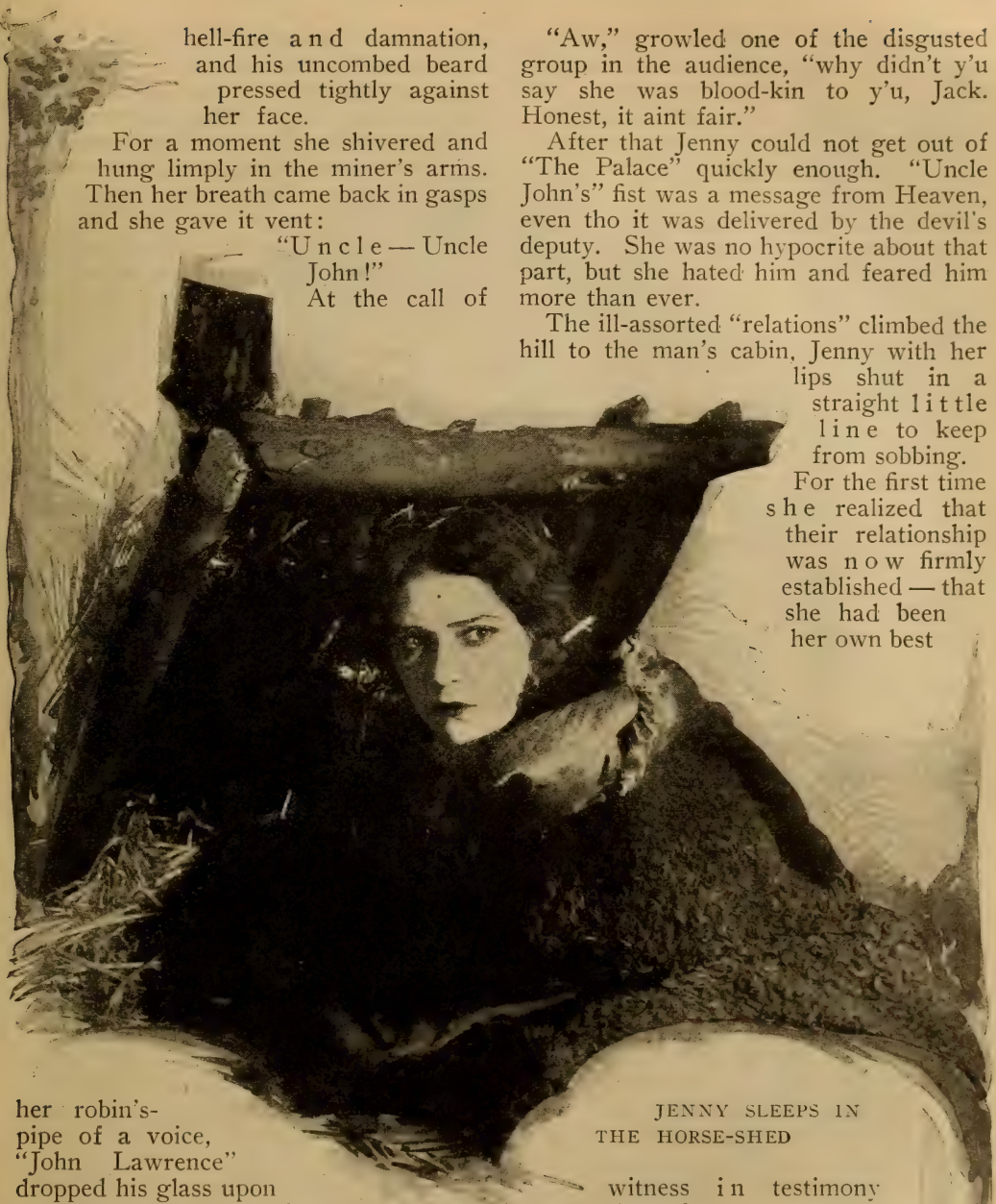
"Maybe you think I'm bad clean thru," he said, "and I'm going to give you a chance to prove it. Get on your bonnet and we'll take a stroll into town."

It was dusk in Strawberry Flats, and the waning sun cloaked some of its naked ugliness. Amusement was never idle in the gold-strike camps, and "The Flats" boasted a dance-hall that was part of its very existence. "Sparks' Palace" never closed its doors. Its long bar-counter, faro-bank and dance-hall were the easy outlets for most of the "dust" gathered by moil and toil from the banks of the creek.

It was there that the man brought Jenny. Brought up in a stiff-backed New England atmosphere, the hoary miners and scarlet-cheeked women were a shocking revelation to the innocent little girl.

"John Lawrence" led her to a table in the dance-hall, and, before she could "get herself together," had stepped out to the bar. Her presence in Sparks' dance-hall was a sure token that she had come to mix in and enjoy herself. The staid cut of Jenny's clothes and her faintly pink cheeks were "rare birds" in Strawberry Flats, but she looked alluring enough to the riotous miners, and one of them said feelingly that he "wuz tired to death of lickin' off layers of paint."

They crowded around the unprotected girl, offered her copious draughts of "red-eye," and one of them seized her in his arms and abandoned himself to the transports of a bear-like hug. The miner's hot breath blanched Jenny's cheek like



JENNY SLEEPS IN THE HORSE-SHED

hell-fire and damnation, and his uncombed beard pressed tightly against her face.

For a moment she shivered and hung limply in the miner's arms. Then her breath came back in gasps and she gave it vent:

"Uncle — Uncle John!"

At the call of her robin's-pipe of a voice, "John Lawrence" dropped his glass upon the floor, executed a series of rapid leaps into the middle of the dance-hall, and swung his fist right smartly upon said miner's lower jaw. The result was instantaneous and sensational: one miner minus several molars lying on the floor, a very much frightened little girl clinging to the coat-lapel of a tall, slim man, and one "uncle" very unconcerned as he blew a smoke-cloud from his incessant cigaret.

"Aw," growled one of the disgusted group in the audience, "why didn't y'u say she was blood-kin to y'u, Jack. Honest, it aint fair."

After that Jenny could not get out of "The Palace" quickly enough. "Uncle John's" fist was a message from Heaven, even tho it was delivered by the devil's deputy. She was no hypocrite about that part, but she hated him and feared him more than ever.

The ill-assorted "relations" climbed the hill to the man's cabin, Jenny with her lips shut in a straight little line to keep from sobbing. For the first time she realized that their relationship was now firmly established — that she had been her own best witness in testimony thereof.

"Uncle John" sat down in his reflective way again, and she felt that he was hatching something bearing upon herself.

"I reckon," he said, after a solemn interval, "that your society début in 'The Flats' wasn't exactly to your liking. I reckon it's time you turned in."

"I wont sleep in this house," she cried, firing up. "I'll go sleepless the rest of my life!"

"That's a pretty tough job, little girl," "Uncle John" suggested; "and if you dont like the house, how would the horse-shed suit you?"

Jenny inclined her head ever so slightly in the affirmative, and the man picked up a buffalo-robe and piloted her out to a very dark and very "coopy" little shed back of the cabin.

She heard the soft pad of his boots as he walked quickly back to his domicile. Jenny drew the protecting buffalo-skin high up over her head as she lay on her pallet of hay.

"I suppose I've got to learn to say it," she communed. "Here goes: 'Uncle John; Uncle John; *de-ear* Uncle John.'" Her golden ringlets bobbed indignantly against the hay. "Nasty, hateful Uncle John—there! But he was nice—just once." And after that the silence of a woman who has had her say reigned in the horse-shed.

With the first peep of the sun thru the slats of Jenny's boudoir, she sprang up and ran toward the cabin. There was so much to do in the way of a grand cleaning-up that her head fairly throbbed to be at it. As she scoured the greasy pans and dug a pint of "tailings" from the coffee-pot she half-wondered why she was doing it all, but, like a sensible little soul, she decided that it was more of a change of face than a change of heart.

When "Uncle John" came out of his cubby-hole of a bedroom he found that his topsy-turvy cabin had been transformed into a thing of beauty—at least so he thought. His so-called niece, with sleeves rolled up to dimpled elbows, was getting up steam in a glistening new coffee-pot.

"I want to thank you, Jenny," he welcomed; "and I'm sorry I cant sit around and give you more hunches on housekeeping."

The man ate a hurried breakfast and set off down the hill. Jenny watched his receding back, a little network of wrinkles gathering on her forehead.

There was much yet to be done, and she knew that the government of the cabin was entirely in her hands. In the first place, from among all the clothes hung on rusty nails, "Uncle John" did not have a decent-looking coat. She guessed, with a little shiver, that the shiny black one he wore was formerly the Sunday-best of her real Uncle John. But the others needed repairs, and she thumbed them over for the needed points of attack.

From the inside pocket of one bedraggled coat Jenny pulled forth a black silk handkerchief. It was of fine quality, almost new, but two jagged, round holes had ruined it. She held it up, wondering how she could mend it, when suddenly the color left her cheeks, and she held the handkerchief across her temples. The cracked mirror across the room told the story. Jenny's china-blue eyes shone thru the holes—the handkerchief was a road-agent's mask.

The little girl's hands dropped into her lap, and she sat quite still for a long while. "Uncle John" was a thief, after all, and the murderer of her uncle. His whole story had been a snare, a trap, and she lived, shamed, and almost charmed, under the roof of a criminal.

She resolved to leave at once, and to throw herself on the "tender" mercies of "The Flats." Night was already coming on as she finished changing her dress and packing her carpet-bag. She closed the cabin door and started down the hill.

Out of the shadows a man, laden with dangling paper boxes, suddenly confronted her. He was walking swiftly, noiselessly, and a smile was upon his lips. It was "Uncle John." At the signs of Jenny's flight his lips hardened.

"I dont mind carrying your bag back," he said, "if you'll take these boxes—they're lighter." And with this casual remark Jenny's fight for freedom ended in flat failure.

She was glad that he did not "hash over" her attempt. It might not have been made, as far as his actions were concerned. He lit the lamp and started to unwrap the boxes. The first contained a bisque French-doll, fully dressed.

Presently the most beautiful dress she had ever seen lay exposed before the eyes of the little girl. She trembled at the sight of so much loveliness.

"Oh!" was all she could say.

"I always believe," he said, watching

her, "in giving a reward after a free-will offering. You were kind to me this morning, so I am returning kind with kind."

"But I cant take it!" she gasped. "It must have cost a terrible lot of money."

"Yes," he admitted.

"Man," she said very earnestly, "I cant take it until I know where it came from. I'm only a little girl, but everything around here looks wicked to me." Her color mounted to a scarlet blaze, and she flung the pent-up questions at him.

"Where is that Mexican man who ran away yesterday? Why do you use my uncle's clothes and name? And" — she pulled the mask from her bosom—"why do you carry this kind of handkerchief?"

"Sit down," he said, after a moment,



THE HANDKERCHIEF WAS A ROAD-AGENT'S MASK

"and dont get overheated. You've got the drop on me—I *am* a road-agent, but I did not ease your uncle into the next world, and I did not steal this dress.

"When I happened upon the remains of Uncle John," he went on, "I was pretty hard pressed by the sheriff—the rest you know."

"But I cant take the doll and dress," Jenny said plaintively, "if you got the money by robbery."

He looked at her quizzically. "Suppose we intern it again," he suggested, "and if I promise you to play straight, will you wear it some day?"

Jenny considered the consequences, and glowed with pride at the chance to assist in his salvation.

"Yes," she nodded, "but you must begin right now."

"Tomorrow," he said, "I'll get me a shovel and pan and work the creek. I'll also tell Manuel he's minus a road-agent pardner."

"Uncle John" was as good as his word. He located a claim, worked it from dawn to dusk for several weeks, and brought home nary a grain of the precious dust.

Jenny could see that he was terribly dejected, altho he never spoke a word against his hard luck.

"I've been so used," he explained, "to appropriating other people's gold, after they had panned it and thought it was theirs, that I reckon I cant get down to first principles."

But money began to run very low in "Uncle John's" exchequer. Jenny was often "put to it" to buy the simple things of their commissary.

One meal a day became their "war ration," and "Uncle John's" legs trembled just a little when he stood up.

Jenny resolved to "do her bit" without consulting him. She knew he never would have consented. Thru the influence of the storekeeper she purchased a new wash-basket "on tick" and a large supply of clothes-line.

When Strawberry Flats heard that John Lawrence's niece was going to take in washing, she was simply swamped with orders from the kindly miners. More "boiled linen" was worn and dirtied on her account than in any mining town in the State.

But it meant killing work for her, out under the trees where she had set up her secret laundry. Jim Lyn had become her first customer, and he made it a daily task to tote out the heavy barrels of water from the spring.

One day the rumor of Jenny's back-breaking labor came down to "Uncle John" at his barren claim on the creek, and he flushed darkly, picking up his tools and making tracks for "the laundry."

Jim Lyn was close to Jenny as "Uncle John" came up noiselessly and stood behind a tree. The expression of his face was very beautiful for Jim Lyn.

"Miss Jenny," he was saying, "it fair breaks my heart to see y'u killin' yoreself this way for that good-for-nothin' uncle. Wont y'u think a little about me, too?"

"He's *not* good-for-nothing!" cried the pale little laundress, "and I haven't time to think about you."

For the first time in many years "Uncle John" felt a sickening lump in his throat.

"It's no use," he said softly, as he turned away. "I reckon I've got to go find Manuel."

For over a month the surplus gold of Strawberry Flats had been accumulating, awaiting the arrival of the first stage-coach from Sacramento. The route to "The Flats" was a new venture, and every one in the settlement was on edge to welcome the advent of the pioneer coach.

Part of the celebration program was a picnic party, which planned to take the coach to its first station on the return trip and to return to "The Flats" on horseback and burro.

It was with fear and trepidation that Jim Lyn made his next journey to the secret laundry. He had lain awake nights visioning Jenny, smiling and radiant by his side, on the coach-christening trip. He wanted all Strawberry Flats to know that he loved her and was courting her.

She looked rather puzzled when he extended the invitation, and he could not tell whether she was pleased or not.

"I think I'll ask Uncle John to take me first," she said.

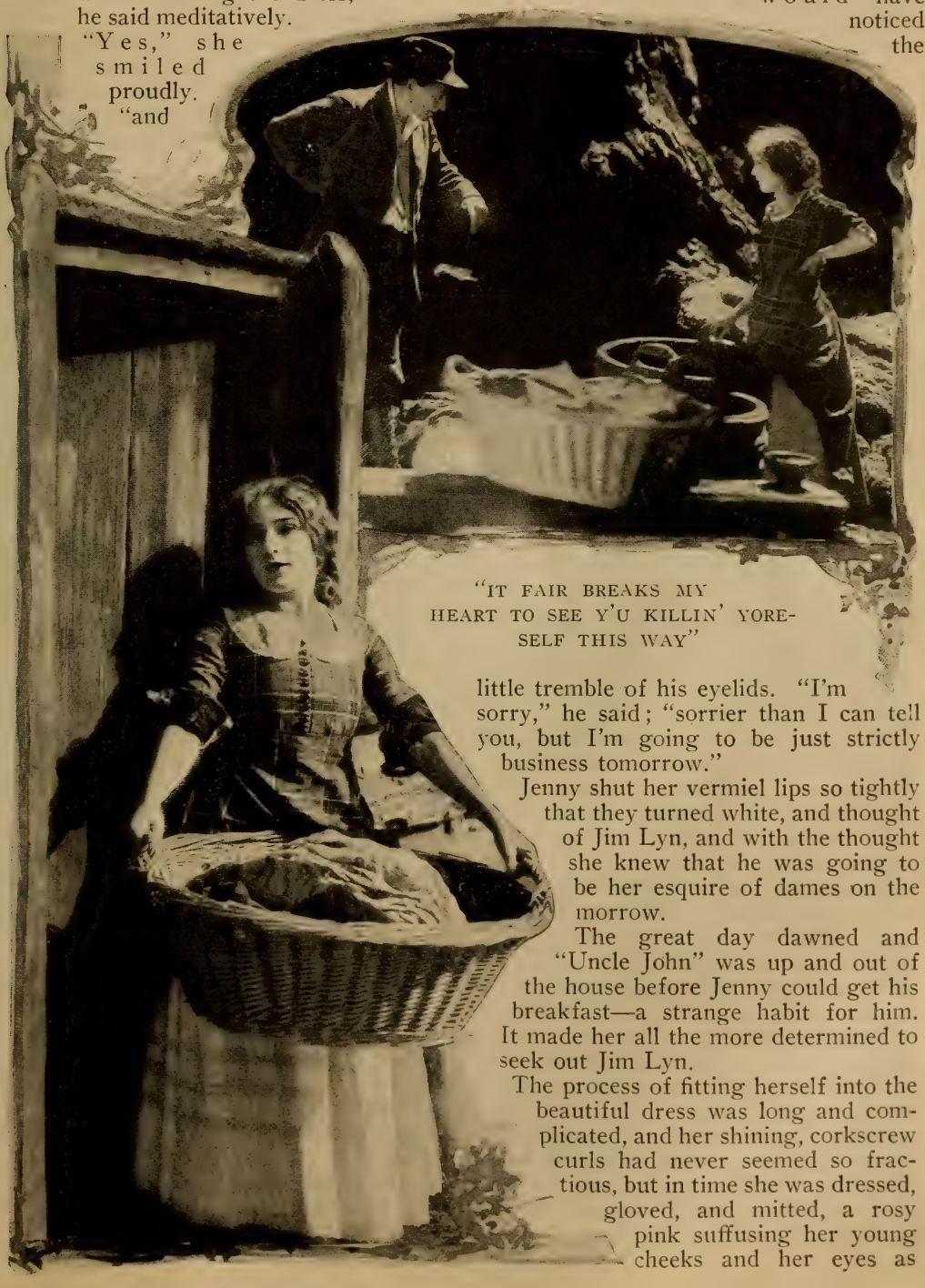
That night she put on the beautiful dress—a token that "Uncle John's" lies and sins were quite absolved. He

watched her closely. She was more than quaintly sweet, he thought; she was radiant, with the delicate color and contexture of a blush-rose.

"You are wearing the dress," he said meditatively.

"Yes," she smiled proudly. "and with its baptism I want to ask you a favor. You—you will take me on the picnic ride tomorrow?"

If she had watched him closely she would have noticed the little tremble of his eyelids. "I'm sorry," he said; "sorrier than I can tell you, but I'm going to be just strictly business tomorrow."



"IT FAIR BREAKS MY HEART TO SEE Y'U KILLIN' YORESELF THIS WAY"

Jenny shut her vermiel lips so tightly that they turned white, and thought of Jim Lyn, and with the thought she knew that he was going to be her esquire of dames on the morrow.

The great day dawned and "Uncle John" was up and out of the house before Jenny could get his breakfast—a strange habit for him. It made her all the more determined to seek out Jim Lyn.

The process of fitting herself into the beautiful dress was long and complicated, and her shining, corkscrew curls had never seemed so fractious, but in time she was dressed, gloved, and mitted, a rosy pink suffusing her young cheeks and her eyes as

bright as harbor-lights. She slammed the cabin door saucily behind her.

Jim Lyn saw his vision coming down the hill, and his heart pounded panically as he rubbed his tricksome eyes. But she kept on coming, and finally bobbed a little curtsy right in front of him.

"Has the stage come yet?" she asked.

"No, but bless y'u," he blurted out, "y'u have, an' I reckon the stage kin wait."

She drew close to him, a cautious finger on her lips. "Are those—ahem, ladies in the dance-parlor going in the party?"

"Oh, them *ladies,*" laughed Jim Lyn. "No, I reckon not—th' road is jest a leetle dry for *them.*"

A fusillade of gun-shots and a series of yelps announced that the long-expected coach had been sighted.

After the crowd had walked around it several times and admired its traveling points, the horses were changed, the express packages and boxes of gold-dust were stored, and the picnic party climbed aboard.

It felt mighty fine to Jenny to close up the laundry for just one day and to be whirled along the road in a coach with four straining horses. Jim Lyn, too, by her side, with a clean, boiled shirt and freshly shaved, looked a wholesome and valiant protector.

Then for the first time it came to her that she was absolutely free; that she was on the high-road, swiftly moving toward Sacramento, and that she had made a most successful escape from the dominion of "Uncle John."

The coach was climbing a short, steep hill, at the far side of which it would enter a foot-hill gorge.

Jenny's wits were traveling fast. She knew she had only to say "Yes" to Jim Lyn to be protected straight thru to Sacramento—and for the rest of her life as well. But something held the words back as the coach drew up to the crest of the hill.

Two men stood drawn up at the side of the road, and as the driver's eyes became level with theirs he dropt his reins and flung his hands heavenward. The passengers on the coach-seats did likewise.

"Throw down the express-boxes—be lively!"

The voice to Jenny, in the body of the coach, was curiously familiar. Then a tall, slim man, his face covered with a black mask, stepped up to the coach's side.

The fury of a tigress seized upon the girl—her thwarted freedom, the lying and deceit of the man in the mask. And, like a tigress, she slipped Jim Lyn's gun out of its holster and fired point-blank at the man.

He swayed for an instant, then the covering gun dropt from his hand. His confederate leapt across the road and into the brush beyond.

Instantly the driver picked up the reins, whirled the leaders in a short half-circle, and the coach was flying downhill toward the refuge of Strawberry Flats.

It was then that Jenny did a strange thing—so strange that Jim Lyn was torn between shock and exaltation. Her new bonnet and massed curls fell against his bosom and a childish voice beneath burst into sobs.

"Oh, why did I do it? Oh, oh, oh, I've gone and killed him."

"S-sh!" said Jim Lyn, trying to comfort her. "I'm mighty proud of y'u." And at the same time his brain was pounding with a terrible suspicion.

It was a very flabbergasted picnic party that swung back into Strawberry Flats by the panic route. Even Jenny was forgotten by Jim Lyn in the agitated press around the coach.

It was just what she wanted—the chance to be alone.

The beautiful, dust-covered dress and the tousled curls stepped up the hill as fast as their mistress could carry them.

"Uncle John" was seated in the doorway, with his meditative cigaret.

"Chicken come home to roost?" he greeted her. "Where have you been?"

She had steeled herself to outward calmness, tho her heart was fluttering like a bird. Her eyes widened in puzzlement when she noticed that he was wearing the rusty black Sunday-best clothes of the man whose name he had stolen.

"You know where I've been," she answered with an even voice that surprised her, "and you know why I've got to quit."

"We have been dirt poor," he admitted, "and you've been dreadfully loyal to the ghost of your departed uncle."

"It isn't that," she said wearily; "dont you know it isn't that?"

He started to take his right hand from the coat's capacious pocket, then quickly extended to her his left.

"I want you to take my hand," he said earnestly, "and congratulate me—the gold-strike has found me at last."

The little girl squared up in front of him, her breast rising and falling with stifled emotion.

"I don't want your gold," she cried, "or your dresses, or your slick words. Give them all back to the poor miners you have robbed."

She saw the twitch of his eyelids and the tiny tears that were masked under the heavy lashes.

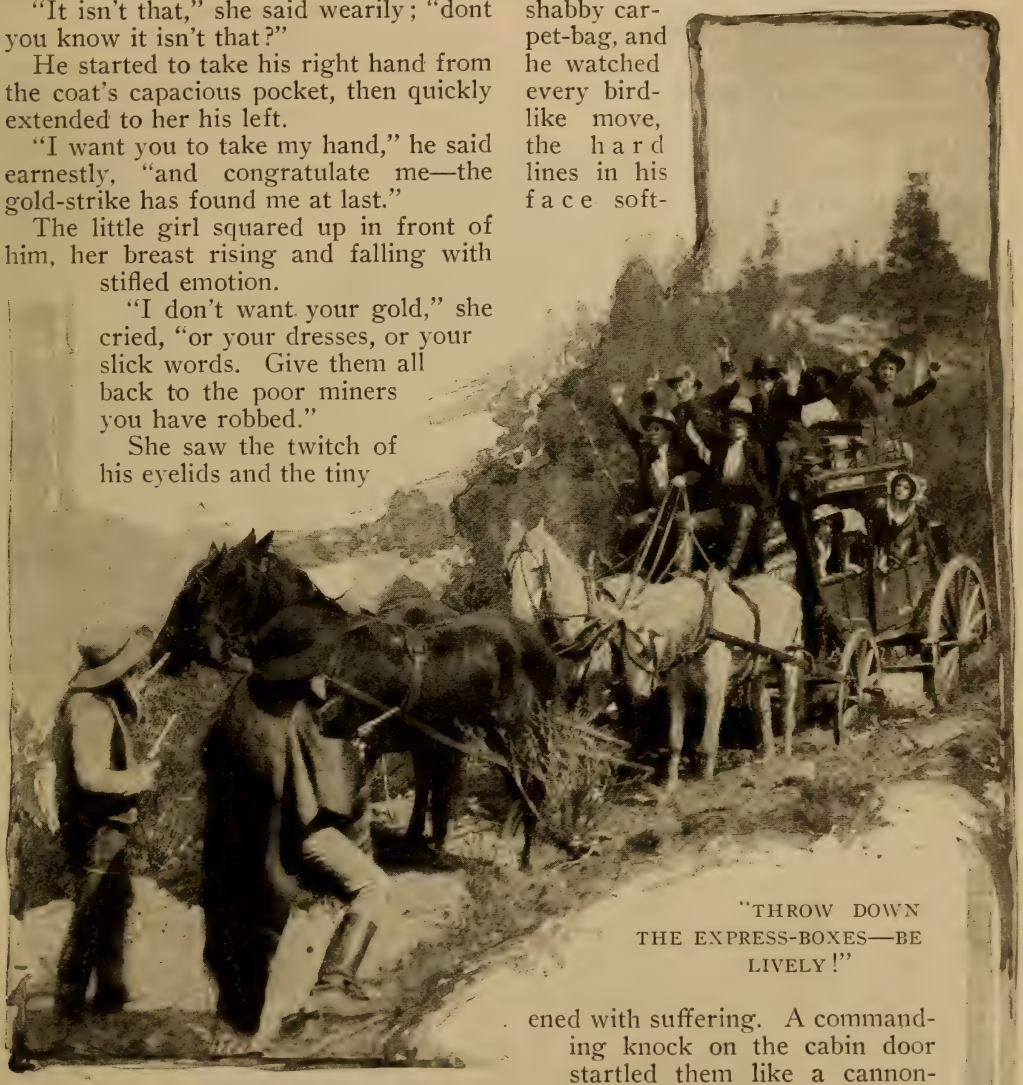
"It was only yesterday," he said, very quietly, "that I found out that you were fair killing yourself for me—it was then that I couldn't stand it any longer."

His hands came seeking toward her and she saw the blood-stains on the tell-tale bandage.

The tears gathered in her eyes, too, but she held herself stiffly aloof.

"I cant do it," she said, miserably; "it wouldn't be right. I'm going to leave right now. I never, never will call you 'Uncle John' any more."

She resolutely started to pack the shabby carpet-bag, and he watched every bird-like move, the hard lines in his face soft-



"THROW DOWN THE EXPRESS-BOXES—BE LIVELY!"

ened with suffering. A commanding knock on the cabin door startled them like a cannon-shot. With his uninjured hand the man unslid his revolver from its holster.

"Oh, y'u, John Lawrence!" called a husky voice.

Then an unexpected thing happened. Jenny, wide-eyed, tense, pushed her carpet-bag under the table and ran toward the door.

"Speak first," said the man quickly; "it may mean your life."

"Is that you, Jim Lyn?" cried Jenny. "Come right in."

As the door swung open, she bobbed the same little curtsy of the peaceful morning, and drew up a chair for Jim Lyn.

"This here aint no visit," he said gruffly.

"Sit down," said the man, quietly. "Cant you see that the lady wants your company?"

"I dont know as I ought to," commented Jim Lyn, confusedly; but he sat down guardedly on the edge of a chair and watched his man very closely.

"I hear you've been helping my niece run a laundry," said "Uncle John."

Jim Lyn did not take his eyes off the arm that ended in the man's pocket.

"Yes, I have," he admitted, "and I want to pay a bill owin' her. Here's the money, an' I'll ask y'u to sign this here receipt."

He laid a neat little bill in Jenny's handwriting on the table, and tendered the stub of a pencil to "Uncle John."

The girl's wits were sharpened to the breaking-point, and she snatched up the bill quickly, writing "Jenny Lawrence" across the bottom.

"I always receipt my own bills, Jim Lyn," she said severely.

"An' I allus like to have 'em signed by th' right party," he said, rising. "Good-night, John," and he put out his hand for a shake.

The fraction of a tense second followed, and then Jenny thrust a bundle into his outstretched hand.

"Will you take these shirts down to the storekeeper?" she asked.

Jim Lyn reddened and backed toward the door. "Good-night, everybody," and he had gone.

"God bless you, Jenny!" said "Uncle John" fervently. "Your wits are sharper than a steel trap."

"I dont know why I did it," she said, with a sharp little catch in her voice. "Uncle John" caught her with his good hand and placed the wounded one on her arm.

"You did it, Jenny," he said, "because I'm a marked man. You couldn't see even a field-mouse caught. The cabin is surrounded now. Just as soon as Jim Lyn reports to his committee, they're coming back to get me."

"I tried so hard to be good to you," she whimpered—"so awful hard that I thought God had turned His back on me."

He took her roughened hands and touched his lips to them reverently. The bitterness of his defeat and the sweetness of his love joined issue in that first kiss.

The tramp of heavy boots broke their silence, as the cabin filled with armed men. They were Jim Lyn and his committee come to do the quick justice of the new West upon the outlaw in their midst.

As they bound "John Lawrence's" hands behind his back and measured the rafters with a new rope, Jenny first realized the awful form that extempore law takes.

"Jim Lyn," she cried piteously, "you cant do it. 'Uncle John' is a better man than any of you. I promise to take him away and keep him straight."

"It's too late, missy," said Jim Lyn. "He's caught dead to rights—the blood of the hold-up is still on his hands."

Jenny came up close to him, and he averted his eyes. "You're doing worse than you know of, Jim Lyn," she said desperately; "you're killing me, too. When 'Uncle John' is gone I'll have to give up washing, and I'll just go down and down to the dance-hall, maybe."

Her voice had sunk to a whisper, and her feverish eyes watched the slow uncoiling of the rope.

Jim Lyn trembled and wiped the sweat from his forehead. "There's me!" he cried torturedly. "Dont y'u know I'm crazy to marry y'u?"

The girl smiled faintly and grasped his arm. "For the love you bear me," she said, "let him go."

Jim Lyn shook his head slowly. Jenny stepped out boldly in front of the group, and her face was scarlet with her confession.

"Boys," she said painfully, "I've lied to you somewhat, but I must tell you the truth. 'Uncle John' aint my uncle at all. I lived here because I loved him. Wont you spare him—for me?"

Each toughened face shadowed the measure of her shame. The "Little Laundress" had grown to be their idol, and now she had become their little strayed lamb.

At last one of them—an old man—spoke up. "Jim Lyn will marry ye," he said, "and I reckon it's best to go on with the preparations."

The spell was broken. Jenny knew that her final plea had been made. Jim Lyn led her into the little rear bedroom and locked its door as he left. A moment afterward she heard the slide of the rope over the rafters, and closed her eyes in prayer.

The words came to her: "Have ye a final word to say, John Lawrence?"

The impassioned girl beat her breast. "Oh, my Lord and my dear mother in heaven, please come to my help!"

As if the spoken answer were given, her eyes fell upon the long-neglected doll that "Uncle John" had brought her. She snatched it up and tore off its tiny white dress. With infuriated hands she beat upon the door until Jim Lyn opened it.

He stepped back a pace when he saw the thing she was clasping to her breast, and she strode on solemnly into the midst of the committee on sudden death.

"Gawd!" said Jim Lyn, awesomely, "th' pore leetle thing is goin' to be a mother."

Some of the committee smiled sheepishly; others were in downright tears.

"There's nothin' to be ashamed of, boys," said Jim Lyn, after a while. "I'm proposin' that we let him go an' that th' jestice marries 'em right here and now."

It was a most solemn occasion as they untied "Uncle John's" hands and placed his wounded one in Jenny's.

The justice of the peace said a few sounding words, slipped his own seal-ring off his finger onto hers, and ended the ceremony by kissing her full on the lips.



"GAWD! TH' PORE LEETLE THING IS GOIN' TO BE A MOTHER"

The committee intended no half measures, and hustled about helping Jenny and "Uncle John" get their belongings on the pack-mules.

A half-hour after they had gone down the hill that led to the whispering redwoods, Jim Lyn found a naked doll, lying on its face in the bedroom. He studied it, and the light of understanding broke across his face. "Looka here, boys," he said. "I reckon Jenny weren't so innocent as we thought. And mebbe she was a darned sight more innocent." . . . .

In the majestic aisles of the redwoods a little cavalcade was camping for the night. Jenny's tousled head was cradled against "Uncle John's" chest, and she moaned queer little noises in her sleep. The man stared meditatively at the bridal stars tipping the tree-tops of their forest chamber. He counted them slowly—the rosary of his new life.

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Discovered and Perfected by One of Our Readers, It Makes Endless Beautiful Ornaments

Discovered! At last!—There **is** something new under the sun. Everybody will be doing it. A new, fascinating recreation for the idle hours. The rocking-chair brigade on the piazza of the summer hotels will lay aside their knitting and crocheting and embroidery floss and hoops; the solitaire and bridge card devotees will forsake their pretty squares of colored cardboard, as they did when the jig-saw puzzle craze, ping-pong and kindred in- and out-door sports swept the country from Boston to San Francisco and Quebec to New Orleans.

The Answer Man received a letter from Nina Kilgore, Sayesville, R. I., stating that she had made a bead portiere from Motion Picture Magazine covers. The Answer Man was instantly on the alert and wrote for particulars. Here is the result: Directions for bead portiere—Use front and back covers, cut in strips (each cover will cut ten) in triangle or wedge shape, measuring two inches at base and ten inches long; wet edge of base in water a few seconds, then roll (starting at base) over a large steel knitting-needle or round wire. Glue end of point down last, before removing it from needle. String about fifty links at a time on a string and shellac them with clear shellac, and be sure it is **clear** shellac, as the dark does not have the same effect on the rolled links. When dry, remove from the strings and string on good heavy cord or linen string, alternating with any kind of bone, glass, wooden or fibre beads as desired. Use a smaller bead at the end. This acts as a secure fastening instead of a knot. It takes about 600 links to form a portiere like border illustration.

The combination forms a most unique commingling of colored strands that outrivals any Arabian, Turkish, Chinese, Oriental or Indian bead effects, and can be utilized in an almost infinite variety of decorative forms, such as hat-bands, hat ornaments and pendants, necklaces, etc. Several strands will make a smart belt which is an indispensable accessory for confining the tunic folds of fashion's latest mandate. As a decorative design for trimming milady's silk hand-bag, there is no limit to the possibilities and combinations which the individual taste can evolve. Fringe-like, dangling, ornamental effects which can be devised are limited only by the bounds of the wearer's imagination. A tinting of gold or silver paint on the intersecting beads between the links adds a brilliant effect.

The Motion Picture Magazine will supply 50 assorted back numbers for $1.50 postpaid; or 50 assorted covers for 50c postpaid. The former selection will stock you with an entire summer's reading matter and hundreds of beautiful pictures. The unusual quality of the vellum parchment used for the covers of Motion Picture Magazine, and the resulting rich color values which can only be obtained in durable form, make it, Nina Kilgore found, the only practical material from which these link-beads can be successfully made. Using smaller links, six and one-half inches long and one and one-half inches at base, twenty strips of this size can be cut crosswise from the two covers of each magazine.

The Original "Choo-Choo" Girl

By NINA DOROTHY GREGORY



HELEN HOLMES

In the early part of her exciting twenty-three years, Helen Holmes played with a toy train of cars instead of dollies.

A movie announcement of the appearance of this gifted screen actress is a reminder of that humorous section-foreman's report of another wrecked freight: "Off again, on again, gone agin, Finnegan."

Like many other notables, Helen is from the Hoosier State. Her father's connection with railroad interests took the family to Chicago. Ambitious to become an artist, Helen attended the Art Institute, and her perfect beauty of face and form soon brought fame and fortune. As a poster-girl for the Santa Fé, she gave transcontinental publicity to that railroad which fairly outrivaled Phœbe Snow's charming campaign for the "Road of Anthracite." After spending some years on a Western ranch, there were no Wild West stunts too daring for Miss Holmes to undertake.



Photo by Witzel

In fact, when Mabel Normand sent her, with a note of introduction, to J. P. MacGowan (at that time director for Kalem), she had a ready answer to his question: "Are you willing to take chances in the films that no other girl would?" Her quick "Yes" was sufficient, and she was immediately engaged, and was never known to say "No" to any venturesome feat she was called upon to perform, not even when (four years ago) Mr. MacGowan asked her if she was willing to take chances as life-partner with him. She promptly and heartily again said "Yes." Later, joining forces with the Signal Company, they produced several railroad serials, "The Hazards of Helen," "The Lass of the Lumberlands," and recently "The Railroad Raiders."

I dont know what God of Luck presides over the destiny of this singularly gifted star, but the movie fans hope her star will always keep in the ascendancy. She, of course, has many pets and is fond of horses and dogs; they all understand her, altho she cant always understand them.

This dark-brown-haired, great hazel-eyed, high-spirited girl has conveyed to us, thru the medium of the screen, something of the great, big, rough, free, out-of-door Western life, that those who have lived it can truly feel, but only the gifted few can express.

Caught Without Her Make-up On



FRANCELIA BILLINGTON, WHO IS WILLIAM RUSSELL'S LEADING-WOMAN, IN THE AMERICAN STUDIOS, SANTA BARBARA, IS EFFACING HER TRAVEL-STAINS—A BIT OF REPAIR WORK THAT COMPELS EVERY ACTRESS TO CARRY A "WRECKING KIT" WHILE OUT "ON LOCATION"

Important if True

by H. H. VanLoan

In Which a Bold Adam Trespasses on Mignon's Garden of Eden :: :: ::



To the world-jaded ones who knew nothing better, the advice to "see Paris and die" seemed good. To those who have seen Pasadena, there's something to live for. You who have never been there must see this modern Garden of Eden to appreciate it. Words from the pen of the most gifted ones who have *lived* there are inadequate to convey even the faintest glimpse of what you have missed.

"Lucky mortal!" I said to myself, "you are assigned to call upon Miss Mignon Anderson, one of the most interesting actresses on the screen, one whose elusive personal charms are as incomparable as the exquisite flower for which she is named. She lives in a fairy's bungalow somewhere in this rose-bowered kingdom. Go forth and find!"



I proceeded with as much haste as one consistently can in this atmosphere of *dolce far niente*.

Realizing that the sun was hot, and my expense account elastic, I called a taxi and confided to the chauffeur that I was in quest of one fair Mignonette living in Santa Bonita Avenue, Hollywood, and was presently speeding along beautiful roads, bordered with over-arching tropical trees, on past sweet-scented orange-groves, viewing with an awed feeling of rapture the ever-changing panorama before me, visions of which the reader can

now see something, since the Moving Picture wizards have invaded this chosen part of God's country.

Arriving at my destination, I alighted in front of a very pretty bungalow situated well back from the Avenue and surrounded by a beautiful lawn. The green velvet sward seemed too smooth and too green to be real (as tho it should be picked up and carried in out of the rain, like stage property-grass). Here you find a superlative riot of color-grass of the deepest green, roses of the deepest red, richness and depth of color everywhere, and skies of the deepest blue over all.

My ring was answered by a courteous maid who informed me that Mlle. Mignon was in the garden. Guided by this information and following instructions, I threaded my way thru a little wicker-gate leading down a pathway skirted by rose-bushes, pansy and violet beds, golden poppies, blue bachelor's-buttons, sweet William, candytuft—a bewildering array of old-fashioned varieties—until I found my flower-lady, Mignonette. And what do you think she was doing? There she was chumming with a wheel-barrow, a fork and a hoe. She was digging hard and



CLIMBING UP AS NIMBLY AS A SQUIRREL



CHUMMING WITH A WHEEL-BARROW, A FORK AND A HOE



WE GLANCED OVER THE SCRIPT OF MY NEXT PICTURE



SHE WAS STANDING WHERE I HAD LEFT HER, WAVING HER HAND

deep. Hearing footsteps, she looked up.

"I wonder what the fans would say if they could see Mignon Anderson now?" was her first remark as she dropped the hoe and came forward with outstretched hand.

"They would say you are very industrious," I replied.

"But I dont think they like stars who hoe and dig and spade," she returned, smiling.

"I differ with you. I think they would like to know that you go digging for inspirations," I ventured.

"I wasn't digging for inspirations," she protested prettily. "I was digging for onion-roots which I planted last year and which never materialized."

"Must have been due to poor direction," I suggested.

"Soil, you mean." Then she stooped to pick up the hoe.

"Let me try," I offered as I eagerly reached for the man's-size implement.

"No, you dont know where I planted them," she explained. "There were fifty

of them when I put them in the ground, but they must have grown out instead of up, for they haven't been seen since."

"How long have you been farming?" I inquired.

"Ever since I lived in New Rochelle," she answered, as she began hoeing.

"Funny, I never caught you at it out there," I mused.

"Well, you see, I farmed mentally then. I didn't have the land there that I have here. It cost too much. If you corral a little pocketful of coins out here you can buy a few million miles of land for what one acre would cost you in New Rochelle."

"Do you enjoy farming?"

"I *love* it. It's good exercise and I can do a lot of thinking out here, too. When I get a few hours off I come home and my address is—the garden, in care of wheel-barrow and hoe."

"You have a rather peculiar idea of pleasure, haven't you?" I inquired.

"This isn't pleasure," she corrected me, as she straightened up. "This is work. There isn't much relaxation to this sort of thing. My idea of pleasure is a pretty dressing-gown, a soft lounge, a pretty parlor-lamp and a good novel."

"You're just as interesting as ever," I remarked.

"Mother says I'm a bore," she mused.

"Even mothers err at times," I reminded her.

She evaded this and, dropping her implements of toil, started towards the rear of the place. "I've got other things here besides onions that wont grow," she laughed, as she ran thru a grape-arbor and out into the open where stood a tiny grove of cocoanut and orange trees.

"Do have something," she hospitably pleaded. "Shall it be condensed sunshine?" and from a generously laden overhanging bough she selected a golden orange. We strolled on; pausing before the stump of a cocoanut tree, she said: "This is a giant member of my vast estate," and climbed up as nimbly as a squirrel to shake down some nuts.

She was just bubbling over with happiness and it was evidenced in everything that she did and said, and I could readily see that this western country had worked wonders with her both mentally and physically. Quite a noticeable change since she left New Rochelle.

We strolled back to the house, where I met her mother. When we were comfortably seated on the porch, I said: "Now then, tell me something about your present work." Just then her maid interrupted and handed her a letter. Granting me permission to fill my pipe and excusing herself, she tore open the envelope. When she had finished reading it, I jokingly ventured to guess that it was from another producer offering her a fabulous salary, or perhaps an admirer, adding: "Of course you do receive letters from fans, dont you?"

Her eyes lighted up immediately. "What star does not?" she answered. "They are the most interesting incidents in my daily routine. Just as soon as I reach Universal City, every morning, I go at once to the post-office and see what my dear fans have to say to me. Many of them? I have to take a traveling-case, usually, to get them to my dressing-room. Some of those letters are wonderful. They tell me when my work is good and when it is bad, and are my greatest inspiration and help. I answer every one of them, and in some cases it has resulted in a warm friendship springing up between them and myself. Some of the best friends I have are those I have never met."

"I suppose many are fervent love-letters?" I inquired.

"Naturally, some are bound to be," she answered thoughtfully. "As long as there are actors and actresses there will be silly old men and foolish youths to write them love-letters. They amuse me, for I cannot understand how any one can become passionately in love with individuals they've never met."

"You may alter that decision some day when you meet——"

"When I do I shall leave the screen," she interrupted me. "If I ever met a man I loved I would marry him immediately. Of course, that's with the understanding that he loved me equally as much. A woman should not work after marrying a man, unless it is absolutely necessary. I wouldn't want my husband to let me work."

(*Continued on page* 162)

"Extra Ladies and Gentlemen"

By H. SHERIDAN-BICKERS ("Yorick")
of "Vanity Fair," London, Eng.; Editor of "The Photoplay Review"

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—The following lively series of articles was written for the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE by the witty and fearless English dramatic critic whose reviews of London plays were for years a leading feature of *Vanity Fair, The Era, What's On, The Tribune* and other well-known London theatrical and daily papers, under the popular pseudonym of "Yorick." He is the author of several London stage successes, two of which he has just adapted for screen presentation. While working as an "extra" to get "atmosphere" for this series of articles, however, Mr. Bickers was quickly recognized by an old-time friend, Miss Fannie Ward, whose discerning eye spotted her former London critic thru a character "make-up" which would have deceived any one with a less acute memory for faces and—criticisms. The reunion, said "Yorick," was as happy as were the memories. Which makes it almost superfluous to add that Mr. Bickers is an Irishman.]



THE DAILY LINE-UP AT THE STUDIO WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO "DO THEIR BIT"

IT is wasteful for a woman to wear elaborate lingerie if she's got a plain face.

That is, I suppose, why newspaper editors have hitherto considered it waste of space to publish anything about those thousands of Motion Picture actors and actorines, whom we airily refer to with elevated eyebrows as "Extras!"

Yet these are the "atmospheric" actors who form not only the background, but the very *backbone*, of Motion Pictures.

I suppose you all know what is meant by an "extra" in the movies? In these days of depressed audiences and be-pressed actors, it is difficult for any reader of the illustrated magazines *not* to know even what Douglas Fairbanks had for breakfast, or what soap Mary Pickford uses in her bath. The largest, the most humorous, and the most intensely human field of public curiosity in the theatrical profession remains, however, still unsurveyed. Of all the bejeweled and be-paragraphed "movie queens" we read eulogies without end, yet who has read even an elegy on the "extra"?

This article then is *All About Extras!*

To really understand what a large part is played on the bill of life by "extras," you must wait until you have built your own house. Only those who have had a home built to order can ever appreciate the importance of "extras."

"STARS" AND THEIR "EXTRAS"

"Extras" in the Motion Picture world are those who pick up the "bits" that fall from the stock actor's table. They

provide the "atmosphere" and action to the picture which, as a rule, alone enable the high-scented serenity of the "star" to "get across." As pictures are made you can scarcely see a thousand "extras" for the one principal; yet without their silent support I doubt whether you'd see much in most of our popular "leads." Screen stars are said to be born—not made. Extras, on the other hand, are *made*—not born. Every one of us was born to be a "star," but some of us seem to have forgotten how to shine.

Personality is the priceless possession of every leading actor or actress on the screen. It may be inbred or acquired, but it must be there if the "star" is to stay there. Some persons get to be "stars" in one night. But unless they possess *personality* they can be only "shooting stars." The camera is a deadly "shot." It sights the smallest flaws. It shows up the slightest imperfections and brings down the biggest reputations. A director's friendship may make you a star, but it cannot keep you one. In the long run, it is the public that decides; it is the public verdict that makes or unmakes the stage or screen star. Motion Picture directors may, of course, play their favorites for a time, but the public will always make their own in the long run.

In these days a lot of advertising goes a little way, but in the end it is the box-office that counts, and it is the public which counts at the box-office.

A Butterfly in Embryo

The "extra" of the movies is, after all, a "penny plain" edition of the dollar bound star; he (or she) is, or may be, the butterfly in its caterpillar age. Both spring from—or aspire to—the same stock. Both are endowed (or do without) the same bit o' brains. The cinematic caterpillar, after due time and industry, turns into the chrysalis of "stock," until (if it lives) it burgeons into the butterfly, and then becomes the winged and wined, the high-colored and high-salaried screen star. The wonder is that any live to emerge, for no caterpillar ever had such a cramped home or such little consideration shown it as the average "movie extra." This applies not only to the small studios, but equally to the biggest. Indeed, some of the best and biggest studios provide the least accommodations for their "extra ladies and gentlemen." Nor do the best always pay the best. Generally speaking, the studio with the highest priced "stars" may be said to have the lowest priced "extras." *Some* economy is necessary, even in the best regulated studios! So, what they lose on one "star" they make up on the hundred "extras." This, of course, is a "regrettable necessity" in days when the only object of holding shares in a Moving Picture corporation is to be privileged to pay a paltry hundred thousand or so a year to some "star," fresh from school or stale from the stage.

"Star" Salaries and "Extra" Wages
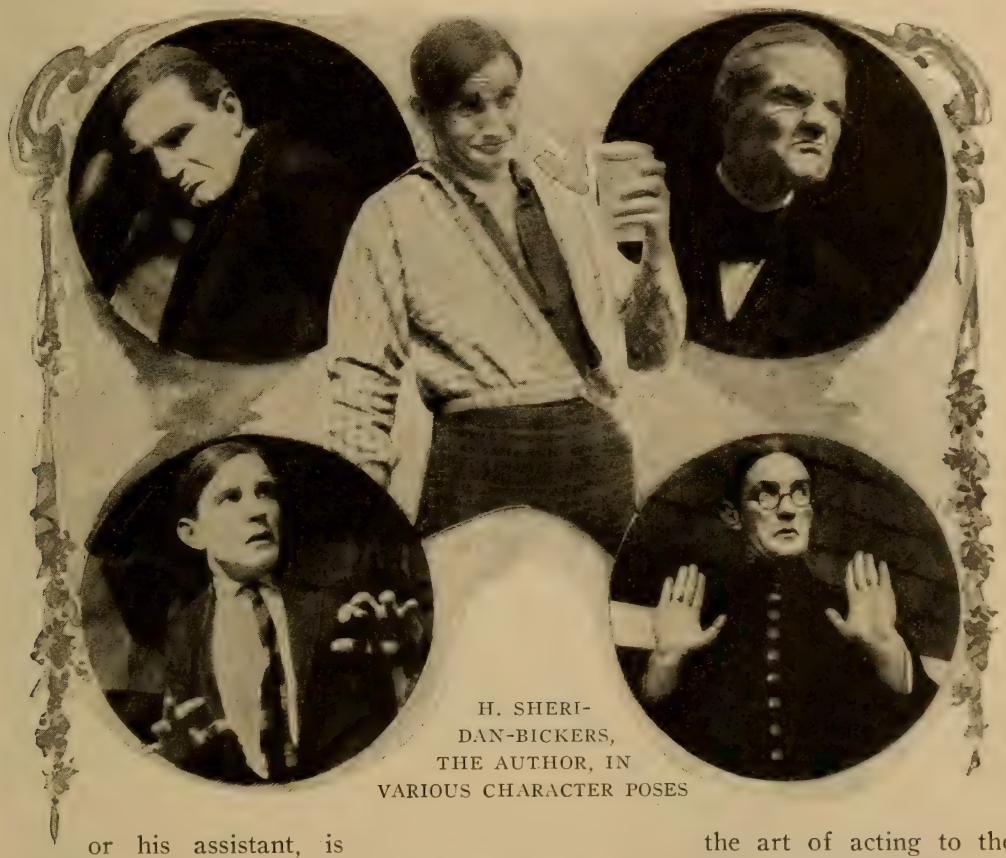
The average price *per diem* for an "extra" is now three dollars. It used to be five; once upon a time—somewhere about the time of the Civil War—rumor hath it that the price of a day's work was from "ten up." Now it may be said in golfing parlance to be "two up and one to play." As the cost of film production goes up, so the salaries go down. That is, of course, the salaries of the ordinary stock actor, or the extraordinary "extra." "Star" salaries are, where of course they should be, still 'way up in the skies. *But* (capital B, here, Mr. Printer!)—but a "time will come"—and that long before the new Messiah is here—when the stars will stop in their (auto) courses, and you will not see the salaries for the clouds. Keep your seats! I am not preaching another Armageddon. Only a numismatic Nemesis!

The average working day for extras lasts from anything between eight to twenty-four hours, and comes once in every one to eight weeks. Some work more frequently, others work less. There are others who scarcely work at all!—R. I. P.!

The "Employment Office"

In most studios now there are regular hours when the outward and visible forms of the inward (if not always spiritual) powers that be may (with

the exercise of sufficient effort, exertion and physical violence) be seen. These hours of interviewing are generally from 8:00 to 10:00 A. M. and from 4:30 to 5:30 P. M. As a matter of fact, any one who does not get there before 7:00 A. M. or after 5:30 P. M. has very little chance of getting any work, even if there is any to get. Each Motion Picture director, unless there is some "bit" requiring honest-to-goodness acting to be done. Even then, the "A B C" methods of most directors render acting unnecessary, and anything more than the mimetic intelligence of one's ancestral ape undesirable. For this, one must not blame the director, but the system, which puts prettiness and pulchritude at a premium, and reduces



H. SHERIDAN-BICKERS, THE AUTHOR, IN VARIOUS CHARACTER POSES

or his assistant, is supposed to send in a requisition for any "extras" he needs the following day to the employment manager of the studio, after each day's work. This can seldom be done, however, before 5 o'clock (when the day's work is done). It has been known on one or possibly two occasions, to be left over until the director comes down to work the following morning. The employment manager then selects from the waiting multitude of applicants, those whom he considers most suitable to the "types" required. In these selections, experience and ability count for little or nothing, the art of acting to the kindergarten of obedience and imitation. It is this, together with the low wages offered for this temporary work, which fills the movie camps with amateurs and crowds out the more experienced professionals. So reliant have directors become on an ever-changing supply of stage-struck schoolgirls and aspiring department-store clerks for their "extras" and small-part people, that it is not to be wondered at that they should have to adopt a method of direction that spends more time teaching these alleged "actors" and "actorines" *how to act* than it does in planning and filming the pictures. If

you dont believe me, ask any experienced director. I say *experienced,* for even *directors* nowadays have been known to be recruited from circus clowns, "drummers" and jitney drivers! Now and then the director "kicks." Then the fur flies; and either he or the unfortunate and much abused employment manager is sacrificed on the high altar of inefficiency. Now and then it achieves the desired result—patient persons of education and experience get their chance.

Only recently one of the best known and most brilliant of directors in the business rebelled against the impossible "flotsam and jetsam" that they sent to masquerade as French ladies and gentlemen. Twenty-five "ladies" were politely put aside, and paid for not coming into the picture, and the director refused to proceed with the picture further until he received twenty-five more, who could approximate a little more closely to the types desired. There was the usual row, but the director (who, in this case, was practically the controlling force of the whole studio) got his way, and the undiscriminating employment manager went his. As a rule, however, it is the director who gets snubbed and suffers. I know of one who enjoys a high reputation as a producer for the stage as well as for the screen, who was told before all his company that he "could—*something*—well, get on with what he'd got, or quit." He *went on!* Since then, that studio has refused to allow its directors to have any voice in the selection of their companies, and the peculiar judgment of the same employment manager is still reflected in their productions.

The Actors' Mausoleum

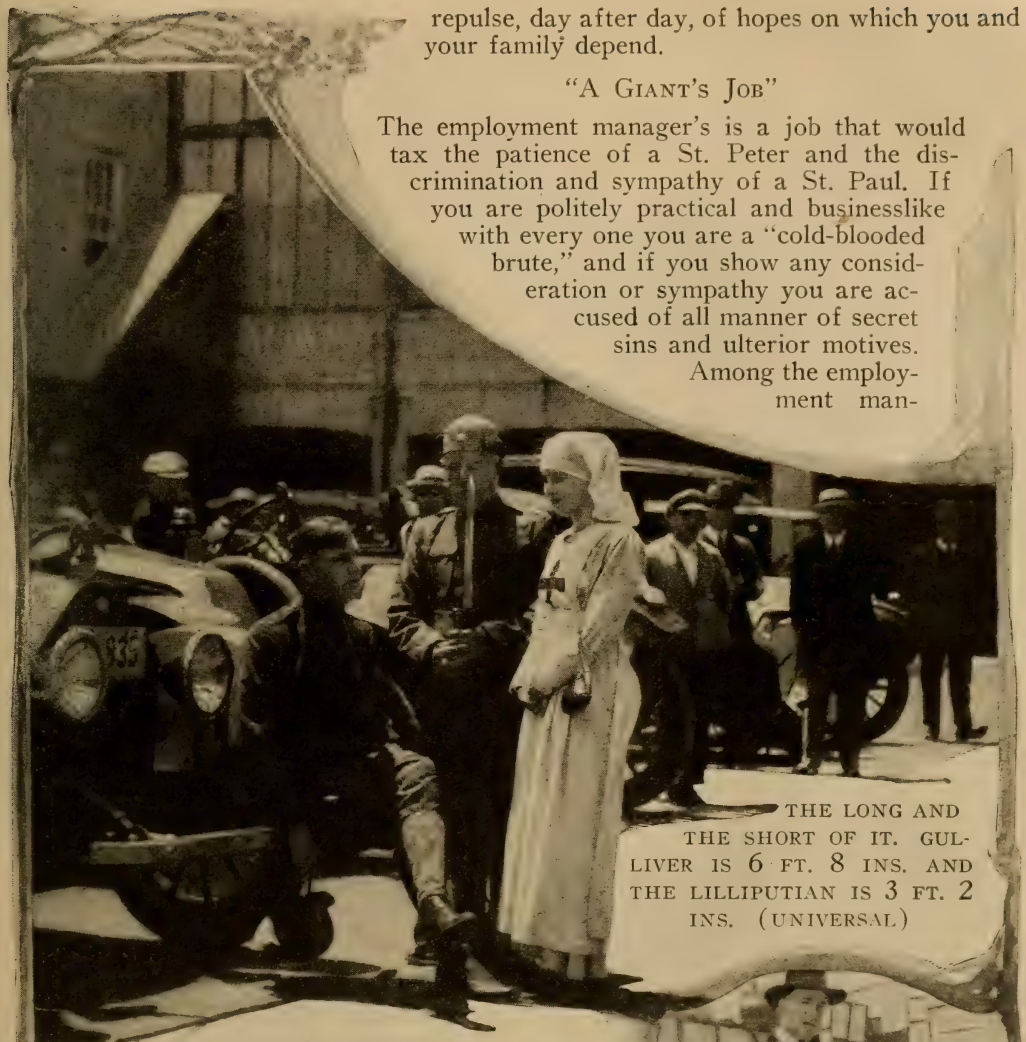
Every Motion Picture studio worthy of the name (that is, of course, to say *every* studio!) boasts what is called an "Employment Office." This in reality is what one would call an Actor's Mausoleum. In it are buried all the hopes of the actor for work, and into it throng all the convent-bred amateur aspirants and sham-ateur "stars." The sophisticated job-seeker climbs under the canvas or over the fence into the lot, and tries to grab a director before the special policeman on guard grabs him. If he gets the ear of a director first, and carries a good hand of real cigars, he may get a hearing. In the case of a girl, a pretty face and a pert manner form a good substitute for the cigars. Otherwise the newcomer must take her chance with the hundred or more aspiring and perspiring "casuals" who wait in the workhouse without. Some studios have waiting-rooms; others have waiting-*spaces!* But in all of any size, whenever there is a remote chance of "anything doing" you will find hundreds of "waiters." There is no need to describe all these "waiters." Some are *in*describable. Others probably were, before they became, waiters. Altogether they make—and some *bring!*—what is euphemistically called "atmosphere." A few are young men and ladies rich enough to know better; others are older men and women able to do better—if they only had the chance or "the price." There is every sort and condition of "type," from the pert and pretty schoolgirls and shop-girls to hard-working and hungry housewives. Some are actors and actresses old in experience; many have grown old by their experience. Others are new to the "game"—eager or anxious, self-confident or self-conscious, according to circumstances. Some are in there for fun; others for their next day's bread. *And*—it is the *former* who often get fitted first. A well-fed, smiling face, and a smartly coiffured and costumed head and figure photograph better than a careworn countenance and a shabby suit.

Thus it is that you see more heroism among the waiting multitude inside the employment office of a movie camp than you may find even in a military camp on the field of battle. That employment office is itself a battlefield; a daily battlefield with nothing but fierce hand-to-hand fighting. For most of them it is a battle for daily bread; a battle which has to be fought with plenty of pluck and powder, but with little or no ammunition. The fighting is fierce, the periods of waiting long. The agony of suspense to many is in itself killing. After having gone thru both experiences, I think it is easier to face bravely the shot and shell of an invisible enemy on the battlefields of France than to await the continuous

repulse, day after day, of hopes on which you and your family depend.

"A Giant's Job"

The employment manager's is a job that would tax the patience of a St. Peter and the discrimination and sympathy of a St. Paul. If you are politely practical and businesslike with every one you are a "cold-blooded brute," and if you show any consideration or sympathy you are accused of all manner of secret sins and ulterior motives. Among the employment managers of the studios in and around Los Angeles are some of the ablest and kindest of men and the shrewdest and sweetest of women. Without descending to personalities, I am betraying no confidences to any who work (or seek work) in the "Mecca of the Movies" when I say that a perfect type of each of these is to be found respectively at two of the leading studios, whose firms are amalgamated in one of the largest corporations in the business. Here and there one may find an occupant weak and foolish enough occasionally to yield to the temptations which invariably accompany any office



EXTRAS WAITING FOR THE BUS TO TAKE THEM ON "LOCATION" (VITAGRAPH)



THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT. GULLIVER IS 6 FT. 8 INS. AND THE LILLIPUTIAN IS 3 FT. 2 INS. (UNIVERSAL)

of importance. But these are few and far between, and rarely, if ever, last long. The position of a studio's employment manager is eminently a man's job, but it is one of those men's jobs which are often better held by women. It offers less temptation for abuse to women, but at the same time it demands more equity and equableness than most women possess. It calls for infinite patience, uniform urbanity, shrewdness and sensibility, keen perceptions, knowledge of men and women, a keen sense of humor and a fine sense of justice. Such an office should be entrusted only to some one of unimpeachable integrity and the highest moral character, combined with the broadest sympathies—in short, a saint and a superman combined. That any man or woman can fulfil its functions with credit and with consideration, with fairness and with efficiency, is, to my mind, the best argument for "canonization" ever advanced in or out of the Catholic Church!

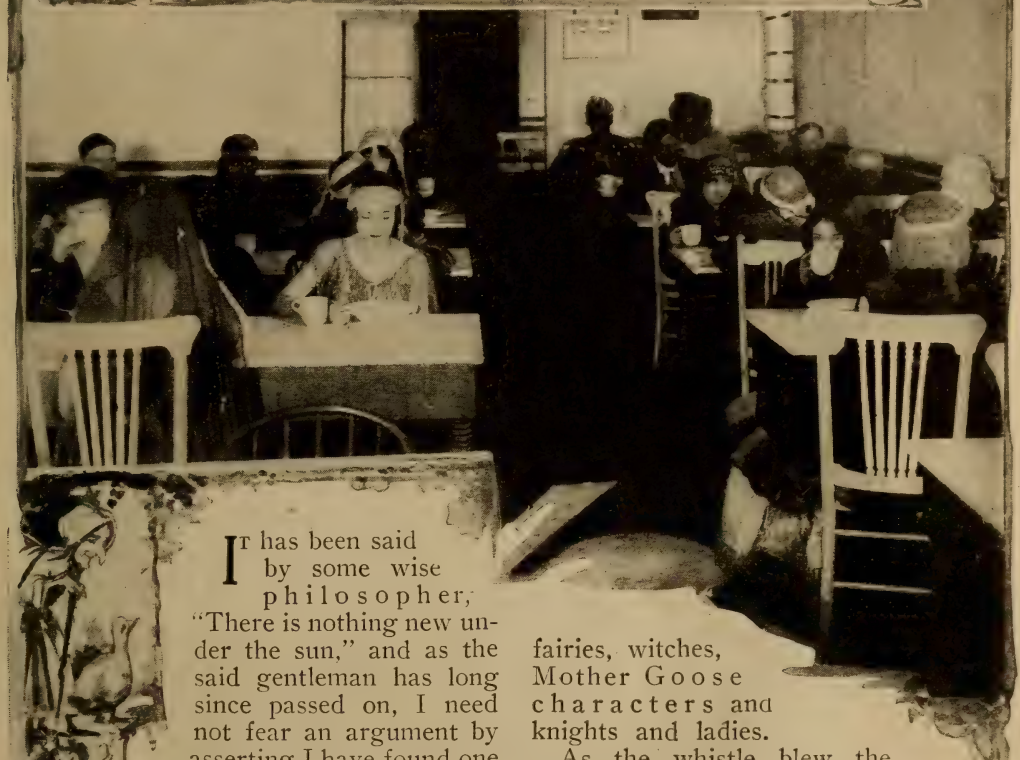
(*To be continued in the August issue*)



MARY CHARLESON AND HENRY WALTHALL IN "TRUANT LOVE." HER PASSIONATE APPEAL TO THE DOCTOR, A DRUG VICTIM, LEADS HIM TO REFORM

A Twentieth Century Thriller

By PANSY EDNA BARTLETT



It has been said by some wise philosopher, "There is nothing new under the sun," and as the said gentleman has long since passed on, I need not fear an argument by asserting I have found one new experience.

Upon a visit to one of the largest Motion Picture studios recently, where a man's or woman's past, present and future life can be explained away or created in the duration of an hour or so, I found a new thrill by sitting at a table in a splendid modern restaurant equipped for the convenience of the people connected with the plant.

I was a guest of a member of the scenario staff who invited me to witness a drama of his in course of production.

The action of the story I was there to view concerned a supposedly blind girl who, on account of this affliction, peopled her brain with fairies, witches, Mother Goose characters and knights and ladies.

As the whistle blew the noon-hour, and the producer released his people after an arduous morning's work, I, with my host, proceeded to the commissary, where I spent the queerest thirty minutes, which would have made a person of half-a-century ago think he had taken up his abode in some asylum for the weak-minded.

The two dozen tables were quickly filled with characters which an hour before were children of Fairyland, and such an ignominious suggestion as satisfying the appetite would have been an insult to art.

One of the witches, tho her extreme ugliness seemed repulsive, was leading a lovely child who was attired as a fairy, and I learnt that under this atrocious mask of wax and paint a beautiful young mother's face was hidden. Leaning over her chair, talking to her,

(*Continued on page* 156)

Two Furry Bundles of Animation



Photo by Campbell

MOLLIE KING PUTS SEVERAL HIGH-VOLTAGE SHOCKS INTO THE TWO REELS OF "THE LIFE CURRENT," NO. 5 IN THE SERIES OF "THE MYSTERY OF THE DOUBLE CROSS" (PATHÉ)



Clover's Rebellion

(Vitagraph)

By GLADYS HALL

This story was written from the scenario of JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

It was a nine-day wonder, a newspaper coup, a gorgeous mouthful for the gossip-venders, a tremendous sensation. The reporters fastened upon it like scavengers and ate it alive. The newspapers worked overtime, outdid themselves in glaring black type, and retired with nervous prostration. Society was

fed upon it, from milady's smoke-wreathed, subtly scented boudoir to her lord and master's ticker-tuned Wall Street sanctum. Everybody had been enormously interested in beautiful, Southern Clover Childe. Every one knew, or thought they knew, the story of her lovely, truly Southern ante-bellum home; her sudden state of orphanage; the special train that was sent down to Georgia for her to convey her to Uncle Childe's Northern, palatial home on Fifth Avenue. Every one knew how Aunt Childe had seized joyously upon her young beauty, and built upon it dream-castles of personal ambition. A kingdom can be had in barter for a pretty face, for youth and the sweetness thereof, and, rapaciously, Aunt Childe had cast about her.

Aunt Childe cared not one whit for a moneyed scion. The Childe till was full to overflowing, *sans* any outside assistance. But she *was* titularly inclined—strongly, nay, fanatically so. Previous to the coming of Clover and her cargo of young loveliness, Aunt Childe had been more or less resigned. But Clover brought new hope with her and grim determination, and a zeal of which that lady had more than the law allows. Clover was a way to a glorious means. The corpse of an old ambition arose, a scepter in his kingly palm, a crown upon his head!

So Aunt Childe fitted up an over-luxurious suite in pastel colorings for Clover; equipped her with two maids, besides the black "mammy" from Georgia; spun her, pivoted her, harangued over her with Lady Bluff-Borden, and, after an expenditure fit to buy ten tottering dynasties, launched her upon the most brilliant season ever endured by an inoffensive débutante.

Clover Childe was an essentially *human* being. Her childhood had been spent comfortably, leisurely, normally, with a lackadaisical Southern mother who idolized her, and a transplanted Northern father, brother of financier Uncle Childe, who persistently indulged her. Notwithstanding, Clover was human, and she was perilously beautiful. Secretly, she loved the woods, and fishing, and tramping country roads, and laughing, and *clothes*, not *costumes*. She loved the leisurely round of her Southern home, her friends and their little, non-important clubs and doings, and her unambitious boy-friends — the warm-hearted, childish negroes—the rollicking melody, the hominess, the heartiness of it all.

She felt cramped and stiff and lonely and desolate in the Oriental-rugged grandeur, the period-furniture suites, the lackeyed service of Aunt Childe's establishment. It was glorious, but soulless.

"Little yellow, *tired* thing," she said to her canary one day, watching the futile, tragic fluttering of its wings, "we are alike, you and I. Beautiful golden cages, and wine, and cake, and lace, and all the time we are beating our weary souls away against the golden bars. But they will die of their own hurt after awhile, little bird, and then we shall not care."

And then she cried. And black mammy comforted her, as she had comforted her many times in her tearful childhood griefs. Oh, youth, oh, star-bright thing of tears and dreams, how tragic and how sweet, how glad, how sad!

At the end of the triumphal first season it became a matter of common knowledge and uncommon comment that the "Childe Campaign," as it was sarcastically dubbed, had narrowed down to two candidates. The one was Boris, Duke of Boliva, with but two tottering obstacles between himself and the Imperial throne. And the other was "Bucky" Raines, notoriously profligate son of Peter Raines, king of Inter-Oceanic transportation. A few intimates were amusedly aware of the fact that Aunt Childe was, for titular reasons, rooting for Boris; while Uncle Childe, for financial reasons, was upholding the impassioned and revolting suit of "Bucky."

As to the beautiful Clover, her choice was unknown.

Of course, she had known of the passion of "Bucky" Raines. It was of the decidedly knowable species. "Bucky" was an ardent disciple of demonstration. She had surmised, a trifle surprisedly, that Uncle Childe favored the suit. Likewise she had known of the ardor and intent of the Duke of Boliva, which, if

more restrained, was none the less intense, and what she didn't know about the topography of Boliva was simply not worth knowing.

But she had never for one moment supposed that, forced to an issue, there would be anything to reckon with save her own decision.

Now and then she had been amazed at the apparent lack of knowledge of Uncle Childe in regard to "Bucky" Raines. Guarded as she had been, innocent as it is possible to be in this cocktail-drinking, tango-teaing age, she had known "Bucky" Raines to be the type of man whose touch is profanation. She supposed that Uncle Childe simply did not grasp this, for if he had it was impossible to suppose that he would knowingly give his brother's only child into his keeping.



THE DUKE SEEKS CLOVER'S HAND WHILE RITA HIDES HER JEALOUSY

Of course, she had not been present at the close of a meeting of directors of the Inter-Oceanic, when "King" Peter Raines had asked Uncle Childe to give him a few minutes alone. "My boy wants your niece as his wife, Childe," the "King" had said, "and, by heaven! I will move heaven and earth to get her for him if necessary. The boy's all I've got, Childe. I've spoiled him rotten, but it's been my pleasure, my whole pleasure. Women haven't figured in my life, nor gambling, nor art, nor any of those damned, drivelling 'hobbies' the newspapers drool on about in conjunction with millionaires. The boy's my hobby; his *whim* is my *will*. If he doesn't get what he wants, then, by God! I dont *give* what *others* want. Y' get me, Childe? And this goes on the amalgamation of Coal and Transportation. Think it over."

Childe did some rapid thinking, chiefly on the amalgamation of Coal and Transportation, the accomplishment of which

was the blood of his business life to him. "Raines," he said, soberly, "I'll boost 'Bucky's' stock sky-high. He'll have her, or I'll know why."

"King" Peter Raines shook his grim old head, and the men parted. She had not been present at that, but she had come in unexpectedly on various low-pitched, eager conversations between her aunt and the Duke and Rita Veravella, the Duke's friend and an intimate of her aunt's. Clover knew the woman Rita to be a Bolivan, and, with the instinct of her sex, she divined that Rita was madly in love with Boris.

Then came the black, memorable, scarring day on which she heard her aunt and uncle warring—warring over her, soul and body, honor and hope and pride. Brutishly, Uncle Childe was shouting his side of the matter, his virtual promise to "King" Peter—the "deal" it would mean to him. Caustically, Aunt Childe was exploiting the crown of Boliva, the prestige, the glamour, the delectable pomp of it. "We shall be Duke and Duchess," she intoned. "Digest that, please, John Childe—*Duke and Duchess*—and *us*, with Limburger cheese ancestry! What *is* all our money, all our entertaining, all our striving, anyway, when only a generation past the odor of Limburger assaults us?"

"I'll be hanged," raged Uncle Childe, "if I shall pay Limburger cheese *cash* for a fat-headed cheese of a *crown* to please a silly female. And there's an end to it!"

Aunt Childe began to cry and sputter that she had pledged Clover to the Duke —Uncle Childe began to swear and recall, verbatim, his momentous conversation *à deux* with the fatuous "King" Peter—when upon them spun a young whirlwind of rage and outrage, Bluff-Borden panniers, and Houbigant extract.

"Have I," Clover demanded, hotly, "have I no voice in this—this marriage market, Aunt—Uncle? Am I to be auctioned off to the highest bidder? Am I to buy you more futile billions, Uncle, with my youth? Am I to purchase a tin title for you, Aunt, with my body?"

"Bucky, my dear," interposed her uncle, sternly, "loves y——"

"Stop, Uncle," cried the girl, imperiously, "dont profane it! Dont say love in connection with that—that thing. He cant *love*, Uncle—he can only crave for, brutishly, swinishly. As for you, Aunt —and your Duke—Boris is a gentleman, granted, but he mixes money strangely with his love. He seems at times to confound my charms and your millions, and the lure of a throne is upon him. I dont love him, Aunt, and a throne is a sorry throne where love is not, and a kingdom is a disrupted one with corruptness at its helm."

Aunt Childe raised a ringed hand and interposed. "Are you rehearsing your part in a melodrama, Clover?" she inquired, "or delivering a lecture? Whichever, you are wholly absurd. And you show your lamentable training when you prate on about love in this fashion. Now, your uncle and I are closing the season with a very large and brilliant ball at the end of the month. On that day you will make your decision, and the engagement will be announced that night. You are dated today for luncheon with the Duke at Sherry's—you had better make haste and dress. Lady Bluff-Borden wants you at four, and Eulalie at five, about hats. Make haste, my dear."

The "bird in the gilded cage" walked out of the library. Uncle Childe had subsided. There seemed nothing else to do.

An hour later Clover was making the usual halting progress down the Avenue with the Duke in her own car, which she had insisted upon using.

At Thorley's Boris was seized with a floral inspiration. He begged to be excused for an instant and alit. Clover gazed at the young spring of the window —young jonquils—crocuses—daffodils—silk pussy-willows—slender bits of white birch—pink-veined, modest snowdrops—marsh-violets—hyacinths. All at once her throat contracted violently. A bit of girlish deviltry came into her heart. She pulled the speaking-tube to her. "Drive on," she commanded sharply, "into the farthest, openest country. Do you *hear* me? *Drive on!*"

When the Duke of Boliva reappeared, bearing a cargo of the hottest-housed American Beauties procurable, the Childe limousine had vanished. He betook himself frantically to the Childe mansion to have a frantic confab with Aunt Childe.



DR. "BILLY" CAUGHT ONE FISH

Clover, in the meantime, had thrown the Bolivan orchids out of the filigree vase, opened wide the tightly closed windows, and leaning back at her ease, was drinking in the country.

The limousine was a town car, and it kept town ways. Therefore, half an hour later it was hopelessly mired on one of the chosen byways. Ross, the chauffeur, and Pillsom, the footman, were ornamental figures on the box, and they were good traffic-men—they knew their New York; as satellites of the "real country" they *were not*. They sat themselves upon the running-board and began to argue as to what course to pursue. It appeared to Clover to be an all-night argument, so she proceeded to ramble about the immediate vicinity. She was perched perilously astride a rickety fence, when quite the funniest sight she ever saw came chugging and panting and wheezing down the road. It was, had she but known it, an incredibly patched and ancient "flivver," an antiquated "Ford," a caricature that would make Henry avert his Fordian gaze. The young man running it seemed to be immensely pleased with it, with himself and with the world in general. When he saw the vision atop the fence and the mired limousine in the distance, he stopped with a loud exhaust, several creaks and a groan. He stared open-eyed at the convulsed girl. In his eyes—keen, gray, humorous eyes they were—glowed and shone a look of intensest admiration.

"Father Adam, Father Adam!" he whispered, "what rib divine is *this?*"

Departing from his Ford nimbly, he approached the laughing girl. He was smiling too, broadly.

"Are you in trouble?" he queried, nodding limousine-wards. "Can I help you?"

Clover laughed on—suffused, lovely, suddenly abashed.

"Oh, *do* pardon me," she gasped, "but you *were so* funny in that—that *queer* little car—and I—I laugh so seldom—I—I just went off. I *never* will again!"

Dr. "Billy" Dunn loved her from that

moment—loved her "once, for always, all his life"—and knew it then and there. He did not know who or what she was, and he did not care.

He looked from the merry face to the decrepit "flivver." "Do you think it's so bad as that?" he asked. "It—it *gets* me to places, and I really hadn't noticed. I see now, tho, that she's not—handsome. But *can* I—*may* I be of any service?"

"I dont know," sighed Clover, "but I'm famished."

Dr. "Billy" Dunn had a glorious inspiration. "I'm going fishing," he confided, coming a step nearer, "and my landlady put me up a cracker-jack lunch—guaranteed as an absolute appetite-killer. Would you—join me?"

Clover hesitated only an instant. Somehow, one did not hesitate on Dr. "Billy's" requests. Then she nodded. "I'd be *glad* to," she acceded. To the vast astonishment of Ross and Pillsom, the two vanished into the distance, Clover singing back an indistinct message to "dig her out, and then wait."

Dr. "Billy" went fishing, and caught one fish. Clover fixed the lunch, and caught herself singing. She had not done that in a long while.

After lunch they talked. Dr. "Billy" told her of his study—his work at Johns Hopkins, his recent hanging out of his shingle, his clear, optimistic ambitions. Clover drank in his words. They were *real* words—*real* hopes—*real* dreams. They warmed the cockles of her heart, long chill. And because he *was* real, and dear, and funny, and oddly human, and because they were both young, and she was sadly lonely, she poured forth her own predicament, her pain, her hurt, her disgust of things.

"And at the ball," she concluded, "I must choose between two evils—Boliva and his nasty little kingdom—'Bucky' and his repulsive ways. The Duke is preferable; at least he is a gentleman. But, oh, I do not *love* him; and to marry a man, for better or for worse, until death do them part, one *must* love, mustn't one?"

"One must," assented Dr. "Billy" gravely, while his humorous, tender, quizzical gray eyes twinkled.

And then, all at once, because he was kindly, and tender, and *human,* Clover was sobbing like a hurt little, child, miserably, snifflingly. "It—it—isn't *fair,"* she gulped. "I dont *want* those men—and, oh, she'll *make* me—Aunt will *make* me. I wont be a sacrifice for greed—for gold. My life is mine—just mine—and I want it—I *need* it—I——"

Dr. "Billy" Dunn stood over her. His commiserating eyes were very soft. "I can prescribe for you," he said, "if I thought you would follow my prescription."

Clover sat erect, her face babyishly stained and flushed, her soft, lustrous hair tumbled.

"What—i-*is* your prescription?" she asked, quaveringly.

The keen, kindly, humorous eyes fastened tight hold of hers. "A honeymoon—with me," he said slowly.

Clover's heart thudded against the cage of her ribs like the bird against his bars. The hot blood from all over her body rushed to her upturned face. She sought for words and they would not come. She sought refuge in an aloof silence, and she felt exposed. All at once she *sensed,* without clearly realizing it, that she was living her stark moment—her glad moment—her sheer, breathless, elemental moment of the recognition of her mate. Then she rose to her feet. Platitudes came back to her like familiar garments. She clothed her nakedness. "You mustn't be foolish," she cautioned.

Thus, age-long, with a triviality have women evaded the primordial staring them in the face.

Before they parted Dr. "Billy's" foolish "flivver" had hauled the $10,000 elephant from the mire, and Dr. "Billy" had received a bit of white pasteboard bearing the name and the habitat of Miss Clover Childe.

Dr. "Billy" called the next day. He almost didn't, being awed to the point of breaking into a run by the imposing structure and locality, and the impassive factotums who, in turn, admitted him, announced him, and relieved him of his outer garments.

He was glad he had stuck it out when Clover came down with something of real gladness in her eyes. She led him into the conservatory, and they retold the

tale of yesterday with much young laughter and "do you remembers," as tho that brief yesterday had covered years, rich in memorial happenings.

Upon this idyllic state of affairs bore down Aunt Childe, the Duke Boris, and, later, "Bucky" Raines.

Aunt Childe, in cold astonishment, disposed of "that person," who took his ingenuous departure in obedience to the desire in Clover's eyes, and then abandoned Clover to the princely blandishments of Boris, and, later, to the licentiousness of "Bucky" Raines.

Dr. "Billy" saw plainly on that first occasion that none of his budding accomplishments would win Aunt Childe. She was title-bent. So, thereafter, he took to scaling the wall into the small garden and sitting with Clover among the shrubberies.

"Who is the woman so much with your aunt?" he asked her one day.

"Rita Veravella," said Clover. "She is Bolivan, and very much attached to the Duke and his interests. She is also fond of me, and thinks she can help Aunt to bring about the alliance. Poor Aunt believes that she will be a Duchess in the event of the match, and is ready to purchase the throne for Boris in consideration."

Into one of these clandestine *tête-à-têtes* sailed Aunt Childe, and there was a terrific upheaval, which resulted in Billy's enforced departure, and, later, a dictated note from Clover telling him all was over, and that she was to announce her betrothal to the Duke at the ball the next week. It had all been arranged in the garden after his hasty departure.



THEY RETOLD THE TALE OF YESTERDAY

"Billy" was in the garden the night of the ball. From behind the shrubberies he caught the music's sensuous sway—the tintinnabulation of girls' laughter, the silken frou-frou of their frocks.

His Clover, radiant, beautiful beyond tongue of man to tell, was the beating, central heart of it all. And yet he knew now, proudly, humbly, that her heart beat to another tune than that—the bare, brave tune his lips would frame. And her light feet danced to the music of his love. . . .

At twelve o'clock that night Boris, Duke of Boliva, was shot dead in the garden. Billy heard the shot, heard the revolver drop, and sprang to catch and wrestle with the dark, cloaked, escaping figure of a woman—a desperate, palpitant, soft, fierce creature.

An hour later Aunt Childe had fainted at least a dozen times. Hysteria in various forms had assailed the feminine portion of the assemblage. And Clover Childe, taking advantage of the situation, cloaked, hooded, and carrying a satchel, had made good her escape.

At his home, whence Billy had gone upon his failure to detain the cloaked murderess, he found a brief, scrawled note from Clover saying that she could not force herself to the alliance with the Duke—and so she had done the deed and fled—that it was the only way. In his struggle with the cloaked woman Dr. "Billy" had wrenched some fur from her cloak.

This he pocketed carefully, loaded



CLOVER'S BETROTHAL WAS STRICTLY SHY ON SENTIMENT

down the "flivver" with all his available possessions, including a venerable skeleton, and chug-chugged away. He had not gone far when he came into collision with a farm wagon upon a railroad-crossing which brought to an angry halt a South-bound flyer.

Among the passengers to alight and investigate the delay were Clover Childe and Mammy. Clover and



THE DUKE AND "BUCKY" CANT DIVIDE THE SPOILS EQUALLY

Billy stared at one another incredulously. Then said Billy, "We are both wanted for the murder of Duke Boris. I——"

"I know," said Clover, desperately. "It all happened *after* I had decided to run away to Georgia. I simply couldn't go thru with it any more, and had flown —but Rita Veravella has told me. She took the same train. I—oh, Billy—I am—afraid——"

The train crew, upon being told of the murder, were properly wide-mouthed, and before they had time to reiterate their commands to move on the long arm of the law reached forth and gathered Billy and Clover in, in the persons of three detectives, who affirmed that "Bucky" Raines claimed that a Dr. Dunn was the last one in the garden.

Billy threw up his hands; then, turning to the head detective, he told him of the encounter and wrestle he had had with the cloaked woman, and showed him the patch of fur.

"Officer," he concluded, "I should like permission to take you to a Miss Rita Veravella, aboard this sleeper—a compatriot and a close friend of Boliva's."

They approached the drawn blinds of her compartment. For a moment Dr. "Billy" hesitated—this fastening a murder on a beautiful woman was a sickening piece of business—then he thought of the stake; Clover in the court, and the whole rotten story of the Duke and his attentions to her raked over for a public feast. He could hear the district attorney say: "Why did you do this thing?" and her whispered denial.

Dr. "Billy" drew aside the thick curtain that sheltered the woman's berth. In the faint light they could see that she was sleeping peacefully.

All compunction fled from Dr. "Billy." "So this is Bolivan love," he muttered—"it sleeps the sounder after its blood-feast."

Rita Veravella opened her wonderful tiger's eyes. The silver badge of the law glittered in their depths.

"You have come for me, I suppose," she said tonelessly. "Yes, I killed him—I, his real love—'tis the way of my people."

Dr. "Billy" fled outside and drew long gasps of air into his lungs. The whole thing was a hideous nightmare—all except the vision of Clover by the track-side and the little, purring Ford in the road.

He approached the girl quietly. "It's all over," he said. "Rita Veravella has confessed. And now, I suppose, you're wondering how my flivver happened to overhaul your train?"

"It's a heaven-sent miracle, Billy!" she cried.

"Let it go at that," he said, "and just listen. You're coming along with *me,* both you and Mammy—to a honeymoon—in Georgia—honey-girl——"

"I know it," she choked between a laugh and a sob. "I guess — Billy - boy—I've *always* known it."

"Why did you desert me?" he asked.

"You knew what train I took," she cried—"I *expected* a rescue. What else could you do and be my Dr. 'Billy'?"



IT WAS RITA VERAVELLA WHO HAD APPARENTLY DISCOVERED THE DUKE'S DEATH

How the Movies Move the Nation

By HUDSON MAXIM

EDITORIAL NOTE—The name of Maxim is known from one end of the world to the other, particularly at this time when practically all the world is at war. Hudson Maxim is not only a famous inventor, but he has gained equal fame with his pen, being the author of "Defenseless America," "The Science of Poetry" and numerous other important works. His contributions to science, arms and letters have been conspicuous, and we are pleased to present this interesting contribution to readers of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

SIGHT is the most useful of our senses. What we hear must first be represented or symbolized by oral sounds, and these oral sounds and the ideas or thoughts conveyed by them must be visualized in the mind before the mind gets their true meaning, and the mind must create for itself its own pictures thru the visual imagination.

What is read must first be expressed in terms of certain written symbols, which symbols represent oral sounds, which oral sounds represent ideas, and which ideas, in order to be fully realized, must be represented in the mind by pictures created in the visual imagination, so that what we read requires one more process of translation than what we hear.



HUDSON MAXIM

What we see enacted in Motion Pictures requires no translation. We are impressed in the same direct way as tho the scenes were realities, and the mind retains them with much the same vividness as it retains realities. When we see Motion Pictures, we do not need to create our own pictures in the mind to represent the thoughts conveyed by the pictures, for the actor and the camera do that for us.

Pleasures shared are made greater by the sharing. The reader who reads to himself finds far less pleasure than when he is a member of a group to which some one reads aloud. But it requires a very good reader to read aloud for any considerable time, and good readers are scarce. Yet even companionship in reading does not bring the pleasure that does companionship in seeing the movies. Any one, however illiterate, can read Motion Pictures, can understand as well the meaning of what happens upon the screen as tho favored with better education. How often, after one has seen, all by his lonesome, a particularly interesting Motion Picture, he will return home and fetch wife, sister, or other member of the family to witness it, while he sees it all over again for the mere pleasure of the companionship.

It is estimated that upwards of fifty million persons in the United States have seen the great Motion Picture play, "The Battle Cry of Peace." It is probable that no one thing has had so great an influence in arousing the American people to their danger and the folly and wickedness of unpreparedness against

the red hell of invasion as this same Motion Picture play.

The circulation of any amount of literature could not have produced an equal effect. No orator, however eloquent, could with word-pictures make the average citizen see what is likely to happen within his own home—the ghastly horror of his loved ones, dearer than life, struggling in the lecherous grasp of a savage foe—as he is made to see it in "The Battle Cry of Peace."

There were the destruction of our fleet, the landing of the enemy, the coming of the invader, our defeat in the trenches, the bombardment and destruction of our cities, the utter rout of our forces, the knock of the sword-hilt on the door of our home, and then the culminating nameless horrors.

It is pitiful to read of the desolation of Belgium and France—how women and girls, after witnessing the pillage and destruction of their homes, have been driven along like cattle with the enemy army, for a nameless use; but the appeal to our sympathy is stronger when we see on the screen the hungry, pleading eyes of the little children and the heartrending expression on the face of the mothers. Such pictured tragedies have done far more to loosen the purse-strings of philanthropic America than have the letters and circulars received in every mail.

Each day in the newspapers for the past two years our citizens have been reading articles by naval and military authorities, showing how easy it would be for a foreign enemy to bombard New York and other sea-coast cities and to land an invading army on our shores, in spite of our poor defenses. Mr. Smith cons the article in his morning paper: by the time his mail is opened, the lesson is forgotten. But let him behold visualized upon the screen the demolition of New York, its citizens in panic and flight, and the mental image haunts him, so that, with grim, set jaw, he is impelled to look into the matter for himself, to see whether these things could actually happen, and if so, what he, as a loyal citizen, can do to prevent it.

It is generally supposed, because men must go to the front and fight in the ranks and sacrifice their lives, if need be, in defense of their homes, that the danger and sacrifices of the men are greater than those of the women. But this is not true. The most that a man can lose is his life, but women can lose more.

It is generally supposed that women are less brave, less warlike, than men, but this opinion is founded in error. When the nest is threatened, and the cubs are in danger, the female of any species is far fiercer than the male, and fear, under the circumstances, is a thing unknown and unthought.

When the great shock of war actually comes to our shores—and it is coming—we shall find the women—the wives, sisters, sweethearts, mothers—each and all doing their bit. We shall find the women ready for supreme sacrifice. We shall find them at the recruiting station encouraging enlistment. We shall find them appealing to Congress for conscription and universal service. We shall find them facing equal dangers with the men on the firing line, caring for the wounded. We shall find them in the munition factories, doing the work of men, and thereby releasing men for the front. We shall find them in the Secret Service, braving every danger and doing invaluable work.

A knowledge of history is absolutely necessary to the formation of correct ideas for our guidance when we are called upon to perform our part in present-day history, which in all essential respects is a repetition of past events which have often happened many times before.

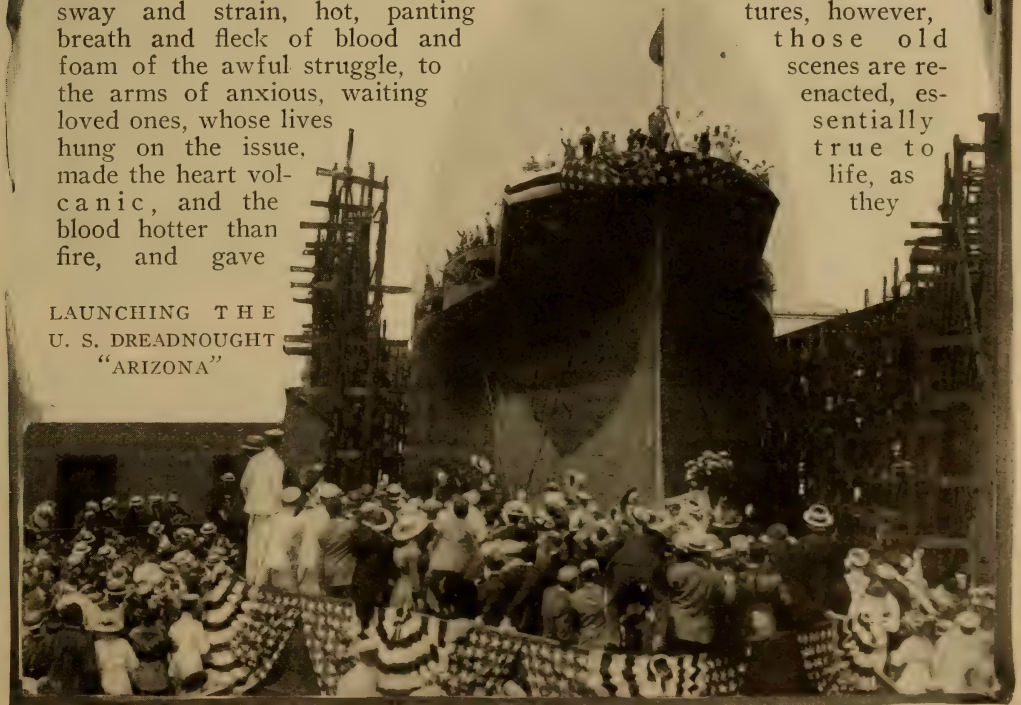
It is a trite but true saying that history repeats itself. It is impossible for us, when we learn history in the usual way, to get an adequate idea of what war meant in olden times. We can form no true picture of the horrors of the situation of a poor people, cooped up in a city on short rations, with actual famine in sight, and hordes of barbarians howling outside the walls and battering at the gates. We can hardly picture that intense situation when husband, brother, lover, stood shoulder to shoulder, with shield and sword, fighting for life at the breach in the wall, and barely succeeded in saving the city and their homes



A VISION OF MUTILATED WASHINGTON ("BATTLE CRY OF PEACE")

from sack and pillage. The transition from the sway and strain, hot, panting breath and fleck of blood and foam of the awful struggle, to the arms of anxious, waiting loved ones, whose lives hung on the issue, made the heart volcanic, and the blood hotter than fire, and gave women equal fortitude and equal purpose with men.

In Motion Pictures, however, those old scenes are reenacted, essentially true to life, as they



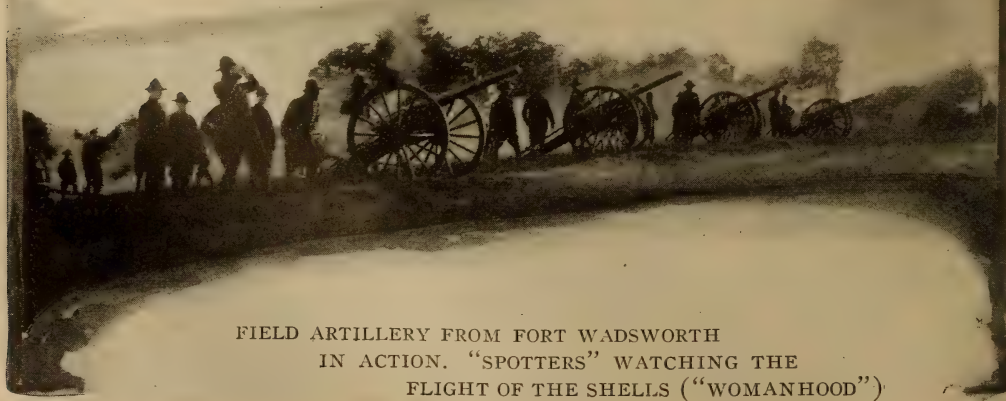
LAUNCHING THE U. S. DREADNOUGHT "ARIZONA"

FILMING THE ENEMY'S APPROACH ("WOMANHOOD")



were enacted in the olden days. Then there were no forts along the frontier, no iron-sided warships to guard the shore. There were no quick-firing guns to repel an invader. There were only the strong arm and the sword and shield of a country's manhood, and when war came, every able-bodied man had to go to the front to save the nation, while the women tilled the soil.

History repeats itself. The great modern howitzer has made the fort useless, the battle-plane can overfly all barriers, the submarine is fatal to the huge, iron-sided warship, the enormous length of the firing line requires vast armies, and, again, the whole country is placed at once in jeopardy, and all able-bodied men must of necessity go into action and the



FIELD ARTILLERY FROM FORT WADSWORTH IN ACTION. "SPOTTERS" WATCHING THE FLIGHT OF THE SHELLS ("WOMANHOOD")

women must make munitions and till the soil.

The aeroplane places the whole country on the firing line. Again history repeats itself.

The fierce stress and struggle of the present world-war and great national necessities have brought into action more brutal usages of war, practices more



TAKING A TORPEDO ON BOARD A U. S. SUBMARINE. SCENE FROM "COLTON, U. S. N.," (VITAGRAPH)

cruel, than were ever employed in the most barbarous ages of the world heretofore.

Science does not decrease cruelty in war; it makes war more cruel, with its poisonous gases, liquid fire and the air-bomb at night, despite the fact that modern weapons lessen the number of actual lives lost. Furthermore, just in proportion as it takes more time to kill an equal number of men by modern methods, so the sum total of suffering and sacrifice in the end is not lessened.

It costs more to fight with machinery than by hand, and it takes longer.

The per diem casualties are now lessened in proportion to the numbers engaged, but the total casualties may be as great, unless thru some strategic move one side may get such an immense advantage over the other as to terminate the struggle. A new development of Motion Pictures is likely to become very useful in preparedness measures against war. I refer to Motion Picture targets, which appear to be actual living creatures and moving objects to the marksman. The sound of the gun operates an electrical device which stops the Motion Picture just long enough to see by a spot of light where the bullet strikes, so that one may see exactly where he hits, or how much he misses the objects aimed at.

These Motion Picture targets are

(*Continued on page* 160)

The Limerick Love-Note!

The Month of Weddings Introduces the Bride, Along With Rhubarb-Plants, Poetry and Prickly Heat



SOUVENIR MENU, "DOUG'S" FAREWELL DINNER TO BROADWAY

TO "DOUG" FAIRBANKS.

As an athlete, whatever you're in,
Jumping fences or contracts—you win;
But what makes the dames fall
Is that fact, above all,
You're a bear at the standing broad grin!

THOMAS FINNERTY.
73 S. Second St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THOSE PRIVATE EXHIBITIONS!

There was an old censor named Hay,
Who trimmed several pictures each day,
He said: "I dont care
How much *other* folks swear,
I see the whole film, anyway!"

GEORGE P. LEWIS.
4707 St. Lawrence Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Several of Doc Limerick's contribs will, peradventure, lock-step down the Mendelssohn aisle this month and forget all about how they used to spill their very soul into concocting Limericks. They're entitled to, God bless 'em! But the Limerick's the love-note, just the same. In June, when the linnet on his twig pours his heart into his tiny throat, it's *his* Limerick! In this glad month every living thing except the worm and the fish raises his voice in praise—but who wants to be a worm?—or a sardine?

A Limerick is a five-line outburst of joy, prisoned in type to cheer the world and gladden the movie players whose praises are sung and whose talents and foibles are projected in this screed of harmless fun. Doc Limerick is a pretty good choir-master and wants you all to join in. Each month he offers $12 in prizes, in gulps of $5 and $3, and four in gasps of $1 each, for the neatest, wittiest and most joyful Limericks 'bout plays and players. Climb aboard, children, with your love-notes and your joy-sparks! Ye joyous prize-winners this month are the following: Harry J. Smalley, Mary E. Rouse, Lionel Grant, Thomas Finnerty, George P. Lewis, and Frank K. Erwin.

SPEED-LIMIT BESS LOVE

Tho the pathway of Love, it is said,
Isn't smooth, 'tis a rough one to tread;
In the case of our Bess
It's a boulevard—yes?
So it seems from the way she has sped!

HARRY J. SMALLEY.
1207 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

HIS HEART IN "LIMBO."

The play was about "Seven Sins,"
It kept me on needles and pins;
One scene I see yet,
And I'll never regret
The sight of those beautiful shins!

FRED ZIEMER.
111 College St., Buffalo, N. Y.

ISN'T WALLIE CUTE?

Wallie Reid is an actor and sport,
Fair Dorothy towed him to port.
"Best thing in my flat,"
Said he, just like that,
"Is my beautiful new Davenport!"

Harry J. Smalley.
1207 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

"JEWEL," FOR INSTANCE.

Ella Hall is as big as a minute,
She reminds you of wren or of linnet,
But the crowd that she draws
Is immense, just because
The play is all right if she's in it!

Mary E. Rouse.
1942 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SCREEN UP, KING!

Oh, where is our versatile King?
He was once in 'most everything.
We've missed for awhile
His sunshiny smile,
That gladness to screenland did bring.

Frank K. Erwin.
609 W. 158th St., N. Y.



ANSWER MAN.

You are clever and bright, Answer Man;
You answer all questions you can.
If you find that you cant
You start in and rant
And befuddle the poor movie fan!

S. A. Milton.
S. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

THREE JUICY MONNIKERS.

"What's in a name?" observed Watts;
To which query I answer: "Lots."
Just look at Blanche Sweet,
Arline Pretty, petite;
Louise Lovely! There's three apricots!

Jos. S. Haight.
230 S. 1st Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

LITTLE MARY, F'R INSTANCE.

Let 'em rave over statuesque vamps,
That wriggle as tho with the cramps,
Tho my taste may be tame,
I prefer, just the same,
Ingénues, with their curls and their lamps!

Luella Ketchum.
1188 Ivon St., Portland, Ore.



LLOYD HAMILTON

SPEAK UP, EDDIE!

His career is pleasing and varied,
With ennui he is not harried.
He still has us guessing,
For he's not confessing
If he is or if he's not married!

Frank K. Erwin.
609 W. 158th St., N. Y.

HAM AND BUD.

I am not fond of picture plays
Where virtue's trampled in the mud;
I'd rather go where laughter sways,
So here's to Ham and Bud.

Fred Ziemer.
111 College St., Buffalo, N. Y.



YOU'LL HAVE TO EXPERIMENT ON J. WARREN.

Now, say, Mr. Limerick Man,
Think a wee bit if you can.
I'm in love with dear Jack,
And, just for a—smack,
Do you think he would go, run or ran?

Lillian Cross.
375 Biltmore Ave., Asheville, N. C.

TO THE NOBLEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL.

'Tis truthfully said of a few
That up with the movies they grew,
But here's to Costello—
You handsome film fellow!—
The movies grew up around you!

Thomas Finnerty.
73 S. Second St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

HE PUTS WRINKLES IN THE SCREEN!

When all the war pictures we've seen
It's time to be cheered up, I ween.
Little gloom runs away,
He has no place to stay
When Ovey appears on the screen!

Suzanne Perry.
609 W. 158th St., N. Y.



OUT-HEARTING CUPID!

Dan Cupid one day met Anita
And said to himself, "I cant beat her;
She'll get all the hearts
In spite of my darts.
She got mine, and it's a repeater!"

Lionel Grant.
Box 455, Raleigh, N. C.



THE FOX-TROT IS MIGHTIER THAN THE GAS BOMB!

Does the specter of war chill your hearts?
Do you fear old Kid Mars and his arts?
He hasn't a chance,
We'll have Patria dance,
And the country is saved—in two parts!

Thomas Finnerty.
73 S. Second St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

FILM FOOTAGE

It was Pavlowa, you see,
Played the Dumb Girl of Portici.
She had lots of beaux,
'Cause she talked with her toes,
Likewise with her ankle and knee!

Dr. Eliza Ransom.
Riverbank Court, Cambridge, Mass.



HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

The Photodrama

A Department of Expert Advice, Criticism, Timely Hints, Plot Construction and Market Places

Conducted by HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Staff Contributor of the Edison Company, formerly with Pathé Frères; Lecturer and Instructor of Photoplay Writing in The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay" and many Current Plays on the Screen, etc.

CLEARING UP THE ATMOSPHERE

Consisting of a Correspondent's Letter —and a Reply

Close-Views and Inserts

I have decided to devote the entire space allotted to my Department this month to the publication of a letter received from "G. W. G.," of Trinidad, Colorado.

This correspondent has written to this Department in accordance with my request under "Questions and Answers."

I feel that "G. W. G.'s" questions demand an answer from me for two reasons: They are not only the result of intelligent thought, but they represent the unasked questions of thousands of others; there is a tone of doubt and skepticism that challenges my sense of fairness. I shall try to make the discussion as brief as possible.

Question.—Is it not a fact that publications of the movie class are all financed, edited and published by capital interested in the production of Motion Picture films, either directly or indirectly?

Answer.—All class, or trade, publications are financed, edited and published by and from amongst themselves, for the purpose of either bringing their production before the public in an attractive way, or informing the trade itself of what is going on within its circles. It would be foolhardy for an outsider to publish a periodical in which he had only the public's interest or knowledge.

Q.—Is it not a fact that such capital is ***not*** interested in any feature of such production that does not hold the "box-office" receipts paramount to any other interest?

A.—Financial returns are the only justification for support or interest by the trade. This applies to soap, cigarets or silver polish. A good play means money; a bad play spells financial failure, and not morality or art—to producers. The public and the writers are responsible to a large degree for the latter.

Q.—Is it not a fact that such publications dare not tell the truth about the production of Motion Picture films when that truth happens to be inimical to the financial pursuits of the producer, no matter how inimical to the public good the production may be?

A.—If by "inimical" you mean morally or ethically bad, I may say that those phases of a photoplay are entirely in the hands of the disinterested Board of Censors, besides being under the close supervision of the Law. If the Censors let anything get by, it is on their heads. That plays are produced to prey upon the worst in humanity is true, just as bad meat and eggs are sold to the public. Either producer is a rascal.

Q.—Is it not a fact that such publications have been, and are used by such producers to "bunco" the public with "fake" inducements "for *ideas*" in the various forms of so-called "contests" and other advertisements of fake prizes paid for "Photoplays"?

A.—My experience in magazine production has taught me the great lesson that an editor should elicit personal interest from his subscribers. Contests have long been the most successful

means of accomplishing this. I have never known of a contest that meant financial profit, tho it may have been a success as a circulation builder. If you mean that the big prices quoted as being paid for Photoplays is a fake, I doubt it. $100 to $1,000 is being paid unknown writers today. People with real *ideas* need never worry.

Q.—Is it not a fact that such publications, as well as the producers of movie films, are more interested in the exploitation of sensationalism and sex than they are in the elevation of society thru decent, wholesome and educational programs?

A.—Emphatically, No! They are no more—or less—responsible for what gets thru, than the Censor, the public and the author. The public has a habit of refusing to be elevated and the producer is neither an academy nor a religious body. I know that the producer is trying to create the wholesome program. Have patience.

Q.—Is it not a fact that the question, *Pro quid bono?* (For what good?) might with great propriety be run on the screen at the end of 95 out of every 100 of the so-called "feature" films, and the question remain unanswered for all time?

A.—I am sure that more than 50 per cent. of the readers of this Department will rise in their wrath at the unfairness of this question. I will add only that a large percentage of present-day productions may be technically bad, yet there is scarcely another agency today that is bringing such a direct good to the world thru a not unwholesome rousing and gratifying of its emotional life. Every other play has its Sermon, or Lesson, or Moral, or Laughter, or Memory, or beautiful Picture, or noble Portrayal, etc.

Q.—Is it not a fact that the only practical difference between *photodrama* and so-called *legitimate drama* is the spoken language of the latter?

A.—I am glad to say that the construction of the two are as different as that between drama and fiction. Space forbids the detailed answering of this question now, tho it is my purpose to take it up in this Department in the near future. I may say that its complete discussion occupies the greater part of my forthcoming Volume (V) in The Authors' Hand-Book Series—"The Feature Photoplay."

Q.—Is it not a fact that many scenario editors and producers know very slightly what constitutes *plot* and as little, if not less, about what constitutes *drama?*

A.—Now our correspondent is getting down to the vital reasons for the poor quality of plays that he before ascribed to rather ulterior motives. Most editors and producers concede drama to be *identical* with photodrama. Again, too many of them are quite ignorant of the nature of a plot in its constructive state.

Q.—Is it not safe to conclude that the public will tire of such stuff as is turned out and some producers will suffer?

A.—Let us hope that nothing less than this will happen and that producers of poor plays will either be forced out of business or learn to produce good plays. The public can help at once by protesting at the box-office against poor and bad plays and attending theaters where good plays predominate.

Q.—Is it not a fact that movie publication critics are in the same boat with the producers, pulling on the same oars and guided by the same rudder?

A.—I find a predominant quantity of "gush" about all photodramatic criticism I see. It seems to be composed chiefly of personal opinions rather than impartial judgment based on photodramatic standards. Still I find plenty of adverse criticism which in the end seems to be general, tho unscientific.

Q.—Is it not a fact that such publications a year ago were holding out great inducements to so-called free-lance writers, but today are discouraging them after thousands of them responded thru fake contests and other fake advertisements?

A.—One must not confuse the editorial policies of a magazine with its advertising department. Discrimination against advertisers where no criminal intent has been proved is a mooted question. Most of those who answered the advertisements for writers with ideas got stung because they on their part were ready to sting the other fellow by offering a vacuum bromide for solid cash, in other

words to give up a dollar for information that would lead to their getting hold of some of the big sums quoted. The person who answers an advertisement implying that he may get something for nothing should have good reasons for not crying "Fraud!"

Q.—Is it not a fact that many of such ideas have been turned down on the writer, but turned over to the starved genius of some ten-dollar-a-week staff writer of the concern?

A.—I have not the least doubt that many ideas have been stolen. Seldom if ever has a company been crude enough in its criminality to do it, but rather some reader-writer into whose hands it has fallen. But dont blame this on the craft or producer. The world is full of thieves, who lose in the end. And the man with one good idea is full of them.

Q.—Is it not a fact that 95 per cent. of the stuff that is put on the screen is written by so-called staff writers of the concerns that produce it?

A.—A short time ago William A. Brady showed me a pile of manuscripts that he was reading and I looked them over. There was scarcely a well-known name among them, and no staff-written manuscripts. While a large part of all the material produced is staff-written, there is a reason. Only a comparatively small number outside of staff writers know as yet how to present a photoplay idea.

Q.—If so, then why all this mad cry, these lying reports, about the need of scenario material, that are published in the movie publications?

A.—My previous reply answers this in part. There was never before such a need for good material for the simple reason that the public has discovered that a new art exists and but a few of the writers know how to furnish the artistic play.

Q.—Why is the great "scenario department critic" of the Lasky concern in so great need for more material after paying out a hundred thousand dollars for "prize stuff"?

A.—The Lasky, or rather The Famous Players Company, got only seven plays from the general public to whom they offered a thousand dollars each. They received thousands and thousands of manuscripts, only seven of which proved to be what they wanted. They are still in the market for thousand-dollar plays.

Q.—Is it not a fact that very few, if any, authors of real literary merit are offering movie concerns any of their work?

A.—The author who is not scrambling after photoplay honors today is a rare exception whom I have not met. It is too true that the author too thinks his stories ready for screening as they stand —which is a fallacy. Very few authors indeed are making any honest effort to learn what is wanted or why their work is unsuited for screen production.

Q.—Is it not a fact that the best and most successful efforts of producers have been pictures made from the stories of good authors of fiction rather than the patchwork productions of the scenario carpenter?

A.—Most of the reproduced fiction I have seen on the screen has been the patchwork of scenario carpenters. The best photoplays I have seen were not from fiction prototypes. The best work that we will have will come from professional photodramatists originating plays in photodramatic form.

Q.—Is is not a fact that some just *think* they have mastered the art of Photodrama?

A.—Thousands who have never studied Photodrama think they have mastered it—alas!

Q.—What is the climax in drama?

A.—The climax in drama is reached when the final great obstacle is being dissolved that stands between the hero and the attainment of his goal; it is the final struggle that reveals the outcome of the play.

In conclusion, I will add that these questions were answered in as sincere a frame of mind as they were asked. If I have rallied my answers to the defense of the producer, it was as a playwright who is ever seeking to help his fellow-workers to the right understanding of the craft they are interested in. The producers can take care of themselves, yet our efforts are bound to fail if we misconstrue them and warp our work thru prejudice.

HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS.



MARY CHARLESON (Essanay)

Alice Joyce's Vacation

By ELIZABETH REID



AFTER a year of the hardest work she has ever done in all her Motion Picture work, Alice Joyce is taking a vacation. She has always been very energetic and busy, but this past winter has been almost too much for her. She is personally taking all the care of her young daughter, Alice

Mary, except for the six hours daily at the studio, when Baby's grandmother comes over and keeps the little lady company. She—Mother Alice, not Daughter Alice, of course—devotes two evenings each week to the study of French and reading of French literature; two evenings are devoted to classic dancing under one of New York's most exclusive dancing masters. She designs her own wardrobe and she entertains a bit. So, with six hours each day at the studio, her mail to supervise and dictate to a secretary, it can be readily seen that a collapse was imminent.

A nice, kind doctor-man, gray-bearded as all proper story-book doctor-men should be, came over to dinner one evening, felt her pulse, looked at her tongue, and then, looking very wise and grave, said:

"You must have a change and complete rest for a couple of weeks or more—a couple of months would be best."

"Utterly impossible, doctor. Two weeks, maybe, but two months——"

"But you must go away for a couple of weeks, then," he decided.

She reached for young Alice, cuddling her close and laughing at her.

"All right, we'll go to Palm Beach—mother, Alice and I. Baby needs a rest, too!" she capitulated.

"But Baby isn't going!" remarked the stern doctor.

"Then I wont go either!" cried the mother.

"Oh, yes, you will," said the doctor. But she raved, stormed and cried in a most un-Alice Joyce-like style. But the doctor, aided and abetted by a nasty, bad cold, won.

Away to Palm Beach went Mother Alice. These snaps were taken during her stay of two weeks there, the last one showing the improvement from the fortnight's rest, relaxation and bathing in the surf.

It might be mentioned, however, that Baby's grandmother wired Baby's mother daily reports of the health of that important young person.



WHAT AN AWFUL DOWNFALL HENRY LEHRMAN WOULD HAVE IF BILLIE RITCHIE DIDN'T HOLD DOWN HIS END OF THE SEE-SAW IN "A HOUSE OF TERRIBLE SCANDAL" (FOX)

Our Screen Stars and Their Stars

How the Heavenly Stars Have Endowed Our Screen Favorites. The Solar Biologies of Some of Our Well-Known Players



OWEN MOORE

(While it is indisputably true that heredity, environment and association have a great influence upon one's character, in the present series an endeavor will be made to show the specific planetary influences which have governed many of our screen stars.)

By JOHNSON BRISCOE

OWEN MOORE—Born December 12, 1887

THE Stellar Constellation at this time—Sagittarius—saw the moon in Sagittarius, with Mercury in Libra, and Venus influenced, only slightly, by Leo.

If the stars did not tell us so, you would almost know it anyway by just looking at his face that Owen Moore is an altogether thoroly likeable chap. He is generous, kindly and humorous, and it is all a part of the day's work with him to be continually doing the right thing. Know all men by these presents,

he has friends by the score, warm and devoted friends who fully appreciate his good qualities, and it would be a pretty mean, low spirit that would ever seek to get the better of him. His sociability, with his graceful wit and tact, make him win and hold people easily, and he has an individuality of expression peculiarly his own.

There is a good deal of pride in the make-up of this special branch of the Moore family-tree, the faith and confidence in himself which pretty nearly always keeps him in the very path he elects to follow. He knows precisely his capabilities, and he is upon equally intimate terms with his limitations. He is not the sort of person to shut his eyes to his own defects, yet you may be sure that he will see to it that he receives his just due in the world.

Mr. Moore goes thru life with his eyes wide open, for he is a most practical, sensible sort of person, with a keen amount of perception and observation. Rarely does he fail to see both sides to every question, and he can understand and give a practical reason for his every movement.

Ordinarily hasty of speech—ah, begorrah, but the Lord loves the Irish!—he can give a subtly sarcastic shaft with all the guilelessness of a child. He is not afraid to speak his mind, and there have been occasions when he has expressed himself with a complete directness probably quite disarming to his hearers. Truth, to the point of candid frankness, is a virtue in his eyes, and he seldom, if ever, hesitates to say just what he means. And there can never be any mistaking his meaning, depend upon that; he is not one to talk in symbols or to indulge in cryptic language, for it is so much easier to come straight out from the shoulder. You must not infer from this that he is unkindly, brutal in his speech; nothing of that sort at all, but the simple way, the direct, truthful way, is so much the easier. To bring it down to a fine point, and you may always depend upon our Sagittarius children to do that, why not give a spade its right title, and be done with it?

Mr. Moore has an enviably whole-hearted way of enjoying life; indeed, he may be said to live for the very joy of living, and he is at his best, is most happy, when he has others to share his joys with him. He likes to have a good time, will enter thoroly into the spirit of every occasion, and, being an adaptable youth, can hold his own in any society. Cannot one have as good a time in a lively dance-hall as in an effete drawing-room? Indeed, yes, for it needs only the sort of Owen Moore spirit to give the fillip to the right occasion.

This Famous Player star is an amusing companion always; he can keep a crowd entertained just as well as one or two, and even if he did not hail from the Emerald Isle, he would be quick at wit and repartee. Even with all his propensity for the joy of life, the smile from the heart out, there are deep and hidden beauties in Owen Moore's nature which probably even his best friends do not suspect. He can, if he elects so to do, keep many things within himself, happy or sad affairs, as the case may be, and tho he will often refrain from expressing himself, there is precious little which escapes him. He can suffer a hurt in silence, which is a great deal more than can be said of many Sagittarius-born, and yet he is not one to forget or forgive any injury or wrong. He may not talk a great deal about it, but the hurt is there just the same.

Probably before he reached the years of discretion—this, of course, conceding that any one ever does that—Mr. Moore must have had a fine time of it trying to decide whether his life-goal should be an artistic or business career, or even the Presidential chair. At that, you know, today Owen Moore has his own particular niche in filmdom's hall of fame.

For the benefit of those who like a bit of sentiment served up with a Zodiac reading, it may not be altogether amiss to add here that those born under the Sign of Sagittarius find their happiest and most congenial matrimonial partners in those born under Aries, their very opposite pole. And when is the Aries Sign? Why, from March 22d to April 20th, to be sure. And, bless my soul, who should be born upon the eighth day of April but that wonderful creature, Owen Moore's wife, known as Mary Pickford.

Building for the Future

An Appreciation of the Blackton Babies and Their Mother

By NINA DOROTHY GREGORY



THESE two sturdy little soldierettes, Violet and Charles Blackton, as staunch, embryonic protectors, are setting a good example in patriotism. The latter, standing "at attention," is every inch of his thirty-six inches a soldier. With legions of similar heroic little standard-bearers thruout our land, this generation can feel assured that American portals will in the future always be securely guarded and Old Glory safely upheld. 'Tis the heritage of true and tried children.



It does not, however, fall to the lot of every little American patriot to take an active part in securing large contributions for the "American Fund for French Wounded" and the "Fund for Men Blinded in Battle." You will be interested to know just how they helped.

An ever-endless stream of beneficence flows from the golden cornucopia of Paula Blackton, the richly gifted mother of little Violet and Charles. Her magic has transformed their playtime into a part of the world's work.

Her conception of an entirely original and charming method of bestowing a kindly boon upon countless thousands merits the highest praise. She has visualized in Motion Pictures a series of her Country Life Stories, "The Diary of a Puppy," "The Collie Market," "A Spring Idyl," "The Little Strategist," "Satin and Calico" and "The Fairy Godfather," in which she and the wee Blacktons and all the domestic pets of the Blackton country



Photo by
Count Jean
De Strelecki

estate, "Harbourwood" (Oyster Bay), participate. This series released, distributed and shown thruout the country to the less fortunate members of humanity, opens wide vistas of many beautiful phases of outdoor country life, bringing and giving to numbers of nature-hungry, shut-in city-dwellers visions of the glorious revelation for which each springtime brings a renewed impulse of heart-yearning. These pictures have brought scenes of ideal home and country life to the city. They have refreshed alike the exclusive social circles and, thru her generosity, the unfortunate inmates of many charitable institutions, and, finally, arrangements were completed to give a huge benefit exhibition at the Rialto Theater, the proceeds of which are added to the treasury of two of Mrs. J. Stuart

Blackton's most cherished benefactions, the "American Fund for French Wounded" and the "Fund for Men Blinded in Battle."

In all of her splendid achievements she has been aided and guided by the wise counsels of her distinguished husband, Commodore Blackton, and gallantly supported by her two wonderful little allies, Violet and Charles.

In the showing of the Paula Blackton Country Life Stories in aid of the French war sufferers the following were a few of the many enthusiastic and indefatigable workers for this popular cause to whose untiring energies and valuable co-operation is due a large measure of the success of this undertaking: Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Philip Lydig, Miss Anne Morgan, Miss Elizabeth Scarborough, Mrs. A. M. Dike, Mrs. Helen S. Woodruff and Mrs. Samuel C. Van Dusen. In passing it can be said that the Motion Picture's place in the broad field of good deeds is just beginning. Its powers for uplift—its scales of justice and its mantle of charity—will be recognized as two of the world's great blessings.

We immediately sense, in the accompanying portrait, the ideal pose of a modern Madonna—the beauty of the soul, mind and heart of the woman who has transmuted her ideas into golden results for humanity's sake.



"The Land of Sunshine and Flowers!"

A Cooling Scene for a Warm Spring Day

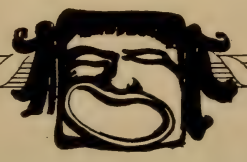


MYRTLE GONZALEZ DIDN'T "MUSH" FROM UNIVERSAL CITY TO ALASKA TO POSE FOR THIS SNOW-SCENE. SHE WAS SNAP-SHOTTED IN CALIFORNIA. SNOW IN THAT SUNNY STATE? CERTAINLY. IF YOU DONT BELIEVE IT, TAKE A TRIP TO TRUCKEE, CLIMB OUR AMERICAN ALPS, AND HEAR THE MOUNTAINS ECHO MYRTLE'S YODEL: "THIS MAKES YOU FEEL LIKE LIVING!"

THE DIRECTOR

A Superb Tragedy, with the Accent on the "Supe"

By MICHAEL GROSS



SCENE—Any Moving Picture studio; anywhere.

TIME—3 P. M. of a cloudy summer day.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—Director, assistant director, camera-man, supers, prop men, stage carpenters, etc.

(A stock exchange scene is being staged in the open air. Supers discovered standing around trying to look like wealthy stock exchange brokers—with $2.63 in change among them it requires some acting. Director, assistant and camera-man stand on raised platform at one end of set.)

DIRECTOR—All right, boys, let's try this. Get together now. When Morse jumps up on that trading-post seat everybody crowd around him. Lots of excitement until I whistle, then see Graves going out and everybody run out after him. Come on, Morse, start 'er up.

(Morse rushes into center of floor, yelling excitedly: "Who wants Acme stock? I've got Acme to sell!" Forces way to trading-post and jumps on seat. Supers crowd around him, gesticulating wildly and shouting at the top of their voices.)

DIRECTOR (*watching scene closely*)—That's good, Morse; keep it up. (Waits a few moments and then whistles. Supers pay no attention to him. Puts two fingers in mouth and whistles shrilly. Still no effect. Grabs up megaphone.) Stop—STOP, EVERYBODY!

(Entire cast, realizing that something is wrong, suddenly becomes petrified.)

DIRECTOR *(with fine sarcasm)*—I thought I'd have to shoot you fellows down to make you stop. Didn't I tell you to exit when I whistled? Well, I've been whistling for the past five minutes. Did you think that was the way I was breathing? We're going to try it over again, and when I whistle everybody exit. All right now. POSITIONS—BEGIN.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR—That diffuser over there is coming down. Look at the light casting shadows all over the set.

DIRECTOR—Well, I'll be jiggered. Stop, everybody! Hey, Stump, why the devil dont you see to it that those diffusers are put up right? Get somebody to fix it so that it will stay put.

(Stump, the stage carpenter, brings over ladder and fixes the diffuser.)

DIRECTOR—Now let's run thru this scene once more, and then we'll take it. All right, Morse, enter.

(This time the scene is rehearsed without a mishap.)

DIRECTOR—That's the stuff, boys. We'll take it now. Ready, everybody. CAMERA. (Camera-man starts grinding.) A little excitement, boys. Now, Morse, enter—keep inside the line there—see him, boys. Sell your stock, Morse—"I've got Acme; who wants Acme?"—crowd around him there—everybody wants it—up on the seat, Morse—get up—make way for him there!

(Morse jumps up and lands on the seat with all his weight. The sudden jar loosens the top of the trading-post, and it breaks off and falls to the ground.)

DIRECTOR *(smashing megaphone down on platform)*—STOP—STOP, EVERY-



THE LITTLE ELEPHANT IS ALL EARS LISTENING TO MARY PICKFORD READING ALOUD THE ACTION OF HER PLAY, "THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL," TO HER TALENTED DIRECTOR, MAURICE TOURNEUR

BODY! (Turns to assistant.) Aint that a heluva note. SOME set they hand me—built out of cardboard and kindling wood! (Yells out angrily.) Hey, Stump, come here. (Stump hurries over.) Look at that blankety-blank post. Cant you fellers put up a set so that it will stay up?

STUMP *(in an apologetic voice)*—Do you want me to nail that top on?

DIRECTOR—I dont care what you do with it. Sew it on; spike it on; just so it stays on.

(Stump and three assistants nail up post. They jump on seat several times to prove to director that it now holds firm.)

DIRECTOR—Now that the set has been pasted together again, we'll try that last scene over. And say, Morse, there is no place in the scenario that says you're supposed to drive that seat down into the cellar when you jump on it. Go a little easy. Now, boys—POSITIONS—BEGIN—ALL RIGHT—CAMERA.

(The scene is put over without a hitch.)

ASSISTANT—Number forty-three—ninety-five feet—good.

CAMERA-MAN—I make it eighty-one. (Turns crank a few times.) Property man holds up scene slate marked "SCENE 43—GOOD" in front of camera and a few turns of the crank takes it.

STUMP—Shall we strike this set?

DIRECTOR—No, I want a still picture of that last scene and then a close-up. (Turns to cast.) Now, boys, give us that last bit again. Everybody hold it when I give the word. This is going to be a still. Get up on that seat again, Morse. All right now—a little ginger in it—fine—HOLD IT.

(The still picture is taken.)



A FINAL CONSULTATION BETWEEN EULALIE JENSEN, WILLIAM DUNN AND DIRECTOR SHAW, VITAGRAPHERS, BEFORE THE CLOSE-UP SCENE OF THE DETECTIVE'S STARTLING DISCLOSURES

DIRECTOR—Now a close-up and then, thank heaven! we're thru with this set. I want you in this, Graves. This is where you stand watching Morse sell the stock he has robbed you of. Come right down to the line; watch Morse; stand a minute as if thinking, then shake your head and sigh. Guess we can take it without a rehearsal; what d'yer say?

CAMERA-MAN (*looking up at sky, which has become heavily clouded*)—I guess he'll have to go thru the action very slow. It's getting kind of dark for quick work.

DIRECTOR—Remember that, Graves; not so fast. All right, we'll take it now.

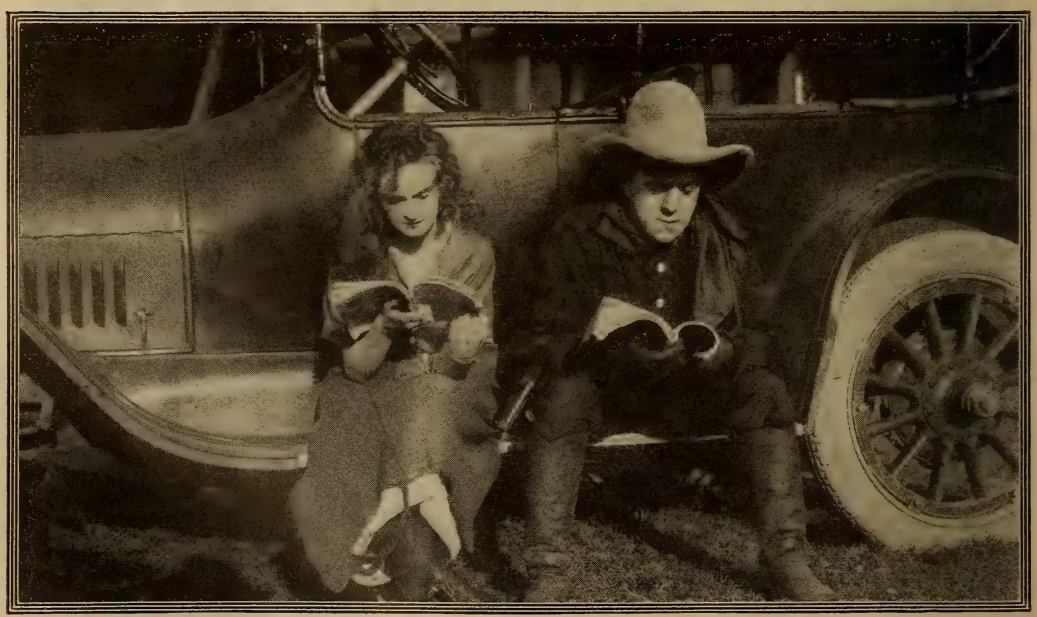
(Camera-man brings machine down off platform onto stage in order to take the close-up.)

CAMERA-MAN—Will you give me your height, please, Mr. Graves? (Graves comes down to line and stands erect in front of camera.) Righto! I've got it. (Camera-man turns to director.) I'm ready.

ASSISTANT (*putting hand out beyond platform*)—Good-night! it's starting to rain.

DIRECTOR—Holy suffering cats! will I never get thru with this set? Hurry it up, Graves; see if we can make this last scene before it starts coming down. Ready now. BEGIN—CAMERA. (Camera-man starts turning crank slowly.)

DIRECTOR—That's fine. Mad expression on. Clench your fist and drive it into the palm of your other hand. Now sta——



DIRECTOR GRAY, THE CAMERA-MAN AND COMPANY ARE WAITING THIRTY MILES AWAY. "SHORTY" HAMILTON AND HIS LEADING-LADY HAVE JUST RECEIVED THE LATEST COPY OF THE "MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE." 'NOUGH SAID. EVERYTHING ELSE WAITS

(At this point the summer shower starts in earnest, and the rain comes down in bucketfuls. Camera-man grabs up his machine and runs for shelter. Director, unmindful of the fact that he is being drenched, remains on the platform, the picture of despair.)

ASSISTANT *(grinning)*—Talk about your wa——

DIRECTOR—Now if you're going to pull anything about "watered stock" I'll throw you off the platform. I feel rotten enough as it is.

(They both come down from platform and go inside to round up the cast, who vanished at the start of the storm.)

DIRECTOR—Hey, Stump, after the storm is over take that stock exchange set apart and sew it together right. Is the reception-room set fixed up yet?

STUMP—Yes, sir, up on the second-floor stage.

DIRECTOR *(to cast)*—Everybody wash up, excepting Morse, Graves and you fellows (points to five of the "stock brokers"). Run upstairs and get your evening clothes on. Then come to the second-floor stage.

(Director, assistant, camera-man and the cast selected go upstairs.)

DIRECTOR *(after placing cast in position in reception-room set)*—Now everybody in conversation when Miss Dwyer enters. You greet her, Morse, and sit down with her. Then the butler enters, announces dinner and everybody exits. Let's try it.

MORSE—Wouldn't it be better to have Miss Dwyer ask us in to dinner? She is supposed to be the hostess, you know.

DIRECTOR—Good suggestion, Morse, we'll do it that way. Now run over it once, and then we will take it. Ready, everybody, begin. Everybody talking and laughing—enter, Miss Dwyer—see her, Morse—all right, Miss Dwyer, look at him—turn around—smile—"How are you, Mr. Morse?" Sit down with her, Morse; dont fall down. This isn't the Keystone Company you're working for.

MORSE *(in an undertone to Miss Dwyer)*—That's all the thanks I get for telling him how to direct the scene. He bawls me out in front of this bunch of supes.

DIRECTOR—Now, Miss Dwyer, walk to Miss Nelson—face, everybody. "Come in to dinner, folks."

(Entire cast rises like so many sacks of flour being pulled to an upright position and wearily exits.)

DIRECTOR *(sarcastically)*—Come back here. (Cast returns.) Miss Dwyer said "Come in to dinner." Judging by the snappy way you accepted her invitation you must have thought she said, "Come out and be electrocuted." Try it again and put some "pep" into it, for heaven's sake!

(The scene is run thru again; this time with better success.)

DIRECTOR—All right, we'll take it now. Lights—positions, everybody—begin—camera. (The camera-man starts turning the crank.) Lively conversa-

tion there, you in the back—this isn't a tableau, it's a Moving Picture. Either move or move out. All right, Miss Dwyer, enter—see her, Morse—sigh, Miss Dwyer, dont swallow—now smile and look arou——

CAMERA-MAN—Gosh ding it! I thought I had enough left in that magazine to get this, but I just ran out.

DIRECTOR *(despairingly)*—STOP, everybody!
(All stand still. Camera-man fumbles with machine, talking to himself.)

DIRECTOR—What are you doing, Snyder—saying your prayers? You'd better, because I surely feel like murdering somebody. Come on now; stick another magazine in and get this scene.

CAMERA-MAN *(looking thru magazine-case)*—Guess I'll have to go up to the dark-room and get some more film. All the stuff I've got here is taken.

DIRECTOR—All right, go ahead, and here's a suggestion. When you get there, lock yourself in and throw the key out of the window. I'm going to quit right now and call it a day's work. It's a quarter to seven. (Turns to cast.) Everybody wash up and be here at nine tomorrow morning. GOOD-NIGHT.

EXEUNT OMNES.



A SCENE FROM "THE SIXTEENTH WIFE (?)" IN WHICH WALLACE REID IS UNCONSCIOUSLY FEATURED, SMOKING HIS FAVORITE TURKISH MIXTURE

PAULINE FREDERICK'S DOUBLE

"GLADYS BROCKWELL"

by

Lillian Blackstone



YOUR mistake, Henrietta —"Polly" Frederick is still with Famous Players. You saw her in a Fox film? My dear, that was Gladys Brockwell whose good fortune it is, in addition to being a more than capable star, to have the distinction of being "Pauline Frederick's double."

You want to know about her? Well, a woman's curiosity cant be squelched entirely, I know, but it can be lessened a little, and I'm willing to do that for you, so listen hard and you shall hear all about this delightful and attractive actress' work and life—past, present and future.

To begin with, she was born in the city that the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE made famous—Brooklyn, New York—just twenty-two years ago. And her theatrical career began one month after this eventful day, when her mother, who was playing a child's part, carried her on the stage as her baby sister.

After this, Gladys' history as a child reads like a fairy tale, and, like fairy tales, seems unbelievable. But it's true, for Gladys was as remarkable a girl as she is a remarkable woman, and her present-day work and success easily confirm it. At fourteen she was a leading-woman; at sixteen she held a regular stock position, and at seventeen she headed her own company. Then and there a record was made. After that she made a name in dramatic work as leading-woman to Willard Mack and other famous actors.

"My advent into pictures was three years ago, when I joined the Lubin Company," she said in answer to our query. "Since then I've been a regular gypsy, wandering over to the New York Motion Picture Corporation, then to



Universal, then to Fine Arts, and finally to Fox, where I've been some time."

We made a brief summary of her best pictures—"The End of the Trail," "The Sins of Her Parent," "One Touch of Sin" and "The Honor System." (Result: the utmost satisfaction on our part.)

"What parts delight you the most?" we asked.

"Character rôles," affirmed Miss Brockwell, quickly; "and when I am properly established I shall play nothing else"—which was characteristic of this star, for she is an enthusiast in her work. "I think it takes an actress to play those parts," she added, which made us certain that she should follow this idea, for she is actress thru and thru and possesses unbounded talent and ability.

Gladys Brockwell's chief hobby is her attractive little bungalow in Hollywood, which is kept cozy and alluring by her mother.

"It's my chief hobby, because I can spend my evenings there at least. I love swimming, riding, driving, motoring and all sports, but rarely get time to indulge. A picture actress' life isn't all fun and leisure," she smiled. "But I love the life and am never so happy as when acting before the camera, for I know it will be the entertainment of millions. And then the letters I receive. Oh, it's worth it!"

Altho Miss Brockwell has her bungalow and "is surrounded by all that is beautiful" (extract from the "Guide to Sunny California"), she is far from being a devotee of the proverbial "Land of Roses." "California is the only place where one can lie under a rose-bush in full bloom and freeze to death!" she asserts. And think of the multitude in the North and East who long for the price of a ticket to that land of dreams!

Besides being an actress of rare quality, "Pauline Frederick's double" is also a writer. Why not include that with her hobbies? My dear readers, that is not

a hobby with Gladys Brockwell—it is part of her, for she delights in charming others with her thoughts, and besides that has the honor of being a direct descendant from Voltaire, the great French idol (her mother's name was Lisette De Voltaire). At any rate, her reputation as a poetess and authoress is rapidly increasing, and this year a music publisher has introduced twelve new songs of hers to the eager public. Two of them follow:

SOLACE

Tear me nerve by nerve apart,
Crush the inmost vitals of my heart,
Let all earthly blessings pass me by—
Cast me lowest, where I stood most high—
This and more than this shall be
If Thou wilt give, dear Lord, but love to me.

MARY

There's a comforting tenderness streams
From the touch of your soft little hand,
And your unspoken sympathy seems
Like a glimpse of the Promised Land.
A sympathy sweet as unbidden,
That would soothe the heaviest care,
And Hope, a captive, lies hidden
In the rings of your beautiful hair.
There is no love other within me, I could not be untrue;
I only know that rest for me is with you—just you.

Doesn't the above show that she could easily win fame by her pen should she give up her screen-work?—which all filmdom hopes she doesn't. As long as she stays in the films the public allows her unlimited privilege with her writings, but at the thought of her forsaking her wonderful "emoting" all the fans shudder. What a wave of sadness would hang over the world should she do this!

Miss Brockwell is more than an actress toiling for her "per weekly"; she is a film enthusiast and would do anything in her power for the success of the film she is in. For instance, we once received a letter from her to this effect: "I have been in the water over twelve hours today and am pretty well tired out. We finished the picture, tho." That was during the filming of "One Touch of Sin," which I consider her best work, for her "emoting" was marvelous, and so deeply was the rôle portrayed that a novice could hardly help but note that she was deeply interested in the part of Mary. She seemed to live the part.

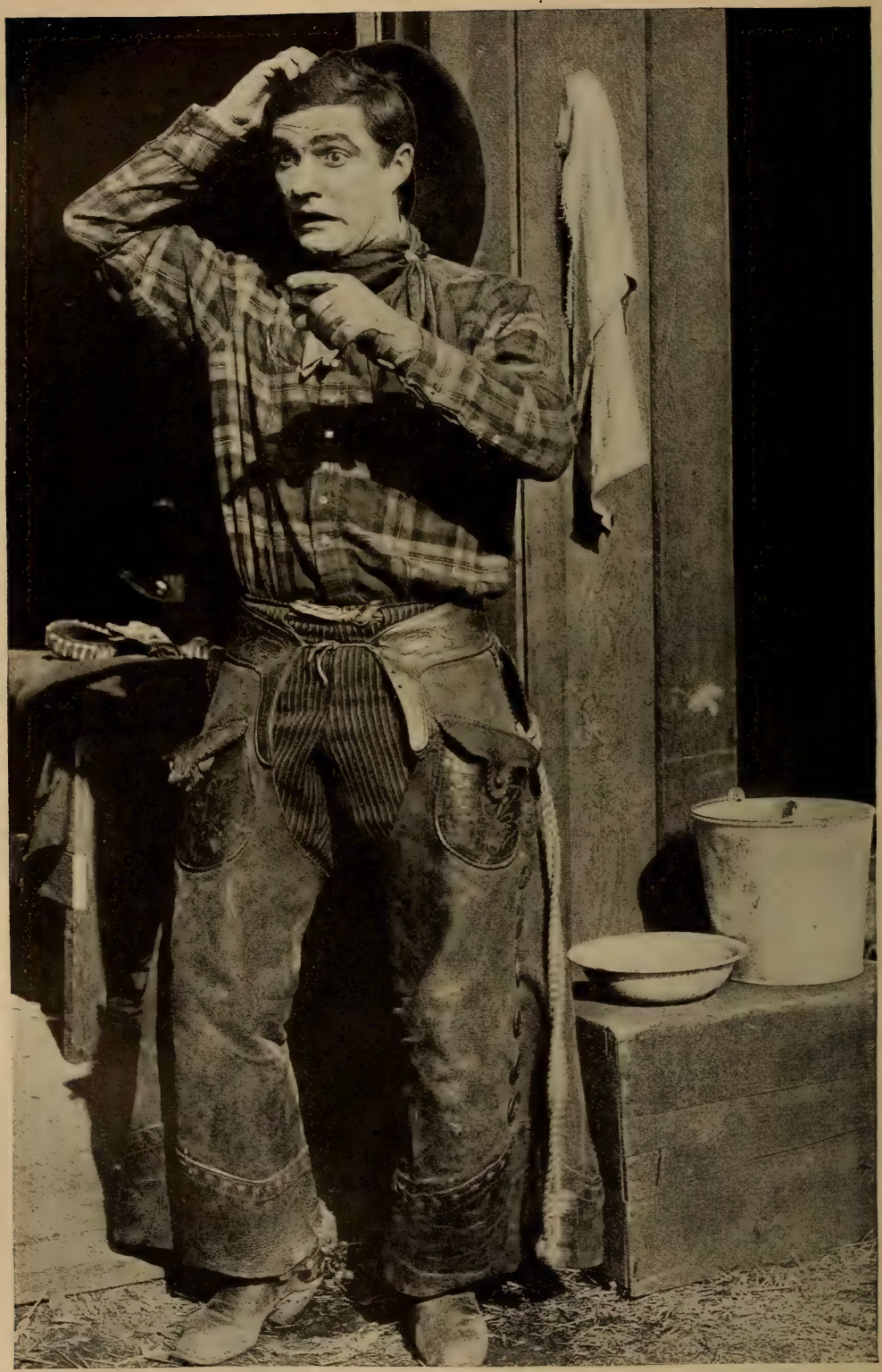
To describe Miss Brockwell otherwise than as "Miss Frederick's double" would be unnecessary. And she is so cordial and sweet that one hates to leave her at the end of a delightful chat. But tho she resembles the "stately Pauline," she has individuality and is so original, both on and off the screen, that you forget about her looking like any one else, but rather think of her as herself—as Gladys Brockwell, the Fox star.



Johnnie's Wish

By OSCAR H. ROESNER

Phys'ology and g'ography the Movin' Pitchers show,
And many other sci'nces they help a feller know.
But I wish they'd get busy now, and do it mighty quick,
And run some helpin' movies that would solve our 'rithmetic.
If they would answer one like this, it sure would make a hit,
And then I'd have some time to play with bat and ball a bit:
If seven bunnies all at once four lettuce-heads could eat,
How many little bunnies then would twenty-eight heads treat?
And when the sum was written down at once the reel would fly,
And then you'd see the bunnies run along the screen, oh my!
Just eatin' up them lettuce-heads, and while you chawed your gum,
You could count them all so easy, and do that awful sum.
Phys'ology and g'ography the Movin' Pitchers teach,
And if they'd do the 'rithmetic, why school would be a peach!



DID YOU KNOW THAT DIRECTORS "EMOTED" AS WELL AS THEIR PLAYERS? HERE'S TOM MIX CAUGHT IN THE ACT OF DIRECTING A SCENE AND TRYING TO CARRY HIS LEADING-MAN'S FACIAL EXPRESSION

INK

By FRITZI REMONT

And so the black ink straggled fitfully downhill across the sheet of dull gray paper and said:

"How good you were to write a few words of cheer to a stranger! Your letter reached me at a time when I was deeply in need of it. How intuitive you are! True, they call me a shining 'star of the silent drama.' Alas! I cannot even brighten my own little world; no sun seems to shine upon me; the brightness I possess goes out and leaves me cold and drear.

"You told me you would ask no recognition of your note; that you were forced by unseen powers to speak your appreciation of my work for the camera. Well, I am psychic, too, and I know you are not seeking my autograph and that you have no rogues' gallery of matinée idols. You are many miles distant; we cannot meet. Am I unpardonably rude in asking you 'Are you maid, wife or widow?'

"And will you write me again? For the first time, I realize that there may be a remedy for discouragement, even tho it be as deep as mine."

But the blue ink jumped and skipped rapidly uphill over the bluest of blue papers, and made delightful little curlicues and dashes for liberty, and looked forward joyfully to the trip before it. And it wrote:

"It matters not whether I be maid, wife or widow. Think of me only as a friendly book. Shelve me when you tire of me; take me down when you feel that what I say will comfort you, and know that each page harbors twittering elves of friendly sympathy and encouragement.

"Yes, I wrote because I must. There were such tired lines about your eyes, such sad curves in your lips, tho you played superbly in that Ibsen photo-drama. Why, they were all laughing and crying with you and no need of words was there. You are so different from the other Motion Picture men who depend more or less on personal beauty. There—are you cross because I do not call you handsome? You seem to take a branding-iron and sear the story into me. You are discouraged because the women with you are superficial; they are beautiful types who have been developed by a director genius. You have known too many women in your time—not many good ones, I fear. *You* have been shaped in the hard school of stock company acting. They were chosen from photographs and have been taught poses. You are the reincarnation of an old generation, with the ideals of a Booth or an Irving. They are products of the coutourière and the make-up box. You are creative, and they are but plastic clay in the hands of a creative director. You are dissatisfied because you have not found one who understands. Is not the fault your own? Have you not sought contracts for their money value only? There *are* women who can act, but they have become isolated stars with capable supports, even as you have chosen to shine alone for the gold's sake.

"Are you tired of this chapter? It is not the only one that will displease you. Ah, friend so far away, why is your favorite weapon a corkscrew?"

This day the black ink was thick and boggy; it almost refused to allow itself to be separated from the pen. Oh yes; the black ink needed companionship and comfort sadly, and it didn't take kindly to a pale gray sheet, tho it dully remembered that it wanted to travel westward and snuggle in between the leaves of the cheerful book. So it began:

"Bottles? Yes, scores of them surround me. I looked at you, Blue Ink, and wondered what you would have done in my place. My salary was raised and my contract renewed for another two years. I remembered what you said, Book-lady, and in theory you are right, but in practice I am the wiser. Can you

realize what it means to pay two hundred dollars a month alimony? It was ten years ago, and she a pretty, talented child of the dramatic schools. I taught her all I knew, besides, and had planned for just the combination of stars which you, Blue Ink, tell me is needed. She rose rapidly; and I? They say I have no equal as an emotional actor. God knows, I've had enough emotions enter as shrapnel into my soul to tear and rend it—to enable me to give a fairly creditable counterfeit presentation of love, hate, jealousy, despair. Then . . .

"She was offered a special engagement without me, at the largest salary she thought it possible to obtain, and I was left alone. A clever understudy took her place in my company—a little woman with a brute of a husband. I helped her all I could; the newspapers did the rest. Blue Ink, will you *believe* that I have no confessions to make? But *she* got her divorce, and I've paid and paid. My head is weary with all these things; my ambition is enshrouded in gold. How can I break the spell, tell me, Booklady?"

The blue ink hurried along indistinctly this time; its eyes were blinded with tears, and it began, apologetically:

"How can I talk to you tonight? I have come from a deathbed and yet have brought life with me. It smiles at me in its sleep. I am selfishly inclined tonight, and will tell you my little tale and ask pardon for the interruption of our thought exchanges.

"Opposite my home is a huge, theatrical boarding-house. I had gone to draw the blinds, when I saw the fire-witch shaking her saucy head, flaunting her red skirts, and coaxing little devils from a thousand corners as she beckoned with her deft fingers. It was all so quickly done, the fire-witch ran up and down stairs, hypnotized the elevator boys, played with the electric lights, upset some gasoline in the cellar, cracked windows, and, defying the brave ladder-men, ascended, mockingly, to the roof. Cries from the street—police, firemen, ambulances; they say ten were saved from the burning building, and of those ten three have gone by now. One was the leading lady of the Richard Farley Company, whom I had always considered as the *one* woman who might creditably play leads with you. She was carried into a vacant apartment downstairs, and, since I've had considerable experience as a nurse, I was able to make her fairly comfortable. They brought in her six-year-old child, Nadine, and I have promised to take the little one for my own, since Aimée Giroux said the father was not a fit custodian for her . . . and so she went to another stage.

"In a day or two I hope to tell you something worth while—and to prescribe a remedy."

Poor old black ink! It was willing to run its legs off to serve its impatient master, but his quick, firm pressure on the pen made it lose its balance and it flopped in an excited heap on one corner of the telegraph blank. But on a fresh sheet it became sorry for its disobedience and wrote:

"I could not imagine my baby in better hands than yours, but do you know that Thanksgiving Day is at hand, and I want to bring my gratitude instead of entrusting it to Uncle Sam for delivery? I am due at seven-ten Thursday morning. Wire my expense."

And three months later the jealous old printer's ink got busy and primly and conventionally set itself up in this fashion:

Aitken—Millspaugh: At Chicago, June 3, 1915, Meredith Paul Aitken to Adrienne Millspaugh.

Omar, the State Censor

By E. W. TEITZEL

The Moving Picture's shown; and, having seen,
I censor: fit it for the public screen;
Nor all your supplications nor your pleas
Shall move me to restore e'en half a scene.

The Celluloid Links

by Tarleton Winchester



How America and France Are Joined by Pearl White's Photoplays, Colored by the Great War's Wounded

To an American girl goes the honor of appearing as the star in a Motion Picture colored by the hands of men wounded while fighting for France, a photoplay which is a celluloid link in the tightening chain that binds our country to the land of Jeanne d'Arc.

Sarah Bernhardt, beloved of millions, during her recent farewell tour of the United States played a Southern city near which Pearl White, beloved likewise, was at work on the second feature in which she has ever been seen—a five-reel photoplay of the Mexican war period.

The famous Frenchwoman sent for the famous American and in her dressing-room at the theater they had an extended interview.

Madame Bernhardt frankly marveled at this young girl who in the space of a few years has become almost an idol in every town, village and hamlet in every civilized country of the globe.

"I have wanted to meet you," she said, "since I first saw 'Les Mystères de New York' ('The Exploits of Élaine') in Paris. Ah, if you but knew how our poilus in the trenches worship you, you would feel that you have accomplished as much at your twenty years as I at my many, many more."

The film Miss White was then making is called "Mayblossom." She told Madame Bernhardt about it and because of the great actress's enthusiasm the film star worked harder than ever.

Many of the scenes were taken at Carrollton, the famous home of the Maryland Carrolls, and the beauty of the photography and Madame Bernhardt's frank interest in the story caused Miss White to request for it the unusual honor of being printed in natural colors.



PEARL WHITE IN "MAYBLOSSOM"

The result was that Pearl White was sent to Paris in a round, tin box. On her arrival, she and her fellow-players in their celluloid reproductions were taken to the Pathé studio, and the work of coloring was begun by experts who, having suffered injuries which rendered them no longer fit for military service, had returned to their homes.

"The Pathé color process perfected by these men," said Miss White, when I asked her to explain the beauty of the scenic effects—particularly in the exterior scenes—of "Mayblossom," "is an interesting example of the marvelous artistic skill developed by these brave men from the trenches. When it is remembered that there are sixteen pictures to each foot of film, and that each of these little pictures is colored by hand, you can imagine the immensity of the task necessary to the process. My 'Mayblossom' requires painting on eighty thousand pictures. This is a task indeed!"

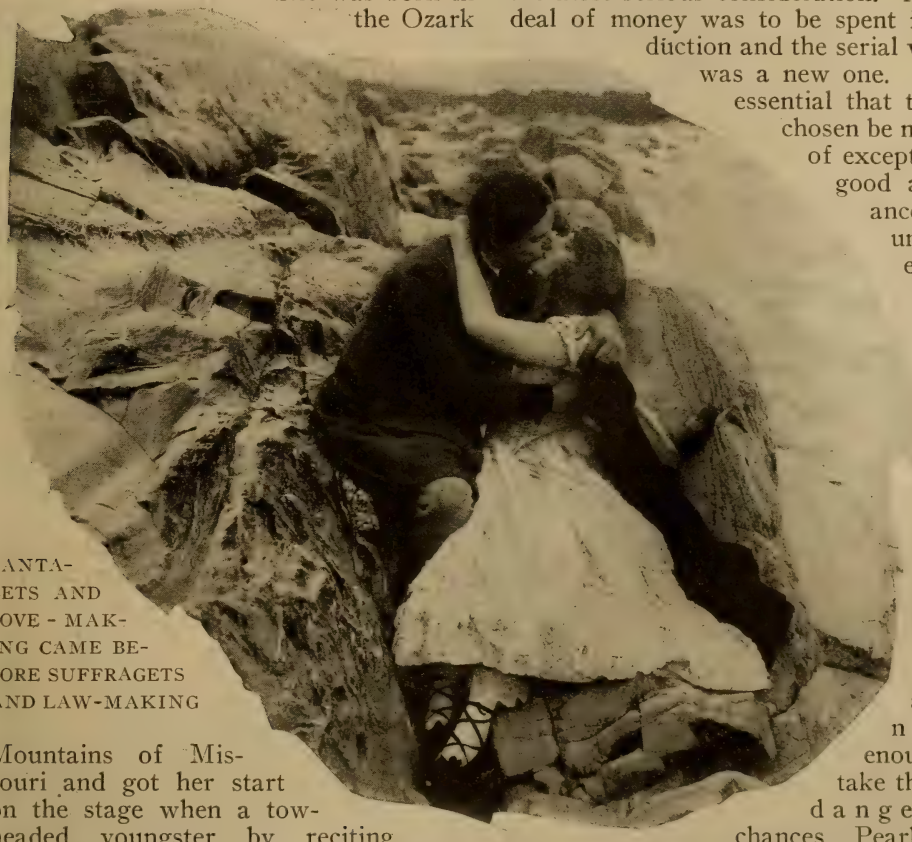


HAL FORD, USUALLY THE DEBONAIR HERO, PLAYS THE VILLAIN IN PEARL WHITE'S LATEST PLAY

This production affords Pearl White, who has always been seen in such thrilling pictures, an entirely new kind of rôle. She wears hoop-skirts and her name in the

play is Annabelle Lee. There are strong situations, tho, and a notable fact is that Hal Ford, the delightful hero of so many stage successes, such as "Adele" and "Oh, Boy," plays the villain and shows himself to be a remarkably good actor in the rôle.

In my talk with Miss White I learnt many interesting things about this popular favorite's eventful screen career.



PANTALETS AND LOVE-MAKING CAME BEFORE SUFFRAGETS AND LAW-MAKING

She was born in the Ozark Mountains of Missouri and got her start on the stage when a tow-headed youngster by reciting "Hamlet's Soliloquy" to an astonished theatrical man. She played Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Tho very young, she became leading-woman of a stock company playing road engagements. The hard work so told on her that her voice gave signs of leaving her and her physician ordered a rest.

Miss White could not be inactive, however, and believing that the silent drama, with its work of an entirely different nature, would be equivalent to a vacation, she applied for a position in the Pathé studios in Jersey City. The casting-director liked her looks and employed her. That was the beginning of fame and fortune for Pearl White. She first played in Western pictures, and because of her ability as a horsewoman she was soon a featured member of the company.

When "The Perils of Pauline" was first considered, the question as to who was best fitted to be the star received the most serious consideration. A great deal of money was to be spent in production and the serial venture was a new one. It was essential that the girl chosen be not only of exceptionally good appearance and undoubted talent, but also nervy enough to take the most dangerous chances. Pearl White was chosen and "The Perils of Pauline" made film history.

Her advice to those who want to become famous on the screen is: "Be strong. Exercise. Live in the open if possible. Go to bed early and get up earlier. Ride horseback, dance, swim, do everything that makes for health and steady nerves. Even beauty and ability cannot exist without them."

Miss White is now at work on a new serial. It will probably be called "New York Nights" and it is a thrilling modern fairy tale of love and adventure.

Some Bachelor
Antonio

By MARJORIE



HE stepped from his dressing-room —and we gasped. Before our startled eyes stood an Eastern prince—whether the Maharajah of Hyderabad or the Sultan of Sulu, my limited knowledge of the Orient forbade identification—in the dazzling turban and robes of his country.

Then I remembered that Antonio Moreno was playing an Oriental part in "Mr. Aladdin of Broadway," and I gradually recognized him. He was better-looking than any of his pictures, moving or otherwise, and appeared younger than his twenty-eight years. The slight wave in his black hair; the red color *under* his dark skin; the attractive smile disclosing pearly teeth; the honest eyes not so dark as we had expected; the slight figure and gentle manner—all inspired confidence and won affection. And I smiled as I recalled a story some one had told about him, to the effect that he had once



Confessions of Moreno

GLEYRE LACHMUND

worked in a factory for eight dollars a week, and had been discharged because he could not sweep a floor. Can you picture Apollo shoveling coal; Galahad grinding a street organ; Romeo peddling bananas—or Antonio Moreno sweeping a factory floor? As to the truth of that report: Mr. Moreno later explained that he had worked as collector in an electrical plant during one of his school vacations.

"At any rate," he declared, "I'd rather sweep a factory floor than starve! And I've never done *anything* in my life that I'm ashamed of."

Our mutual friend from the News Service department introduced us.

"Pleased to meet you," said our victim, with a hearty hand-shake; "what can I do for you?"

"I *cant* interview you in the hall," I objected.

"Very well, then. Come along into my dressing-room," he invited; and I went, followed by the publicity man.

Antonio Gar-



rido Monteagudo Moreno has a very magnetic personality, and his forcefulness and strength of character is even more evident in real life than on the screen. His manner was kind and considerate, quiet and dignified. He bore himself with a modesty and naturalness not commonly found nor expected in an actor—or was that but acting, too? There was not the slightest conceit about him.

He did not impress us as a foreigner, but seemed thoroly Americanized. Yet every now and then an alien accent betrayed him—the liquid "r" or the omission of a final "s." His eyes, too, are more ardent than those of most of our countrymen.

Comfortably seated in the dressing-room, I started on a quest for information. I learnt that Mr. Moreno's two latest acquisitions are a Hupmobile and a secretary. Like most people, he enjoys getting letters of appreciation or kindly criticism, and considers them a great help. But anything bordering on the sentimental distresses him, for he has too nice a respect for his admirers to care to have them make themselves foolish over him. As to answering these letters—ah! but he gets *so* many, and writing English does not come easily to this son of Spain. He can talk far more readily and expressively with his eyes than with a pen. But now matters are considerably simplified by the secretary—an imposing and awe-inspiring individual.

"Now some of my liberal mail will be answered, and my friends wont harbor unkind thoughts about my negligence," he remarked. "I hate to write myself. Anyway, my eyes have been bothering me for some time past." I suppose ever since the scene in "A Price for Folly," when the figure of Edith Storey dancing in ballet costume was photographed upon the retina of poor Tony's eye. Well, there are worse things than that which might have happened to him!

"Do you like to be interviewed?" I queried. He shrugged in a manner which said more plainly than words: "It is a necessary evil!"

Having read that Mr. Moreno had studied for the priesthood, I inquired what had caused his change of vocation.

"I was in love," he said.

"At the age of fourteen?" I gasped.

"No," he corrected, gravely, "thirteen."

"Well, tell me about her," I suggested helplessly.

"She was a Spanish girl," he obligingly complied.

"Was she pretty?"

"Oh, yes!"

"I suppose she must have been about twenty," I murmured.

"Oh, no! She was twelve."

I felt that we were getting into deep water, so changed the subject.

"Do you drink or smoke?" I asked, impertinently—but, you see, I wanted to know.

"Come home drunk every night," he answered; and then, upon seeing my horrified expression, amended:

"I do not believe in drinking, and this is the first I've smoked in two weeks." I glared at Our Mutual Friend, who had been guilty of offering the cigaret to Tony.

"And"—continued Our Hero, impressively—"I went to bed at *eight o'clock* last night."

"It doesn't happen very often, I bet," from me, skeptically.

"Yes; quite often," he contradicted seriously. And I believe him.

It is hardly necessary to digress here on his acting. In the comparatively few years that he has been with Vitagraph he has become a recognized star, and his followers are many. What fan does not know his talent? What girl whose heart has not throbbed a bit faster when this young Adonis has come on the screen with that characteristic walk of his? Who has not laughed and wept with him? His work in "The Island of Regeneration," "In the Latin Quarter," "The Dust of Egypt," "The Supreme Temptation," and that little masterpiece, "Good-by, Summer," speaks for itself; then there is that heroic, modest figure of his in "A Rose of the South," with Peggy Hyland, and his masterful portrayal of the faithful lover in "The Tarantula," opposite Edith Storey, to say nothing of his realistic portrayal, in "A Price for Folly," of a character so utterly unlike his own.

Dramatic parts that border on the mystic interest him the most. Of comedy he is not so fond, but those who have seen him

(*Continued on page* 164)



MARSHALL NEILAN, the popular Lasky leading-man and director



LILLIAN GISH (Triangle)

Starry-eyed and sunny-haired Lillian Gish, whose charm lights each angle of Triangle

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

THE jaded interest of astrologers of the Motion Picture World has been aroused by the appearance of another bright, new diamond in the sky. Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder *who* you are! Peggy Adams has just blazed into view and makes her début as leading lady on the next Conquest Pictures program (Thomas A. Edison, Inc.) in "Barnaby Lee."

Carmel Myers shares honors with Harold Lockwood in "The Haunted Pajamas," a clever society comedy. She is a beautiful, young brunette who, only six months ago, was attending the Los Angeles High School when D. W. Griffith discovered her.

The brilliant and deservedly popular star, Peggy Hyland, has passed from the Vitagraph zenith to the newly formed Mayfair Film Company. The screen would indeed have one blank white waste if it no longer reflected Miss Hyland's pretty face and charming grace.



TSURU AOKI

The evolution of a full-blown butterfly from its unattractive chrysalis to gorgeously, richly hued perfection is a drab, every-day event by comparison with the sudden rise of Kathlyn Williams when she finds the gold-mine in the Morosco-Paramount picture, "The Highway of Hope." From the lowly estate of a scrub-lady grub she emerges possessed of unlimited wealth and appears garbed in a succession of kaleidoscopic sartorial displays.

Gail Kane, the American Mutual star, is having a lot of fun with the weird variations of the two words of her name. A letter reached her addressed simply Gale Cane, California. A phrase she particularly treasures is Gail Kane can gain kale; another is Gale raised Cain. Limerick lilting liners, please take note.

With a new Winchester 30-30 and several thousand rounds of ammunition, Douglas Fairbanks plans to go gunning for big game and coyotes in the San Bernardino mountains; he will also "pot" a few jack-rabbits for pot-pie. This latter delicacy is soon to appear as the *pièce de résistance* upon fashionable café menus. As a substitute for "meatless" meals and "egg orders limited to one to each individual," rabbit rarebit à la Fairbanks will be welcomed as a rare treat.

Life to Olive Thomas these days is just one fast hurdle after another. She is practicing daily pole-vaults, indoor rowing and all kinds of athletic stunts since Mr. T. H. Ince handed her a real gymnasium. This dainty little dancer will star as a most agile young person in a "gym" scene in a new Ince production.

Tsuru Aoki is providing a very proper and picturesque setting for her uncommonly winsome Oriental beauty. This charming little lady of Nippon is supervising the making of a truly Japanese garden in the rear of her quaint Los Angeles bungalow.

In the screen drama, "Wolf Lowry," just completed, Margery Wilson cooked a meal and served it in full view of the audience. She prepared the dinner from soup to nuts, and the hero, William S. Hart, who had a wolf's appetite, admits he could eat it. More hazards of the reel!

During Wallace Reid's temporary internment in the Morosco studio for rehearsals of a new production with Myrtle Stedman, he was suddenly taken with a serious attack of nostalgia for the old Lasky studio and secretly wended his way thitherward. When his absence was discovered a frantic S. O. S. call was sent broadcast. He was finally located in his old Lasky haunt, immediately seized and carried bodily from Hollywood to Los Angeles to complete the scenes with Miss Stedman.

Marjorie Daw displays great and varied drawing ability. She not only draws big houses and a substantial salary, but as a water-color artist her drawing talent promises to make the interior of her dressing-room at the Lasky studio one of the prize show nooks of Hollywood. She is decorating the walls in peacock blues and greens, which produces a wonderful and rather weirdly charming color effect.

"Shorty" Hamilton still maintains that there is nothing on God's earth fit to ride on but a horse, altho he has at last been persuaded to buy an automobile. He declares the machine was merely purchased for convenience; uses it now and then, but not for pleasure. He says that an army mule's left hind kick isn't half so annoying as the back-fire of a Ford.

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

A little procession composed of Bessie Love, her mother, her maid and many trunks recently took the trail with a circus playing near San Francisco. Miss Love is to appear in "The Sawdust Ring." Some of the scenes were made under the big tent.

Carol Halloway has been doing "water stuff" for a Vitagraph serial. During her hazardous experiences, when wave met wave, the curling ocean waves uncurled the Marcel waves of her blonde tresses. She took herself and a half day to a repair shop and emerged therefrom with a coiffure done into what is technically known as a "permanent wave" process. She reappeared with a mass of kinky ringlets, ready for playing quite a different variety of "screen stunts" from a blonde "Topsy" up.

In Sessue Hayakawa's next Lasky-Paramount picture he will have as leading-lady the well-known, versatile screen player, Fritzi Brunette, who has been specially engaged by the Lasky Company.



Photo by Witzel
TOM FORMAN

That famous tragedian, Melbourne MacDowell, will be warmly welcomed, thruout the entire land, in any part he may portray in the Moving Pictures. He is well remembered in Shakespearian and Sardou rôles. An impatient public will be clamoring to see him in screen productions of some of his famous old-time stage presentations. His first appearance in an Ince-Triangle Alaskan play calls for a most virile hero. Dorothy Dalton's support very pleasantly completes the picture.

Ruth Stonehouse, who has just completed her first year with the Universal Company, has contracted to continue under this producing company's successful management. "Charlie," the elephant, has also signed up. He recalls with great glee the fun he had rehearsing in "Love Aflame" with Ruth. Dressed as a boy, in a sprinting match with big "Charlie" she had a jolly, racy time keeping one lap ahead. Miss Stonehouse is particularly delighted with her new rôle in "The Heart of Mary Ann" series.

Anita King, the Paramount girl who drove her car from coast to coast, and Jackie Saunders, the "Tomboy" Mutual star of "Wildcat" fame, are en route to the one and only Eastern Mecca, Broadway. They will pay their devotions at the shrines of Fashion along Fifth Avenue for a change (or two).

Mary Miles Minter has an insatiable appetite for chocolates. She's dee-lighted when the script calls for scenes wherein some one presents her with boxes of candy, for they must always contain real chocolates, and the box has to be large to look right. There are many anniversaries when it might be appropriate to send this little film favorite a gift of a box of Huyler's. She was born April 1, 1902.

Marjorie Rambeau will again have the support of Robert Elliott in the new Mutual play, "The Dazzling Miss Davison." They have previously appeared together in "Motherhood," "The Debt" and "The Mirror."

In self-defense and to permit of a few winks of beauty sleep, Crane Wilbur has found it necessary to be "cut off" from the telephone company's directory list. He was fearfully disturbed, day and night, by the jingling calls from the foolish girlies who simply couldn't resist calling him up at all hours, just to tell him how wonderful they thought he was. Chivalry forbade hanging up the receiver with the polite request to "Ring off, please."

In the course of filming a new Triangle play having a real ranch for a setting, Charles Ray and Margery Wilson became infatuated with the "back-to-the-farm" idea. During the noon rest the company undertook the management of the farm, doing all the necessary chores, such as feeding the pigs sour buttermilk, gathering eggs, watering the stock and performing other rural tasks. An instructive experience, since farm products have become so expensive.

Mary Miles Minter has started a unique war fund. She drops into a new savings bank all the new Lincoln pennies, buffalo nickels, new dimes, quarters and half dollars of the latest issue, for the Red Cross Every one delights in handing her new money to pour into her fund-bank. Little Miss Minter finds it means denying herself a great many things, but she keeps faithfully to her resolution.

Seena Owen will appear in a Triangle screen version of O. Henry's "Madame Bo-Peep of the Ranches," supported by A. D. Sears and F. A. Turner. After O. Henry's death, in 1910, his books attained a world-wide vogue. Screen reproductions of these justly famous heart-interest stories will prove to be a strong drawing card everywhere.

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Geraldine Farrar is rehearsing at the Famous Players-Paramount studio at Hollywood in the first photoplay since her wonderful portrayal of "Joan the Woman." Elsie Ferguson will make her initial screen bow in a picturized version of Robert Hichens' well-known story, "Barbary Sheep."

Frank Hitchcock, former U. S. Postmaster-General, maker of Presidents and an apostle of efficiency, has been elected chairman of the Board of Directors and General Counsel of the Vitagraph-V. L. S. E. organization. Mr. Hitchcock's work will speak for itself and his influence will be felt thruout the entire Motion Picture industry.

William Farnum, who spent nearly two years in the land of the golden poppy, will leave Hollywood in the near future and return to his Sag Harbor (L. I.) home and resume work at the Fort Lee (N. J.) studio. This star's departure from sunny California will be deeply regretted by all the adventurous players who went West with him in the original William Fox pioneer group and also by the many warm associates who later joined the studio film-colony there.



GERALDINE FARRAR

Charlie Chaplin proposes to burlesque the Wild West, rough-and-ready cowboy types popularized on the screen by William S. Hart, Tom Mix and Broncho Billy Anderson. A favorite pastime among the really genuine typical Westerners is that of "shooting 'em in the feet" ('*em* meaning the Eastern greenhorn or tenderfoot) and "making 'em dance." Charlie's will certainly make admirable targets.

Unstinted praise has been accorded Benjamin Chapin's personification of Abraham Lincoln in The Lincoln Cycle—four features: My Mother, "The Spirit Man"; My Father, "The Physical Man"; Myself, "The Lincoln Man" and "The Call to Arms." In the first three he plays both "Tom" Lincoln, the father, and President Lincoln. To view these scenes makes one feel as tho one were living Lincoln's life with him.

Every reader of Robert Hichens' book, "The Garden of Allah," will want to see the Selig film production starring Helen Ware, as Domini Enfilden, in the beautifully staged scenes of Oriental splendor showing the desert sandstorms, the charge of the Bedouins, the ancient cities and mosques and the caravans of camels (the autos of the great Saraha desert).

Ethel Barrymore's latest play has the ambitious title of "The Greatest Power." William Davidson, who played opposite her in "The White Raven," has the leading rôle, and Harry Northrup will appear as the principal "villian."

Florence Reed, who has joined forces with the To-day Feature Film Corporation, was lately lured away from the Manhattan Opera House, where she played the part of the voluptuous courtesan of Jerusalem in the Biblical extravaganza, "The Wanderer."

Director MacGowan, Helen Holmes and eighteen members of the Signal Company are off on a long tour for color for a new episode of 'The Railroad Raiders." Traveling in a private car de luxe and by boat, they will make stops at San Pedro, San Diego and San Francisco. A laboratory with equipment complete and compact in every detail for drying, polishing, printing, cutting and assembling the films, has been installed in one end of the recently purchased Pullman car.

The Paramount program for June glitters with unusual brilliancy. Margaret Illington (Lasky) will give us a peep into "The Inner Shrine"; Fannie Ward appears in "Her Strange Wedding"; Wallace Reid opposite Myrtle Stedman in (Morosco's) "The World Apart"; Vivian Martin has a lot to do in "Giving Becky a Chance"; Ann Pennington is an active recruiter in (Famous Players') "The Little Boy Scout"; Sessue Hayakawa will be seen in "The Jaguar's Claw"; George Beban is a weary-waggles in (Pallas') "A Roadside Impresario"; and House Peters is happily cast in the "Heir of the Ages."

Mary Garden's own cinema playhouse in Paris, The Cinema Mary, will have a seating capacity of four thousand. Only the very choicest selections from all producing nations will be exhibited. Magnate Mary's opening presentation will be her own Goldwyn production, "Thaïs." Written by a famous French author, set to music by a French composer of grand opera, this is quite a fitting initial Parisian offering.

The Egyptian desert is the chosen background for the forthcoming plays of many of the foremost feminine luminaries of filmdom. Mme. Petrova, in "The Undying Flame," represents a most picturesque period in history, showing the splendor of the days of the Pharaohs; later, the action is shown amid the magnificent wonders of Egypt as it is today.

(*Continued on page* 167)

The Movie Gossip-Shop

Pictured News Sauced with Tittle-tattle from Screenland

THE welcome that awaited "Doug" Fairbanks at the Los Angeles end of the line can be better imagined than described—it was a fine mob-scene. The only consolation New York fans found in saying au revoir to this screen idol was the pleasure of anticipating his speedy return. His Eastern friends may wait a long time before this



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

happy prospect is again realized. He is planning a Hawaiian play and may go to Honolulu for the right local color and types of native hula-girls called for in the new production. Also he may volunteer—we all hope that if he does go *in*, that he will soon be *out again*; all there—with the smile that wont come off.

Dorothy Kelly has taken a correspondence course in agriculture and is an enthusiastic exponent of the new cult to make two potatoes grow where only one did before. She is the "Kernel" of the spade, rake and seed brigade of the Vitagraph studio Burbank corps.

There are many serious reasons for the recommendation by the United States Government that each one of us develop the latent bounty of the bit of land at our own doorstep. The movie studio colony on Long Island, N. Y., has joined the millionaire colony in the hoe-and-wheelbarrow movement—Back to the Soil. Anita Stewart is doing her bit towards raising priceless garden truck.

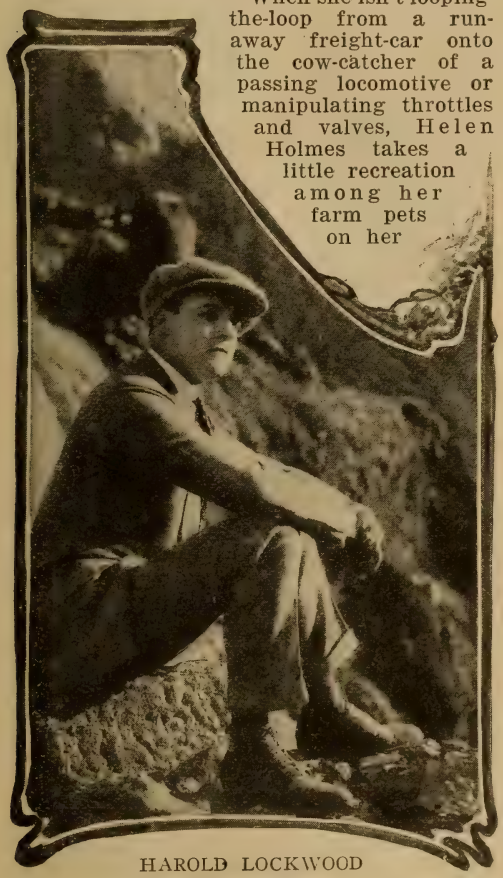


DOROTHY KELLY



ANITA STEWART

The awesome grandeur of the Grand Canyon has had an overwhelming effect on the spirits of Harold Lockwood. While out there somewhere on location in Arizona, hunting atmosphere for "The Secret Spring," he sat on a few hundred million dollars worth of copper and gold, day-dreaming in a wistful sort of way. Can it be he is pining because of the recent separation from his film affinity, May Allison?



When she isn't looping-the-loop from a runaway freight-car onto the cow-catcher of a passing locomotive or manipulating throttles and valves, Helen Holmes takes a little recreation among her farm pets on her

HAROLD LOCKWOOD

ranch. Just now she is bottle-feeding a spring crop of wool, and perhaps later will knit socks from that same wool for any soldiers that may get cold feet.

From all reports the members of "Camp Blackton" were not entirely sorry when the time came to fold their tents like the Arabs and as silently steal away, when the strenuous filming of actual war-like scenes for the great production "Womanhood" was completed at Fox Hills, near Fort Wadsworth, N. Y. Regulation United States Army régime prevailed. Reveille sounded at 6 A. M., and all movements were conducted in accordance with strict military form. Troops from the 13th Coast Artillery and members of the New York Police Force participated. Their "morning tub" had about the same spaciousness and privacy as the private bath of a goldfish. Lieut. Bergman has just had his tubbing; Commodore



HELEN HOLMES

Blackton and his son "Buster" are taking theirs; while Director Earle, in the tent, is patiently awaiting his turn.



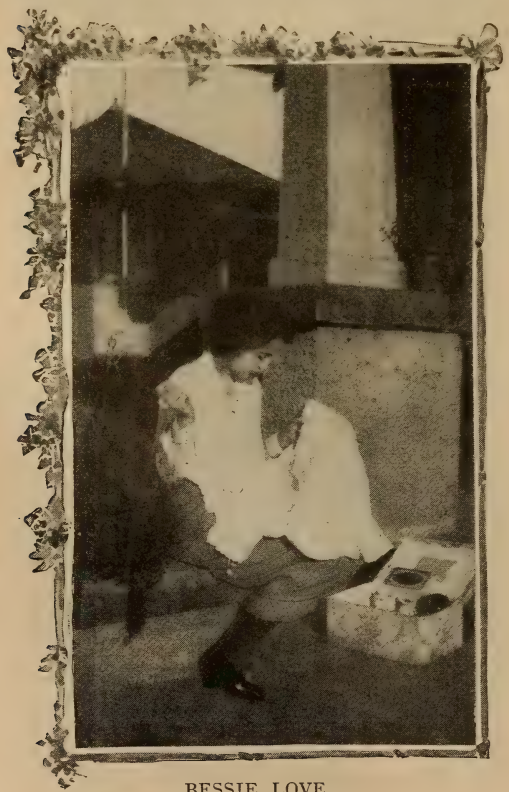
COMMODORE AND "BUSTER" BLACKTON

An admiring friend recently sent Bessie Love a most attractive sewing-box with complete fittings, and it's working like a new broom that sweeps clean. Miss Love industriously plies her needle when not rehearsing "A Daughter of the Poor" and "Cheerful Givers" at the Triangle studios. If a stitch in time save nine, her ninety-and-nine will not go astray.

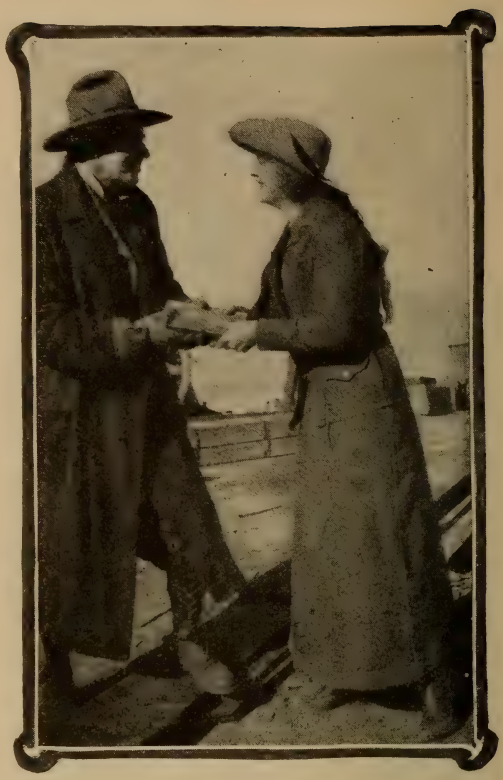
Hobart Bosworth and Kathlyn Williams have gone mining for the movies. When these celebrated Morosco actors visited Colonel Potter of the Yellow Aster Mine recently, they received the kindly loan of a $10,000 "prop" in the form of a gold brick called for in the script of their new play "The Highway of Hope." Altho this trifling souvenir was a mere bagatelle compared with their salary, yet they are both desperately clinging to it as tho it were a prize seed-potato.

Sidney Drew is not only a master of mock heroics on the screen, but he is also a powerful recruiting sergeant. At the Chambers Street, N. Y., recruiting station the other day Mr. Drew offered a check for $520.00 to any man in the audience having a widowed mother dependent upon him, if that man would come up and sign his name as a defender of his country.

Mr. Drew added that, for thirty-five years past, he had been signing his name for autograph hunters, but this was the first time that he ever asked any man for his autograph.



BESSIE LOVE



HOBART BOSWORTH AND KATHLYN WILLIAMS

Thomas H. Ince contributed a large collection of several life-size enlargements of pictures of his leading players to the Actors' Fund Fair at the Grand Central Palace, New York. Many of the prominent stars who autographed photographs to be sold to swell this popular fund were William S. Hart, William Desmond, Charles Ray, Enid Bennett, Dorothy Dalton, Bessie Barriscale, Louise Glaum, Bessie Love and Olive Thomas. An assortment of their very latest pictures, taken with this special object in view, was a valued contribution.

Society people at one of the fashionable clubs in New Jersey played the "extra" rôles in some of the scenes filmed recently of "Her Excellency the Governor," starring Elda Millar and Wilfred Lucas.

Mabel Normand's long absence from the screen is making her more conspicuous than any high-salaried press-agent could ever hope to do. There may be method in her disappearance, but if an explanation of Mabel's protracted "fade-out" is not forthcoming soon the curiously interested will be wanting to know why. Her new play which has been many months in the making is entitled "Mickey," and they do say that Mack Sennett has put up his last dollar on its production.

(*Continued on page* 168)



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

F. C. B., NEW YORK.—You refer to Thelma Salter in "The Crab." The longer I live, the less I know that I know. Carlyle Blackwell was Dave in "The Madness of Helen."

H. B. W.—Of course I admire Dorothy Bernard's work. She played in Fox's "A Little Gypsy." In a nutshell, she appeared on the stage when three months old, twenty-six years ago, and has been there or on the screen ever since. She plays opposite her husband, Mr. Van Buren, and baby, Marjorie, in private life. Remember it this way: the *Titanic* sank in 1912, the same year the South Pole was discovered. Victor Navarre was Fantomas and Jean Morlas was Bebe in "Fantomas."

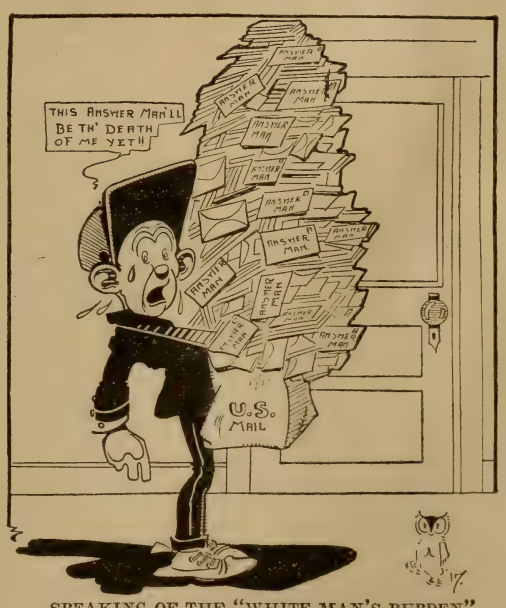
BILLY S.—Send for a list of manufacturers.

INEZ.—Really, old chap, you are quite decent about it this time. Emmy Wehlen was Helen in "The Pretenders." May White was Suzette.

ANDREW J.—May Allison was born in Georgia and Harold Lockwood in Brooklyn, N. Y.

MISS LIONEL.—Geraldine Farrar and Wallace Reid. Tom Moore was with Lasky last. No, our name was MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE and we changed it to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE with the February 1914 number.

PETER K. K. K.—Only Selig did. "Rosary."



SPEAKING OF THE "WHITE MAN'S BURDEN"

Lon Charney is a Universal director. Cannot say that I agree that Pauline Frederick is the most beautiful woman and Wallace Reid is the handsomest man. Get the June and July Classic and see what our readers think. I thoroly enjoyed your letter.

BLUESTONE.—There can be no ideal democracy unless all the world were Siamese twins. Ned Finley is not playing just now. No, I dont give advice and never take it.

BRUNETTA, 17.—You are not the first to express your desire for the cast of characters at the beginning of stories. You will find the leads in the table of contents. There now, the Lord never helps a man who is too lazy to help himself.

LUCRETIA B.—You certainly are peeved. I will see you later.

ZOE RAE ADMIRER.—Charles Waldron was Lord Howard in "Audrey." You were a little too late for June. I dont know where I will spend my vacation—I have not thought of it yet. I'll accept the best offer.

WYLMA.—Your long list of "Is Eugene Strong? Is Jane Grey," etc., is very fine, but—it has been done before.

MOVIEITESS.—No, we have never had a picture of David Powell in either the Magazine or Classic. I am sorry, but I will surely answer hereafter.



EDITH STOREY DOES NOT USE A RUBBER STAMP WHEN SHE AUTOGRAPHS HER PHOTOS. THE "CORDIALLY YOURS" THAT FLOWS FROM HER FOUNTAIN-PEN IS GENUINE HAND-WORK

PENGUIN.—Thanks for sending me the "Big Ben." Did you think I needed waking up or merely wished me to have a daily reminder of your sweet self? It was in "The Innocence of Lizette" that Mary Miles Minter slid down the bannisters in pink P. A. Jamas.

BENNETT L.—Frances Gordon was Paula in "The Scarlet Woman." Haven't heard any more about Cleo Madison's company. Anna Little is with Selznick.

ANNIE D.—Edward Langford was Derwent in "The Dark Silence."

EXAMINO.—It isn't the high cost of living, but it's the high cost of loving that keeps the young swain broke nowadays. Mildred Harris in "The Bad Boy." Oh, yes, I will concur in the opinion that Gray's "Elegy" is a rare gem of English. No, Anna Luther was Miss Needham in "The Island of Desire" and Gretchen Hartman was Juanita in "The Love Thief.' Ditto—your limerick.

LESLIE W. H.—Florence LaBadie and James Cruze in "Undine" and Virginia Pearson and John Webb in "Hypocrisy" (Fox). No, no, they were not Mary Pickford's own children. Thanks for the program.

INEZ.—Again? Courtenay Foote was Judson in "Up from the Depths." Mae Gaston was Alice. Gladys Brockwell was Daire. Gladys Hulette was Phœbe and Ethyle Cooke was Laura in "Her New York."

ELIZABETH M.—You want me to give Niles Welch your regards. Crane Wilbur with Horsley. You want an interview with Mrs. Vernon Castle.

A. M. H., CLEVELAND.—It's nice of you to respect my old age, but dont let that interfere with asking questions—that's what I am paid for. Roscoe Arbuckle is with Paramount. Even the hens sometimes have a sense of fitness by laying a perfectly good egg.

LIZZIE TISCH.—Noise is not sufficient to make a sound argument. Look elsewhere about the octopus. It's a wonder to me that J. Warren Kerrigan has any hands left after all you people who write tell me you have shaken hands with him.

DR. KETCHUM.—One does not need to be a botanist to recognize a blooming idiot. Yes, Lamar Johnstone was Scott in "Ben Blair." He was Runnels in "Ne'er Do Well." No record of him in pictures.

LYDIA S.—No, Virginia Pearson is not married. Maxine Elliott will play in Goldwyn Pictures. Oh, yes, Rose Tapley will come back to pictures soon again. Thanks for telling me all your secrets, but I am sure you will be happy soon now. Where is your older sister?

JACK VAN A.; OLLIE H.; BELTON; HENRY C.; ORA E. S.; FLORENCE P.; TESSIBEL; A MOVIE FAN; BRUNETTE; FLORENCE K.; BUSHMAN ADMIRER; HENRY, JOHNS; RALPH H.; C. H. F.; CHARLES G.; SOPHOMORE; INQUISITIVE ANNE; GLADYS C.; M. C.; J. S.; GLADYS K.; HAZEL M. P.; HELEN E. B.; MARY E. B.; MADGE; MINERVA S.—Your questions have been answered before.

MOVIE FAN.—The best proof of hell is that some marriages are made in heaven. Joe King is with Kay-Bee; Gretchen Lederer with Universal; Charles Ogle with Lasky; Cleo Madison with Stern Co. Joseph Singleton was Edwin, and Mabel Van Buren was Mrs. Gray in "Brewster's Millions." Rather ancient.

ALASKA GIRL.—You want to see Warren Kerrigan in an Alaskan play. Corona Cinema was the last company Enid Markey was with.

OLGA 17.—No; I dont think Clara K. Young has Egypt in her dreamy eyes. A chat with Conway Tearle? One coming.

CARRIOLEA G.—Ralph Kellard was with Pathé last. No; of course I dont think you are silly. Why should I?

HARRY D.—Marguerite Clark played a dual rôle in "Prince and the Pauper." Thanks for the fee. Dont assume that because a man asks for advice he wants it.

BETTY W.—Thank you. But why didn't you ask questions?

LILLIAN S.—Gertrude Selby was the girl in "Gaby's Gasoline Glide." Yes, Reggie Morris in "Under the Tables." R. A. Cavin in "Kinkard, Gambler" (Bluebird).

ABE, 99.—So you have your own stationery now. People of our time write too little. They read newspapers and novels, and write only letters. As Bacon remarks, "Reading makes a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man"; but since we should be all three, we should read, confer and write; and perhaps the most important is the last. Who is H. C. L.? You say our picture gallery is quite up to any you ever saw in the Louvre. Thou art extragavant in thy praise.

SATANET.—I fear I cannot accept your kind invitation to attend the Scrollers' Convention to be held at Ashland, Wis.

CAMILLE.—Antonio Moreno is a Spaniard. That was a pretty old Pathé with Crane Wilbur you inquire about, "A Nation's Peril." Thomas Meighan was David in "Armstrong's Wife." Chester Barnett is with Selznick.

RAFFAELLA.—We had a picture of him in November 1916 issue. Come right along. A man who begins to reform in his old age—well, it is about as futile as putting a bad egg in cold storage.

ALMA H.—Sorry, but Harold Lockwood and May Allison did play in "The Masked Rider." Talk about the high cost of living, a dollar bill and a dollar's worth of steak are about the same size now.

ELSIE P.—That was a wig. Send five International coupons. Twenty-one. I dont drink buttermilk for my complexion; but because I like it.

F. C. SITKA, ALASKA.—So you say Alaska is a district and not a territory. Thanks. I shall mail you the size of my shoe rather than write it. I shall much appreciate the moccasins.

BESSIE W. OAKLEIGH.—Mae Marsh is with Goldwyn. Why, my brain acts very slowly. Why cant I eat fudge? Try me.

MARGARETTE K. T.—Please send your address—I want to return your belongings. Thanks for the jokes. Yes; Rudolph Cameron in "The More Excellent Way." Martha Erlich is playing leads with Max Linder. No; I am not going to enlist.

HENRY D., WRIGHTVILLE.—How are things in New Zealand? Selig produced "The Spoilers." You refer to Jack McDonald.

OLGA 17.—His title is Ph.D., LL.D. We always admire the man with a lot of letters tacked onto his name, because it shows that he got there by degrees. I am not worried about the war, because I think it will be a bloodless war for us, except in Europe.



JUST TO PROVE THAT HE IS NOT A "DEAD ONE," BOBBY CONNELLY WENT AND HAD HIMSELF PHOTOGRAPHED *ON*, NOT *IN*, A SARCOPHAGUS. HE'S A PRETTY WIGGLY LITTLE MUMMY!

TULIS AND DULIS.—I have been waiting for you to send me your address, so I can send you the picture you want.

MAZIE A.—No; I dont belong to any trust and dont want to. You know a trust is a body of men who have banded together to make others trust them, because they cant trust themselves. Roscoe Arbuckle has released "The Butcher Boy." Edith Storey has left Vitagraph.

GEORGE L. S.—You dont need to have a dictionary, nor an English book, to write to me. You write better than the average. Just Ince, as it is spelled—*in* with a short *sis* on the end of it. Thanks, let me hear from you again.

THEDA BARA FAN.—You refer to James Cooley in "The Eternal Sapho." Mary Anderson writes me that she is doing nicely out West. Monroe Salisbury is with Fox.

EDNA, 18.—Never mind your handwriting—it is O.K. I agree with you on that, that it is very inconvenient to be admired by a fool. Thanks for all you say. Really, I get such nice letters that I wish we could print them all.

WILLIAM J. J.—So you had the measles. They're good for you. I had them. 'Most all the plays you mention are pretty old. Fay Tincher has just written me on black-and-white striped paper. She is right up to date, you see.

MILDRED H.—I haven't heard what Mrs. Vernon Castle's plays are going to be after "Patria." Pathé may give her another serial or a series of features.

GRACE H.—Well, you see the Irish have a country and no ruler; the Jews have no country and no ruler, and so they decided to divide America between them. So you are going back to Detroit—well, stick to your own town. As the Irishman said, a person always loves his native land whether he was born there or not.



ELLA HALL'S RÔLES RANGE FROM GRANDMA TO A GREAT, BIG, BEAUTIFUL DOLL

M. B. A.—Sorry for you; but, as Adele Rowland says, "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile." By the way, that's the song the soldiers sing in "Lilac Time." Wallace Reid is in California. Yes, Dorothy Davenport.

BETTY OF MELROSE.—Glad to see you again. Yes; Theodore Roberts played opposite V. Suratt in "Immigrant." No relation. Have you got it that bad that you are dreaming of me? Hope it aint no nightmare. Thank you, my child.

LITTLE EVA.—Oh, how you flatter me! Mahlon Hamilton was Ernest in "Bridges Burned" (Metro). Maury Steuart was the child in the same. Edna Hunter was Rita in "The Common Law." Julia Stuart was the mother.

MRS. M. C.—Yes, do send more verses. You say your name is Mollie Marling, Goldfield, Ia., and you are looking for your cousin. Can anybody help Mollie?

NAOMI.—Harold Lockwood is not married. Charlie Chaplin is his real honest-to-goodness name.

MARGARET.—We had a chat with Olga Petrova in the January 1917 Classic and one with Mme. Nazimova will probably be in the July Classic.

RETTA ROMAINE.—I dare you to send along that photo. Your Richard Tucker was with Art Dramas last. Retta, I betcher know more'n your prayers. You are crazy like a fox. Never mind—can you keep a secret?

ANTHONY.—Yes, I know all about the loving-cup that was presented to Francis Bushman. Yes. He was much pleased with it.

P. V. S.—Yours was very interesting indeed. Buy what you dont need, and by-and-by you will have to sell what you do need. Thirteen is very unlucky when you get a baker's dozen. See December 1916 Magazine for candy recipes by Nona Thomas. She's the original candy kid.

PAULA.—Cecelia Loftus was Clorinda in "A Lady of Quality." There were several Mignons. You cant make me confess which of the Gish girls I prefer, except to admit that I like them both equally well.

CROSS I. RANCH—Conway Tearle is with Selznick. Yes, we ought to have a chat with him, and we shall. Niles Welch is with Technicolor in Jacksonville, Fla.

ADELE RAE.—Yes; Arthur Hoops is dead. The pictures were taken some time ago. And you think Francis Bushman is capable of doing better and bigger things than serials. I agree, and no doubt he soon will.

ULSTER GIRL.—The cast in "Quo Vadis?" is too old and long to run here. Lasky produced "Cameo Kirby" with Dustin Farnum and Winifred Kingston. In every theater in New York, either at the end or the beginning of a play, the orchestra plays "The Star Spangled Banner."

JIM JONES.—Glad to know you, Jim Jones. James Cruze is still playing. Perhaps his pictures dont get to Australia.

ECHEVARRIA.—You failed to sign your name. Pathé produced "The Iron Claw," Balboa produced "Who's Guilty?" and Pathé produced "The Girl with the Green Eyes."

INEZ, NASHVILLE.—You are infringing on Inez from Newfoundland. You have the wrong title on that play. Guess again. You know a clear conscience is more to be desired than a pull with the police; honest—I've tried both.

COURTENAY.—What's this—Adam and Eve's phone number? 281 Apple? Ring off; you're on a busy wire. Number changed to 812 Green. Edward Earle on the cover. Sounds good. Glad to hear your voice again.

HOLLIS C.—Mary Charleson is still with Essanay, playing opposite Henry Walthall. Lillian Walker and Alice Joyce both ride cross-saddle. In Vitagraph's "Indiscretion" Lillian's knicker togs and ducky, mannish coat were cut from tan cheviot, with jaunty black straw jockey turban. Alice Joyce wore 'em, too, in "Womanhood," black-and-white checkered ones.

S. A. M., LOS ANGELES.—You certainly know how to hand out the—might I call it "josh"? Yes; Famous Players. Your limericks were given to Doc Limerick, and no doubt he will put them thru.

JANE NOVAK ADMIRER.—Lamp Louie was not cast in "Shielding Shadow." David Powell in "Gloria's Romance." Maud Fealy was Joan in "The American Consul." That's very true, but when a man begins to boast of his ancestors, it's a safe bet that his descendants have no occasion to boast of theirs.

INEZ. — Howard Hickman had the lead in "The Man from Oregon," and Fanny Midgely was the mother. Clara Williams was the girl, and Herschel Mayall was Landers. Joseph Dowling was the tool.

MARION H.—Martha Erlich opposite Max Linder.

MILITARY.—Edmund Breese isn't playing just now. You will find picture of Bobby Connelly's little sister Mary, with a dozen others of children of the screen, in March Classic. War subject taboo. You must fight your own fits.

RICHARD K.—You dont have to invest anything to become an actor. You have to be able to act, and then you have to be able to find an opening, and that's the hardest part of it. Dustin Farnum, who starred in "The Gentleman from Indiana," says that a great many bright people like the author, Booth Tarkington, have come from that State and the brighter they are the quicker they come.

MOLLY MCM.—Your tastes are too highly cultivated for your pocketbook, it seems. I haven't heard that Maude Adams is going into pictures. You might write our Circulation Department about your magazines.

F. MC.—You should put your pen-name at the top and your real name at the bottom. I'm pretty sure you refer to Frank Morgan. Yes, I too think Olga ought to change those figures—she needs a censor. Thanks.



ALICE HOLLISTER, AT ATLANTIC BEACH, FLORIDA, WAITING FOR HIGH TIDE. SHE ISN'T AFRAID OF THE WATER, SHARKS, WHALES, OR U-BOATS! DESPERATE, DARING ALICE!

RUTH ORLANDO.—Evart Overton was Billy in "The Enemy." Sympathize heartily with your long hours. Tedious job playing the piano for the movies, but your strain is nothing to that of W. R. Bagley, Muncie, Ind. He holds the endurance record for playing the piano continuously for fifty hours and five minutes.

PEGGY MOORE.—Yes, Kitty Gordon sang "Alma, Where Do You Live?" Mae Marsh resembles Billie Burke? Cant see it. Well, of a choice between evils, I'd rather be tongue-tied than to stutter, but the latter is easily cured.

IDA E. S.—Look up chat with Olga Petrova. May Allison is not married. Paul Willis was the brother in "The Promise." W. H. Bainbridge in "The Fortune Hunter." Yes, do write again.

HERMAN.—Appreciate very much your invitation to spend my summer vacation at your country place. Sorry cant accept. I'm going "a-gypsying" with an old horse and a canvas-topped wagon. The promise of fresh buttermilk and a free-and-easy life was too tempting. Picture of J. Warren Kerrigan's one and only sweetheart in December Classic.

HATTIE M.—Yes, Edna May played in only the one picture. Harry Morey is unmarried.

ELSA.—William Jefferson was with Keystone last. Absolutely so. 'Taint no such thing as gambling luck. The most successful players at Monte Carlo are in the orchestra.

DADE.—"Wild Olive" was done by Bosworth. Thanks, I am very easy to suit. Accept anything and everything. The dentist who filled the wrong cavity made a very common mistake.

MRS. W. E.—Muriel Ostriche is with World. You failed to enclose the envelope.

To the Answer Man

By Mrs. B. W. WINKLER

A wise old owl sat in his den
And scribbled all day with his rusty pen.
His eyes were dim, his beard was long,
And life to him was the same old song.
Of all the questions he answers galore,
He's expected to answer a great many more.
He tells us who plays in this picture or that,
But cant always tell us just where they are at.

He tells us most everything under the sun—
Of a great many things before pictures begun,
But he says he cant tell us "who's married to who,"
The very thing we would like him to do.
But we'll take it for granted at just what he said,
Why should we worry to whom they are wed?
So long as we see them act on the screen—
Better take them for just at the time what they seem.

But the poor old man, at the end of each day,
To his little hall-room he wends his way.
Up two flights of stairs with a candle he goes,
And soon he's in dreamland in quiet repose.
He dreams of the letters he'll open next day,
And the answers he'll give on each photoplay;
How he takes each one as they come in their turn,
While some in his basket he tosses to burn.

He awakes with the dawn of another day,
And thinks of the task that before him lay.
He quietly dresses with utmost care,
And wanders back to his little lair,
Where he finds that his dream is only too true,
With so many letters he can scarcely get thru.
But he goes to work with a will and a way,
And answers questions thruout the day.

But another question we'll ask if we can,
Why not a chat with the "Answer Man"?
Also his photo to appear on a page,
To see if he is really seventy-four years of age.
But we shouldn't doubt it for a moment, you know,
Because he so often has told us so.
But how he can eat and buy his clothes
On eight per week, now nobody knows.

F. D. H.—Watcher step, there! You ask altogether too many questions. Wyndham Standing was Capt. Andrews in "The Spoilers." Frank Clark was Dextry and Jack McDonald was Slapjack in "Little Pal." Russell Bassett was Sid Gerue, Joseph Manning was Black Brand, William Lloyd was Dill Box, and Constance Johnson was the wife.

W. G. C.—No, the dresses belong to the company.

D. W., NEW ZEALAND.—Never, never shout anything when you ought to whisper it. J. W. Johnston was Rudolph in "Out of the Drifts." William Courtleigh, Jr., was George. Wilmuth Merkyl was Jack and Arthur Hooper was Oscar opposite Olga Petrova in "The Soul Market." The other is wrong. Cecelia Stanton has been wrongfully abused. They have had her married to Crane Wilbur and to Earle Foxe, while Miss Stanton isn't married to either. Our humble apology.

INEZ.—Thomas Harper was the boy in "A Man for a' That." Annie Edney was the mother. Irene Warfield was the girl and Bryant Washburn the count. Harry Carey and Olive Golden in "The Wedding Guest." Dorothy Phillips was opposite Ben Wilson in "Borrowed Plumes." Yes, "After the War" is good.

MAE MARSH ADMIRER.—Mae Marsh is with Goldwyn Co., 16 W. 42d St., New York City. Your letter was very interesting indeed. Let me hear from you again.

PENGUIN.—You dont think Jane Gail is as popular as she should be? We saw a good deal of her in "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."

EARLE.—So you received a photo from William Hart. George Fisher was the minister in "The Thorobred." No, I dont find the city distracting. I'm in a quiet corner—so quiet that I could hear my blood circulate while composing a poemlet on the silent drama recently. Dont get discouraged; try again. Yeast, tho compressed, will rise again.

BESSIE B.—I agree with you, it is a miserable thing to live in suspense—it is the life of a spider. Walter Hitchcock was John in "The White Raven."

ZOE.—Frances Miller was Mandy Lee in "The Bondage of Fear." Both plays you mentioned have been done in pictures.

VYRGYNYA.—Thanks. Your epistle was great, clever and intelligent, but it was beyond me. Let me hear from you again, however.



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Its extreme purity, its freedom from alkali, and its gentle medication adapt Resinol Soap peculiarly to the care of the hair and of a baby's skin.

EVALINE.—So you think I could make a heap of money if I advertised my photos for sale at $1.00 each. Great scheme! I may adopt this brilliant get-rich-quick scheme. Yes, an interview with Harry Hilliard.

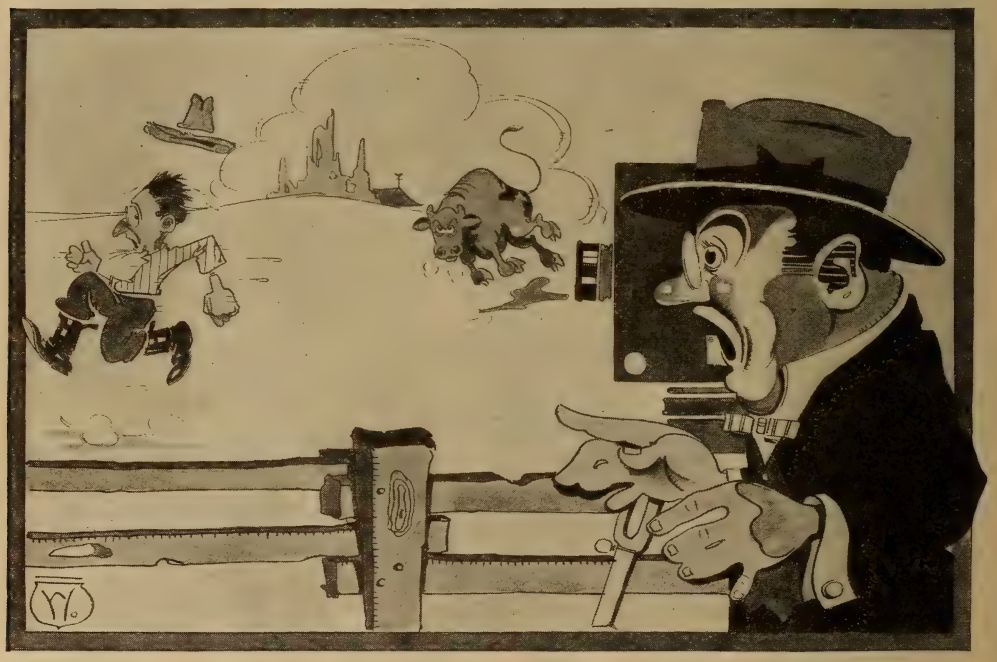
MATHILDA V.—You want to know whether Kathlyn Williams, Earle Williams and Clara Williams are any relation. I think you forgot about Jay Williams? No, Mathilda; Lillian Burns was Mary in "The Goddess." Yes, Mary Anderson is married.

DOROTHY M.—Earle Williams and Anita Stewart in "His Phantom." We still have that book for sale.

MOVIE MAD.—George Washington died the last hour of the last day of the last week of the last month of the last year of the last century. Date of death, December 14, 1799—age 67. Served 7 years 10 months 4 days. Marguerite Snow is with Artcraft.

NANCY B.—George Webb is with Lasky. Even tho your Congressman is a vegetarian, he may have a hankering for pork.

MILDRED L.; HELEN D.; THELMA M.; REX D.; HECKER; MARGARET L.; S. P. L. A.; ROSIE, ANNIE, MIKE & LOUIE; MAY; BETTY OF MELROSE; LESLIE; and LUCY.—Your questions have all been answered elsewhere. Thank you.



WHAT A CHANCE!

CAMERA-MAN (to farmer)—Say, that action's great, but slow up a little, I cant get you both in focus.

ANSBERG.—"Cabiria" was filmed in Italy. Taffeta and tabby are named from a street in Bagdad; muslin from Mosul; in Asia, bandana is named from the Indian word to bind or tie, because it is tied in knots before dyeing; alpaca from an animal in Peru, of the llama species; and blanket is called after Thomas Blanket, a famous clothier, connected with the introduction of woolens into England about 1340.

J. L. C.—Harry Hilliard was the male lead and June Caprice opposite in "Caprice of the Mountains."

SYZYGY.—What constitutes a fee? One cent and upwards—nothing less accepted. Write to our Sales Manager. I dont agree with you. You are a chronic complainer. I dont care for your favorites.

MARTHA N.—I'll pass the idea along—too good to keep. Thou art alert, unselfish one. You say you subscribed, received a premium of eighty players' portraits; then you saw the list—"Are They Married—If So, To Whom?" in April and May issues, and sat up after midnight "framing" them up as they really should be, man and wife together. Quick work. Wallace Reid is now with Morosco.

LILLIAN N.—Bertha Kalich was Helen, and Stuart Holmes was George in "Love and Hate." Roscoe Arbuckle may drink Postum. There might be a reason (to reduce), but I know he doesn't drink the famous brand of his own name. He played in "A Noise from the Deep" (Keystone). He is now with Paramount.







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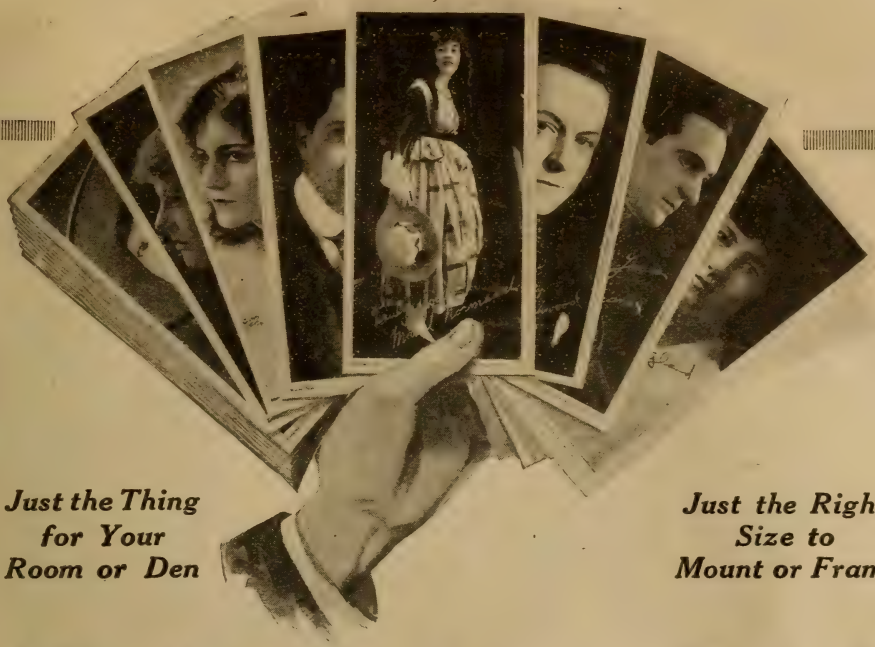
THE B.V.D. COMPANY, N.Y.

I. B. INTERESTED.—You say Jewel Carmen is as dainty as an orchid and looks as delicious as a chocolate-cream. Yes, do write again.

JERRY.—I fail to see the resemblance between Mrs. Sidney Drew and Frances Nelson. You think Rankin Drew is getting to be a fine director. Yes, I do.



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BETTY S.—I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I never keep addresses, so am returning your letter. Oh no, I'm 75 now.

KIDLET.—Well, a hero is one who poses; villain, one who imposes; heroine, one who exposes; old bachelor, one who proposes; old maid aunt, one who opposes; father, one who deposes; mother, one who reposes; drunkard, one who disposes; prodigal son, one who purposes. Yes, there is a directory gotten out by the *Moving Picture News*, a weekly trade paper.

H. H., DALLAS.—Kenneth Harlan who played with Constance Talmadge in "Betsy's Burglar," has signed with Fine Arts to play leads for Bessie Love. Oh! these fickle screen supports. 'Twas ever thus—off with the old and on with the new. Guess you are right. Loyola O'Connor was Elinor and Alma Reubens was Edith in "The Children Pay."

ALABAMA SKIES.—Yes, I remember you well. Send it right along. Always glad to get snaps and scenes.



NO, THIS IS NOT AN ITALIAN FAIRY IN A DISH OF SPAGHETTI! IT'S ENID BENNETT ENMESHED IN 60,000 FEET OF FILM, REJECTED IN THE MAKING OF TRIANGLE'S "A PRINCESS OF THE DARK"

MARIE B. Y.—I certainly am thankful to you. I appreciated your gift very much indeed. Thank you, but I am honorary member of the Scroll Club. Mrs. Kramer is a fine secretary, and she is keeping the club on the move.

MARJORIE D. B.—So you call my department "A Budget of Interest." I dont know the comedian you refer to. Look up "caprice" in the dictionary and that will tell you how to pronounce it. It sounds like cap-reece.

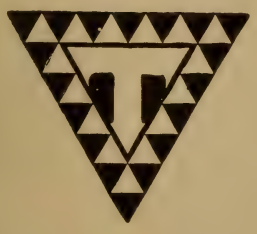
BETTY.—Gordon Gray played in "The More Excellent Way." H. B. Warner with Selig.

BETTY W.—How very nice of you! Just send along that pot of beans. I know you mean all right. A man rich in experience is quite likely to have no cash.

LITTLE MISS IMPORTANCE.—But see here, where is your address? Your letter was very interesting. Write me again.

INEZ.—Nice day! Thomas Jefferson was the chemist in "The Old Chemist." Frank Bennett was Frank and Olive Adair was Leilla. I dont know what you mean when you say you hope "the Magazine will never be turned into a general magazine." What's that?

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ALICE.—Stuart Sage was young MacDougal in "The War Bride's Secret." Yes, I agree with you about some of the titles. They are very luring.

MAPLE LEAFE.—Glad to meet you, I'm sure.

L. B.—A finder for focusing is not convenient for determining the view while panoraming. It is possible to panoram accurately by sighting along the side or top corner of the camera, particularly when two operators are working the camera, but when there is but one and he stands at the side of the camera, turning two cranks at the same time, a finder bringing the view into convenient position will be an advantage. We have no record of the girl you ask for.

JAMES M. B.—You ask "Would a man with gold-crowned teeth have any chance of getting into Motion Pictures?" Better gold teeth than none at all.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.—Evelyn Vadito was Evelyn and Rita Jolivet was Pierrette, while Hamilton Revelle was Pierrot in "The Masque of Life" (Signet).

GRACE DOROTHY.—Watcher step there, Dorothy. Time's short, you know. Edwin Peters was with the Moss Company last. Stuart Holmes was the husband and not the villain in "Life's Shop Window."

R. E. W., NEW ORLEANS.—W. B. Davidson was the lead in "The Stranger." Adelaide Hayes was Annie in "Those Who Toil."

J. B. F., LITTLE ROCK.—Yes, Walter Long played in "The Executioner," and he also played in "Joan the Woman."



EILEEN SEDGWICK, UNIVERSAL FAVORITE, HAS CONTRACTED THE "CLASSIC" HABIT

CHARLES F. P.—He who gets rich quick is apt to go broke in a hurry. Walter Long in "Intolerance" and he was Gus in "The Birth of a Nation." He was with Lasky last, but look out for changes.

MARGARET H.—Lord Kitchener, British Minister of War, and almost his entire staff were killed on board the British cruiser *Hampshire*, which struck a mine and sank off the Orkney Islands, June 5, 1916. Eugene Strong with Art Dramas, and Jackie Saunders is with Mutual.

DUSTIN A. P.—I dont as a rule criticise writing, but—well, I've seen better. William Farnum was Sidney Carton as well as Darnay in "A Tale of Two Cities."

INCOGNITA.—Ollie Kirkby was Mary in "Social Pirates." Yes, Lillian Walker really has left Vitagraph. You ask "When you go to bed at night do you feel so happy because you know every one loves you?" Well, I dont always go to bed that way—I usually go to bed sober.

FIFI, 17.—Douglas Fairbanks joined Artcraft, but not to play with Mary Pickford. It is better to quarrel and make up than never to quarrel at all if you're not made up.

ESTELLE A. S.—Of course I am glad to hear from you, but you must ask questions when writing to me. Send direct to the companies for pictures. Always address a player in care of the company.

ANITA STEWART JUNIORESS.—You refer to Richard Tucker in "The Passion" (Edison). So you like Roberta Courtlandt's articles. She is down South at present.

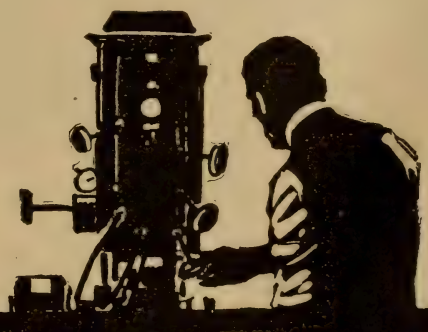
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THE WAY TO BETTER LIGHT

MINNIE E. G.—J. W. Johnston was opposite Marguerite Clark in "Out of the Drifts." You dont have to be able to write a business letter when writing to me. Be natural always, or you'll B flat. Discount your sorrows and put your joys out at interest.

No. 13.—I have passed your limerick along. Thank you. Matt Moore was with Artcraft last.

JERRY.—I agree with you, Jerry—nature gives every man a character, but he has to supply his own reputation.



THE CAMERA-MAN PROMISED TO TAKE ONE OF THE BOYS' PICTURES IF HE BROUGHT HIM A DRINK

LEONA S.—William Russell was with American last and Herbert Rawlinson is with Universal. Sessue Hayakawa's hieroglyphics are decidedly legible—not at all Japanesey. He will autograph a photo if you request him politely, most politely, to do so.

EVELYN, 12.—It's mutual. Dont! If you feel that way about it, stop and count twenty-three or look at it this way: If Sioux spells Sue, and eye spells I, and sighed spells side, why doesn't Sioux-eye-sighed spell *suicide?* Read our "Stories That Are True," and be glad some of these things dont happen to you.

DONNA S.—As to Motion Picture writing—read our articles by Henry Albert Phillips, who is an authority. Yes, the vivacious "Little Eva" Tanguay is a film performer. Have not heard that she is to appear as Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." A bloodstone, not an emerald, is the March birth-stone, and a violet, not a poppy, is the symbolic flower.

EVON, 15.—Douglas Fairbanks in "In Again, Out Again." Bryant Washburn and Edna Mayo in "The Blindness of Virtue."

C. M. S., NEW YORK.—I am not sure about that player. Lots of men know a good thing the minute the other fellow sees it first.

NADA R.—Manganese is an ore, very unlike mango, which is a pickled musk-melon. It is a very valuable and rare ore used to harden, strengthen and toughen steel. The United States produced only 11,771 tons in 1900, valued at $100,289. New deposits have recently been located in California. The enormous demand created by the manufacture of war munitions has very seriously drained the limited supply. Address them in care of Consolidated. Send for a list. Carl Von Schiller in "Saving the Family Name." Roy Fernandez is still with Universal. Anna Little is with Selznick.

M. E. H., PENN.—In other words you want an interview with Earle Foxe. No chat with him. Yes, he was splendid in "Panthea."

Miss Mabel Normand is one of the beauties of the modern photoplay who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

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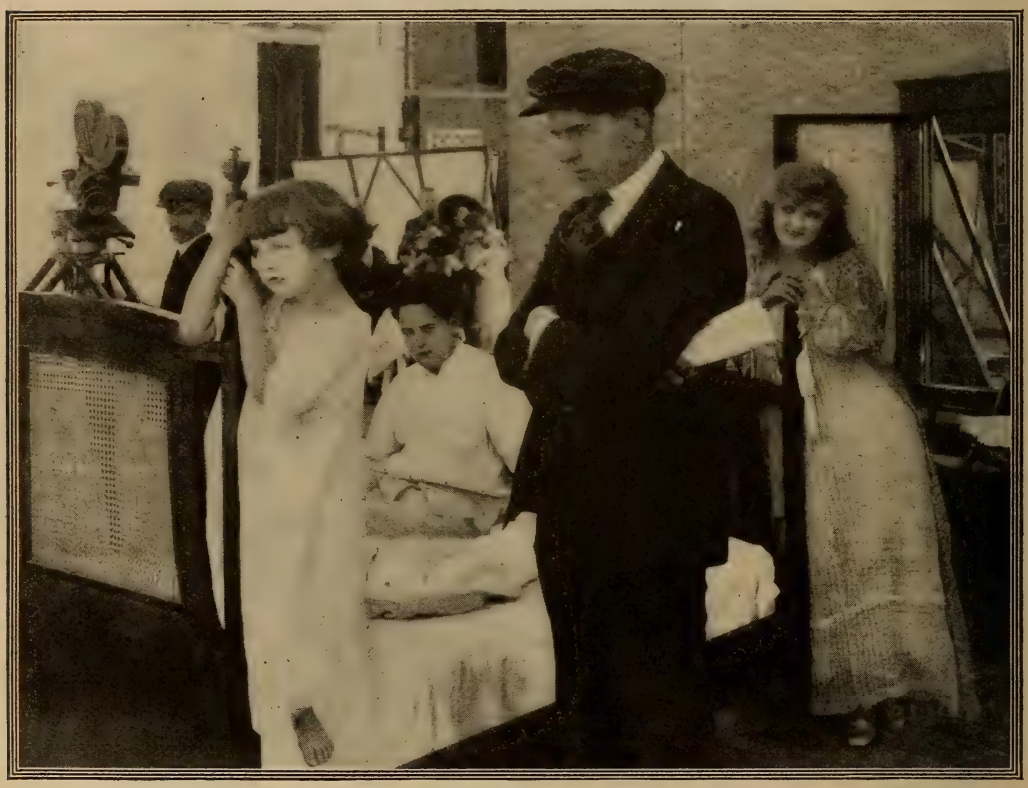
Windsor, Canada **21 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.** (22)

DORIS B.—How should I know if clocks are embroidered on Edna Goodrich's silk bathing hosiery, or if she wears a wrist-watch? But I do know she has never taught a Sunday-school class. The first time-piece was not a clock, but an hour-glass, having two bulbs and a connecting opening thru which sand in one ran into the other. The amount of sand and size of opening determined the passage of the golden hours. David Powell was Dick in "Gloria's Romance." Henry Weaver was the father.

C. R.—So you prayed to be answered. You see the Lord has been good to you. Eulalie Jensen is a beautiful woman and a good player. You, too, noticed the incorrect Spanish used on the screen.

ANITA W.—Yes, Anita Stewart and Earle Williams play at the same studio. India ink is made from burned camphor. The Chinese are the only manufacturers of the genuine ink and they will not reveal the secret of its manufacture.

JUNE S.—Marguerite Clark's picture appeared on October 1916 Classic cover.



TEMPERAMENTAL MOMENTS OF A STAR. BABY MARIE OSBORNE HAS JUST HAD A "TIFF" WITH DIRECTOR HENRY KING. THE "LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE" COMPANY ARE WAITING FOR THE STORM-CLOUDS TO BLOW OVER

ELEANOR M. L.—I doubt whether there is a Madeline Hayes in pictures.

MAE G.—She is a non-professional. I am sorry you feel the way you do about the players when you learn they are married.

ALICIA L. S.—Gaughan McAndrews was played by Val Paul in "The Girl of Lost Lake."

VANITY.—You must sign your name. They only have a right to censor who have a heart to help.

ARCHIE J.—We have never had Theda Bara on the Classic cover yet. Look up September 1916 Classic.

EARLE.—I have no list—you want to get in touch with some of the different clubs. You will get acquainted then.

F. W. VAL JEAN.—Frances Nelson played in "The Power of Decision." She is in N. Y.

MRS. WILLIAM R.—Marguerite Snow is temporarily with some Canadian company. Tell you of one play in which Theda Bara was not a vampire? Glad to. She was a captivating "Cigarette" as Ouida's heroine in "Under Two Flags." And I can name others. Dont be backward about coming forward. Some nuts are harder to crack than others. Yours was easy.



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WHAT was formerly a skillful and dangerous journey in 1817 is now an exhilarating and safe pleasure-trip, because palatial steel steamers have replaced the bark canoe of the Indian voyageur and the route is through the same historic and picturesque waters. All the charm of old-world travel haunts are to be found in this 1,000 mile journey "Niagara to the Sea."

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CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES



MAYME D.—The Sleeping Beauty was shut by enchantment in a castle; after a sleep of 100 years, she is rescued by and marries a young prince. Vernon Steele was the handsome young man in "Silks and Satins." Pedro de Cordoba was Julian in "Temptation." You can reach Marguerite Courtot at Pathé, 25 W. 42d St., New York. Robert Walker was Alexis in "Cossack Whip."

HIP, MOUNT VERNON.—I'm sorry that you have been neglected. Ruth Roland is not married. She was in to see us the other day and she gave me a delicious, black-and-white striped box of Huyler's, and they were just as sweet as she is. She spent her Easter Sunday with Mae Marsh and family. President Wilson can now almost say as did Louis XIV, "I am the state!" But I guess nobody begrudges him his power.



HAROLD.—Say, pop, if I was twins would you take the other boy to the movies too?

POP.—Why certainly, Harold.

HAROLD.—Well, you surely aint goin' to cheat me out of another treat to the movies, just because I happen to be all in one piece.

LILLIAN FROM BEECHHURST.—Margaret Gibson was Leila in "The Island of Desire." Jane Grey and Frank Mills in "The Flower of Faith." Ralph Kellard in "Pearl of the Army."

H. SYDNEY KEY, 121 Lee Rd., Lee Green, London, would be glad to correspond with any of our male readers. I should like to see one of them if you dont mind.

PARADISE.—Charge it to ignorance then. Cold storage spoils the eggs and cold treatment addles the matrimonial yoke.

THE BLUE GIRL.—Well, if you have never told a fib, do not risk spoiling your reputation by saying so. William Desmond was opposite Billie Burke in "Peggy." So, blue is your color. That's all right as long as you dont feel blue, like my friend the captain. It blew, it blew, it snew, it snew; the capting he had to heave her tew. Heave ho, my lads, heave ho!

MADALINE E. B., NEWTON.—Yes, Helen Martin was with Vitagraph for a while. She has naturally curly hair.

The Biggest Honor in Pictures

For an Actress Is to Get Her Portrait on the Front Cover of the Bigger and Better Classic

On June 15th a Stunning Picture of Grace Cunard, painted by Leo Sielke, Jr., in beautiful summer toggery, will appear on the cover of The JULY CLASSIC and smile down at you from 33,000 newsstands



Lone Star Appears

The Great Indian Actor, the only one of the vanishing race to achieve screen fame, and most aptly a "Lone Star," is posed in all the brilliant colors of his camp-fire, and again has Mr. Sielke given an artistic triumph to the BIGGER and BETTER CLASSIC by his sympathetic treatment of its back-cover painting

That the Motion Picture public not only wanted more for its money, but wanted to pay more to get what it wanted, is now a verdict rendered. The June Classic—the first Bigger and Better edition—was an instantaneous hit. Like the "Liberty Loan," it took right a-hold of the public's interest and its purse-strings.

It is impossible to register the size of the hit that the first 20-cent Classic made. It tore right into public opinion and has made thousands of new readers. And why shouldn't it? The ammunition that we have loaded for the second great shot—the July Classic—is the proof of another hit about to be scored:

"THE CLASSIC EXTRA GIRL PLAYS AT THE FOX STUDIO"—Miss Ethel Rosemon, our extra girl, told such an absorbing and human story of her Vitagraph experiences in the June Classic, that it was a sensational hit with our readers—now she "plays extra" with Theda Bara in "Camille" and tells us all the hazards and chances of extradom.

"EIGHT PAGES OF GRAVURE GALLERY PORTRAITS" is the talk of the publishing world and has delighted our readers—the July Classic continues to print this beautiful section in eight full pages, each one a jewel of tone and likeness.

"THE ANITA STEWART ONE-STEP"—Classic readers are all playing, or dancing to, the Marguerite Clark Waltz, by Muriel Pollock, the music of which was published in the April Classic. Here comes just as catchy a one-step—the full score—by the same composer, and you will like it just as well, if not better.

"READY FOR THE ONCOMING WAVES"—The big bathing splash of 1917, a wide beach full of stars in their natty bathing suits—among others are Lillian Walker, Ruth Roland, Sylvia Bremer, Helen Holmes, Louise Fazenda, and Maude George.

"HAM AND HAMLET." A studio short-story by H. H. Van Loan that bristles like a tickled porcupine with wit and barbed sayings in Screenland.

"ANIMAL ACTORS ARE SUSCEPTIBLE TO APPLAUSE"—This is just what you would expect Mary Pickford to say and she tells this little personal story with a novelty and charm that is just "Little Mary."

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Tricks with a Chafing-Dish—How Alice Joyce Camped Out in the Studio

By HELEN LOWELL

Now that the great war photodrama, "Womanhood," which had been over a year in the making, was finally released, its principal star, Alice Joyce, was likely to have a little leisure.

I thought it an opportune time to request her to send me some of her favorite recipes for "The Motion Picture Star Cook Book" (a volume of recipes gathered from famous screen artists), now in course of compilation.

Her reply was a most gracious invitation to come out to her country place at Sea Gate, Long Island, for tea some afternoon. Needless to say, I went, and I do not know when I have spent a more perfectly enjoyable hour.

She told me something of the long, tedious rehearsals; of still more trying intervals, and of the rush periods during the course of the filming of the many thrilling war-scenes recorded on the miles and miles of film (to be accurate, a total number of about 100,000 feet)—periods in which any member of the company was lucky to catch a few moments for rest or food.

"How did you manage to keep up your strength under such conditions—broken hours, and irregular meals, Mrs. Moore?" (Of course, I didn't address her as Alice or Miss Joyce.) And then came a most interesting disclosure.

"My little multiple electric chafing-dish is the key to that secret," she replied. "The wonderful results I achieve with the help of that simple three-tiered cooking device in three minutes would make a three-ring circus look like a side-show. I converted a small room, opening from my dressing-room in the Vitagraph studio, into a *petite cuisine*. My cache was well stocked with all kinds of canned foods, soups, meats, fish, vegetables, fruits, cocoa, condensed milk, etc., so you see my commissary department was a model of preparedness."

"Your theory of preparedness seems to have been well worked out, but wasn't

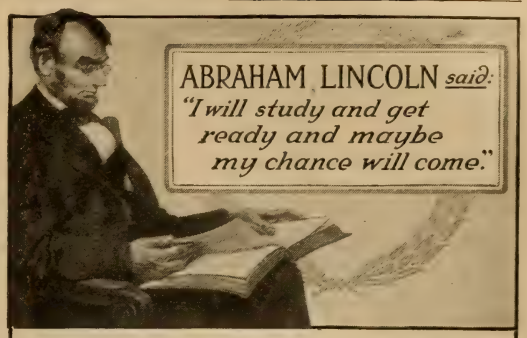
there danger of incurring too much popularity as a hostess?"

She smiled, "Well, our little diet squad was of course necessarily limited. One small but very active member seemed to have an insatiable appetite. I didn't like



ALICE JOYCE

to be separated from Baby Mary Alice any more than she liked being separated from me. When she was brought to the studio there was no need of a dinner-bell to announce that refreshments were in order. Her menu, however, was an unvaried one; I simply used one part condensed milk to equal part of water and oatmeal gruel, strained and heated. I wish every mother could know how



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PAUL RIEGER, 215 First St., San Francisco

well my baby thrived on this healthful combination."

I was keen to learn just what she produced from that three-ringed electric chafing-dish. I had once heard a chafing-dish described as a frying-pan that had broken into society; just now it seemed a particularly apt definition. The prestidigitator's act of taking live rabbits out of a silk hat seemed a simple trick compared with what she told me she could do with the connivance (I think that's



ALICE JOYCE AND TOM MOORE, JR.

the right word) of that chafing-dish. Doesn't that sound good?

"We not only had fish on Friday, we found such a variety of canned seafood, lobster, crab-meat, salmon, all kinds of flaked fish, ready to heat and serve, that we could have a fish dinner almost every day in the week; and I almost always served it with a rasher of bacon. We are not only fond of fish, but of soups of many kinds, but of all the appetizing canned varieties, tomato is my first choice."

"Mrs. Moore" (I had almost said Miss Joyce), "will you please just jot down for me a sample of the simple one-minute luncheon menu?"

She thoughtfully considered for a few moments, then gave me the following, remarking: "The most economical, wholesome and easily prepared articles on my list for a luncheon of five courses are:

Tomato soup
Crab-meat flakes en crème
(with rasher of bacon)
Cocoa Saltines
Canned pears Fruit wafers

After gratefully thanking her and bidding her good-by, I journeyed thoughtfully on my homeward way. Mrs. Alice Joyce-Moore had given me a new idea. Simplified housekeeping, or how to cook with a can-opener, canned food and a chafing-dish. Great idea! Bright hot-weather suggestion!

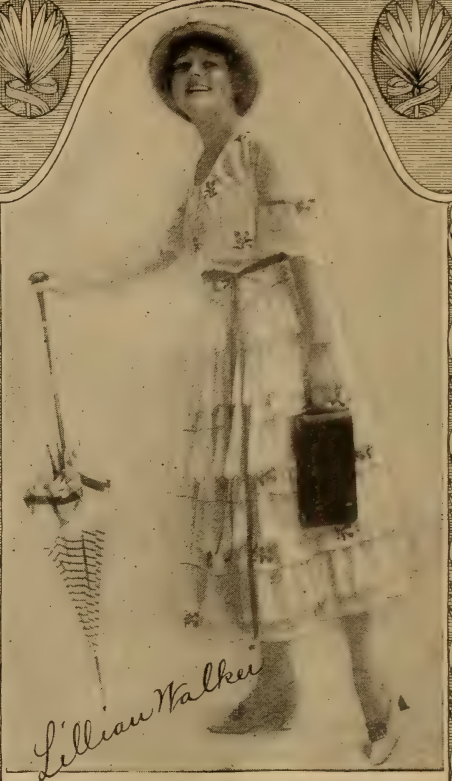
Alice Joyce's Crab-meat Flakes en Crème: 1 cupful canned crab-meat flakes; 1 cupful of cream sauce; 1 tablespoonful Worcestershire sauce; 1 tablespoonful of chopped pimento or chopped green pepper; 1 hard-boiled egg. Add the cream sauce to the crab-meat. Bring the mixture to a boil. Add the chopped egg (white), pimento and Worcestershire sauce, mixing well. Serve on toast or garnish with toast points. Grate the egg yolk over the top and dust with paprika.

Alice Joyce's Cream Sauce: 3 cups milk and 3 tablespoons of flour dissolved in some of the milk, adding 2 tablespoons melted butter, salt and pepper to taste. Cook slowly, beating constantly until thoroly blended and creamy. (As a substitute for whole milk use equal parts water and condensed milk.)

Alice Joyce's Cocoa: 4 cups of milk and 4 full teaspoons of cocoa. Put the milk in a double boiler. Moisten the cocoa with a little cold milk and pour it into the milk as soon as it boils, stirring all the while it is being added. Stir until the milk again boils, cover and boil five minutes and serve. Whipped cream is often served with cocoa. (As a substitute for whole milk in making cocoa, dilute one part condensed milk with one part water.)

THE TEMPERAMENTAL STAR—How dare you give me such a nasty look?

THE DIRECTOR (wearily)—I didn't; you had it before you came here!



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A LETTER WHICH TOUCHED AND OPENED THE ANSWER MAN'S BIG HEART AND LITTLE POCKETBOOK

Mt. Kipp, Glen Gardner, N. J.
March 14, '17.

DEAR ANSWER MAN—Have just read your Answer Department in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and feel better for it. You always say you are 75 years old and bald. I can hardly believe this because you are so full of fun and witticism. However, I believe you speak the truth and I love you (no offense, is it?). Now when I tell you my troubles I hope you will not be angry with me.

I am a young girl 19 years old, 5 feet 6 inches, and weigh 144 pounds. You wouldn't think to hear this, but I am tubercular. Contracted this disease five years ago and have been at this institution 17 months. I am trying my best to get well. We are always out in the air and sleep out as well. Next time I will write you the daily routine of this sanatorium.

I know you have a number of good friends among your acquaintances and ask you in God's Holy Name to help me. I am very badly in need of clothing—not style, but plain, ordinary necessities, and if you know of any one that could help me now when I am in the greatest trouble I am willing to do anything they ask of me such as hand-embroidery or crochet if they will supply the material. I dont know of anything to do to make money, and if you could recommend anything such as addressing envelopes I would be pleased.

You see, dear Answer Man, it's hard when your clothes wear out and you have nothing to replace them and no relatives or friends to ask. I would be very happy if some one would give me a few corset-covers, petticoats (2), shirt-waists and skirt and sweater or old coat. Olga 17 seems to be a dear friend of yours; I wrote to one person and they never answered me. It isn't the richest that are the most generous.

When I regain my health I will certainly repay you and in the meantime I shall remember you in my prayers. Please write to me soon. What do you think of my handwriting?

Love from

———— ————.

This is only one of the many strangely appealing and deserving instances where helpfulness is needed that come to the knowledge of the old Answer Man. In this instance an office talk, in the course of which it was described, resulted in a staff contribution—from the Editor-in-chief to the office-boy. If the appeal reaches you, any response in the form of clothing or money will be useful in such a case as this and if sent to this office in care of the An-

swer Man will be duly credited and carefully applied. Remember he gives twice who gives promptly. On writing for confirmation of this case we received the following:

New Jersey Sanatorium for Tuberculous Diseases, Glen Gardner, N. J.
April 13, 1917.

My Dear Sir—I have your letter of the 4th inst. concerning one —— ——. Our records show that this girl is at present 19 years of age, was first admitted to the Sanatorium in August 15, 1911, to November 9, 1912. After leaving here she was operated on at St. Michael's Hospital, Newark, N. J., for cervical adenitis, and I believe sufficiently improved to work for a time, and was then readmitted here in 1916 with advanced pulmonary disease. Prior to her admission she secured a furlo of three months and we advised her at the beginning of that time against working.

Her father is dead, having died of tuberculosis. She has another sister who is acutely ill from pulmonary tuberculosis and the family has had a difficult struggle to make all ends meet.

I believe if there is any way that assistance could be given her that she is a very worthy person.

Yours truly,
S. B. English,
Superintendent.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Since this letter of sound criticism was written, Pearl White has appeared in a feature, "May Blossom," which gives her a chance to "emote" naturally and sanely. Alma E. Hilton, 226 Main St., Melrose, Mass., dips her pen into plain-spoken truth:

Alas! shall we never see the erstwhile sterling actress, Pearl White, in anything but serials? Shall she never again do real acting, but always the same old succession of daredevil perils and blood-curdling thrillers? Tho they make for popularity, they are death to dramatic prowess, and I note with regret how her formerly expressive face betrays but two emotions as "The Iron Claw" proceeds: horror when she faces danger, and relief when it is done. And I long for the halcyon days when she romped thru reel on reel of Crystal comedy, and we found her safe and sane.

But, if she will play serials, must they be increasingly lurid, illogical and impossible—"melo" and more "melo"?

Take "The Iron Claw," to which belongs the unique honor (?) of interesting yet disappointing me. Here is a play starting with a novel incident that offered unlimited possibilities for its development, degenerating into a mere

(*Continued on page* 157)



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A Twentieth Century Thriller

(*Continued from page* 71)

was the King's Jester, a buffoon in every sense of the word, and, as he jingled his bells and laughed, I gasped when I was told the ravages of tuberculosis had him in their grip.

The beautiful girl, whose eyes seemed sightless but a while before, nodded to me over her menu, and then, with a coquettish toss of her head, smiled into the face of Simple Simon, who had removed his blond wig and seemed quite able, in spite of his foolish wax nose, to hold her attention.

At a table to my right, the Queen of the Fairies, forgetful of the ethereal traditions concerning her existence, was busy devouring corned-beef and cabbage, while one of the pretty, pink-gauze wings drooped dangerously near a bowl of noodle soup. And after the Walrus had dined he kept the table in roars of laughter by donning his furry head again and trying to pick his enormous teeth with an ice-pick. He even offered to bite holes in my pie for me.

One of the Ladies-in-Waiting, who thru her extreme polish and dignity had quite won my admiration a while ago, now good-naturedly kicked the grotesque turtle who had waddled after Puss-in-Boots in the pageant of legendary characters, and as said turtle, in order to be able to partake of luncheon, had removed only his head, he was at a great disadvantage.

When my host inquired of me whether I would have mince-pie or strawberry-cake, I had so gotten under this spell of illusion that I shockingly answered "Rats!" for before me stood Cinderella in rags, and I wondered if she were waiting for the Godmother to change the mice into prancing horses.

The whistle again blew, and the producer collected his people, and presto! the blind girl was again sitting forlornly on her rock, and her beloved fantasy people were holding her enthralled by giving her sightless eyes the interpretation that bubbled from the living soul. And I hastened myself away, for I, too, wanted to leave these people as dream-children.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(*Continued from page* 155)

series of impossible scrapes and hair-breadth escapes. As a "blood-and-thunder" romance, it is doubtless the best of its kind; but I sometimes wonder, when some particularly absurd lack of the characters' foresight evidences itself in the progress of plot, why the Pathé Company, that is so careful of "atmosphere" and "setting" and "trueness-to-type," should at all times fail to invest its characters with ordinary common-sense. In real life—and the photoplay purports to portray life—characters change according to the circumstances of their lives, and develop good or bad characteristics according to the influence brought to bear upon them. *But*—to the last episode, these film characters remain blissfully unsuspicious of suspicious people. Continual suffering and fear and menace work no change mentally and physically. They never acquire the prudence and caution which would naturally result from ever-present danger, and would foresee and avoid the difficulties in which the characters find themselves —doubtless because it would spoil the story. From beginning to end, these characters remain the same; nor reel nor episode marks their evolution. Why? That the story be true to life seems impossible; but cannot the characters be?

To be sure, an actor (or actress) has little opportunity, in the midst of rapidly pressing perils and escapes, to give a serial rôle distinct or striking characterization, excepting such chance as he makes for himself. Pearl White and Creighton Hale perform the prescribed feats, and grace the required footage to the best of their ability, without apparently attempting to get under the skins of their rôles, or to show in the slightest degree the effect of calamity upon them. Exciting events, personality, and adeptness at playing *self* serve them well; and tho they do no character portraying, they can truthfully portray a given emotion, by means of facial expression. Can they not go one step farther, and show the effect these same portrayed emotions would, in real life, have upon their characters?

Moreover—in time these few set expressions become monotonous; the lack of finer shadings palls upon one, till by their frequent recurrence they bear no meaning with them, and the actor must rely on exaggerated gestures to make his message clear; the face seems "wooden"—wherefore, I have grievance.

Yet in spite of all, "The Iron Claw" compels interest in the way of all those impossible, melodramatic, fascinating Pathé serials since "The Perils of Pauline," in which hackneyed plots and time-worn incidents acquire a charm not wholly due to beautiful settings, skillful handling, and perfect photography. There's a thrill bottled up in each episode; and the fellow who cant feel it is an antiquated old fossil, with the sensibilities of a dinosaurus. One may laugh at the absurd lack of com-



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

mon-sense, the weird comings and goings, the strange conflicts and the want of plausibility; one may fret at the over-elaborate settings which out-"atmosphere" the acting; *but the crisis finds one tensed to breathlessness, feeling the thrill!*

For all of which we pay Pearl White due court; but are moved to ask, Would a short-length drama not thrill as well, and give far more opportunity for acting, and tho yielding perhaps less golden profit to the producer, win La Perle qui est Blanche a more enduring fame? At least, is it not worth considering?

Insomuch as "Captain Jack" was a friend of the office—and a friend to every one who met him—we gladly publish this tribute to his memory. He appeared in several features, notably "The Battle Cry of Peace" and "Womanhood":

"TAPS," OLD SCOUT.

To Captain Jack Crawford, the Poet-Scout, who died February 28, 1917.

Captain, you have crossed the border, to the soldier's shadowland,
O'er the mystic spirit-mesa, and you caught the Master's brand.
How did they receive you, Captain, past the "plains and mountains green,
In the borderland out yonder, where the hand o' God is seen"?

Tell us how the breezes play there—tell us what you see, old Scout—
Of the souls beyond the canyons deep of Selfishness and Doubt;
Did you find the gallant Custer, when you crossed the Great Divide,
Scouting with old Saul of Tarsus and the fighters who have died

That a righteous cause might triumph? How'd you find the Prince of Peace,
Whose big drive upon the temple-grafters made the greed-leak cease?
Captain, long you fought, and grandly, tho the braggart's blade was keen,
And methinks they now salute you "where the hand o' God is seen."

Captain, you have crossed the border, conquering the Great Divide—
But a host of eerie-ones, led by "dot leetle German boy vot died,"
Tell us that you live forever on the age-old movie screen
Of the hearts of men and women, "where the hand o' God is seen."

THOS. ELMORE LUCEY.

Springfield, Mo.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Daniel F. Crilly, 1714 N. La Salle Ave., Chicago, Ill., whose "Do You Remember?" in the May Magazine, created a good deal of interest, has favored us with another contribution equally as valuable:

DO YOU REMEMBER—

When Pearl White was a brunette?

When Lottie Briscoe and J. W. Kerrigan were Essanayites?

When Wallie Reid and Carlyle Blackwell played juveniles in Vitagraphs?

The old Champion Company?

Vedah Bertram—Western Essanay?

Gladys Field—G. M. Anderson's first lead?

Lily Branscombe in Essanay's "Moving Finger"?

When Beverly Bayne and Mildred Weston were extras?

The famous Lubin team of May Buckley and Jack Halliday?

When Peggy Snow left Thanhouser for Kinemacolor, but soon returned to Thanhouser?

Jimmie Cruze in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"?

Flo LaBadie's Biograph days?

Dixie Compton—Champion?

Flossie C. P. and the Answer Man's flirtations?

When Lucille Younge was Thanhouser's lead?

We gladly publish this letter from Robert B. Robison, Henry and Hayward Sts., Cambridge, Md., which should be entitled, "Put Yourself in His Place, or Squaring the Angle of Criticism":

The writer has noticed, or rather notices, as he reads the different "Letters to the Editor," persons who frequently publish very plain-spokenly their likes and dislikes towards various actors and actresses of the different companies. Now, we have no right to attempt to deny or revoke this privilege, for freedom of thought, of speech, and of action, in accordance with law, are the fundamental principles of our nation.

We have often wondered how these various writers would feel if the positions were suddenly reversed—namely, should the subjects of those letters suddenly publish in print their own opinions of the various writers. The result would be surprising, no doubt, to many, and yet would be no worse than perfectly fair.

One writer says, "I do not like Mr. A—or Miss B—. He has too large a nose and is awkward. She has neither charm nor grace, and looks too much like a dressmaker's model."

Another will say, "I dont like his walk. She acts too proud. I could do better than that myself." And so on, till sometimes one wonders if some of the patrons of the theaters

(*Continued on page* 161)

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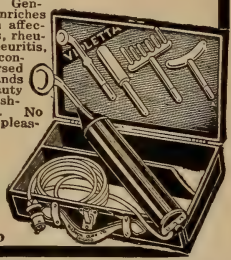


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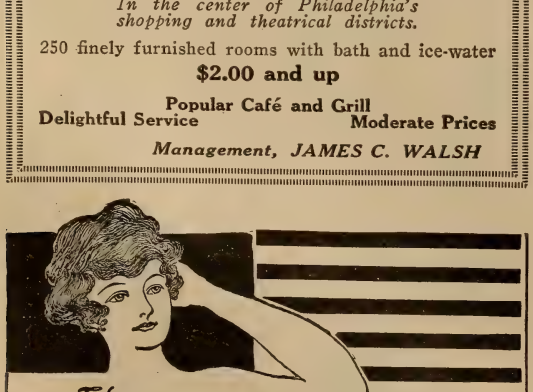
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How the Movies Move the Nation

(*Continued from page 87*)

exceedingly interesting. Wild birds go flitting by or ground animals go racing across the screen. Antelope and deer perform for the benefit of the marksman. Motor-cyclists and automobilists go rushing past, and one must be quick on the trigger to get his man. Then comes charging up a line of troops from enemy trenches, firing as they advance. Now we have a real battle on. We fire rapidly. We get several of the enemy before they get so near that they pass off the screen, but we realize from the number of aimed shots the enemy is firing that if it were an actual battle we should very likely be struck.

Motion Picture target practice is of inestimable value, not only for the especial interest which it awakens, but also for training the sense of alertness and quickness with the gun. It is one thing to hit a still target, and quite another thing to hit an object in rapid motion.

A soldier is seen to rise up in a distant trench and take a pot shot at you, or a rifleman from behind a tree will dodge out and try to snipe you, and you must be quick on the trigger to get him first.

Motion Pictures also have an especial advantage over still targets, for the reason that one gets the same perspective of range and the same sense of distance in a shooting-gallery as he would get in actual practice in the open field.

This method of Motion Picture target practice should be installed in all cities and towns of moderate size thruout the country to create and encourage a new interest in target practice.

In modern warfare, we must remember that there are no non-combatants. A troop of enemy air-men may at any moment descend from the sky to raid a small country town, and the citizens must all know how to shoot.

There will be no safe place under the whole dome of heaven. As it is prophesied in Revelations, there will be no place where the wicked may hide their heads. The necessity is likely to come to the home of any of us at any time to be a home-defender and to know how to shoot straight and quickly, and to shoot to kill.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(*Continued from page* 159)

consider the actors and actresses as living beings.

Now, no doubt, these writers think they are very correct and very proper in putting before the public the words which contain, not the opinions of the general public, but simply of their own minds, and these opinions seem to be largely prompted by prejudice, tho possibly not always. And these persons or would-be critics speak as tho their opinions were as final and as decisive as the rulings of the United States Supreme Court, instead of, probably, jealousy or thoughtlessness.

We have known many persons who have stayed away from an exceptionally good photoplay for the simple reason that their favorite was not included in the cast, and on the other hand have known persons to attend who could not, upon returning home, relate or recall much of the play, except that their favorite was in either a major or minor part.

One thing should always be borne in mind by those who write their thoughts for publication, which is this:

The various periodical publications which relate to the photoplay industry are largely read by the actors and actresses, and these good and warm-hearted people have the same hearts, same feelings, same sensibilities, and same regard for the approval of the general public as the rest of us. In fact their present and future are decided almost entirely by the judgment of the public at large, instead of, as in our cases, by a few persons in our immediate environments.

Now in regard to the reversal of the opinions. Many of us would not feel other than discouraged, or perhaps incensed, if we were, while reading some widely circulated periodical, unexpectedly to come upon a lengthy article which spoke in very strong and satirical terms in regard to our own superiority (?) of grace and attractiveness. In fact some of us would be strongly inclined to forcibly persuade the responsible ones either to extend to us the absolute freedom of the United States Treasury or to make themselves a present of a funeral.

And it should further be remembered that individual and public opinion are widely different; that what one person may criticise, another may praise, and what one may admire, another may strongly dislike. And that when voicing opinions we should never use stronger language than necessary, and always in the kindest way.

Then there is another point which is often overlooked. An actor or actress, when given their work (and the word "work" is no enlargement upon the truth in their case), must lose entirely their real identity and become the actual personification of the part assigned to them. And no two plays are duplicates. Their private pleasures and grievances must be driven away for the time being, and they must truly "be what they are not." If some

(*Continued on page* 163)

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REES MFG. CO., 944 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Important, If True

(*Continued from page* 64)

"You have clearly defined ideas about the marrying question, haven't you? But when the right man——"

"There will never be a right man for me," she interjected. "I shall never marry."

"Important, if true," I mused as I studied her in an effort to read whether she was really serious.

"It is true," she continued. "Marriage interferes with one's work and personality. I dont think I should care to worry about a husband. They stay out late and come home early. They're usually missing when you need them and always around when you dont want them. When they tell the truth you dont believe them and when they lie you do. Their stenographers know them better than you do."

I asked her what Julian Rupert, her director, was planning for the new picture play, and she replied: "I met him at the post-office when I went to Universal City this morning to get my mail. We glanced over the script of my next picture. We counted the scenes. There were sixty different ones. Just think. That means at least thirty new gowns. Today an actress must have a different gown for nearly every other scene."

Then she rose. "Now I've got to leave you," she said. "We're old friends; you'll understand, but I've got to go downtown and order some of those gowns. I'll just slip on my coat."

In a moment she stood in the doorway, ready for the street.

"My car is outside, waiting; cant I drop you somewhere?" she asked as we left the house.

"No, I'm going back to Universal City," I replied, as I looked into the beautiful brown eyes. "Er-r, about yourself and matrimony," I continued as I opened the door of her car for her, "that's important, if true."

"It's true, and you have my permission to put it in the story, if you want to," she laughed, as we shook hands.

With that I jumped into my taxi and started down the Avenue. I looked back once and she was standing where I had left her, waving her hand.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(*Continued from page* 161)

of us were to be placed in such a position the result would be ludicrous.

The writer has seen plays in which the excellent work and talent were handicapped by poor scenery, and also where the leading-man or woman was greatly hindered by improper support. For this it would have been unjust to condemn the actresses or actors in any way whatever.

There are often those who will form an opinion of an actor or actress by the part they play, and this is a very unjust course to adopt. Every one cannot be a hero or a heroine. For instance, we know several persons who imagine Miss Theda Bara to be a veritable "Madame Satan," on account of intensely accurate portrayal of vampire rôles, when if they were to become personally acquainted with Miss Bara they would find her one of the most warm and tender-hearted of women.

In the matter of plays, we are now beholding a welcome change in the general type of play which is being produced.

The public is fast becoming weary of the impossible, Aladdin-lamp style of play, and we are glad to welcome the sensible, everyday, probable style, which can deal with real conditions of life.

R. Zaneta, 1382 Clay St., Dubuque, Ia., is a sincere admirer of Theda Bara, but thinks that an injustice is being done:

I have just witnessed "The Tiger Woman," a Fox production, featuring Theda Bara, and I would like to comment on this picture thru your Magazine.

After seeing this picture, I was disgusted with Fox productions. Not disgusted with Theda Bara's superb acting, or any other of the cast, but with the story of the picture itself.

To say that it is extreme is the least I can say. The picture itself is nothing but a series of ruinations of men. Where the plot of the story is, is beyond my comprehension, unless the plot is to accentuate the wickedness of some women and the weakness of men.

But it is impossible to imagine any refined, educated man forgetting wife and child and home with one glance into another woman's eyes. And that is exactly how exaggerated this story is. One glance into her eloquent eyes and he is done for. And to ruin four men in one picture, kill one, and try to kill another! It cant be done in real life, and why should it be done in reel life?

Well, I think I have criticised this picture quite enough. I am a sincere admirer of Theda Bara and never miss a picture in which she is featured. But why, oh why, is she starred in such pictures? The two pictures which I think she is shown to advantage in are "Destruction" and "The Clemenceau Case." More pictures like these two would mean permanent popularity for Miss Bara, but I am afraid to think of her future if she is starred in more pictures like "The Tiger Woman."

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Two sales a day means $300 a month. Breeze, of Idaho, made $400 profit in 30 days. Rev. Otto Schulze, Mo., got $1600 to date. Burkholder, Mont., orders $1072 in 17 days. Hamlinton, of Wyo., made $60 first two days. Hundreds like that. Pleasant, permanent, fascinating work. Write a postcard. Let me write you a long letter. No experience needed, no capital. Your credit is good if you mean business. But you must be ambitious, you must want to make money. That's all. Write a postcard now. I want to pay you $60.00 every week.

H. S. ROBINSON, PRES. THE ROBINSON CABINET MFG. CO.
4371 Factories Building **TOLEDO, OHIO**

SOME BACHELOR CONFESSIONS OF ANTONIO MORENO

(*Continued from page* 120)

in "The Dust of Egypt" will deny that there is anything lacking there. Farce and slapstick comedy do not appeal to him at all. He is in his element when depicting parts rich in dramatic situations, such as John Charnock, Jr., in "The Island of Regeneration." His expressive features can convey a variety of emotions with scarcely an effort on his part. A vivid imagination lies behind such realistic acting. He forgets himself in his parts (unless the director makes his presence obstreperous), and the camera does not exist for him.

Later, Mr. Moreno escorted us down into the studio. He seemed generally popular and was greeted affectionately from all sides as we passed thru the Vitagraph plant. Tho self-confessedly "somewhat bashful at times," he has a soft spot in his heart for the (so-called) fair sex, and shows it in a purely brotherly fashion, which gives one the impression that all the pretty Vitagraph actresses are his sisters—in spirit if not in relation. Whether they return this regard—well, how would *you* feel about it?

A half-step in front of me my magnificent prince—or rajah or sultan—swept majestically along in his dazzling robes.

"Do you like to act in that garb?" I asked.

"It's my work," he shrugged, and we all know what "my work" means to Antonio Moreno. He was rather annoyed because he had been hanging around all morning waiting to be called—it was then two o'clock—and he said all his ambition was gone. Furthermore, the outlook was not encouraging for a dinner engagement, at which we shrewdly surmise he was to be the honored guest. Surely waiting around is the hardest part of the photoplay actor's work.

A popular actor who is modest and natural; a handsome man neither conceited nor spoilt—the eighth wonder of the world has been found at last in "Spanish Tony" of Vitagraph. But he's no god; he's just human like the rest of us—he's just a "mere man." And I hope to goodness he'll stay unspoilt after reading this!

BELATED ANSWERS

Received Too Late to Go in the Regular Answer Man Department

DIAMOND I.—So good of you to remember me with the California pansies. Robert Mantell and Genevieve Hamper in "The Green-Eyed Monster." You say your name is Diamond, and your sister is Goldie. You must be some jewels.

MARGUERITE H.—No; I am not 28, married, with two children. Guess again. You will never be an actress by going home and trying to imitate what you saw at the theater. I shall read the book you mention.

ELIZABETH M.—Yes; Mary Miles Minter is very young—somewhere between fourteen and eighteen. Myrtle Gonzalez is still playing. Earle Foxe is not married to Cecelia Stanton, but to Betty Scott. Sorry this mistake was made.

PANSY.—Welcome to the department. No; I cant tell about your talents from your letter. I would advise you to stay at home for a little longer. Never leave home unless you are sure of something better. There's no place like home.

JANE NOVAK ADMIRER.—Nellie Slattery was Luella in "Dangerous Double." Violet Malone is not playing in Lasky pictures now. You had better get in touch with the Circulation Department. Of course Charlie Chaplin is playing.

PEACEMAKER.—"Yours furthermore" is a conservative way of ending a letter. So you think Napoleon never smiled as much as the Napoleon in "The Fortunes of Fifi." You are always welcome—the latch-string always hangs out to you.

H. P. S., WESTERN AUSTRALIA.—Thank you for sending me the clippings from Australia. You say your January 1917 issue went down in one of the ships sunk by the German raider. That adds another score to settle with Germany. I'm sorry. You say Charlie Chaplin and Francis Bushman are the two leaders in Perth.

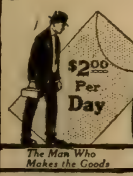
ULSTER GIRL.—Glad to hear from old Ireland. They are sisters—Anita Stewart and Lucille Lee. You dont mean Grace Cunard, do you? That's pretty old. It may be the director's fault or the players'. You say Suzette Booth scared the movieitis out of you. Your letters are unusually interesting.

E. L. J., WELLINGTON.—James Neill was General Warren in "The Warrens of Virginia." Billie Burke has joined Lasky. "Matrimaniac" and "Manhattan Madness" are two different pictures. Write again.

QUEENA.—Yes, the Marguerite Clark Waltz was published in the April Classic and has since been issued in full-sized sheet-music with attractive portrait cover. It is selling like "Wildfire." You may obtain it by sending 25 cents to the Classic.

FAT, THE SLIM GUY.—Olga Olonova was the "vamp" in "The Crimson Stain" series. Sorry you have cause to complain.

(*Continued on page* 166)



Salesmen Get the Big Pay



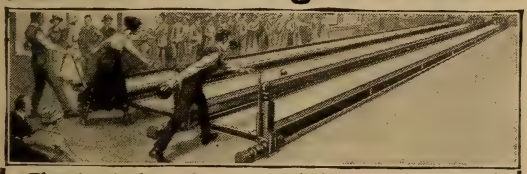
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The complete decorative design, including photos, are in raised effect, lending life-like expression to the features. The name of each "star" is stamped below the picture. The spoons are standard length and weight—the **famous Wm. Rogers & Son AA Brand**—warranted pure silver plate on solid white metal base. Handles finished in the popular French grey; bowls highly polished. Will give satisfactory service for a lifetime. Very desirable as birthday or souvenir gifts. **Special advertising price, 25 cents each.**

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Only 50 cents a pack, in handsome telescope box, mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price. (One-cent stamps accepted. If a 50-cent piece is sent, wrap it in folded paper and enclose in envelope in your letter. An unwrapped coin sometimes cuts thru the envelope and is lost in the mails. It is perfectly safe also to send a dollar bill by mail.)

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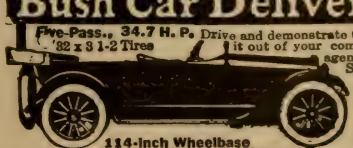
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Die, Thou Villain!

He had thought of being a great Indian Chief, or a soldier—but the biggest idea of all had come to him. He would be a Pirate!

Now his future lay plain before him. His name would fill the world and make people shudder. And, at the zenith of his fame, how he would suddenly appear at the old village and stalk into church, brown and weatherbeaten, in his black velvet doublet and trunks, his great jackboots, his crimson sash, his belt bristling with horse-pistols, his crime-rusted cutlass at his side, his slouch hat with waving plumes, his black flag unfurled, with the skull and crossbones on it! His career was determined.

Remember the days when you dreamt of being a Pirate?—When you thought you would be a black avenger of the Spanish Main?

Get back the glamour of that splendid joyousness of youth. Read once more of Tom Sawyer, the best loved boy in the world; of Huck, that precious little rascal; of all the small folks and the grown folks that make Mark Twain so dear to the hearts of men and women and boys and girls in every civilized country on the face of the globe.



MARK TWAIN

At first it seems a long way from the simple, human fun of Huckleberry Finn to the spiritual power of Joan of Arc, but look closer, and you will find beneath them both the same ideal, the same humanity, the same spirituality, that has been such a glorious answer to those who accuse this nation of being wrapped up in material things.

There seems to be no end of the things that Mark Twain could do well. When he wrote history, it was a kind of history unlike any other except in its accuracy. When he wrote books of travel, it was an event. He did many things—stories, novels, travels, history, essays, humor—but behind each was the force of the great, earnest, powerful personality that dominated his time, so that even then he was known all over the face of the globe. Simple, unassuming, democratic, he was welcomed by kings, he was loved by plain people.

If foreign nations love him, we in this country give him first place in our hearts. The home without Mark Twain is not an American home.

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Mark Twain wanted these books in the hands of all the people. He wanted us to make good-looking, substantial books, that every man could afford to own. So we made this set, and there has been a tremendous sale on it.

But Mark Twain could not foresee that the price of paper, the price of ink, the price of cloth, would all go up. It is impossible to continue the long sale. It should have closed before this.

Because this is the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of Harper & Brothers, we have decided to continue this half-price sale while the present supply lasts.

Get your set now while the price is low. Send the coupon to-day before the present edition is all gone.

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1817 NEW YORK 1917

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Send me, all charges prepaid, a set of Mark Twain's works in 25 volumes, illustrated, bound in handsome green cloth, stamped in gold, gold tops and untrimmed edges. If not satisfactory, I will return them at your expense. Otherwise I will send you $1.00 within 5 days and $2.00 a month for 12 months, thus getting the benefit of your half-price sale.

Name.....

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10% added to price in Canada because of duty.

(*Continued from page* 164)

ADELAIDE.—Robert Warwick was with Selznick last. He played only in "The Family Honor," "The Silent Master" and "A Girl's Folly."

CHERRY BLOSSOM.—"Tale of Two Cities" has been done by Fox and Vitagraph. "The Three Musketeers" has been done by Paramount and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" has been done under another title by Fox. Sir Conan Doyle's novels are still in copyright, and, with the exception of "The Hound of the Baskervilles," I dont think he has sold his rights to film companies. This also applies to Baroness Orczy and to Kirby. No doubt they will sell their screen rights in time. Lasky recently produced "Oliver Twist" and Famous Players "Great Expectations." Thank you kindly for the fee.

"DOUG" FAIRBANKS ADMIRER.—Paul Capalleni was Armand in "Camille." Yes, he is a real player.

A. B. C. GIRL.—Thanks for the fee. Shall forward your letter. Send a two-cent, stamped, addressed envelope for list of film manufacturers.

THAT'S ME.—Your letter was indeed bright. No; Mary did not have her curls cut off. That was only make-believe.

OLGA, 17.—So you are now head of the purchasing department. Congratulations. Of course I want you to continue writing to the old Answer Man. Yes; "Within the Law" was superbly done.

GERTRUDE B.—Bessie Eyton is still with Selig. She played in "The Crisis." "The Heart of Maryland" was a stage-play in which Mrs. Leslie Carter had the lead. Well, you do see some freaks in New York City, so I presume the clothes that Valeska Suratt wore in "New York Peacock" are permissible. Yours was very interesting, and I am sorry you didn't care for the Suzette Booth articles.

WINIFRED; PARIO; TILLY-TATTY; ROSALENE B.; MARY VAN V.; MERCY OF THE SHORE; ROY C. S.; HERMAN J. C.; SUNNY JIM; G. WESTON; SLIM S.; MARGARET O'N.; JACK N.; EVELYN H. D.; G. J. C.; OLIVE G.; WAITING (sorry); ADELE; R. C. W.; MARIE C.; GERTRUDE H.; CLARICE C.; MARTHA L.; ANITA M. D.; E. B.; WILLIAM F.; MARY J.; HELEN S.; CARLOTTA F. F.; H. E. W.; BETTY B.; ANNIE W.; W. G. C.; BESSIE M. L.; DONALD L.; JOHN L.; MARGUERITE D.; THE SULTAN'S FIRST WIFE; VELMA H.; KATHERINE B.; GEORGE B.; MRS. B. D.; and LUCILLE I.—I'm sorry to have to group you, but your questions have been answered elsewhere in the department.

L. W. H.—Vivian Martin was the daughter in "Old Dutch." Glad you like the 80 portraits you received with your subscription. Very few have been in favor of our printing pictures of the questioners. You think Ann Pennington is a dream. Well, I think she is very much awake. You refer to Doris Kenyon and Robert Walker. Harry Hilliard in "Romeo and Juliet." Alice Gale was the nurse. Let me hear from you again.

GREENROOM JOTTINGS

(*Continued from page* 125)

In "Aladdin's Other Lamp," Viola Dana produces the magic genii, who, in turn, produce all sorts of fantastic things. The capable Metro-Columbia supporting cast, including Augustus Phillips, Robert Walker, Henry Hallam and Ricca Allen, are posing for the exterior scenes somewhere along the coast of Maine.

Ruth Roland, who is soon to appear in Pathé's next serial, "The Neglected Wife" (photodramatized from Mabel Herbert Urner's famous stories of "Helen and Warren"), will be most ably assisted by her old Balboa comrades, Roland Bottomley, Corinne Grant, Philo McCullough and Neil Hardin.

Theda Bara, who is to appear as the Siren of the Nile in Fox's stupendous photodrama, "Cleopatra," has been hobnobbing with the mummied dames of ancient fame in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. She has had her picture taken with Hawara, a mummy, who was a high official to the King in the Second Dynasty of the Grecian period.

Wanda Petit made good her screen début with Stuart Holmes in "The Derelict." As a reward of merit, she is to have the leading emotional rôle in Mr. Holmes' next Fox release.

The "People's Poet," Ella Wheeler Wilcox, has arranged with Rolfe Photoplays, Inc., to send her heart- and soul-throbbing messages broadcast via the movies. Frances Nelson appears as the star in "The Beautiful Lie," adapted from the poem, "A Reverie in a Station House." Subtitles and verses from the most familiar writings of this inspired, celebrated authoress will closely follow each illustrated poem.

Bessie Barriscale has formed her own company, known as the "Bessie Barriscale Feature Company." She plans to produce from six to eight feature pictures a year, which will be released thru the new distributing company known as Paralta Plays.

Mae Murray made the pilgrimage from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast recently, to stage "At First Sight" in the Eastern Famous Players-Lasky studio. The story is from the pen of the author of "The House of a Thousand Candles."

"Our Mary" has commenced work on a timely patriotic subject at the Artcraft studio, California. Miss Pickford's next production will be "The Little American."

Julia Sanderson, the charming light opera queen, has contracted with the Mutual Company to appear in photoplays. A screen version of her musical-comedy success, "The Arcadians," should bring out the S. R. O. sign as soon as released.

"The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" (Universal), dealing with the problem of birth-control, is a six-reel production of timely, vital interest. Lois Weber, Phillips Smalley, Priscilla Dean, Wedgewood Nowell, Evelyn Selbie and Harry DeMore are in the cast.



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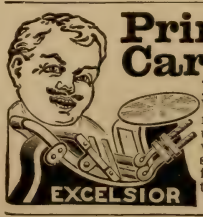
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THE MOVIE GOSSIP-SHOP

(*Continued from page* 128)

It costs a small fortune to dress the part for some productions. Shirley Mason, who plays the part of the little girl who is tempted by the seven sins, one after the other, in McClure's "Seven Deadly Sins," wore exactly $8,349.75 worth of apparel in this one series, as the inventory proves. There were seven evening gowns; seven street dresses; fifteen afternoon gowns; twenty-two hats; five waists; seven negligées; four street coats; three evening wraps; twenty-one pairs of shoes; bathing suits, sweaters, and such other delightful feminine accessories as parasols, bags, gloves, hosiery, furs, etc.

In her decalog, Clara Kimball Young has written ten "thou shalts" and "shalt nots" for the movie-struck aspirants. The condensed wisdom of these commandments, especially the third (which is bitten with the "I" tooth as well as the "wisdom"), is gleaned from a long and varied experience both in the spoken and silent drama. 1. Thou shalt first convince thyself that thou wilt not always be an amateur. 2. Thou shalt be willing to make all sacrifices to thy god, Success. 3. Thou shalt take unto thyself a good husband, but if he prove vexatious and interfereth with thy career, it is better to rid thyself of his presence. 4. Thou shalt never be satisfied, for satisfaction strangleth ambition. 5. Thy beauty thou shalt never neglect, lest it suddenly forsake thee. 6. Honor thyself, and make all men pave, with their homage, thy path to fame. 7. Thou shalt love thy work and labor grievously hard; yet shalt thou find some time for pleasure. 8. Thou shalt not make mere gold thy goal. 9. Thou shalt cultivate a sense of humor; else thou wilt be confounded by that curious thing called public opinion. 10. Thou shalt know life, or thou wilt fail of thy purpose.

Marie Cahill is always charming, and no small portion of her bewitching appearance is due to the fact that she designs and makes her own hats. Her artistic creations are the despair of not only her most intimate circle of friends, but particularly of one owner of a well-known Fifth Avenue chapeaux shop. He begged, with many apologies, to know where she had purchased a hat she had worn the night before in "Molly Moonshine." "Why," she replied, somewhat amused, "I made it myself out of a lot of old junk." With a low bow the Frenchman replied: "In that case, mademoiselle, permit me to say that you are the greatest milliner in New York."

Theda Bara had an unusual experience the other day. She thought she was seeing things double. After wakeful nights of planning, she evolved from new-born brain-cells an exquisite design for a dream of a car. The auto factory worked overtime to turn out on time the gorgeous peacock-blue racer she had ordered. Theda was joyously elated when she received her new toy; but imagine her consternation one day soon after, when at the door of the Fox studio stood not one, but two gorgeous peacock-blue racers. The dealer had made a double deal and duplicated the car for Valeska Suratt. Blue Fox racers were entirely too common. The peeved Miss Bara literally went up in the air. She at once sold her new car and is enjoying "mental aviation."

Charles Spencer Chaplin's middle name might well be spelled $ucce$$. It required seven figures to total his last bank balance. The account on his twenty-eighth birthday. April 10th, 1917, showed his fortune had passed the $1,000,000 mark and nearly reached the $1,500,000. He makes fun for fun's sake, not for money's sake. He says: "I have quite enough money"; but the public haven't had quite enough fun—let's hope Mr. Chaplin will not think of retiring, at least not until his next birthday, just because he is a Crœsus, and can.

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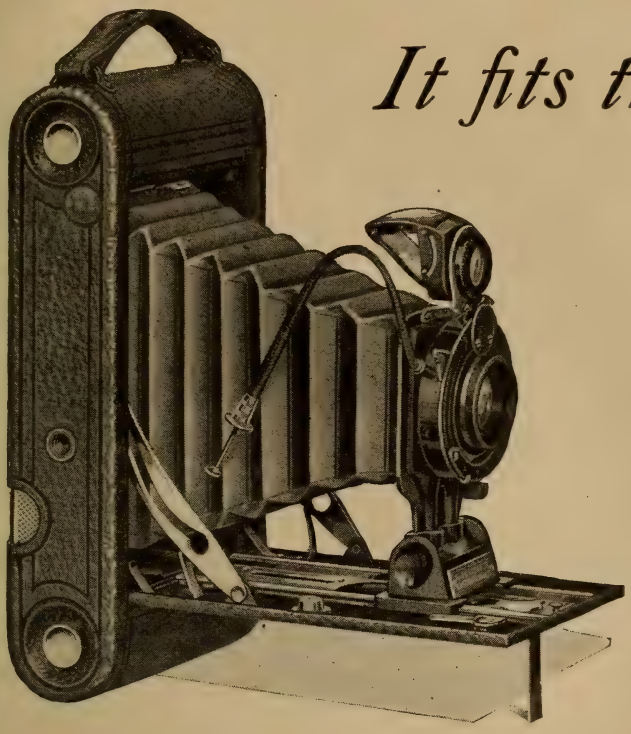
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MOVIES IN THE NAVY

The sailor in charge of the graphophone was supposed to play appropriate music for the reels as they were shown. But when the first scene of the new picture proved to be Adam and Eve in the Garden, the sailor cudgeled his brains and ran over the selection of records. Then a smile dawned on his face, and a few seconds later the graphophone was grinding out, "There's Only One Girl in the World for Me."



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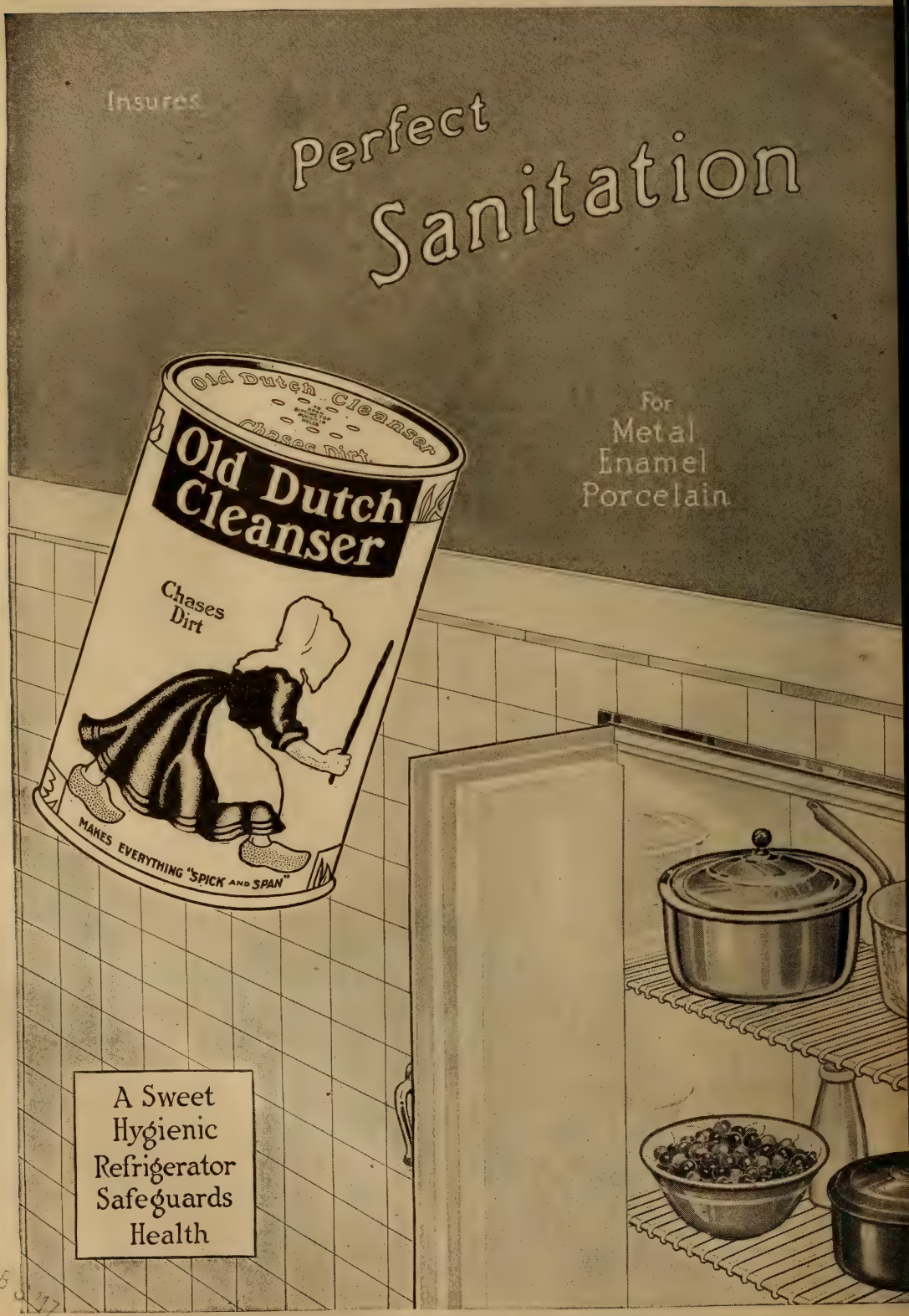
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